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THE
GALAXY.

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AN ILLUSTRATED

MAGAZINE OF ENTERTAINING READING.

VOL. VII.

JANUARY, 1869, TO JULY, 1869.

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THE

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Drawn by Sol Eytinge.

THE GALAXY.

VOL. VII.—JANUARY, 1869.—No. 1.

CIPHER:

A NOVEL.—PART SECOND.

CHAPTER VIII.

TRANSPARENT MASKS.

A KNOT of young men in various costume lounged in the hall of Mrs. Minturn's handsome house, and discussed the masquers who passed before them into the drawing-room, with a freedom characteristic of their condition. Three female figures descended the stairs, and were joined at the foot by a domino, who waited to escort them.

"A Cleopatra!" said a Charles II. among the *flaneurs*, in an audible voice, "and very well got up, too. See the golden asp upon her right arm, and the string of pearls upon her left. The crown, the starry veil, the royal robes—all correct, fair sister, but tell me, is it Marc Antony to-day, or another?"

The Cleopatra thus attacked threw an angry glance upon the questioner, and passed quickly on. Nothing daunted, the merry monarch continued his remarks.

"And a mermaid? No—Undine, by the string of coral, but," in a lower voice, "I had not supposed any woman in this city would have the effrontery to crown herself with water-lilies and wear pearls for her only ornament. She must be very new—or, very experienced. Probably the latter, for the innocence of a woman of the world is a great deal more natural than nature. *Mais voilà! la jolie petite marquise!* See the ravishing little waist displayed by the long points to her bodice, and the coquetry of that tiny patch just in the dimple of the chin, and the round white arms, and the turn of the neck! You may wait, my friends, for whom you will—I go to see if *la marquise* will not play Louise de Querouailles to my Charles II., for an hour, at least."

As the gay speaker separated himself from his comrades, and followed the object of his admiration into the drawing-room, he was joined by Mephistophiles, who had stood silently listening to his remarks, and who now said, as he passed his arm through that of the king,

"Your majesty and I are old friends, and should hunt in couples."

"The deuce we are!" retorted Charles, eyeing his companion askance.

"Just what I remarked, and a very pretty deuce we make; deuce-ace, if you will, for unlike most couples, we are two in one, or one in two, as you please."

"Go look for your Faust, I will none of you—my familiar never showed himself in company," said Charles, shaking off the grasp of his companion.

"That was because you were still running through your days of grace," retorted Mephistopheles. "But now you have come under authority, and are only out on leave to-night. It is I who am king, and—*vivat Rex*."

"*Tout bien!* Come, then, and advise me how to penetrate the incognito of the little *marquise*," said Charles, recklessly.

"I will advise you to let her alone, or at any rate to say nothing for which you will be sorry when you meet her unmasked," said his companion, significantly. "Try your gallantries on the Cleopatra if you will"—

"And leave *la marquise* to you! Thank you. *Mon diable!* I am a worthier pupil than that. Compare notes with Cleopatra yourself, or see if a Becky Sharp does not lurk beneath those water-lilies; but 'leave my love to me.'"

The party had by this time reached the upper end of the long rooms, where stood the hostess in the dress of Dame Quickly, but without mask. As each guest bowed before her he presented a card bearing both his real and assumed title. After glancing at these, Mrs. Minturn dropped them into a vase zealously guarded by a roguish Cupid, who, with drawn bow and warning cry, menaced all who ventured to approach too near.

After a few words of compliment, the party moved on to make room for other guests, and the royal Stuart approached the Marquise with a low bow and a request that she would favor him with her hand for a valse-quadrille in the adjoining ball-room.

The Marquise hesitated, but after glancing at Cleopatra, who nodded assent, she silently accepted the proffered arm.

Mephistopheles, at the same moment, addressed to Undine a request to promenade through the rooms with him, offering to give her a lesson in reading disguises which she should find of use through all her future life.

Cleopatra motioned her to accept, and herself taking the arm of the domino who remained in attendance, slowly followed for a few steps, and then said, in a low voice:

"Go, now, and find some one else. I will take care of myself."

"All, right, my lady," replied Mr. Livingstone's thick voice; "only don't let the men be too free. They'll say things from behind their masks that they wouldn't dare to say without them."

"Not to me," said Cleopatra, haughtily, and each went a separate way.

CHAPTER IX.

A DEUX TEMPS.

In the ball-room the frenzy of the galop had subsided into the passionate tenderness of the waltz, and the band, led by a musician, rendered, with such fidelity and *abandon*, the wild heart-break of the Sophia waltzes, that one instinctively feared to see the whole place a necropolis of swooning and dying princesses.

Francia, in her charming costume, *à la Pompadour*, her supple waist encircled by the arm of the King Charles, his breath upon her cheek, her right hand pressed close to his heart, floated round and round the room in a strange ecstasy, wondering how she had lived so long and never before felt the joy of life ; wondering, too, at the passionate impulse of tears that almost suffocated her.

The music ceased with a long, piercing strain, that might have been the wail of the lover as his royal mistress fell dead at his feet, and Francia, blind and breathless, allowed her partner to support her for a moment longer in the embrace which we all consider so eminently proper while the motion of the dance continues—so very shocking a few minutes later.

"I never shall forget this waltz," murmured King Charles.

"Nor I, for I never enjoyed one half so much," said Francia, guilelessly ; and behind his mask the merry monarch smiled a meaning smile.

"Let us promenade a little," said he, and led the way to the cool shadow of the conservatory.

"Do you believe in magnetism, Marquise ?" asked he, seating his companion upon an ottoman and throwing himself upon a footstool at her side.

"I don't know anything about it," said Francia, wonderingly.

"Then take your first lesson of me, *ma belle*. It was a powerful magnetism that drew me to you the first moment my eyes rested upon you ; it is that same magnetism that made our waltz to me the very culmination of my life ; and, tell me, Marquise, may I be very frank, very bold ?"

"Yes," murmured Francia.

"It was that same magnetism that wrought upon you when you said you never had enjoyed a dance so much."

He took in his the soft, white hand that Francia had nervously ungloved when she first sat down.

"I must see your face, I must hear your name, here and now," murmured he, half beseechingly, half imperiously.

The little hand grew cold, and trembled in his grasp, but it was not withdrawn, nor did the bewildered girl resist, as with a quick movement her companion untied the ribbon confining her mask, and suffered it to drop into her lap.

The face thus disclosed was indeed one worthy of a monarch's admiration ; and just now, with cheeks and lips at their brightest, eyes at their bluest, and the perfect shape of the low white forehead displayed by the coquettish backward roll of the hair glittering with golden powder, Francia's fresh beauty was so bewildering that it hardly seemed an extravagance for her masked admirer to murmur,

"O, that I were indeed a king, that I might, with some faint hope of success, offer my throne to the Queen of Love and Beauty !"

Francia's head drooped lower and lower, while the carnation deepened on her cheeks, and even "the nape of her white neck flushed rosy red," but, alas ! not "with indignation."

His bold eyes devouring her beauty, Charles grasped again the hand she had withdrawn, and murmured,

"Tell me what to call you, my queen."

A sharp step rang through the ante-room dividing the conservatory from the other apartments, and Francia, snatching away her hand, hurriedly replaced

her mask. It was not yet tied when a knight in golden armor stood before her.

"Excuse me, sir," said he, haughtily, to King Charles, who had risen to his feet; "but this young lady is a relative of mine, and I am desired by her friends to conduct her to them."

"If the young lady desires to exchange my company for yours, I shall of course submit to her wishes, otherwise I shall claim my privilege of leaving her under charge of the lady from whose side I took her," retorted the *quasi* monarch, with right kingly imperiousness.

The knight hesitated an instant, then turned his back upon his rival, and said in a low voice,

"Francia, come with me."

The girl arose, but before she could accept the arm offered her by the knight, her late partner interposed,

"May I not have the usual privilege of a gentleman who has been honored with a lady's hand in the dance, and escort you to your *chaperone*?" asked he, in a voice so exceedingly guarded as to betray the irritation of his feelings.

Francia hesitated, half-turned toward the last speaker, then again to the knight, and whispered,

"I will go directly to Claudia, Fergus, and you can come, too."

"You will do as you choose," was the stern reply; and Francia, her eyes filled with tears, took the arm persistently offered by her other cavalier, and walked away in a very different mood from that of a few moments before.

"May I ask the name of that young man?" inquired King Charles, still in the tone of elaborate courtesy, so significant to a practised ear.

"He is my cousin," faltered Francia, instinctively answering the question her companion had not chosen to ask.

"Cousins have strange privileges, it appears to me," said the King. "Sweet ones, too, sometimes, if I am rightly informed."

"Fergus has always been like a brother to me," murmured Francia.

"Very like a brother, as I have found them behind the scenes," said her companion. "But may I not resume the inquiry you were about to answer when this peremptory cousin-brother of yours interrupted us?"

"My name? Mrs. Minturn can tell you. Ah, here is Neria."

"The Undine? But there is Cleopatra in the next room, with a crowd of courtiers about her. Will you go to her?"

"Yes, if you please."

And as she answered, the poor little *marquise* cast a timid look over her shoulder at the stately form of the golden knight who now stood in the doorway of the ball-room watching her movements.

"*Monsieur le cousin* appears to doubt either your word or my honor," said King Charles, bitterly, as he followed her eyes.

Francia made no reply, but hurried on, and in another moment stood beside Claudia, who received her with a little nod, and went on talking to the three gentlemen, who all claimed her attention at the same moment.

King Charles, with a low bow and a murmured word of thanks left her here, and went to look for Mrs. Minturn, with whom he was an especial favorite.

While Cleopatra and her courtiers flashed their javelins of wit and badinage over her head, Francia remained for some moments in a bewildered reverie, through which the waltz, the conservatory, the strange bold words of her late

partner, and the displeasure of her cousin mingled confusedly. Recovering a little, she raised her eyes, and timidly explored the room for Fergus.

He was promenading with an elegant Diana upon his arm, and although he passed and repassed the spot where Francia stood, never by any chance turned his head toward her.

"How vexed he is, and how much I shall have to say before he will be kind again," thought Francia, and over the glitter of the ball-room and the flush of her innocent gayety came a dark mist, a chill, like that when upon a summer's afternoon, great white clouds of fog come rolling over the sea and wrap earth and sky in their mantle of bleak despondency.

She sighed heavily, and the domino who, although dismissed by Cleopatra in the first of the evening, had soon returned to hover near her, offered his arm.

"Tiresome, ain't it," said he, in a low voice to the drooping little *marquise* "Never mind, they'll have supper in a few minutes, and that will pay for all. If it was'n't for the suppers I couldn't stand this sort of life."

"I was not tired until just now," said Francia, accepting the proffered support.

Neria approached with Mephistopheles.

"And here we come," said he, "to a group whose disguises I will not venture to penetrate, and even could I do so, I shrewdly suspect you are better able to describe to me than I to you the graces and virtues adorning it."

"I hope you have been as correct in all your intimations as in this," said Neria, playfully.

"Do not doubt it, and I am glad to have been able to illustrate to you my remark of a previous occasion, that there are, after all, very few wolves in this so much maligned society of ours."

The latter part of the remark reached the ear of Cleopatra, who turned sharply round—

"Ah, it is you," said she, quickly.

"Great queen, who can withstand your penetration. It is the humblest of your slaves," said Mephistopheles.

"Malice avers that Lucifer was an ally of yours in the old times, and, according to his wont, deserted you at the last," suggested one of the courtiers.

"Malice was, then, as stupid as she generally is," said Mephistopheles, coolly; "for it was Cleopatra who deserted me."

A swift glance passed between the Queen and the speaker, and each turned to another companion. At this moment Mrs. Minturn approached on the arm of King Charles.

"Pardon the *mauvais goût* of an introduction *en masque*," said she, aside to Claudia; "and allow me to present my cousin, Rafe Chilton. He begs your permission to take Miss Vaughn down to supper."

"Certainly; I will let her understand that I sanction the movement, although your drawing-room is sufficient guarantee for any of your guests," replied Claudia, in the same tone, and Mrs. Minturn rejoined aloud,

"Will your majesty permit me to introduce a brother monarch, hight Charles of England."

Cleopatra, with a regal inclination of the head, extended her hand, which Charles made a feint of raising to his lips. As he lifted his head their eyes met, and while Claudia remembered the saucy query, "Is it Marc Antony or another,

to-day?" which had intercepted her entrance to the drawing-room, Charles saw that she remembered it.

"Generosity is a royal prerogative," said he, in a low voice.

"So your majesty found it when Louis Quatorze filled your exchequer with French gold," retorted Cleopatra, in the same voice.

Charles laughed.

"Let us forget all that we should blush for in our former lives," said he, "and begin our acquaintance from the present moment."

"Agreed; and unless we are better than most of the people about us, we shall, in the next hour, have accumulated a new stock of blushing matter, and shall have to begin over again," said the Queen.

"That can hardly be, for Cleopatra of to-day has preserved all the grace and none of the foibles of her prototype," said Charles, courteously.

"And the merry monarch of England has certainly freed himself from the reproach of having

Never said a foolish thing,

replied Cleopatra.

"Do not force him to believe, also, that he has 'never done a wise one' in seeking the honor of an introduction to your majesty," suggested Charles, with a royal audacity which did not injure him in the estimation of the lady he addressed.

"*Nous verrons*," said she, laughing.

"May I ask your majesty to present me to the young lady at your side, and allow me to escort her to the supper-room?" pursued the King, with easy grace.

"Mademoiselle, allow me to present King Charles the Second, of England, a monarch whose reputation is his best introduction," said Claudia, turning to Francia, who bowed without speaking.

"A breach of faith, royal sister. We had agreed to leave our former reputations out of the question," said Charles, meaningly; and Cleopatra, slightly abashed, made no retort.

CHAPTER X.

CHEZ MADAME LIVINGSTONE.

THE world had been informed that it would find Mrs. Livingstone "at home on Thursdays," and on the first recurrence of that day, after the fancy party, we shall see collected in her drawing-room nearly all the persons to whom this history has introduced us.

Mr. Vaughn had looked in, and without in the least meaning to do so, dwarfed the younger men by the polished ease of his manner, his dignity, and the knowledge of the world for which he was remarkable.

Fergus, seated near the elegant Miss Winchendon, was evoking that young lady's most gracious smiles, and rewarding them with a satirical dissection of their absent friends, mingled with covert compliments to herself.

Francia, who had not seen her cousin since the ball, watched this by-play from the corner of her eye, and grew more and more incoherent in her answers to the fashionable gossip with which Mrs. Minturn kindly tried to entertain her. But as that lady rose to go, the drawing-room door was thrown open to admit

Dr. Luttrell and Mr. Chilton ; and as Francia noted the sudden frown clouding her cousin's face, a wicked impulse to brave the anger she despaired of softening, seized upon her, and she returned Mr. Chilton's bow with a smile that at once brought that young gentleman to her side.

Dr. Luttrell paused beside his hostess, who was, for the moment, disengaged.

"Where is Mrs. Luttrell?" asked Claudia.

"Where I am not," returned the husband, concisely.

"And always?"

"When it can be so arranged."

"Your honeymoon closed yesterday," said Claudia, with a bitter-sweet smile.

"A thing without beginning is also without end," retorted her guest, coldly.

"As, for example, the love a man professes to the woman he wishes to marry," suggested Mrs. Livingstone.

"I have, in my life, professed love to only one woman, and she—made a worthier choice," said Luttrell, suffering his eyes to rest, with quiet scorn, upon the stout figure of Mr. Livingstone, who stood, with his hands beneath his coat-tails, upon the hearth-rug, discussing politics with Mr. Murray.

Claudia winced a little, but recovered herself cleverly. "Ah!" said she, nonchalantly. "Who would suspect you of a *petite histoire*? You shall tell it to me some day. Just now I must go and talk to Mrs. Burton; and you, let me see?—you may bring Neria and the musician together, and get them into a conversation about art. They are counterparts and ought to find it out."

She glided away as she spoke, and seated herself to listen, with smiling interest, to Mrs. Burton's narrative of her struggles with her last cook, until she could adroitly contrive to entrap another matron into the conversation and herself withdraw imperceptibly to more congenial companionship.

Dr. Luttrell watched her, with a singular expression in his tawny eyes, not unlike a tiger, who, from the jungle, watches a stately doe surrounded by her courtiers, and says in his heart,

Theirs to-day, mine to-morrow, if I will.

Then he turned to look for Neria and the musician, who sat a little way from each other; she listening with grave attention to the chat between Fergus and the brilliant belle, he apparently absorbed in reverie.

Dr. Luttrell placed himself between them and began to talk opera.

CHAPTER XI.

"RIXÆ, PAX, ET—"

THE last guest departed, and as the door closed behind her, Fergus turned to Neria, saying:

"Now, Neria, give me a little real music after the miserable tinkling of that—Percy do they call him? I am perfectly sick with it."

"Then I am quite sure I could not please you, monsieur," said Neria, gaily; "and I must go directly to my room and dress for our drive. Are you coming, Francia?"

"In a minute," replied that young lady, affecting to be busy in arranging

some flowers upon the table. Neria left the room, and Fergus, with an abstracted look, was following her, when a timid voice recalled him.

"Did you see this rose-camelia, Fergus?"

"No, is it remarkable?" asked the young man, coming slowly toward the table.

"I don't know. It is very pretty."

"I see. Is that all you have to say?"

"Aren't you going to drive with us?"

"Not to-day."

"You have not been here lately."

"I am flattered that you should notice my movements so closely."

Francia blushed scarlet, and bent lower over the flowers.

"You have not been without company, however," pursued her cousin, "I see that Mr. Chilton has established himself here upon a very familiar footing. You will be much improved by such association."

"O, Fergus, don't speak in that tone. How have I offended you?"

"Offended me? Not at all. I was speaking of Mr. Chilton in terms of the highest commendation, was I not?"

"Please, Fergus! Tell me what I have done, and let me say I am sorry, and then forgive me."

The clasped hands, tender blue eyes full of tears, quivering rosebud lips were very pathetic, and a half smile softened the stern lines of Fergus's mouth; but he said, coldly:

"I have no right to be offended; but I will own I was rather surprised at your conduct the other night."

"What conduct?" faltered Francia.

"In the first place, dancing round-dances half an hour with the same partner, and he one of the most notorious profligates about town; then wandering off into the conservatory with him, allowing him to unmask you, to take your hand, to say I don't know what to you. I did not try to listen, although I could not help seeing. Then, when I came to extricate you from your ridiculous and indecorous position, you absolutely refused to accept my guardianship, and clung to your new acquaintance as if he were a lover. Afterward you allowed him to take you down to supper, and danced with him."

"Only a cotillion," interposed Francia.

"You danced with him—no matter what," pursued Fergus, severely. "And now, the next time I see you, this fellow is at your side, offering his insulting attentions in so conspicuous a manner that every person who goes away from here to-day will have a sneer for you the next time your name is mentioned in their company. You can do as you choose, or as my uncle chooses, I suppose, but you will excuse me if I say that I can give neither respect nor confidence to a young lady, who deliberately encourages the attentions of a libertine like Rafe Chilton."

"If Claudia and Mr. Livingston encourage his coming to the house, they cannot believe him so very bad," said Francia, with some spirit.

"I do not undertake to regulate my sister's affairs," said Fergus, coldly; "nor do I wish to discuss her movements—they do not concern either you or me."

"I was only explaining to you the reason of the change in my manner, which seemed to annoy you."

"I was not annoyed, Fergus, I was grieved."

The young man trifled a moment with the toys upon the table, and then said, reproachfully :

"You do not find Neria running into such follies, although she has the same opportunities."

"Neria isn't so gay—so—"

"So thoughtless as you. That is true enough ; but to be thoughtless in these matters is something more than a foible, Francia. It is to estrange your friends, to injure your own prospects, to give foul tongues an opening to meddle with your name. Mr. Chilton's acquaintanceship is enough to ruin any woman's reputation ; but if you choose to cultivate it, of course it is no affair of mine. Good morning."

"Good morning," said Francia, in a tone as cold as his own, and with sparkling eyes and heightened color, she walked toward the window. Fergus went to the door, but his gloves still lay upon the table where he had placed them while speaking. He returned for them, waited to put them on, and was again moving toward the door, when a soft voice whispered :

"Fergus !"

He silently turned and looked toward Francia. Fluttering, blushing, tearful, she glided to his side, and sweetly looked into his face. He took her hand, whispering :

"What is it, Franc ?"

"I am so sorry. I won't if you don't want me to. Please, dear Fergus !"

He put his arm about her slender waist, he laid his hand beneath her rounded chin, and raising the rosy face that fain would droop, he looked deep, deep into those blue depths of her innocent eyes, and then—how does it go ?

"*Rixe, par. et*"—what comes next ?

Fergus stayed to dinner, and spent the evening. When Francia went to her room that night, she stood a long time looking from the window ; and, as she turned away, murmured half aloud : "But he is my cousin, almost—just like a brother."

CHAPTER XII.

CHECK TO THE QUEEN.

THE winter went on, and went by. March had come, with its chilling winds and cheering sun, its raw certainty and its sweet promise—like a hoydenish girl of thirteen, whom we endure and even admire, in faith of the future.

It was evening, and Mrs. Livingstone's drawing-rooms were moonily lighted by hanging lamps with alabaster shades. In the boudoir at the end of the suite of apartments sat the lady herself, deep in a game of chess with Dr. Luttrell. In the next room, Francia, nervous, half-unwilling, and yet not quite unpleased, listened to the low-voiced conversation of Mr. Chilton, while the master of the house, dozing in an arm-chair near at hand, played propriety to the *tête-à-tête*.

In the drawing-room beyond, Neria, at the piano, softly played "O Bel Alma ;" and Percy, standing beside her, improvised a dreamy accompaniment.

But the story that the musician told, the question that he asked, and the tender, mournful denial that Neria returned to his petition, are not now our con-

cern. These are of the secrets that the angels keep and men do but guess. Let us rather watch the far from angelic game so skilfully played in the boudoir.

"Check!" said Dr. Luttrell; and Claudia, who had been dreaming over her game, suddenly found both king and queen menaced by an audacious knight, who had quietly approached, under cover of a manœuvre for the capture of a pawn.

"O, but I can't lose my queen!" exclaimed Mrs. Livingstone, examining the situation with dismay.

Dr. Luttrell silently leaned back in his chair and watched her. From between his half-closed eyelids gleamed strange green and yellow lights, flashing, sparkling, changing, like the great diamond on his breast. His thin lips smiled; but it was not a smile pleasant to look upon.

"Can you save her?" asked he, quietly, when Claudia had gone over every possible combination of her few pieces for the twentieth time, and at last placed a reluctant finger upon the king.

"No; but the game is lost. How could I have been so stupid?"

"'Whom the gods doom,' etc.—it was fated that I should conquer, and it would have been useless for you to resist, had you been ever so diligent in your efforts."

"You are a fatalist, then?"

"Are not you?"

"No, I will not give up my free will. In this case, if I had chosen to attend to my game, I should not have lost it."

"It was fated you should *not* choose to attend to it. It is very easy to reason after the event."

"But, warned by experience, the next game we play I will play with such care as to thwart fate, if she has decreed another stupidity on my part."

"Then you will again be the servant of fate, who will have decreed just the pains you take to thwart her."

"This is fearful," exclaimed Claudia, passionately; "this idea that, will as we may, struggle as we may, we are blindly hurried on by an unknown power, perhaps to good, perhaps to evil—at any rate toward a hidden end. What becomes of moral responsibility, of conscience, of any effort toward self-conquest?"

"They go down before the iron keel of destiny, who bears us on, resisting or unresisting, blind or open-eyed, to what you truly call the hidden end."

"Then why should men be punished for crime?"

"They should not. There is no crime. A man does that to which his temperament impels him—that which his destiny has pre-ordained from the beginning. He is no more accountable for the results than is this bit of ivory for your lost game."

He filipped the captured queen as he spoke, and her head rolled across the board and dropped at his feet.

Claudia put aside his apology with a smile, and said:

"Like her mistress, she feels that in losing the game she loses all. She has escaped destiny now, at any rate."

"No, for destiny decreed that she should thus fall; also has decreed that, in spite of her attempt at self-destruction, she should be restored to all her former beauty and usefulness," said Dr. Luttrell, as he smilingly put the broken piece in his pocket.

Claudia looked at him with flushed cheeks and brilliant eyes.

"But this matter of destiny," said she. "Are you resigned to be thus blindly impelled hither and thither, and to feel all effort and resistance a useless struggle? Does not this belief deprive you of all interest in life?"

"Not at all. Life to me is an interesting novel, of which I am the hero. Fate turns the pages, and I read as fast as I am permitted. It is far less trouble and much more exciting than your idea of writing the book yourself. Authorship is not my *rôle*."

"At least you should never be angry with those who disappoint or thwart you," said Claudia, in a low voice.

"To the philosopher, disappointment is a word without value or meaning," returned the other. "It is folly to try to guess what is written on the other side of the page; but if you will do so, and find you have guessed wrong, why, there is an end of it—why be disappointed? What must be, will be; and why vex yourself by quarrelling with destiny? When you chose to marry Mr. Livingstone instead of me, you thought you decided for yourself; but you did not, and I knew you did not, and so felt neither anger nor sorrow; neither blamed you nor loved you the less, for I knew that you accepted this necessity of fate as unwillingly as I did. I knew, too, that this marriage ceremony would prove no solvent to the secret affinity which must forever bind our souls together, let our tongues belie it as they may."

He fixed his gleaming eyes on Claudia's face.

She returned the look defiantly.

"You have no right to say that," replied she. "Since I was married I have never spoken a word to you that should prove that I remembered—"

"Nor I to you; but have you not known it?"

"No," said Claudia, desperately.

Luttrell smiled.

"Say no, if you will, but do not try to think no," returned he, quietly, "for nothing is so weakening as self-deception."

"But I will not—you shall not—I, at least, am no fatalist, and will not have my free will thus quietly taken out of my hands," persisted Claudia. "I do not choose to remember or to know more than that Dr. Luttrell and his wife are pleasant acquaintances of Mr. and Mrs. Livingstone."

Dr. Luttrell smiled and bowed, hiding his shining eyes with their drooping lids.

Claudia waited for denial, for argument; but none came. She nervously replaced the chessmen in their box, and glanced toward her late adversary. His face wore an expression of regret, of mortification, perhaps, but he did not raise his eyes.

"I should have said friends, instead of acquaintances," said she, softly.

"The first is the better word," replied Luttrell, coldly.

"Then you do not wish me for a friend," said Claudia, wounded beyond her self-possession.

"I do not believe in friendship," returned Luttrell; "we have acquaintances more or less intimate; we have passions and affinities; but friendship is to me a word without meaning."

"You are cynical," said Claudia, bitterly.

"Not at all; I am philosophical, and it is one of my philosophies to talk as

little as may be of myself, or of my own experiences. Do you notice how heavily the air of these rooms is charged with electricity?"

Claudia glanced at him inquiringly.

"I mean the moral atmosphere. There is enough passion, intrigue, hope, despair, restlessness circling about our heads to furnish matter for a score of romances."

Claudia slightly moved her position so as to command a view of the drawing-rooms.

It was the moment when Percy and Neria, standing hand in hand, looked farewell into each others' eyes. Rafe Chilton had drawn his chair close to Francia's side, and while toying with her fan, murmured behind it words to which she listened with blushing, half-averted face and down-dropped eyes.

Mr. Livingstone, aroused from his nap, studied the stock-list with frowning brow and muttering lips.

Unseen by all, Mr. Vaughn and Fergus Murray stood just within the doorway, the keen eyes of each taking in the *tout ensemble* of the scene, and each drawing from it his own conclusions.

"I see," said Claudia, in a low voice; and rising, she went to greet her guests, and to break up the too obvious *tête-a-tête* between Francia and a man whom she knew both her uncle and her brother disapproved.

CHAPTER XIII.

FRANCIA'S MISTAKE.

WITH slight notice of his sister or the rest, Fergus passed into the other room, and standing beside Neria, said impatiently,

"When are you going home, I wonder?"

"To Bonniemeer?"

"Yes, I am tired of stumbling over that mooning Percy every time I come here. As for Chilton, I am afraid that some day I shall take the trouble to impart to him my opinion of himself; and that might lead to unpleasant results."

Neria placed her cool hand upon his.

"Dear Fergus," said she, "cannot you make your circle of tolerance a little larger? One is so much happier in charity and love with all men. And it grieves us when you are ill-pleased."

"I cannot flatter myself that my words are so important," said Fergus, sullenly.

"You wrong yourself and us in saying so; us, by doubting our love and sympathy, and yourself in refusing to accept this love and sympathy, which would, admitted to your life, render it so much more peaceful and beautiful."

"Others are not like you, Neria," said the young man, in a softer tone.

"All here are like me in caring for you, Fergus."

"How much does Francia care, when she encourages that profligate fellow, after the expression of my disapprobation; after her own promise to give up his acquaintance?" asked Fergus, gloomily.

Neria looked troubled, but presently answered cheerily,

"Franc is so charming and so much admired, that we must be reconciled to seeing a good deal of homage offered at her shrine, and sometimes by un-

worthy worshippers. It does not harm her, and by-and-by she will be tired of her position as divinity. We women have four seasons like the year, and it is spring-time with her yet."

"Some women's spring-time has all the freshness of her's without its crudeness," said Fergus, smiling into Neria's eyes.

"But not the rich and glowing promise," returned Neria, half sadly. "See, Mr. Chilton is going."

"That is a pity—for Francia."

"Now, Fergus, don't be cross with the poor child. You have not been kind to her for some weeks."

"Because she has allowed Chilton to haunt her like her shadow."

"To be unkind to her yourself, is only to make his courtesies seem the more agreeable. She is coming in here, and I shall go away and leave you to make friends. We go home next week, and it is quite time you were on good terms again. Be gentle and careful."

Francia approached with a nervous smile upon her flushed face.

"I thought Mr. Percy was here," said she to Neria, but glancing timidly at Fergus while she spoke.

"He went away a few moments ago. Sit down, dear, and sing us that little barcarolle, won't you? Fergus has not heard it."

Francia seated herself, played a simple prelude with faltering fingers, and tried to sing; but in the first notes her voice trembled, broke, and in a sudden burst of tears she ran away from the piano, and sought shelter in the deep bay-window.

With an expressive glance at Fergus, Neria went into the other room, and seated herself near Vaughn, who was carrying on a desultory conversation with Mr. Livingstone.

Fergus hesitated a moment, and then followed Francia, who crouched sobbing upon an ottoman.

"Franc!" said he, softly, as he seated himself beside her.

No answer.

"Don't cry, Francia. I'm not angry."

"But you will be."

"No, I won't. I suppose you couldn't help his coming."

"N-o-o."

"But you need not have let him whisper in your ear."

A fresh burst of sobs.

"O Franc, I wish you would be more womanly; show a little more dignity, or at least a little more regard for me."

"There, I knew you would."

"Would what, child?"

"Would scold. And you will be so angry."

"No, but I am not angry, and not going to be, only sorry. I love my little cousin too much to be really angry with her."

"I don't think you have loved me very much this last month," murmured Francia out of her handkerchief.

"It is because I love you so well that I have been sorry to see you—well, I won't say any more. So you thought I didn't love you, little girl?"

"Yes."

"Well, I never thought you didn't love me, so you see I was the wiser of the

two. Now I will tell you what I shall do to prevent any such mistakes in future. I shall tell all the world that I love you and you love me, and that you are my own little Franc, and no one else is to come within six feet of you, or to speak to you any lower than they would to Mr. Livingstone. Then I shall send you back to Bonniemeer, and keep you safely there until I have a nice little cage all ready for you here or somewhere else ; and then I shall come and bring you to live in it forever and a day, and—how do the story books end ?

Lived happy all their lives,

isn't it ?”

He put his arm round her as he spoke, and drew her close to his side, but even in the dim light was startled to see the pale face and wild eyes she raised to his.

“O, Fergus, Fergus !” cried she. “Why did you not tell me sooner ? How could I know—and—and I am engaged to Rafe Chilton.”

Fergus started to his feet, and looked down with terrible eyes upon the fair young face, that seemed to wither beneath his gaze.

“I would not have believed,” said he, at last, “that you could sink so low. Forget from this moment, as I do, that any other tie than our unfortunate relationship has ever drawn us together.”

He left the room, the house, without another word ; and Francia, sinking upon the floor, child-like, cried herself to sleep.

So Neria found her an hour later when Vaughn, the last of the guests, had departed, saying to his ward as he bade her good-night,

“I have something to say to you to-morrow. Will you ride with me at eleven ?”

“Yes, Sieur.”

CHAPTER XIV.

THE PERRY WOODS.

O, BLUE-EYED Katie Coleman, do you remember the summer days that you and I, two merry hoydens in our earliest teens, laughed or dreamed away among the joyous Perry Woods ? Now it was a butterfly, a tiger-moth, a glittering dragon-fly which we chased, and left uncaptured at the last ; now it was the white and yellow violets in the meadow beyond the wood that tempted us to the destruction of hose and shoon ; now it was the nodding Solomon's seal, the purple orchis, the gay columbine, that we sought upon the hill-side, and though we lost each a shoe in the meadow, we found whole handfuls of lady's-slippers in the wood. And do you remember, Katie, when we pulled the farmer's radishes, and sitting under the edge of the wood, eat the stolen treasure with its clinging soil, and even while the acrid flavor brought tears to our eyes, assured each other that it was a feast. Ah, pretty Katie Coleman ! Twenty years since then, my friend, twenty stages from that idyllic age of golden romance ! But the sunshine that flecked the turf of Perry's Woods with sheen still glimmers duskily through my life, and shows me here and there around my feet a flower that, without it, I might never see.

And if this blue sky above my head arches also over yours, may it shed all balmy dews upon your path, all peace and love upon your life, for the sake of those blithe days bygone. And if, my Katie, you now dwell above, as I beneath

the sky, I know right well that your pure heart and gentle nature will have led you to other woods and other flowers, fairer even than the sunny memories of youth.

So it was to Perry's Woods that Vaughn and Neria rode upon the breezy March morning when he spoke. The sky was a pure bright blue, islanded with great white cumuli. The south wind smelt of violets a-bloom whence it had come. The willow twigs made a wreath of rosy mist along the brook-side—the brook that warbled loud and warbled soft its spring-tide song. The earliest bluebird of the year praised God from the topmost branches of the elm. The exquisite tracery of twig and branch against the lucent sky was better than foliage, and the springing grass under foot was fairer to the winter-withered senses than all the flush of bloom that should burgeon the summer.

Neria sat upon her white palfrey, and with her smiling eyes seemed to gather in and taken possession of the scene until its charm incorporated itself in her being, and shone forth again, adding a new and subtle beauty to what had seemed finished already.

Vaughn looked only at her, and the love of a man's strong nature made his face as that of a god. She turned suddenly, and met his eyes—met and read them, and her sweet face grew pale.

He took her hand.

"Neria, where are the words that I should say to you? How can I hope to tell you the reverence and love that has become my life? How dare I ask God to give to me, alone, the pure angel whom he has vouchsafed to mankind? You have so little of earth, dear Neria, that I cannot ask you to mate yourself with me, who, alas, am all of earth; but, sweet, if I may wear you on my heart as a blessed amulet, if I may stand between the world and you, and you shall stand between Heaven and me—if I may help you to make others happy, and you will help me to mend much that is amiss in my own life—Neria, if you will be the angel in my house and in my heart, then can I ask no more of Heaven than to give me life and grace to show continually how I prize its gift."

The sweet content of the spring-morning changed on Neria's face to doubt and alarm.

"Sieur, I have not thought of this," said she, simply.

"Think of it, now, dear child.

"I cannot. I must disarrange all the habit of my thought to place you in the position of—"

"Of a lover, you would say. I feared it would be so, dear. I am too far away from you—in years, in experience, in the circle of life—for you to find my love other than oppressive and unwelcome," said Vaughn, sadly.

"No, not that, Sieur, but it is so new. May I think about it a little, before I say any more?"

"Surely, dear, as long as you will, but you may not try to force upon your heart the belief that you can return this love of mine, and so offer yourself a sacrifice upon the altar of self-devotion. If you cannot give yourself to me frankly and fully, Neria, tell me so at once, and we will forget all this, and you shall be again to me a daughter, a trust; something to be loved, and guarded, and revered, as Arthur's knights guarded the San Grail, though no man among them dared lay finger upon it."

He turned his horse's head while he spoke, and they rode slowly home.

It was that very evening, as Vaughn sat alone in the twilight of the deserted

drawing-room, that the faint perfume always enveloping Neria, suddenly floated around his head, although he had heard no step, and a slender hand crept within his own.

He looked up. Through the shadow of the twilight a fair face shone down upon him, saint-wise.

"Is it my angel, or the angel of mankind?" asked he, softly.

"O, Sieur, do not call me an angel; I am so weak, so ignorant! But if it is true that I can help you a little, let me do it in your own way."

It was not the loving confession he would have liked to hear, but it was acceptance; and the heart of the man was stirred as with strong wine, while for the first time he took his bride in his arms, and reverently kissed her lips.

CHAPTER XV.

COMING HOME.

THE great content of his new happiness disposed Vaughn to be more indulgent than even his wont to the wishes of his only child, and although he could not approve or sympathize in her choice, he would not absolutely refuse consent to it. He did not, however, refrain from expressing to Mr. Chilton his views with regard to some passages in that young man's life, and informing him most distinctly that his engagement to Francia must be a conditional one, to be broken at any time when her friends considered him to have failed in keeping the good resolutions that he now professed.

Chilton, very seriously in love, and rather proud of bearing away the beauty of the season, as Francia had been styled, found himself very willing to subscribe to even harder conditions than these; and immediately removed his lodgings from a hotel to a quiet boarding-house; reduced his allowance of cigars to three *per diem*; confined himself in his convivialities to light wines; turned the cold shoulder to several of his former intimates; spent nearly an hour every day in the law-office, whose door-plate bore his name in conjunction with that of a partner who did all the work and assumed nearly all the profit of the concern; and, in brief, resolved, as he himself expressed the determination, to "try the Falstaffian dodge, 'eschew sack, and live cleanly.'"

Neria's consternation and regret upon first hearing of Francia's engagement were extreme. Her pure and true instincts had always negated any feeling of admiration for Mr. Chilton's appearance or manners, and her sympathy with Fergus caused her painfully to appreciate the severe disappointment and sorrow underlying his silent displeasure. She, however, said but little upon the subject, especially to Francia, whom she treated with an added tenderness and delicacy, sufficiently expressed by Francia's playful wish, that she were a little girl instead of a great one, that she might call Neria mother.

Claudia was content with both engagements. Mr. Chilton was a man of wealth and fashion, and would, of course, immediately renounce the open offences against morality which had somewhat disturbed society in its wish to render him its highest consideration. As for the rest, Mrs. Livingstone's standard of life was not very high, and she held the tenet that every young man was either a sinner or a hypocrite.

Mr. Murray took snuff, and blandly congratulated Vaughn upon his own and his daughter's engagement.

Fergus almost deserted his sister's house, and professed himself absorbed in business.

It was arranged that Neria's quiet marriage should take place as soon as its preliminaries could be arranged, and that until then she and Francia should remain with Claudia, while Vaughn vacillated between the city and Bonniemeer, where he was pleasing his luxurious taste by some alterations and new furnishings in honor of the bride who was to be.

It was on a joyous April day that he finally brought her home, and, before entering the house, lingered a moment upon the terrace with her, to admire the capricious beauty of the landscape, when all earth seemed frolicking in her girlish glee, and afar upon the horizon line the bright blue ocean tossed its glittering foam against the bright blue sky.

Vaughn drew Neria close to his side.

"My wife," whispered he, "tell me that you are happy."

"O, so happy!" said Neria, brightly. "Such a heavenly day, and coming home to our own dear Bonniemeer, are enough for happiness."

"But to be with you in any weather, and at any place, is enough for happiness to me," urged the bridegroom, in a tone of half-playful reproach.

Neria looked at him a little wonderingly, and then raised her face heavenward with a smile of serene satisfaction; but whether evoked by his words or the joyous scene, Vaughn did not dare inquire.

"Come, spirit," said he, leading her toward the house, "I am afraid to let you stay here, lest you suddenly float away and leave me desolate. I will close you within walls, and only allow you to see the sky through non-conducting glass, until you are a little naturalized by sympathy with me. I anticipate that in course of time our natures will become equalized, to a certain extent, at least. You are to elevate and purify me, and I am to strengthen and practicalize you. So shall we both fill more perfectly our places in this world, and in each other's hearts.

Neria regarded him with a dreamy smile, and softly said,

"I cannot tell. It is all so new and strange to me as yet, but I am sure that you will be to me what you have always been."

"O no, dear child, but more and better," said Vaughn, eagerly. "Do you not feel the change that love has wrought in our relations to each other?"

"But I have always loved and revered you," returned Neria, with the pathetic intonation peculiar to her voice when she found herself perplexed or troubled.

Vaughn smiled a little dubiously, and led her into the house.

"See, now, my ocean waif, the bower I have been building for you," said he, leading the way through a richly-furnished bridal chamber and dressing-room, to the entrance of one of the apartments recently added to the house.

"Here is a boudoir, where you may, if you choose, fancy yourself still beneath the sea."

He threw open the door and Neria, standing upon the threshold, uttered a little cry of delight.

The arched ceiling, divided into four compartments by heavy mullions, represented in fresco, Venus rising from the sea, surrounded by rosy little Loves; Arion riding his dolphin, and drawing all the creatures of the deep to listen to his wonderful melodies; the nymph Tyro yielding half coy, half willing to the wooing of Neptune, who drew her toward his wave-borne chariot; and last, an exquisite design showing a fair child asleep in a great sea-shell floating upon a smiling sea, and rocked by the tiny hands of Nereids, whose sweet faces and

shining hair floated above the waves, while their gleaming shapes showed fairly through the pure water.

From the cornice fell heavy folds of sea-green silk, draping the walls and lying upon a carpet of white velvet, embossed with groups of sea mosses and grasses, with sprigs of coral interspersed. Upon the mantle shelf, itself upheld by sculptured Tritons, lay two-great sea-shells with flowers and trailing vines drooping over their rose-red lips, and between them an exquisite marble group, showing Andromeda chained half-lifeless to the rock, closing her eyes to shut out the sea monster, while Perseus stole to her side, and looked with admiring wonder upon her rare beauty.

Two or three paintings, gems of ocean scenery, hung upon the walls, and on the *étagère* lay some rare mosaics, cameos, shells, and sea pebbles. A little book-rack was filled with the poets Neria loved, the volumes bound in silk of the same tint as the hangings of the room. The furniture was of ebony inlaid with mother-of-pearl, the chairs and couches luxuriously cushioned with silk of the prevailing tint. A wide bay window let in a flood of morning sunshine, and commanded a wide view of the distant sea.

"Do you like it?" asked Vaughn, who had watched, with loving delight, the varying expression of Neria's face as she silently made the tour of the little chamber, gathering in all its beauty with her swift and comprehensive glances. As he spoke she came toward him and raised her lips to his with innocent grace.

"How can I ever do anything for you who are always doing so much for me?" asked she.

"Do anything for me, darling? By simply being, you do everything. My white angel, my pure saint, do you not know that it is by thus putting the smallest portion of my love into deeds, that I relieve my heart of this burden of joy which almost cleaves it in twain! Neria, you do not know, you do not faintly guess how much I love you. And you—ah, my love, my darling, be a little human—blush when I kiss your lips thus and thus; droop those pure eyes before the passion of my gaze; let those calm pulses beat, and pause, and beat again, as mine do when I clasp you in my arms. Neria, love me as I love you!"

And Neria, pale, passive, disturbed, answered in her plaintive voice,

"I do love you, *Sieur*—I love you very much."

Vaughn impatiently opened his lips, but left the words unsaid. Taking the slender hands of his girl-wife in one of his, he looked down into her troubled face for a moment, then smiled a little sadly, and tenderly smoothed her hair.

"You are tired, dear child," said he; "come into your chamber and rest a little. I will send up your trunks, and Mrs. Barlow, the housekeeper, to help you with your toilet."

Neria mutely obeyed, but when she was left alone could not rest for wondering why the love that had always seemed good and sufficient in Vaughn's eyes, had suddenly grown so inadequate to satisfy him.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE GREAT ORGAN.

A FEW weeks after the wedding, Francia, who had been allowed to accept Claudia's invitation to remain with her a little longer, arrived at Bonniemeer, bringing a letter from Mrs. Livingstone to Neria, in which she mentioned that

Dr. Luttrell was looking for a quiet house upon the sea-shore where he might spend the summer with his wife, who was very much of an invalid, and suggested that Cragness would probably suit him exactly, and give some pleasant neighbors to Bonniemeer. In fact she acknowledged she had already mentioned the house to Dr. Luttrell, who was much pleased with her description of it, and only waited for her permission to formally apply for it.

This suggestion Neria referred at once to Vaughn, without even confessing a certain repugnance in her own mind, to seeing strangers installed in the shadowy rooms so associated in her mind with her old friend and teacher, Gillies. Vaughn, however, who had seldom been at Cragness, and regarded it simply as a piece of property, thought it very well to turn it to account, and in compliance with his advice, Neria answered Claudia's *quasi* application so favorably that in the course of a few days, Dr. Luttrell himself came down to look at the premises, previous to engaging them.

Mr. Vaughn drove over with him to Cragness, to the consternation of Mrs. Brume, who was, as she expressed the situation, "all in the suds"—a dilemma shared by her lord and master, who, as the gentlemen drove up, was to be seen at the back door, with rueful face and reluctant arms, splashing a heavy "pounder" up and down in a barrel half filled with dirty clothes and hot water.

Nancy, who, through the mists of her tub, had seen the approaching visitors, found time, before they fairly stopped at the door, to clutch off the uncomely cap adorning her grey hairs, to replace it with a smarter one, to put on a collar and stern brooch of Scotch pebble, and to tie a white apron about her waist as tightly as if, like a Hindoo devotee, she sought to cut herself in twain, by way of penance for her sins. Finally, she wiped her face so vigorously upon the discarded tow apron as to impart to her features a genial glow, not unlike that of the sun setting behind a fog-bank. Then she darted to the back door, and, catching Reuben by the arm, said, in a rapid undertone:

"Go round to the door—there's folks!"

And, after all this by-play, the daughter of Eve stood in her door, a minute later, the picture of innocent surprise, as she exclaimed:

"Well, I declare for it, Mr. Vaughn! I don't see how you got up 'thout some of us seeing you."

Vaughn returned her greeting with the debonair manner which made him the idol of his humble neighbors, introduced his companion, and mentioned their errand.

Mrs. Brune readily accompanied them through the house, not unwilling, perhaps, that her employer should see how faithful she had been to her duties, although left without supervision or control.

In the library all stood as it had done upon the night when its last master departed thence to voyage upon unknown seas, with an unknown pilot at the helm. Over the fireplace, the knight in golden armor, his face covered with his helmet bars, still guarded the secret of the place, and, from the scroll at his feet, still faintly glimmered the proud device, "*Dieu, le roy, et le foy du Vaughn.*"

"A somewhat gloomy chamber, this," said Dr. Luttrell, looking about him, with a slight shiver.

"Decidedly so," assented Vaughn, striding to the window.

"The last proprietor and one of the servants died here very suddenly, I understand," pursued Luttrell. "Was it in this room?"

"Yes, I believe so. Do such associations disturb you?" asked Vaughn.

"Certainly not. I am not superstitious by nature, and a medical education blunts one's mind to imaginative terrors very thoroughly. I was wondering whether there is anything unhealthy about the place. Mrs. Luttrell, as you know, is quite an invalid."

"Candidly speaking," returned Vaughn, "I should think the gloom and darkness of this room would be very depressing to an invalid; and what affects the spirits is apt to affect the body, especially when the latter is unsound."

"That is true in some cases," said Luttrell, reflectively; but my wife is not in the least fanciful, and cares very little for the moral or imaginative atmosphere surrounding her, so that she does not miss the material luxuries to which she is accustomed."

Vaughn simply bowed, not choosing to enter into a discussion of Mrs. Luttrell's peculiarities, especially with Mrs. Luttrell's husband.

"What is this, an organ?" asked the doctor, penetrating, with his keen gaze, the dusky corner where poor Gillies's familiar was niched into a recess built to accommodate it.

"Yes, and a fine one, as I am informed. Mr. Gillies imported it, at a considerable cost, from Germany."

"Ah? I have done a little in this way myself. Indeed, there are few things I have not tried, and still fewer which I have not found wanting," said Dr. Luttrell, turning the key in the door of the organ and throwing it open. "Yes," continued he, "this looks like quite a grand affair. I should like to try it, if you will not be bored, Mr. Vaughn."

Of course Vaughn was delighted at the prospect, and courteously seated himself to listen.

"But the bellows—how is that managed? Does some one outside attend to it?" asked Luttrell, looking about him.

Vaughn did not know; but Mrs. Brume, on being summoned, explained that Mr. Gillies, not choosing to be dependent on human aid for his capricious minstrelsy, had invented a piece of mechanism, and had it attached to the organ in such manner that he could introduce air by his own action.

This machinery was set in motion by turning a crank, which she pointed out.

"Aha, that is easily done," said Luttrell, seizing the handle and attempting to move it; but the rusted wheels refused to turn, and when, applying more force, he jerked and pushed the handle violently, it suddenly gave way, and a loud whirring noise within the organ told that some fatal injury had been committed.

"The organ is faithful to its master. It will serve no other man," said Vaughn, lightly, as Luttrell, half angry, half mortified, began an apology for the mischief he had done.

"With your consent I will make it serve me, if I send to Germany for the man who built it to repair it," said Luttrell, eyeing, with grim determination, the thing that had foiled him.

"Pray do as you like with it, if you come here," said Vaughn, rising; "but the air of this gloomy room is chill as that of a tomb. Let us go."

"As chill as that of a tomb," repeated Doctor Luttrell, softly, as he followed his host from the room.

A few days later Vaughn received a letter announcing that his late guest engaged the house and domain of Cragness, upon terms already specified, and would take possession as soon as the summer weather should be fairly established.

CHAPTER XVII.

OBI.

WHEN Mrs. Rhee left Bonniemeer, just previous to Vaughn's marriage, she had gone no farther than Carrick, and still kept up a sort of left-handed connection with her old home through the negress, Chloe, who, in the fine summer days, would frequently creep over the two miles of road, staff in hand, peering side-long at every creature she met, and muttering to herself, until all the children, and some of their elders, were quite sure that she was a witch. Through the old nurse, Mrs. Rhee constantly sent messages of regard and remembrance to Francia, with numerous humble petitions that she would come and visit her, if only for a few moments. Francia's kind heart would not allow her to neglect these petitions, and the consequence was that she often called upon the whilom housekeeper, until one day, her father passing Mrs. Rhee's cottage, and seeing his daughter's pony at the door, entered the little parlor, where he found the young lady seated in Mrs. Rhee's lap, while a refection of cake and currant wine upon the table showed how she had been amusing herself.

In a few decided words Vaughn informed his daughter that he was ready to escort her home, and, when she had gone out, he added to Mrs. Rhee :

"And I do not wish Francia to be upon these terms with you. It is not in woman's nature that you should keep our secret inviolable under such circumstances."

"I do not know that I shall always keep it," returned Mrs. Rhee, defiantly. "You have pleased yourself in marrying, why should I not please myself also?"

"Because you dare not brave my anger," said Vaughn, quietly.

Mrs. Rhee looked at his white face and steady eyes, and turned away her head.

Vaughn strode to the door, but returned and held out his hand.

"Let us be friends, Anita, for the sake of the dead, and of the past—a past which no future can undo ; but remember that I am master."

The woman took his hand, and kissed it passionately.

"You are master," said she, and when he was gone gave way to a tropic storm of sobs and tears.

So Francia was informed that she was to go no more to see Mrs. Rhee, without especial leave ; and soon lost all inclination to do so, in gathering anxieties and apprehensions caused by her lover's irregularities, reported to her by certain officious correspondents in the city ; while his own letters grew every week briefer and more unsatisfactory.

Old Chloe's walks to Carrick remained undisturbed, as were indeed all her other movements ; for Vaughn had advised his new housekeeper that the old nurse was a privileged person, not to be controlled or reproved by less authority than his own or Mrs. Vaughn's.

It was to Neria, then, that Mrs. Barlow came one day, and, after some preamble, inquired if Mrs. Vaughn knew that Chloe was in the occasional habit of leaving the house privately, in the middle of the night, and absenting herself for several hours. Where she went, or what she did during these periods, Mrs. Barlow could not pretend to say, nor had even inquired. If it were one of the maids she would not be long in finding out, continued the worthy woman, but Chloe was different, Mr. Vaughn had said she wasn't under any authority but his own, and perhaps he wouldn't even like to have her watched. She had hardly liked to speak, but concluded Mrs. Vaughn had better know.

Neria quietly assured her that she had done quite right in speaking, and promising to attend to the matter, dismissed the housekeeper, (a worthy, but commonplace woman, whose pride of office had been somewhat wounded by Mr. Vaughn's injunction), far better satisfied with her position and her mistress than she had been inclined to find herself.

"She's got a kind of a tact about her, Miss Vaughn has, that sets everything straight that she touches with so much as her finger-end," was the decision that evening confided by Mrs. Barlow to James, the English groom, whom Vaughn had long since promoted to the position of body-servant, and who had gradually assumed various other duties which, in an English establishment, would have belonged to the office of steward or major-domo.

"You're right, there, Mrs. Barlow," replied James, on the present occasion, "and the Squire's done a better thing this time than he did before, I can promise you."

"You knew the first Miss Vaughn, then?" asked the housekeeper, curiously.

"Yes, I knew her," replied close-mouthed James, picking up his cap and leaving the room.

It was on the ensuing night that Neria, unable to sleep, sat at her window, dreamily enjoying the beauty of the moonlight view, and listening to the distant beat of the rising tide upon the beach. The low sound of a closing door startled her from her reverie, for the hour was past midnight, and the orderly household had long since retired to rest. Suddenly the housekeeper's story returned to her mind, and she at once concluded that the untimely wanderer must be old Chloe. A sudden impulse to solve for herself the mystery of the nurse's nocturnal wanderings, took possession of her mind, and hastily wrapping herself in a dark cloak, with the hood drawn over her head, and protecting her feet from the heavy dew, she glided down the stairs and out at the garden-door, which, as she had correctly judged, was the one she had heard so cautiously closed. Outside, she paused a moment to look about her. Far down the garden path a distorted and crouching figure crept along between the roses, and reaching the end, passed through the little gate leading to the grove, beyond which lay the pine wood and the lake. Swift and silent as a shadow, Neria followed, bearing with her the perfume of the roses and the lilies, that opened wide their chalices to cast incense upon her path, for all Nature loved Neria, as Neria loved Nature.

Through the garden and through the dim oak wood they passed, until at its farther edge Neria paused, and, holding herself in the shadow, watched attentively the motions of the old negress, who, advancing to the foot of an oak tree, standing by itself in a little glade, busied herself in removing from its hollow interior an accumulation of brush and leaves. These she laid on one side, and then, thrusting her arm far into the cavity, groped for a few moments, and finally brought out an immense toad. Him she set upon the ground in the moonlight, and, prostrating herself before him, appeared to offer some prayer or supplication, to which the singular deity ungraciously replied by sparkling eyes and swelling throat. Rising to her feet, the negress described, with the sharp-pointed stick in her hand, a circle some three feet in diameter upon the sward, and, baring her head and feet, paced three times around it, chanting in a dim unearthly voice some barbarous rune, ending with a wild wail to which the screech-owl in the neighboring wood shrieked response. The circle complete, the negress placed the toad carefully in its centre, and describing another circle precisely

similar, took her own position in its midst in an attitude as nearly resembling that of the toad as her form was capable of assuming. She now addressed to him some words, still in the unknown tongue of the chant; and after waiting a few moments, and finding that he remained motionless, took from her pocket a little vial and poured upon his head a few drops of liquid, which apparently put the poor creature into a state of frantic pain, causing him to writhe, leap, and contort himself into every possible shape. Without losing one of these motions, the negress applied herself to imitating them as exactly as possible, and the wondering spectator in the wood knew not whether to find the sight more grotesque or horrible, as the swollen reptile and the negress, deformed almost below humanity, vied with each other in such gruesome gambols as might fit the familiars of witch and warlock sporting in the moonlight upon some haunted heath.

Exhausted at last, the toad turned upon his back and lay apparently lifeless. Still Chloe imitated him, and lay like an ugly corpse upon the sparkling sward. Presently, however, she cautiously arose, and taking the toad in her hands, bathed his head with the abundant dew, and warmed him in her bosom. When he began to show signs of returning life she moistened her finger in his mouth, and signed herself upon the brow and breast, muttered another unintelligible charm, and finally replaced him in the tree, securely covering him with the *débris* under which she had found him.

Her next movement was to carefully pluck the grass from the spot where the toad had lain in his final exhaustion, and also that upon which her own head had rested at the same moment. This she carefully wrapped in the leaf of a plant which she had plucked as she came through the wood, and then turned her steps toward home, passing close beside Neria, whose slender figure was hidden by the trunk of a giant oak. As silently and as stealthily as they had come, the two shadowy figures returned toward the house, and the negress reaching it first, entered, and closed the door.

Neria, who was close behind, heard the heavy bolts shot into their places, and remained for a moment in doubt as to her own course, not wishing to let the negress know that she had been watched, and yet seeing no other way of effecting her own entrance. After a moment of hesitation, she glided along the terrace to the window of the little room used as Vaughn's private study. This room communicated with her own apartments by a winding stair, and Vaughn had of late converted it into a sleeping-room, averring that his late and uncertain hours of retiring made it more convenient. The maidenly instincts which Neria's brief and peculiar married life had not overcome, made her hesitate and tremble in tapping at this window, and when at last she did, it was so lightly that Vaughn, lying awake to indulge the bitter thoughts which in the daylight he was better able to withstand, hardly knew whether the sound were other than the pattering of the vine leaves against the glass. It was repeated, and drawing aside the curtain, he looked out. Neria, shrinking away from the window, stood motionless, draped in her dark cloak, her pale face dimly showing beneath the hood, the moonlight sparkling in the dew-drops that gemmed her drooping head.

Vaughn threw open the window.

"Neria!" said he, in a hushed voice. "Is this really you?"

"Yes, Sieur. Do you not know me?"

"You came so spirit-like it might have been your wraith. But where are you going—what is amiss?"

"Nothing, *Sieur*, but I want to come in."

"To come in! What, the queen of Bonniemeer and of its master, wandering forlorn through the night and begging shelter for her royal head!" exclaimed Vaughn, gay in the sudden revulsion from his first terror. "Will you come in at this window, or must I open the hall-door for your majesty?"

"Can I come in at the window?" asked Neria, dubiously.

"Surely. Give me your two hands, put your foot on the ledge in the stone-work, and—so!"

He drew her in at the window with the word, and as she lay a moment in his arms, pressed his lips to hers.

She smiled, but struggled to her feet. He immediately released her, and asked, gravely,

"Why are you out so late, and so thinly dressed, dear child? See, your hair, your cloak, are drenched with dew. Your hands are cold and damp—you are as pale in the moonlight as a true ghost. Explain."

Neria sank into an arm-chair, for she was indeed almost exhausted, and told her story as briefly as she might. Her husband listened attentively.

"The poor old creature must be deranged in mind," said he. "She is very old, for she was already past middle life when I first saw her."

"She came here to take care of Francia and me, did she not?" asked Neria, a little surprised at his hesitation.

"No, dear, she was here before. I have always taken care of her on account of past services, and we must still protect her, although it may become necessary to restrain these wanderings. Can you imagine any object in the strange proceedings you saw to-night?"

"None," said Neria, hesitating. "None that I can mention with any show of reason, and yet I felt—O, *Sieur*, I felt like one who sees his scaffold built before his eyes. I cannot tell why. I know it is fanciful, perhaps unjust, and yet I feel sure that all these spells and charms were in some way directed against me."

She fell into a fit of aguish shivering as she spoke, and raised her face to Vaughn like a little child who seeks protection. He stooped and took her in his arms, gathering her to his broad breast with an impulse of yearning tenderness not to be withstood.

"My poor little dove, my timid nestling!" murmured he, "who would harm you? What creature so monstrous as to wish you ill? Do you not know that my life stands between you and hurt? My darling, my darling, may I never tell you how much I love you?"

Neria nestled into his arms and laid her head upon his breast, with a sigh of content. Vaughn's heart gave a great throb. Had the happiness for which he no longer hoped, come to him now of its own sweet will? Did Neria love him at last, wife-like? He tried to deny the hope, he tried to doubt, he tried to reason, and in the end, with a terrible shock, the great love that he had bound down within his heart burst its bonds, and rising in its might, took possession of the man who had striven to deny its God-given life. He pressed her to his heart, he covered her lips, her eyes, her brow, her hair with kisses; he murmured in her ear every caressing name, every passionate endearment which he had been wont in half-bitter, half-plaintive mockery to lavish upon her picture, her glove, her airy image. But with an unmistakable movement of repugnance, Neria repulsed him, and extricating herself from his embrace, hurried to the door of the staircase leading to her own apartments.

Vaughn followed, and, seizing her by the hand, demanded passionately,

"Why do you leave me thus? Why do you refuse my caresses? Do you, then, absolutely loathe me?"

"No; O, no!" said Neria, faintly. "But do not touch me, do not kiss me again! O let me go, I am faint."

She snatched away her hand, and groped for the handle of the door, swayed heavily forward, and fell swooning upon the stairs.

With a sharp revulsion of feeling, Vaughn raised her again in his arms, bore her reverently up the stairs, and laid her upon a couch near the open window.

A *flacon* of cologne-water stood upon the dressing-table. He applied it to her temples and poured some drops into her mouth. In a few moments she revived, opened her eyes, turned them upon Vaughn, shrank away and closed them again. He took her hand. It was withdrawn.

"I have broken our pact," said he, with stern sadness; "but it was because I deceived myself. I fancied for a moment that you returned my love, might return my caresses. Even now I will have no doubt remaining between us. Speak plainly and as frankly as you would pray to God. Do you love me; do you think you will ever love me other than as a child loves its father, a sister her brother? Will my caresses ever be other than repugnant to your feelings?"

Neria sat upright, her white face, gleaming eyes, and cloudy hair, giving her the look of the angel of tears and sorrow. She raised her hands in unconscious deprecation of her own words as she said,

"O, *Sieur*, how can I bear to tell it you, but I fear I never can; I fear that if we are to be happy at all, if even I am to live at all, you must never again forget what you have promised. *Sieur*, I pray God that I may die soon, and leave you free to love and marry soon one who will love you as I cannot. O, I pray that I may die and leave you free."

The plaintive tone in her voice deepened to a heart-break, and as she finished speaking, she fell into a passion of tears and sobs, shaking her slender form to its centre. It was the first time in all her life that Vaughn had seen her weep, and he was more terrified than he had been when she swooned.

"May God be merciful to us both!" cried he, bowing his face upon his hands, while through his heart thrilled the fierce pang of which a man's tears are born.

Presently he took Neria's hand. It lay cold and lifeless in his own.

"My wife," said he, solemnly, "for you are still my wife, to cherish and to guard, if not to love, all this shall be set right for you, if not for me. You will forgive what I have made you suffer, and not blame my broken faith too harshly; for, O, child, a man is not as a God, and my strength was taxed heavily, heavily. Forgive me, Neria, and show that you forgive, by never in your inmost heart again wishing me the terrible punishment of your death."

He waited for no reply, but was gone; and presently stepping from the window where Neria had entered, he sought the wood, and wandered there until the night was done, the summer night of moon, and stars, and richest balm of dewy flowers, and dreamy chirrup of half-awakened birds, and wooing whispers of the warm west wind, and solemn diapason of the distant sea; and yet, the night than which no night was ever blacker, or fiercer, or more blankly starless in the life of Frederic Vaughn.

NEW YORK JOURNALISTS.

W. H. HURLBUT.

HE who has not read certain articles in the New York "World," and occasionally in the "Round Table," is in complete ignorance of the calcium-light style and literary illumination which one of our New York journalists throws upon Radicalism in general, and Horace Greeley in particular. It blazes forth in a volume of resonant and fluent words that make a noise in Republican ears, or it is mellifluously tuned to the women of "Sorosis," alternately mocking and coaxing the good sisters of that wilful society.

We admit the practical force and verbal vigor of Horace Greeley's leading articles; we admire the breadth of philosophic thought and large style of Parke Godwin's; we know the judiciousness of Raymond's, the immaculateness of Dana's, the dignity and completeness of Manton Marble's, the gravity of Godkin's—but the unique, the brilliant, the unrivalled Corinthian style of one of the writers of the New York "World" whose articles whip and bewilder and amuse the mind, is a matter for special consideration. Whether he discusses the opera, Kilpatrick, Sickles, Butler, Seward, Sumner, or Grant; H. G. or "Sorosis;" art, music or literature, his articles are alike exuberant, unscrupulous, and remarkable. He is the most audacious, familiar, and brilliant of any American journalist, and handles with uncommon ease and in a rapid manner, the most diverse subjects; yet probably makes no more permanent impression on the political mind of the country than so much foam upon its shores. The play of the writer's mind is all; its conclusions nothing. He makes a literary sport of political discussions, and elicits sparkle and variety from other journalists. He is one of the few writers who can interest any society in politics—but his is politics without principles, and he writes to belittle his subject.

The partisanship of the "World" and its unscrupulousness, have not my admiration, nor are its political doctors men of my choice; yet such is the charm of a mind in full play and of brilliant qualities, that I read the "World's" attacks on the noblest men of the Republic simply to enjoy the free work of an untrammelled writer.

Mr. Hurlbut's articles in newspapers are what Morin's illustrations are for the pictured press of Paris. The French designer who has the most facile style of all contemporary draughtsmen, sketches aspects of Parisian life with an elegance, a fineness, and spirit truly uncommon. His work is slight but expressive, rapid but sure, effective at all times yet never worked out to the full limit of the subject; in a word not exhaustive, but always graphic, always artistic and never prosaic. All this describes the written style of Mr. Hurlbut. He is the Morin of journalists. He cannot be compared with any American writer or painter. It is true that some of Poe's articles under the head of "Literati of New York City" exhibit many of the same literary traits. Poe's review of the Reverend Joe T. Headley might have been written by Mr. Hurlbut. The literary execution of William Ellery Channing, *&c.*, was by a hand that might have played with Grant's name as W. H. H. played with it during the last presidential campaign. But Mr. Hurlbut has only a few traits in common with Poe. A stronger temperament and a more fortunate destiny have given a more generous expression

and a less melancholy tone to Mr. Hurlbut's talent, which seems the most carelessly and freely used of any contemporaries. Mr. Hurlbut appears perfectly indifferent to literary fame, and probably considers American writers very much as Paul Louis Courier considered the members of the French Institute. His pen, so often running over every ephemeral theme, for an ephemeral sheet, or an ephemeral pleasure—which no doubt is the more exquisite—is never at the service of a magazine. Did he not say at the Dickens dinner that he never wrote a magazine article in his life? Who that has read his articles but has admitted the sweep and dash of the style, the free handling—as painters would call it, the bold touch? Although no man's articles are more invariably recognized, none are more original and unexpected in treatment. His alliterative phrases and rich fund of expression, his scriptural allusions, which are the envy or abomination of enlightened or bewildered readers, are the unfailing characteristics of his work. He covers the gravest and heaviest subjects with the very foam of human speech, and freshens the driest mind with the cool, full shock of his style. His *sang froid*, audacity, playfulness, and fluency give one a shock like the sea-foam of a running wave, and like it, melt away in noise, leaving you not exactly sure of the drift of the matter. In one word, Mr. Hurlbut is the prince of *persifleurs*. Only a polished and adroit mind can *persifle*. Mr. Hurlbut has a polished and adroit mind. But his knowledge, his experience, are used only as a means to shine, not to warm. The intellectual light that radiates from his work is an artificial light, meant to dazzle and please the luxurious, not to send heat to some freezing little one of our democratic life.

Now that I have faintly struck the moral key, which is so easy to strike, and is so often struck, how can I help making a dirge over the radical defect of the radical-hating Hurlbut? But the superb scorn of the Corinthian Hurlbut, for what he would call moral mush or moral twaddle, be it ever so delicately made, holds me in awe—and when I reflect that the moral element swashes all American and English criticism, I hesitate to add the thinnest stream to what may become a deluge. The leopard cannot change his spots, and he is not philanthropic in his nature; but he is very beautiful. And it is futile to moralize over a *persifleur*. He must *persifle* your moral phrases until they twang like the dreaded utterances of cant, and become abominable.

In place of the homespun things of average men, Mr. Hurlbut's nature is furnished with every foreign accomplishment. He is the Heine of the American press; but in the disdain, affected or real, of his intellectual temper, in his moral imperviousness, he may be said to resemble Stendhal, although he is totally unlike Stendhal in his style, being exuberant and fluent where Stendhal is terse and abrupt. But in his cold irony and princely disdain, in his intellectual temper, he is comparable to Stendhal, yet in style and taste he may be compared with Théophile Gautier. I say he is the Heine of our press, to mark his *frondeur* spirit and vivacity of expression.

Mr. Hurlbut is cruel without bitterness, and appears to do his professional surgery in the best of humor—generally at a high pitch of animal spirits. With what vim and raillery he demonstrates Sumner's legs and Tilton's limbs! How he glitters in posing his "Purple Women;" and with what wit he descants on Women and Waterfalls, Clubs and Panniers! And what a sting he puts in the tale of "Females, Fowls, and Feathers."

Mr. Hurlbut has a talent for titles and treatment. He is the only artist among American journalists; but an artist at the expense of that benevolence and sincerity which we honor in Horace Greeley—an artist at the expense of

the philosophic spirit and passionate sympathies that clarify and deepen the tone of, and magnetize in Parke Godwin's work. The Corinthian journalist, with his polish, and splendor, and efflorescent mind, may mock the old man in the white coat; but Horace Greeley has never been insensible to the hopes and dreams of generous minds; and he is firm and simple, like a Doric column.

It would be possible to place the shining Hurlbut by the side of a literary force that draws upon a true moral fund, and breathes grandeur into a newspaper article. But I so heartily admire Mr. Hurlbut's special qualities; and so many will assert that they do not correspond with the rules and commandments given among journalists, whereby they can become inoffensive writers, that I am loth to dim the lustre of his work.

Mr. Hurlbut, though familiar in his style, is never vulgar. He is skilful, and rapid, and bold; he can provoke without outraging; he can suggest without becoming prurient. All true writers, aiming to be spirited and light, must have delicate discrimination, and a suggestive rather than an exhaustive or prosaic style.

To a literary type like Mr. Hurlbut I would oppose one having affinities with a Rousseau. Rousseau, who often deceived himself, was always in earnest; cherishing a vague and spiritual ideal, but still an ideal; yet falling in the mire of actual experience, humiliated, chagrined, but ardent and sentimental; writing the most beautiful sentiments and doing the meanest actions; but by his fervor and elevation of mind correcting and redeeming his conduct.

Mr. Hurlbut seems to be earnest only in *not* being in earnest; he is never sentimental, his understanding is always dominant, and he appears to aim to realize a high and perfect condition of material life, exacting comfort and elegance, and, through his artistic sense, appreciating luxury and beauty as the essentials of well-being. Certainly this is a type closer to Voltaire or Gautier than to Rousseau. Being so uncommon in America, the type is the more interesting.

I could describe him as an Asiatic under the garb of a European. I could deepen the tone of my sketch and call him a Barbarian, polished and restrained by European customs and culture, but with the primordial element of the Barbarian breaking through all in the careless play and cold jollity of his mind; reflecting but little, never sentimental, but flashing and rippling over serious and philosophic things; provoked to eulogize only when his senses are pleased; having his being in music, and painting, and the drama; in elegant spectacles, in sumptuous *fêtes*; a great boy-nature, full of "the frolic and juggle of talent," but without tenderness or indulgence; an irrepressible and ebullient spirit, pleased with the *éclat* of colors and sounds and the pungency of odors. My sketch suggests a Parisian personality—Théophile Gautier; and Mr. Hurlbut is a Théophile Gautier, with more fibre and force. Mr. Hurlbut is a Théophile Gautier in a democratic society, where the political interests are dominant, and call the most unscrupulous and available talents. Being in New York he writes leading articles on politics and piety instead of art criticisms.

No one would call Mr. Hurlbut a thinker; but he is a man of fine understanding; and under all the glitter and play of his mind you find the hardest sense. Without a basis of good sense there is no wit, and it is not possible to *persifle*. The most playful minds, the most railing minds, have the greatest fund of good sense; but it is good sense as the foundation, not as the heavy top of the mental structure. All the great mockers, and railers, and satirists—those who put their minds in play upon grave subjects—Voltaire, Swift, and Heine—were men of great good sense; and, with the exception of Heine, of more intelligence than imagination.

As every man is called to the exercise of his peculiar nature, and as it is fatal to interrupt that exercise, the glittering, Corinthian Hurlbut, neither tender nor unselfish, like the noble and lamented Governor Andrew, is yet an admirable type, because he is an example of a man of vital and audacious qualities who uses them for the enlivenment of a heavy, and often common society, who is familiar without vulgarity and selfish without brutality—in a word, exemplifies what art or civilization may do for an essentially barbaric and unchristian nature—the nature of the unspiritualized man. He is one of the most striking types, and if I should lend myself to pictorial exaggeration, it would be easy to paint this polished and glittering personality, radiating with fine animal spirits, *insouciant*, overlooking human suffering, or refusing to look at it because it is disagreeable rather than because of cruelty and insensibility of nature. Artistic exclusiveness, which is his characteristic trait, is very different from that obdurateness of the legal mind which persistently remains shockingly unconscious of the outrage it does to human sensibilities.

It may be said that this is the type of a man dangerous or at least demoralizing in republics, tending to weaken the hold of severe and robust virtues, and substituting social graces for political principles; that he is an offshoot of the eighteenth century; that such play of mind, such raillery, such incessant care not to go below the surface of his subject, but to be plausible, to be skilful, to be quick, to be playfully piquant; to skim the cream of the matter, is foreign to our society, and trivializes the mind of the reader; that its true field of exercise is a corrupt society, where philosophers and courtiers alike are indifferent to the people, and egotism is the autocrat of each being. It is true that the most illustrious example of this kind of talent and this habit of mind is to be found in the corrupt and purely intellectual society of the eighteenth century, in France; in Voltaire, the king of the *persifleurs*!

Voltaire was the king, and Mr. Hurlbut is the prince of *persifleurs*! Like most men of royal blood, they have more glitter than warmth, and more understanding than imagination. The inimitable and delightful Denis Diderot would be classed with them, but he had more feeling, more sentiment, more unforced and abundant geniality than Voltaire, Heine, or our Asiatic American of the New York "World." But I do not share the distrust of the police of politics, or the moral censors of society, for this free frolic of intellect. And after all, men are not made to maintain republics or societies; they are made to put in play all the faculties of their mind and all the forces of their nature; and I recognize the inalienable right of each man to the exercise of his peculiar talent. The *frondeur* does as much service as the legislator, and Mr. Hurlbut's worth is the natural balance of the fanaticism that stiffens and hardens the mind.

Must we always be harnessed to our political duties, and never think, save to follow Wendell Phillips or the New York "Tribune?" And must we, at all times, fetch and carry for our political juggernaut? The *littérateur* of the "World," not saddled with principles, not tempted by the most beautiful saddle of principles, like a wild horse of the Pampas, (I use De Quincy's illustration) whinnies over the field of politics, and caracoles, and prances, and runs in full sight of our political gladiators. Think how he amuses us; think how he lightens our grim work! We believe in freedom! He has more of it than we have. We are in the ranks; but he is a spectator. He is like the gods of the Lotus Eaters, "who find a music centred in a doleful song, chanted from an ill-used race of men."

But I am carried too far, and I may be doing an injustice to my model.

Prince of *persifleurs* he is, yet not a trivial or purposeless writer. If he has been unscrupulous with political names and unindulgent with "Purple Women," exposing them under his calcium-light, he was almost tender, he certainly was charitable in his review of Adah Menken.

Over the frost-bitten soil of our ascetic life, over the granite of our political faith, runs the loose tropical vegetation of a talent like Mr. Hurlbut's, existing chiefly to give splendor and grace to very sober and serious themes. We are not likely to let it spread too exclusively and hide the very groundwork of our cherished social and political being.

Mr. Hurlbut has his reason of being and his right of being, in the genuineness and polish of his talent. How delightfully he breaks the gravity of political gods? How he frolics with our democratic deities! How he juggles with our language! all this is to say he is a man of wit.

The resonance of Mr. Hurlbut's style is equalled only by the elegant fluency of his conversation. He is one of the few men who give to syllables their just value and articulate with charm and precision, without ever being pedantic or artificial. It must be said also that he has written some charming lyrical poems, full, flowing, and sad, like Shelley's.

I have often called him a *persifleur*. Perhaps I must explain my meaning. The *persifleur* is so uncommon in England or America that we have no word to express the thing. The *persifleur* is something better than a mocker and something less than a satirist; for he is neither malicious like the mocker, nor bitter like the satirist. He has not the fund of moral indignation which lends dignity and vigor to the phrase of the latter, nor is he so ungracious as the former; his pleasantries not wounding so much as amusing the reader, and showing the exercise of a mind of fine and responsive temper; but lacking the moral element, it is put in play with entertaining ingenuity upon all subjects for the sole purpose of displaying itself, consistent only in treating serious things lightly and trivial things seriously; and this has been the work of the celebrated journalist of the New York "World" during the last five years.

The historian of the American Press will have to say that while the slave was lifting his shackled hands to the North, and the land was agitated with a great moral and political question; while the men of justice and benevolence were sweating with the task of emancipation, and our armies were in the bleeding shock of battle, the most brilliant talent of the New York press was used to *persifle* the liberators of the slave and the chief saviours of the Republic.

Mr. Hurlbut served the Democratic party by his ready *fusillade* of words poured forth at the need, effective to divert their attention, if not to bewilder political opponents; was without a rival in the discussion of the purely social side of politics, but sacrificed to dinners and decorum the generous and impartial recognition of exact and equal justice to all men, which is the basis of the future of "These States."

EUGENE BENSON.

THE LIBERAL TRIUMVIRATE OF ENGLAND.

A YEAR ago I happened to be talking with some French friends at a dinner-table in Paris, about the Reform agitation then going on in England. "We admire your great orators and leaders," said an enthusiastic French gentleman; "your Bright, your Beales"—and he was warming to the subject when he saw that I was smiling, and he at once pulled up, and asked me earnestly whether he had said anything ridiculous. I endeavored to explain to him gently that in England we did not usually place our Bright and our Beales on exactly the same level—that the former was our greatest orator, our most powerful leader, and the latter a respectable, earnest gentleman of warm emotions and ordinary abilities whom chance had made the figure-head of a passing and vehement agitation, and who would probably be forgotten the day after to-morrow or thereabouts.

My French friend did not seem convinced. He had seen Mr. Beales's name in the London papers quite as often and as prominently for some months as Mr. Bright's; and, moreover, he had met Mr. Beales at dinner, and did not like to be told that he had not thereby made the acquaintance of a great tribune of the British people. So I dropped the subject and allowed our Bright and our Beales to rank together without farther protest.

Here in New York, where English politics are understood infinitely better than in Paris, I have noticed not a little of this "Bright and Beales" classification when people talk of the leaders of English Liberalism. I have heard, with surprise, this or that respectable member of Parliament, who never for a moment dreamed of being classed among the chiefs of his party, exalted to a place of equality with Gladstone or Bright. In truth the English Liberal party (I mean now the advancing and popular party—not the old Whigs) has only three men who can be called leaders. After Gladstone, Bright, and Mill there comes a huge gap—and then follow the subalterns, of whom one might name half a dozen having about equal rank and influence, and of whom you may choose any favorite you like. Take, for example, Mr. W. E. Forster, Mr. Stansfeld, Mr. Thomas Hughes, the O'Donoghue, Mr. Coleridge (who, however, is marked out for the judicial bench, and therefore need hardly be counted), and one or two others, and you have the captains of the advanced Liberal party. The Liberals are not rich in rising talent; at least there seems no man of the younger political generation who gives any promise of commanding ability. They have many good debaters and clever politicians, but I see no "pony Gladstone" to succeed him who used to be called the "pony Peel;" and the man has yet to show himself in whom the House of Commons can hope for a future Bright. The great Liberals of our day have apparently not the gift of training disciples in order that the latter may become apostles in their time. Like Cavour, they are too earnest about the work and do too much of it themselves to have leisure or inclination for teaching and pushing others.

Officially Mr. Gladstone has been, of course, for several years the leader of the party. He is formally invested with all the insignia of command. He is indeed the only possible leader; for he is the only man who has the slightest chance just now of commanding the allegiance of the old Whigs with their dukes and earls, and the young Radicals with their philosophers, their Comtists,

their Irish Nationalists, and their working men. But the true soul and voice and heart of the Liberal party pay silent allegiance to John Bright. He is, by universal acknowledgment, the maker of the Reform agitation and the Reform Bill.

Mr. Disraeli has over and over again flung in the face of Mr. Gladstone the fact that Bright, and not he, is the master spirit of Radicalism. Of late the Tories have taken to praising and courting Bright incessantly and ostentatiously, and contrasting his calm, consistent wisdom with Gladstone's impetuosity and fitfulness. Of course both Bright and Gladstone thoroughly understand the meaning of this, and smile at it and despise it. The obvious purpose is to try to set up a rivalry between the two. If Gladstone's authority could be damaged that would be quite enough; for it would be impossible at present to get the Whig dukes and earls to follow Bright, and the dethronement of Gladstone would be the break-up of the party. The trick is an utter failure. Bright is sincerely and generously loyal to Gladstone, and is a man as completely devoid of personal vanity or self-seeking as he is of fear. No personal question will ever divide these two men.

Gladstone is beyond doubt the most fluent and brilliant speaker in the English Parliament. No other man has anything like his inexhaustible flow and rush of varied and vivid expression. His memory is as surprising as his fluency. Grattan spoke of the eloquence of Fox as "rolling in resistless as the waves of the Atlantic." So far as this description conveys the idea of a vast volume of splendid words pouring unceasingly in, it may be applied to Gladstone. A listener new to the House is almost certain to prefer him to any other speaker there, and to regard him as the greatest English orator of the present generation. I was myself for a long time completely under the spell, and a little impatient of those who insisted on the superiority of Bright. But when one becomes accustomed to the speaking of the two men it is impossible not to find the fluency, the glitter, the impetuous volubility, the involved and complicated sentences, the Latinized, sesquipedalian words of Gladstone gradually losing their early charm and influence; just as the pure noble Saxon, the unforced energy, the exquisite simplicity, the perfect "fusion of reason and passion" which are the special characteristics of Bright's eloquence, grow more and more fascinating and commanding. Perhaps the same effect may be found to arise from a study or a contrast (if one must contrast them) between the political characters of the two men.

It is a somewhat singular fact that one English county has produced the three men who undoubtedly rank beyond all others in England as Parliamentary orators. The Earl of Derby, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Bright are all Lancashire men. But Gladstone is only Lancashire by birth. His shrewd old Scotch father came to Liverpool from across the Tweed, and made his money and founded his family in the great port of the Mersey. The Gladstones had, and have, large West Indian property; and when England emancipated her slaves by paying off the planters, the Gladstones came in for no small share of the national purchase-money. When the great Liberal orator came out so impetuously and unluckily with his celebrated panegyric on Jefferson Davis, a few years ago, some people shook their heads and remarked that the old planter spirit does not quite die out in the course of one generation; and I heard bitter allusion made to the celebrated declaration flung by Cooke, the great tragedian, in the face of an indignant theatre in Liverpool, that there was not a stone in the walls of that town which was not "cemented by the blood of Africans." But,

indeed, Gladstone's outburst had no traditional, or hereditary, or other such source. It came straight from the impulsive heart and nature of the speaker. His strength and his weakness are alike illustrated by that sudden, indiscreet, unjustifiable, and repented outburst. Thus he every now and then disappoints his friends and shakes the confidence of his followers. A keen, intellectual, cynical member of the Liberal party, Mr. Grant Duff, not long since publicly reproached Mr. Gladstone with this trick of suddenly "turning round and firing his revolver in the face of his followers." Certain it is that there is little or no enthusiasm felt toward Gladstone personally, by his party. Admirers of Mr. Disraeli are usually devotees of the man himself. Young men, especially, delight in him and adore him. Mr. Gladstone is followed as a leader, admired as an orator; but I have heard very few of his followers ever express any personal affection or enthusiasm for him; but it is quite notorious in London that some of his adherents can hardly control their dislike of him. Mr. Bright, although a man of somewhat cold and reserved demeanor, and occasionally *brusque* in manner, is popular everywhere in the House. Mr. Gladstone is not personally popular even among his own followers. What is the reason? His enemies say that he has a bad temper and an unbending intellectual pride, which is as untrue as if they were to say he had a hoarse voice and a stammer. The obscurest man in the House of Commons is not more modest; and there is nothing ungenial in his manner or his temper. But the truth is that people cannot rely upon him, or think they cannot, which, so far as they are concerned, amounts to the same thing. His strongest passion in life—stronger than his love of figures, or of Homer, or even of liberty—is a love of argument. He is always ready to sacrifice his friend, or his party, or even his cause, to his argument. Add to this that he has a conscience so sensitive that it can hardly ever find any cause or deed smooth enough to be wholly satisfactory; add, moreover, that he has an eloquence so fluent as to flow literally away from him, or with him, and the wonder will be how such a man ever came to be the successful leader of a great party at all. He is always reconsidering what he has done, always penitent for something he has said, always turning up to-day the side of the question which everybody supposed was finally put away and done with yesterday.

You can read all this in his face. Furrowed with deep and rigid lines, it proclaims a certain self-torturing nature—the nature of the penitent, self-examining ascetic, whose heart is always vexed by doubts of his own worth and purity, and past and future. Decidedly, Gladstone wants force of character, and force of intellect as well. He is not a man of great thought. Every such man settles a question, so far as he is himself concerned, finally, one way or the other, before long; sees and accepts what the human limitations of thinking are; recognizes the necessity of being done with mere thinking about it, and so decides and is free to act. There is intellectual weakness in Gladstone's interminable consideration and reconsideration, qualification and requalification of every subject and branch of a subject. But there is also a strong, genuine, unmingled delight in mere argument—perhaps as barren a delight as human intellect can yield to.

Last year there were three Fenian prisoners lying under sentence of death in Manchester. Their crime was such as undoubtedly all civil governments are accustomed to punish by death. But there was considerable sympathy for them, partly because of their youth, partly because the deed they had done—the killing of a policeman in order to rescue a political conspirator—did not seem to be a mere base and malignant murder. Some eminent Liberals, Mr.

Bright among the rest, endeavored to obtain a mitigation of the sentence. The Tory Government refused; then a point of law was raised on their behalf, and argued in the House of Commons. The point was new, the Tory law-officers, dull men at the best, were taken by surprise, and broke down in reply. Yet there was a reply, and legally, a sufficient one. Mr. Gladstone saw it; saw where the point raised was defective, and how it might be disposed of. He sprang to his feet, pulled the Tory law-officers out of their difficulty, and upset the case for the Fenians. Now this must have seemed to a conscientious man quite the right thing to do. To a lover of argument the temptation of upsetting a defective plea was irresistible. But most of Mr. Gladstone's Irish followers, on whom he must needs rely, were surprised and angry, and even some of his English friends thought he might have left the Tories unaided to hang their own political prisoners. Gladstone's conduct was eminently characteristic. No impartial man could honestly say that he had done a wrong thing; but no one acquainted with political life could feel surprised that a leader who habitually does such things, is almost always being grumbled at by one or other section of his followers.

There is an obvious lack of directness as well as of robustness in the whole intellectual and political character of the man. I think it was Nathaniel Hawthorne who said of General McClellan that if he could only have shut one eye he might have gone straight into Richmond almost at any time during his command of the Army of the Potomac. I am sure if Gladstone would only close one eye now and then he might lead his party much more easily to splendid victory. With all his great, varied, comprehensive faculties, he is not a man to make a deep mark on the history of his country. He has to be driven on. Somebody must stand behind him. He is not self-sufficing. His style of eloquence is not straightforward, cleaving its way like an arrow. It goes round and round a subject, turning it up, holding it to the light, now this way, now that, examining and re-examining it. Even his reform speeches are as Disraeli once said very happily of Lord Palmerston, rather speeches about Reform than orations on behalf of it. He is indeed the brilliant Halifax of his age—at least he is a complete embodiment of Lord Macaulay's Halifax. A leader with so many splendid gifts and merits, no English parliamentary party of modern times has ever had. Taking manner, voice, elocution and all into account, as is but right in judging of a speaker, I think he is the most splendid of all English orators. Burke's manner and accent were terribly against him; Fox was full of repetition, and often stammered and stuttered in the very rush and tumult of his thoughts; Sheridan's glitter was sometimes tawdriness; both the Pitts were given to pompousness and affectation; Bright has neither the silver voice nor the varied information of Gladstone; Disraeli I do not rank among orators at all. Gladstone has none of the special defects of any of these men, yet I am convinced that Fox was a *greater* orator than Gladstone; I know that Bright is; while Burke's speeches are, as intellectual studies, incomparably beyond anything that Gladstone will ever bequeath to posterity; and as instruments to an end, some of Disraeli's speeches have been more effective and triumphant than anything ever spoken by his present rival.

In brief, Gladstone is not, to my thinking, a *great* orator; and I do not believe he is a great statesman. A great statesman, I presume, is tested by a crisis, and is greatest at a crisis. Such was Chatham; such was Washington; such was Napoleon Bonaparte; such was Cavour; such is Bismarck. All I have seen of Gladstone compels me to believe that he is not such a man. He

is just the man to lead the Liberal party at this time ; but I should despair of the triumph of that party for the present generation, if there were not stronger and simpler minds behind his to keep him in the right way, to drive him on—and, above all, to prevent him from recoiling after he has made an effective stride forward.

One of the great questions likely to arise soon in English political discussion is that of national education. On educational questions I fancy Mr. Gladstone is rather narrow-minded and old-fashioned ; taking too much the tone and view of a college Don. His recent severance from the political representation of Oxford may have done something to release his mind from tradition and pedantry ; but I much doubt whether he will not be found sadly wanting when a serious attempt is made to revolutionize the principles and the system of the English universities, and to substitute there (I quote again the language of Grant Duff) “the studies of men for the studies of children.” Gladstone is a devotee of classical study ; and his whole nature is under the influence of æstheticism, or of what is commonly called “sentiment.” The sweet and genial traditions of the past have immense influence over him. His love of Greek poetry and of Italian art follow him into politics. With the Teuton, his poetry and his politics he has little or no sympathy ; and I think the question to be decided shortly as regards the university system in England may be figuratively described as a question between Classic and Teuton. Gladstone is a profound Greek and Latin scholar—a master of Italian, a connoisseur of Italian art ; he does not, I believe, know or care much about German literature. Accordingly, he was a devoted Philhellene and a passionate champion of Italian independence ; while the outbreak of the recent struggle between the past and the present in Germany found him indifferent, and probably even ignorant. So it was in regard to the American crisis the other day. He knew little of American politics and national life ; and the whole thing was a bewilderment and a surprise to him. If the Laocoon had been the work of a New England artist I think the North would have found at once a warm advocate in Mr. Gladstone.

Of a mould utterly different is John Bright, at the very root of whose character are found simplicity and straightforwardness. By simplicity I do not mean freedom from pretence or affectation ; for no man can be more thoroughly unaffected and sincere than Gladstone. I mean that purely intellectual attribute which frees the judgment from the influence of complex emotions ; which distinguishes at once essentials from non-essentials ; which sees at a glance the true end and the real way to it, and can go directly onward. Men supremely gifted with this great practical quality are commonly set down as men of one idea. In this sense, undoubtedly, John Bright is a man of one idea ; but the phrase does not justly describe him, or men like him, who are peculiar merely in having an accurate appreciation of what I may call political perspective, and thus knowing what proportion of public consideration certain objects ought, under certain circumstances, to obtain.

So far as ideas are the offspring of information, Mr. Bright has undoubtedly fewer ideas than some of his contemporaries. He is not a profound classical scholar like Gladstone ; he has had nothing like the varied culture of Lowe ; he makes, of course, no pretence to the attainments of Mill, who is at once a master of science, of classics, and of *belles-lettres*. But given a subject, almost any subject, coming at all within the domain of politics or economics, and time to think over it, and he is much more likely to be right in his judgment of it than any of the three men I have named. He is gifted beyond any Englishman now

living with the rare and admirable faculty of seeing right into the heart of a subject, and discerning what it means and what it is worth. Nor is this ever a lucky jump at a conclusion. Bright never gives an opinion at random or off-hand. Some new policy is announced; some new subject is broached in the House of Commons; and Bright sits silent and listens. Friends and followers come round him and ask him what he thinks of it. "Wait until to-morrow and I will tell you," is almost invariably, in whatever form of words, the tenor of his reply—and to-morrow's judgment is certain to be right. I can remember no great public question coming up in England for the past dozen years in regard to which Mr. Bright's deliberate judgment did not prove itself to be just.

This quality of sagacious judgment, however valuable and uncommon, would not of itself make a man a great statesman or even a great party leader; but it is only one of many remarkable attributes which are found harmoniously illustrated in the character of Mr. Bright. I do not mean, however, to dwell at any length here on the place John Bright holds in English political life or the qualities which have won him that place. He has lately been the subject of an article in this magazine, and he is indeed better known to American readers than any other English political man now living. One or two observations are all that just now seem necessary to make.

Men who have not heard Bright speak, and who only know him by repute as a powerful tribune of the people, a demagogue ("John of Bromwicham," Carlyle calls him, classing him with John of Leyden), are naturally apt to think of him as an impetuous, passionate, stormy orator, shaking people's souls with sound and fury. Almost anybody who only knew the two men vaguely and by rumor, would be likely to assume that the style of the classical Gladstone was stately, calm, and regular; that of the popular orator and democrat, impetuous, rugged, and vehement. Now, the great characteristic of Gladstone, after his fluency, is his impetuosity; that of Bright is his magnificent composure and self-control. Intensity is his great peculiarity. He never foams or froths or bellows, or wildly gesticulates. The heat of his oratorical passion is a white heat which consumes without flash or smoke or sputter. Some of his greatest effects have been produced by passages of pathetic appeal, of irony, or of invective, which were delivered with a calm intensity that might almost have seemed coldness, if the fire of genius and of eloquence did not burn beneath it. Another remark I should make is that Mr. Bright is the greatest master of pure Saxon English now speaking the English language. As the blind commonly have their sense of sound and of touch intensified, so it may be that Mr. Bright's comparative indifference to classic and foreign literature has tended to concentrate all his attention upon the culture of pure English, and given him a supreme faculty of appreciating and employing it. Certain it is that his unvarying choice of the very best Saxon word in every case seems to come from an instinct which is in itself something like genius.

Finally, let me remark, that the extent of Mr. Bright's democratic tendencies would probably disappoint some Americans. I may say now what I should probably have been laughed at for saying two or three years ago, that there is a good deal of the conservative about John Bright; that he is by nature disposed to shrink from innovation; that change for the mere sake of change is quite abhorrent to him; and that he is about the last man in England who would care to make political war for an idea. He seems to me to be the only one Englishman I have lately spoken with who retains any genuine feeling of personal loy-

alty toward the sovereign of England. But for his eloquence and his power, I fancy Mr. Bright would seem rather a slow sort of politician to many of the younger Radicals. The "Times" lately attributed Mr. Bright's conservatism to his advancing years. This was merely absurd. Mr. Bright is little older now than O'Connell was when he began his Parliamentary career. He is considerably younger than Disraeli, or Gladstone, or Mill. What Bright now is he always was. A dozen years ago he was defending the Queen and Prince Albert against the attacks of Tories and of some Radicals. He never was a Democrat in the French or Italian sense. He has always been wanting even, in sympathy, with popular revolution abroad. He never showed the slightest interest in speculative politics. I doubt if he ever talked of the "brotherhood of peoples." He has been driven into political agitation only because, like Schiller's Wilhelm Tell, he saw positive, practical, and pressing grievances bearing down upon his neighbors, which he felt called by duty to make war against. I have many times heard Mr. Bright say that he detests the House of Commons, and would be glad if it were permitted him never to mount a platform again.

But if Mr. Bright had little natural inclination for a Parliamentary career, what is one to say of Mr. John Stuart Mill's natural disinclination for such a path of life?

Physical constitution, intellectual peculiarities, temperament, habits—all seemed to mark out Mr. Mill as a man destined to close his career, as he had so long conducted it—in almost absolute seclusion. He is a silent, shy, shrinking man, of feeble frame and lonely ways. Until the general election of three years back, Mr. Mill was to his countrymen but as an oracle—as a voice—almost as a myth. The influence of his writings was immense. Personally he was but a name. He never came into any public place; he knew nobody. When the promoters of the movement to return him to Parliament came to canvass the Westminster electors, the great difficulty they had to contend with was, that three out of every four of the honest traders and shopkeepers had never heard of him; and the few who knew anything of his books had a vague impression that the author was dead years before. The very men who formed the executive of his committee could not say that they knew him, even by sight. Half in jest, half for a serious purpose, some of the Tories sent abroad over Westminster an awful report that there was no such man in existence as John Stuart Mill. "Did you ever see him?" was the bewildering question constantly put to this or that earnest canvasser, and invariably answered with an apologetic negative. I believe the services of my friend Dr. Chapman, editor of the "Westminster Review," were brought into pressing requisition, because he was one of the very few who really could boast a personal acquaintance with Stuart Mill. The day when the latter first entered the House of Commons was the first time he and Bright ever saw each other. I believe Cobden and Mill never met. Mill had no university acquaintances—he had never been to any university. He had no school friends—he had never been to a school. Perhaps the best educated man of his time in England, he owes his education to the personal care and teaching of his distinguished father, James Mill, who would have been illustrious if his son had not overshadowed his fame. Assuredly, to know James Mill intimately was, if I may thus apply Leigh Hunt's saying, in itself a liberal education. Following his father's steps at the India House, John Mill worked there methodically and quietly, until he rose to the highest position his father had occupied; and then he resigned his office, declined an offer of a seat at the Indian Council Board, subsequently made by Lord Stanley, and lapsed wholly into pri-

vate life. Of late he rarely met even his close and early friends. Some estrangement, not necessary to dwell on, had taken place, I believe, between him and his old friend Thomas Carlyle, and I suppose they ceased to meet. After the death of the wife whom he so loved and revered, Mill lived almost always at Avignon, in the south of France, where she died, and where he raised a monument over her remains, which he visits and tends with a romantic devotion and constancy worthy of a Roland.

Only a profound sense of duty could drag such a man from his scholarly and sacred seclusion into the stress and storm of a parliamentary life. But it was urged upon Mill that he could do good to the popular cause by going into Parliament; and he is not a man to think anything of his personal preference in such a case. He accepted the contest and won. Some of his warmest admirers regretted that he had ever given his consent. They feared not so much that he might damage his reputation as that he might weaken the influence of his authority, and with it the strength of every great popular cause. Certainly those who thought thus, and who met Mr. Mill for the first time during the progress of the Westminster contest, did not feel much inclined to take a more encouraging view of the prospect.

Mr. Mill seems cut out by nature not to be a parliamentary success. He has a thin, fragile, awkward frame; he has a nervous, incessant twitching of the lips and eyes; he has a weak voice and a sort of stammer; he is over sixty years of age; he had never, so far as I know, addressed a political meeting of any kind up to the time of the Westminster contest. Yet with all these disadvantages, Mill has, as a political leader and speaker, been an undoubted success with the country, and a sort of success in the House. An orator of any kind he never could be. One might call him a wretchedly bad speaker, if his speaking were not so utterly unlike anybody else's, as to refuse to be classified with any other speaking, good or bad. But, so far as the best selection of words, the clearest style, the most coherent and convincing argument can constitute eloquence, Mill's speeches are eloquent. They are, of course, only spoken essays. They differ in no wise from the speaker's writings; and I need hardly say that a speech, to be effective, must never be just what the speaker would have written if it were to be consigned at once to print as a letter or an essay. As speeches, therefore, Mr. Mill's utterances in the House have little or no effect. Indeed, they are only listened to by a very few men of real intelligence and judgment on both sides. Some of the more boisterous of the Tories made many attempts to cough and laugh Mill into silence; indeed, there was obviously a deliberate plan of this kind in operation at one time. But Mill is a man whom nothing can deter from saying or doing what he thinks right. A more absolutely fearless being does not exist. He is even free from that fear which has sometimes paralyzed the boldest spirits, the fear of becoming ridiculous. So the Tory trick failed. Mill went on with patient, imperturbable, proud good-humor, despite all interruption—now and then paying off his Tory enemies by some keen contemptuous epigram or sarcasm, made all the more pungent by the thin, bland tone in which it was uttered. So the Tories gave up shouting, groaning and laughing; the more quickly because one at least of their chiefs, the Marquis of Salisbury (then in the House of Commons as Lord Cranbourne) had the spirit and sense to express openly and loudly his anger and disgust at the vulgar and brutal behaviour of some of his followers. Therefore Mr. Mill ceased to be interrupted; but he is not much listened to. That supreme, irrefutable evidence that a man fails to interest the House—the

fact that a hum and buzz of conversation may be heard all the time he is speaking—is always fatally manifest when Mr. Mill addresses the Commons. But the House, after all, is only a platform from which a man endeavors to speak to the country, and if Mill does not always get the ear of the House, he never fails to be heard by the nation. I have no doubt that even the Tory members of the House read Mill's speeches when they appear in print; assuredly all intelligent Tories do. These speeches, in any case, are never lost on the country. They form at once a part of the really successful literature of each session. They always excite controversy of some kind—not even the great orations of Bright and Gladstone are more talked of.

So far they are a success, and there is something in the personal character of Mr. Mill himself, which makes him specially popular with the working classes of England. I doubt if there is now any Englishman whose name would be received with a more cordial outburst of applause, at a popular meeting. Working-men, in fact, are very proud of Mr. Mill's scholarship, culture, and profundity. They can perceive easily enough that he is remarkable for just those intellectual qualities which the conventional demagogue never has. Tory newspapers and the "Saturday Review" sometimes affect to regard Mr. Bright as a man of defective education, but it is impossible to pretend to think that Mill is ignorant of Greek or superficial in his knowledge of history. When such a man makes himself especially the champion of working-men, the working-men think of him very much as the Irish peasants of '98 and '48 did of Edward Fitzgerald and Smith O'Brien, the aristocrats of birth and rank, who stepped down from their high places and gave themselves up to the cause of the unlettered and the poor.

There is something fascinating, moreover, about the singular blending of the emotional, and even the romantic, with the keen, vigorous, logical intellect, which is to be observed in Mill. Even political economy, in Mill's mind, is strangely guided and governed by mere feeling. Somebody said he was a combination of Ricardo and Tom Hughes—somebody else said, rather more happily, I think, that he is Adam Smith and Fénelon revived and rolled into one. The "Pall Mall Gazette" found his picture well painted in Lord Macaulay's analysis of the motives which influenced Edmund Burke, when he flung his soul into the impeachment of Warren Hastings. The mere eccentricities, the very defects of such a nature have in them something captivating. The admirers of Mr. Mill are therefore not unusually somewhat given to exalting admiration into idolatry. The classes who most admire him are the scholarly and adventurous young Radicals, who have a dash of Positivism in them; the extreme Radicals, who are prepared to go any and all lengths for the mere sake of change; and the working-men.

This is the Triumvirate of the English Liberal Party. Combined they represent, guide, and govern every section and fraction of that party that is worth taking into any consideration. Mr. Gladstone represents official Liberalism; Mr. Bright speaks for and directs the old-fashioned, robust, popular Liberalism of which Manchester was the school; Mr. Mill is the exponent of the new Liberalism, the Liberalism of Idea and Logic. Bright's programme is a little ahead of Gladstone's, but Gladstone will probably be easily pulled up to it. Mill goes far beyond either, far beyond any point at which either is ever likely to arrive. Indeed, Mr. Mill may be fairly described by a phrase, which I believe is German, as a man in advance of every possible future—at least in England. But he is quite prepared to act loyally and steadily with his party and its leader on all momentous issues. On some minor questions he has lately gone widely

away from them, and given thereby much offence ; and indeed I am sure there are not a few of the old-fashioned Liberals and the Manchester men who would rather Mr. Mill had never come into Parliament and sat at their side. But on nearly all questions of Parliamentary Reform, and on that of the Irish Church, Mill and his Liberal colleagues will pull cordially together. So, too, on most economic questions, reduction of taxation, imposition of duties and the like. Where a sharp difference is likely to arise will only be in relation to some subject having an idea behind it—some question of foreign policy perhaps, something not at present imminent ; and, let us hope, not destined in any case to be vital to the interests of the party. Only where an idea is involved will Mr. Mill refuse to allow his own judgment to bend to the general necessities of the party. It was his objection (a very unwise one, I think) to the idea behind the system of the ballot, which led him to separate himself sharply from Bright and other Liberals on that subject ; it was the idea which lies at the bottom of a representation of minorities, which beguiled him into lending his advocacy to that most chimerical, awkward, and absurd piece of political mechanism which we know in England as the three-cornered constituency. The cohesion of Gladstone and Bright is decidedly more close and likely to endure than that between Bright and Mill. But on all immediate questions of great importance, these two men are sure to be found side by side. Mill has a deep and earnest admiration for Bright, who is sometimes, perhaps, a little impatient of the Politics of Idea.

During the session of 1868, I attended a meeting of a few representative Liberals of all classes, brought together to decide on some course of agitation with regard to Ireland. Mr. Mill was there, so were Professor Fawcett, Mr. Thomas Hughes, Lord Amberley, and other members of Parliament ; Mr. Frederick Harrison, with some of his Positivist colleagues, and several representative working men. Mr. Bright was unable to attend. A certain course of action being recommended, Mr. Mill expressed his own approval of it, but emphatically declared that he considered Mr. Bright's judgment was entitled to be regarded as authoritative, and that should Mr. Bright recommend the meeting not to go on, the scheme had better be given up. Mr. Bright subsequently discouraged the scheme, and it was, on Mr. Mill's recommendation, at once abandoned. I mention this fact to illustrate the loyalty which Mr. Mill, with all his tendency to political eccentricity, usually displays toward the men whom he regards as the leaders of the party.

Mill and Bright are alike warm admirers of Gladstone and believers in him. Indeed one sometimes feels ashamed to doubt for a moment the steadfastness of a man in whom Bright and Mill put so full a faith.

Certainly the English Liberal has reason to congratulate himself, and feel proud when he remembers what sort of men his party's leaders used to be, and sees what men they are to-day. It will not do to study too closely the private characters of the chiefs of any political band in the House of Commons, from the days of Bolingbroke to those of Fox. The man who was not a sinecurist or a speculator was pretty sure to be a profligate or a gambler. Not a few eminent men were sinecurists, speculators, profligates, and gamblers. The political purity of the English Liberal leaders to-day is absolutely without the faintest shade of suspicion—it never even occurs to any one to suspect them, while their private lives, it may be said without indelicacy, are in pure and perfect accord with the noble principles they profess. Not often has there been a political triumvirate of greater men ; of better men, never.

JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

A BELT OF ASTEROIDS

NOW and then a name becomes durably known in literature through the reputation of a single fugitive poem. Our English lyrical system has, of course, its greater and lesser planets, with their groups of attendant satellites. At irregular periods, some comet flashes into view, lights up the skies for a time, and then disappears beyond the vision. Whether, after the completion of a cycle, it will again attract attention and become an accepted portion of this solar family, or whether, being of a transient though garish presence, it will lessen forever upon its hyperbolic skyway, cannot always be determined by observers. And lastly, at the risk of tearing a metaphor to tatters, I may say that there are scattered through certain intervals of the system, like those fragments between the orbits of Jupiter and Mars, the asteroidal poets, each of whom we have recognized by a single and distinctive point of light.

The one effort of an amateur is accepted by the people, or gains favor with compilers who select and preserve whatever is of lasting value. The result is a wide public knowledge of these kinless poems, and of the facts which have attended their begetting; so that I shall not hunt for new matter, or reason too curiously upon my theme. Rather let me associate together a few of the best-known and even hackneyed pieces of this sort, while the reader considers the philosophy of their production and success.

One is tempted to borrow a title from the British politicians, who, as everybody knows, called a member of Parliament "Single-Speech Hamilton," after his delivery of a sound and persuasive harangue upon the finances, in November, 1775. If the essence of fun be incongruity, then the nickname was not amiss, for it was certainly incongruous and odd that a member, who had dozed through silent terms, should jump up at a crisis and add unexpected strength to his party by the eloquence of a trained rhetorician and a wisdom which none dreamed he could possess. I have no doubt that, before morning, at the clubs, hundreds and fifties were offered against his ever speaking again. If so, he must have become as obnoxious to those who took the odds as were the portly old buffers who darkened coffee-house windows long beyond the dates at which the younger bucks had wagered that apoplexy would seize them; for Hamilton, having once tasted renown, did, it seems, essay more speeches, thereby putting the nicknamers and gamesters to confusion; which leads De Quincy to remark, with a chuckle over the whimsies of humanity, that the generation "had greatly esteemed the man called Single-Speech Hamilton, not at all for the speech (which, though good, very few people had read), but entirely from the supposed fact that he had exhausted himself in one speech, and had been physically incapable of making a second; so that afterward, when he did make a second, everybody was incredulous, until, the thing being demonstrated, naturally the world was disgusted, and most people dropped his acquaintance."

The world is thus jealous of its preconceived opinions, or of rivalry to an established favorite, and will always array the old against the new. It begrudges a chance hand the right to hit the bull's-eye more than once, and measures each successive shot with unkind exactness; so that only those who have the root of the matter in them, and do better and better, are at all advanced by fresh tri-

als after one triumph. A first achievement will be merged, and thought even less of, among equal others of the kind.

That was a shrewder fellow, of our own day and country, who took warning from Hamilton's misfortunes, and delivered *his* single speech at the close of a long Senatorial term, knowing that the loss of an election had put him beyond the perils of anti-climax. Sitting at his desk—he had been a cripple for years—and talking off his speech in the most random manner, he was logical and humorous by turns, drove black care from the Senate Chamber, and threw a singularly grotesque glamour over the last night of that doleful session which preceded the opening of our civil war. Next morning he left in a blaze of glory for Kentucky, and, so far as I know, was never heard of more.

Our business, however, is not with the politicians, but with that superior race, the poets. Not that these songsters are exempted from a common law. If, once in a while, some brown domestic bird varies his wonted piping, and breaks out in passionate and melodious notes; or, when a brilliant-plumed creature, kept rather for ornament than song, seems to have borrowed the throstle's minstrelsy—if these venture again, the one must have lighter trills and quavers, and the other a purer and more assured sweetness, or it will be said of each that

—he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture.

Many a second performance has thus been stifled within the hearing of us all.

He who has discerned and made available the one fortunate moment of his life, has not lived entirely in vain. Multitudes pass through the sacred garden unawares, with their eyes fixed upon illusions far away. Yet there comes to most persons a time when they are lifted above the hard level of common life to the region of spiritual emotion and discovery. The dullest eye will catch glimpses to make one less forlorn; the ear will be suddenly unsealed, and hear the bells of heaven ring; the mouth will be touched with fire, and utter imaginative speech. Were there not something divine in each of us, a poet would find no listeners. Thus the crises of passion, joy, and pain, which are inevitable for all, often raise the most plodding to a comprehension of the rapture of the poet, the devotion of the martyr, the assurance of the leader of his kind. The clear vision demands, and for the moment seems to carry with it, a new gift of expression. Men speak with tongues they never knew before; yet, when the Pentecost is over, relapse into their ordinary existence, and wonder no less than others at what it has been given them to do.

A chance lyric composed in this wise, and the sole performance which has interested the world in its author, has frequently seemed to the latter so light a thing that he has neglected to identify his name with its success. Scores of the ballads which mark the growth of our English poetry, and are now gathered and edited as a portion of its history, have given no fame to the minor poets who sang them,

Ere days that deal in *ana* swarmed
Their literary leeches.

Doubtless not a few of those notable anonymous pieces, which people love to attribute to some favorite author or hero, have been, could we only determine it, the single productions of amateurs. There is "The Lye," for example, which is claimed for Sir Walter Raleigh, and is quite good enough for him to have written—is better than anything established as his own—yet whose authorship is still in escrow between Raleigh, Sylvester, and others of less repute. There are some plaintive stanzas, which commence, "Defiled is my name full

sore," and profess to be the lament of Queen Anne Boleyme from her prison cell, but are undoubtedly the work of another hand. The lovers of that soldierly canticle, "How Stands the Glass Around?" indignant that so lusty and winsome a child should be a foundling, have tried to fix its paternity upon Gen. James Wolfe, because that chivalrous Englisher delighted in it, and used to troll it melodiously across the board. This catch, more widely recognized by the second stanza—

Why, soldiers, why
Should you be melancholy, boys?
Why, soldiers, why,
Whose business 'tis to die?

is indeed the perfection of a soldier's banqueting song—not only pathetic and musical, but with cadences of rhythm so adjusted that it has a pulsing accent at intervals which relate to the drum-beat and the martial tread of ranks. Any poet might be glad to have composed it. We have it, as copied from a half-sheet of music printed about the year 1710. Perhaps it was brought over from the Low Countries by Marlborough's men; yet there is the ring of Dryden's measures about it, and a poet, whose instinct upon such matters is almost unfailing, has declared to me that he would venture to ascribe it to glorious John upon this internal evidence alone. The authors of a hundred comparatively modern ballads and ditties, like "The Children in the Wood," "Comin' Thro' the Rye," "When this old Cap was New," have left their voices alone behind them; yet each voice seems to have a distinctive quality of its own. Who wrote "The White Rose," that darling little conceit of a Yorkish lover to his Lancastrian mistress? The twin stanzas have become a jewel upon the "stretched forefinger of all time." James Somerville laid violent hands upon them, early in the last century, remodelled them, and added three verses of his own, each weaker than the predecessor. It has been the fate of many pretty wanderers to be thus kidnapped and rechristened, and sometimes, fortunately, by nobler craft than Somerville's, to be changed to something truly rich and rare. As when John Milton based "Il Penseroso" upon the verses "In Praise of Melancholy," commencing—

Hence, all ye vain delights!

and ending

Here stretch our bones in a still, gloomy valley,
Nothing's so dainty sweet as lonely melancholy.

These have been claimed for Fletcher, since he inserted them in his play of "The Nice Valour," but possibly were composed by Dr. William Strode, who flourished in the first half of the seventeenth century. Dr. Strode is also thought to have written a lyric often quoted as Dryden's, "The Commendation of Music," which contains some delicate lines:

Oh, lull me, lull me, charming air,
My senses rocked with wonder sweet!
Like snow on wool thy fallings are,
Soft like a spirit are thy feet.

Campbell found the key-note of his resonant naval ode, "Ye Mariners of England," in the lines "Ye Gentlemen of England," written by Martyn Parker so long before. Burns worked over the old North Country ballad of "Sir John Barleycorn," as well as many an ancient Scottish song; and Shakespeare—but I need not multiply examples. The rude strong choruses which have sprung up in great campaigns, or at times of revolutionary excitement, have been the offspring of single minds, though verse after verse has been mated with them by the people. Such are the burdens of the French "Malbrouck" and "Ca Ira,"

the Irish "Shan Van Vocht," and our own grim battle-chorus of "John Brown's Body"—yet it would be difficult to prove that they had not "grewed" like Topsy, without the formality of a beginning. I take it, in brief, that many of the noteworthy anonymous poems were the handiwork of single-poem makers. Artists who have become favorably known by continuous effort are not careless of their titles to successful work, nor do the book-wrights often permit specimens of the acknowledged masters to be lost.

The composers of our most familiar random poems are of several types. First, those whose one inspiration has come from a sentiment—like the love of home, of country, of sweetheart, of wife and offspring. Such have sung because a chance emotion would have vent, and their song has found a greeting in the common heart, independently of much artistic right to consideration. Next are the natural rhymesters, with their sound and fury. If one makes verses perpetually, the odds are that he will at some time find something worth to say, or that he will hit upon a theme in which his fellows have a genuine interest; and when these chances come together, the result is a popular acceptance of what is produced, while against the rest of the author's jingles we stop our ears. Again, there are persons of high culture and beautiful thought, who have the gift of expression, but who have neglected its practice, either being sufficient unto themselves, or with their energies so diffused in other walks of life that they have only yielded in a gracious or impassioned moment to utterance of the lays for which we gratefully remember them.

A fugitive poem thus depends for its preservation upon an appeal to the universal emotions; or, through its real merits, gives pleasure to cultured minds, who insure it ultimate renown by Ruskin's process of the transfer of correct taste from the judicious to the unskilful. Here and there one combines these attractions, and thus achieves the high dual purpose of art. A lyric of the first kind often allies itself to an air so taking that we can hardly say whether the poetry or the music has made the hit. But some verses, like "God save the King," are such utter mouthing that their entire success has evidently depended on the tune. If not, old-time British loyalty was a sentiment beyond modern comprehension. Yet there are happy instances in our own language, more frequently among the Scotch and Irish dialects, of "perfect music unto noble words;" while there are other widely popular stanzas, for which musical composers have tried in vain to find a consonant melody, and thus express their very sense.

Among poems which are endeared to the people by their themes is that strictly American production, "The Bucket" of Samuel Woodworth. Without great poetical merit, it calls up simple idyllic memories to every one who has been a country boy, whether he has gained in manhood the prizes of life, or is still a trouble-tossed wanderer. To most Americans, home has been a place to start from, and only loved when left forever. Yet through the sentiment of home and a pleasant sensuous reminiscence of boyhood, "The Bucket" has found its way to numberless hearts. And Woodworth, when writing it, was lifted, for perhaps the only time in his life, to the genuine emotion of the poet, yearning after the sunny meadows, the *fons splendidior vitro*, and the moss-covered bucket of his rustic days. He was indeed a tempest-beaten fellow; a printer, born in Scituate, Mass., and a hard-worked, generally unfortunate hack and journalist, from 1816 down to his death in 1842. Except his one famous song, I can find nothing worth a day's remembrance in his collected poems, of which a volume was published in 1818, and again in 1827. Yet he wrote other pieces

in the same metre and with as much care and purpose. His patriotic songs during the war of 1812 had a wide reading, as things went then. All are of the copy-book order; his was a tame, didactic mind; he never wrote but one poem, and that of itself preserves his name. "The Bucket" belongs to the lower or basic strata of the Parnassus mountain—the emotional (yet here it occurs to me that these crop out again near the apex, as in some lofty dramatic outburst, like

Grief fills the room up of my absent child !)

and this household poem, without the factitious aid of a popular air, holds a place by its own music and the associations which it conveys.

Indeed, I am not sure that the present article was not suggested by a visit made one day to the rooms where a painter has translated into his own form of expression this and another of our simplest primary lyrics. Multitudes are now buying the pretty chromo-lithographs of Jerome Thompson's paintings of "The Old Oaken Bucket," and "Home, Sweet Home;" nor do I hesitate to say that few more grateful and attractive pictures, within the means of the average country-dweller, can hang upon his walls, than these truthful representations of the birth-place of Samuel Woodworth, and the "Sweet Home" of John Howard Payne.*

The last-named ditty, though still more obviously depending upon a sentiment, has a world of help from the air to which it was composed. Looking at the stirring life and many writings of its author, it seems strange that such ordinary stanzas should be the production by which he is known, and here mentioned as his single poem. Payne was a New Yorker, born in 1792, and, by an odd coincidence, his first essays were contributed to a juvenile paper called "The Fly," published by Samuel Woodworth at the Boston office, where the latter learned his trade. The former was only seventeen years old when he made a famous sensation at the Park, as Young Norval, following it up with the enactment of all sorts of parts at many American theatres, and soon playing as second to George Frederick Cooke. He had taken to the stage for the support of a widowed mother, breaking off a collegiate course at Union. In 1813 he went to England and came out at Drury Lane; then turned author again, and made his first literary success in the tragedy of "Brutus," which he wrote for Edmund Kean, and which still holds "the stage." He also wrote "Virginius" and "Therese," and I don't know what, but the facts about "Home, Sweet Home" may bear telling again. For years Payne was an available playwright and craftsman in the London dramatic world. When Charles Kemble became manager of Covent Garden, he purchased a batch of our author's manuscripts for the gross sum of £230; and a play was fished out from the mess, changed by Payne into an opera, and produced as "Clari, the Maid of Milan." Miss Tree, the elder sister of Mrs. Charles Kean, was in the first cast, and sang "Home, Sweet Home," one of the "gems" of this piece. It made an astounding hit, was speedily the popular favorite, and even at this day we may say that the air and words are the surest key, on the reappearance of a pet *diva*, to unlock the hearts of her welcomers. Those who were present will not forget the return of Kellogg to our Academy on the 19th of last October, and the tenderness and grace with which she sang them; nor the encores of the audience, and the flowers which dropped around her till she seemed like a me-

* This, without discussion of the merits of the paintings or the good and evil effects of distributing their lithographic copies among the people. It seems to me, however, that Mr. Thompson's pictures have the feeling and suggestiveness of the songs for which they are named; and the colored prints are the most carefully finished of those yet produced in this country.

loathsome bird in Eden. "Sweet Home" was only reckoned at £30 to its author, but was a fortune to those who purchased it. In 1832, 100,000 copies had been sold by the original publisher, and the profits within two years after its issue were two thousand guineas. For all this, it is nothing but a homely, unpoetical statement of the most characteristic sentiment of the Teutonic race. The music had gained no former triumph; but wedded to the idea of home, and sounded in Anglo-Saxon ears, it became irresistible, and will hold its own for generations. "Midst pleasures and palaces" is as bad as bad can be, but match it with the assertion "There's no place like Home!" and we all accept the one for the sake of the other.

Nor is it strange that in America—where homes are so transitory and people are like the brooks which go on forever—this sentiment should take hold as firmly as in the Motherland. It is because our home-tenure here *is* so precarious that we cling to its idealization. Conversely, we have little of that itch to possess land—to own so many roods of earth to the centre—which our adopted citizens display. The Yankee undervalues the attainable, and is so used to see land at low rates about him that he can scarcely understand the eagerness with which a Frenchman or German receives his title-deeds to some barren hillside in Pennsylvania or a quarter section along the overland route.

Payne was too much of an actor to be a poet. His youthful features, judging from the likeness taken in his seventeenth year, were of a singularly mobile and expressive type. Not long ago, some of his MSS., and a portrait of him in later manhood, were offered for sale in this city, as a part of a virtuoso's collection. The face there given would readily have obtained a place in Eugene Benson's gallery of those which are beautiful and suggestive. He was, also, too much of a playwright and author to become a great actor; and too much a man of affairs to stick to any profession continuously. At last he made a long retirement, as Consul at Tunis, and might have produced an epic if he had known how. Before this, his employments were as diverse as those of Shakespeare; but the gap between the capacities of two such beings is wide as the arch from pole to pole, though they stand on a common axis of chosen work.

As for Payne's one song, it would seem that any stanzas, thus widely known and endeared, have a more than ordinary claim for admission to a collection which aims to present the noteworthy accepted poetry of the English language. So that, while glad to repeat the general approval of Mr. Dana's volume, and to acknowledge that it contains, on the whole, the most conscientious, scholarly, and catholic presentation which has yet been made—I am surprised that the critical editor has not, in the case of "Home, Sweet Home," so far overstepped his limit of the "truly beautiful and admirable" as to admit it. Of course it goes to the rear on the score of poetical defects; but on what ground are introduced the more objectionable stanzas of "God Save the King?" As the national British anthem? But "Home, Sweet Home" is the people's and children's song of all English-speaking countries, and its very title is a plea for a humble corner in any Household Book of Poetry.

Mention of "God Save the King" suggests national hymns, and we notice that the leading patriotic songs of France, England, and the United States, are the single works of their authors, unless we allow George Saville Carey's claim that his father wrote the British national anthem, and give credit to Queen Hortense for the words as well as the pretty music of "Partant pour la Syrie." For Hortense, with all her faults, was a sweet musician and verse-maker, and executed other agreeable works; yet in her best-known song most exactly ex-

pressed the courtly, chivalrous vivacity of a people who fight and make love *pari passu*, and gayly interblend their patriotism, gallantry, and love of fame. Both the poem and the music have that "quality" which, refined by culture, so wins us in the minor art of France. Despite their "temporary and trivial" nature they have other claims to the affection of her people than the accident of the Second Empire. After all, they are not quite the thing, and the French Minister of War is advertising for a worthy national hymn. He will scarcely obtain it from a leading poet. Mr. Grant White has told us how national hymns are written and not written, and it is a fact that nearly all which have not grown among the people, have resulted from the glow of patriotism in the hearts of citizen-laymen, with whom love of country was a compelling inspiration.

The "Marseillaise" is a pre-eminent example of a single lyrical outburst from the soul of an unprofessional poet. It is the real battle-hymn of an oppressed France, and in her struggles for liberty will never be supplanted by any manufactured successor. After a long suppression, it was again made the national song when Louis Philippe gained the throne by the revolution of 1830; but when the Citizen-King forgot his citizenship, he, too, was compelled to flee before its chorus. It is the most historical and dramatic of lyrics. The one flight which Rouguet-de-Lisle took was that of an eagle, soaring to the empyrean, and disdainful of a lower reach. When a soldier invades the province of the poet, composes such a song at a single heat, and, like the bards of old, summons from his harp the music that shall match them, it is not safe to deny anything to the inspiration of mere amateurs. The man's whole life was crowded into that night at Strasbourg, and with it all the frenzy and devotion of a bleeding land.

Both our American national poems are the compositions of lawyers, who are known for little else which they wrote, outside the judicial reports. Neither seems to have had any sacred fury in his nature that was not evoked by patriotism. That which Judge Joseph Hopkinson gave out in "Hail, Columbia," was of a sufficiently hum-drum kind. He had the music of the "President's March" as a copy before him, and his verses are little better or worse than the air. The Judge was born in 1770, and was a spruce young lawyer in the summer of 1798, when war with France seemed imminent, and Congress was holding an excited session at Philadelphia. He wrote his ode at a sitting, for the benefit of an actor, who had vainly exhausted the poets of the theatrical company, in an effort to adopt words to the stilted march then most in favor. Hopkinson was appealed to on Saturday, wrote the song on Sunday, heard it from a stage-box on the next evening; and it made a great sensation. The citizens joined in the chorus night after night, and the jurist-author found himself renowned for life by a rude homily upon Columbia in prose chopped to the metre. He was afterward a member of Congress, then a Judge of the United States District Court, and died within the memory of most of us at the good old age of seventy-two.

Francis Scott Key swept the chords more tunefully in his "Star Spangled Banner," which has merits that would give it a leasehold, independently of the spirited music to which it was composed. Its obvious rhymes and adjectives—"haughty host," "dread silence," "foul footsteps' pollution," etc., are little suited to the naturalism of our later day, but the burden,

'Tis the star-spangled banner; O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and home of the brave!

was that which a popular refrain should be, the strong common sentiment of a nation; and Key, for once in his life, expressed the feeling of a true poet. He

died shortly after Hopkinson, whose junior he was by seven years. He wrote some religious pieces, and a few other songs, none of which have outlived their period; though one, "On the Return of Decatur," had a brief reputation. It is in the Adams-and-Liberty metre of the "Star Spangled Banner," and exemplifies the sing-song rhythm into which men like Woodworth and Key are apt to fall, and which often commends itself to the popular taste. It is the bacon-and-greens, so to speak, of the feast of song, and not much relished by cultivated palates.

That most original and resonant lyric, the "Carmen Bellicosum" of Guy Humphrey McMaster, is far removed from these, except by the common theme of defence of country. Here is a noble chant indeed! Trumbull, in his pictures, effected no more than this writer has given us with a single dash of the pen—an interpretation of the very spirit of '76. The *Carmen Bellicosum*—every one will recall its opening verses,

In their ragged regimentals
Stood the old Continentals
Yielding not.

occupies a unique position among English lyrics. There is nothing like it in our language; 'tis the ringing, characteristic utterance of an original man. There is a perfect wedding of sense to sound, and of both to the spirit of the theme. To include a picture often ruins a song; but here we have the knot of patriots clustered upon a battle-hillside, the powder cracking amain, the old-fashioned colonel galloping with drawn sword, and as

Rounder, rounder, rounder, roars the old six-pounder,
Hurling death,

it seems a heavier piece of ordnance, and charged with weightier issues, than the whole park of artillery in a modern armament.

This song will last with the memory of revolutionary days. I know little of its author, save that he is also a lawyer and a judge, presiding over the Steuben County Court in this, his native State. He is now about forty years of age, and must have been quite young when his "Carmen" appeared in the old "Knickerbocker Magazine." If a stripling attorney will enter the minstrel lists, sound such a potent blast, then withdraw himself to the happy life of a country-gentleman, nor be heard again through all these years, he also must, for the present, be numbered in our catalogue of the single-poem poets.

McMaster is a Scotch or North-Irish patronymic, and the Scotch have ever been in the custom of producing fugitive lyrics of a true poetical quality. These ditties relate more frequently to the strongest of all emotions—that of love between man and woman—than to the love of home or fatherland. Two of the sweetest will at once recur to the reader. "Auld Robin Gray" was composed by Anne Lyndsay, afterward Lady Barnard, as long ago as 1772, at Ballcarras in Fife. Her father was the Earl of that ilk. She was an elegant, spirited girl, not yet out of her teens, when an old air, set to a loose old song, "The Bridegroom grat when the sun gaed down," gave her a motive for her work. The lassie had learned the tune, in such mischievous ways as our liberal maids doubtless know of in these prudish times, and thought the pensive measure deserved more fitting words. She chose for her text the world-wide plaint that "Crabbed Age and Youth cannot live together"—a theme as ancient in English as Chaucer's "January and May"—took the name of Gray from an old herd in

the vicinage, and wrote as sweet and pathetic a ballad as exists in any tongue
The first stanza,

When the sheep are in the fauld and the kye at hame.

is now, I believe, the only one sung to the antique tune. From the second, "Young Jamie lov'd me weel," to the close, the music, written thirty years since by the Rev. W. Lewes, is still most in use. Lady Anne's ballad was not given to the public till 1776, and, as it at once became famous, a prolonged dispute arose concerning its authorship. Modesty prevented the authoress from claiming her laurels. How could a debonair young maiden own herself familiar with the wanton ditty, "The Bridegroom grat?" Not till she had been many years the wedded wife of Sir Andrew Barnard, and the shadows of death were close at hand, did she write her letter to Sir Walter, avowing the authorship, and narrating at length what I have briefly told. She composed a few other verses, but nothing to compare with the ballad for which we remember her name.

There is pretty good warrant for saying that the soldiers' darling, "Annie Laurie," was the work of Mr. Douglas, of Fingland, who courted Anne, a fair daughter of Sir Robert Laurie, the first baronet of Maxwellton. This was near the commencement of the last century. The song, as it now exists, is generally classed as anonymous in our anthologies; but has been so refined and annealed through various crucibles that the current version is quite different from the two stanzas which Douglas wrote, and certainly more artistic. His are thus given in the "Ballad Book," which contains the earliest printed copy:

Maxwelton banks are bonnie
Where early fa's the dew;
Where I and Annie Laurie
Made up the promise true;
Made up the promise true,
And never forget will I,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and die.
She's backit like a peacock,
She's breistit like a swan,
She's jimp about the middle,
Her waist you weel nicht span;
Her waist you weel nicht span;
And she has a rolling eye,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and die.

The heroine's rolling eye cast its glances away from poor Douglas, and she married a Mr. Ferguson, of Craigdarrock, who found some better mode of winning a maiden's heart than singing under her window-panes. After all, the pleasure is as great in loving as in being loved; and, to put the matter allegorically, Apollo, indignant at the slight inflicted by Venus upon his servant, gave him, unawares, a seat in his temple, and ordained that, for centuries, lovers should sing the song of him who sang in vain.

What manlier love-poetry was ever written than the verses, "To his Mistress," of James Grahame, Marquis of Montrose, wherein he vowed

I'll make thee famous by my pen,
And glorious by my sword!

The poem itself fulfilled half the pledge. More than two hundred years have gone by, and still no lines are more often quoted than this quatrain from the same lyric:

He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who dares not put it to the touch
To gain or lose it all.

Not more famous is the distich,

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage,

from Dick Lovelace's stanzas "To Althæa, from Prison;" though the handsome cavalier left many another ditty to distinguish him from our birds of a single flight. The lines here mentioned are the second example we have reached of the music, real or imagined, of imprisoned songsters; and to them I might add the Latin verses, "*In Dura Catena*," attributed to the Queen of Scots—certainly the one poem written by the Fayre Gospeller, Anne Askewe, who was burned at the stake by command of brutal and dying Harry, in 1546. After her last examination upon the rack, she was inspired to utter, in a Newgate cell, the heroic defiance:

Like as the arméd knight
Appointed to the field,
With this world will I fight,
And faith shall be my shield.

We can well believe the statement of one who saw the girl led to execution, that "she had an angel's countenance and a smiling face." Poor Anne's verses have been preserved rather for her story's sake and for their religious ardor, than for poetical excellence; and it is noticeable that hymns, and fugitive lyrics animated with religious hope or aspiration, have a fairer chance, other things being equal, of obtaining a continued hearing than almost any class—those appealing to the "master passion" alone excepted. Reflective poems, tinged with that melancholy which comes to one chastened by the experiences of life, are also widely in favor.

"I would not live Alway" has everywhere made the name of our venerable citizen, Dr. Muhlenberg, a household word. He wrote it many years since, with no thought that it would ever be used for the devotions of the church, but has long seen it in the hymnology of most Protestant denominations, and encountered many pseudo-claimants to its authorship. Among these I knew an old printer, of Litchfield, Connecticut, who imagined he had composed it, and periodically filled a column in the village newspaper with evidence to further his claim. But Dr. Muhlenberg's title cannot be shaken. Another poem, upon a kindred theme, though with the element of hope omitted, was popular with the sad Calvinists of the last generation, but had almost faded out, when an accidental connection with the name of President Lincoln gave it a new lease of life, which may continue with the memory of the great Liberator. He was so fond of repeating the monody,

O why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

that by some persons he was credited with its composition, until the press recognized the work of William Knox, who died A. D. 1825, at Edinburgh, in his thirty-seventh year. These lines are expressive of a brooding Scotch melancholy, pitched in a minor religious key, and in certain moods not ineffective as a quaint and forceful meditation upon an ever-pressing theme. Their whole motive is condensed in the terse old formula, "All flesh is grass;" but a Sicilian poet, the pagan Moschus, found even this an insufficient image of the hopelessness of mortality. Let me give a naked translation (from the wonderful Epitaph of Bion), of the most sorrowful passage ever constructed outside of Hebrew writ:

Even the mallows—alas! alas!—when once in the garden
They, or the pale-green parsley and crisp-growing anise, have perished,
Afterward they will live and flourish again at their season;

We, the great and brave, or the wise—when death has benumbed us—
Deaf in the hollow ground a silent, infinite slumber
Sleep; forever we lie in the trance that knoweth no waking.

The drear and homely verses of Mr. Lincoln's favorite poem have already gained the suffrage of those gentlemen whose favor is such an omen of longevity—the makers of school-books. I find it in the latest "Reader," along with such selections as Lincoln's "Address at Gettysburg," Read's "Sheridan's Ride," Bayard Taylor's "Scott and the Veteran," Whittier's "Barbara Freitchie," and other new-born pieces, which are to the rising generation what the "Speech of Patrick Henry," "Marco Bozzaris," or "Stand! the Ground's Your Own, My Braves!" were to ourselves, a few—it seems a *very* few—summers and winters ago.

Sexagenarians can remember the notoriety given Herbert Knowles—an English youth who died at Canterbury in his twentieth year—by Robert Southey, who set him forth in the "London Quarterly" as a second Kirke White. Knowles was a precocious religious poet, and his surviving verses are "Lines Written in the Churchyard of Richmond," to the text, Matt. xvii., 4:

Methinks it is good to be here!
If thou wilt, let us build, but to whom?

These will appear in many future compilations; and so will the thoughtful numbers of our own countrywoman, Harriet Winslow:

Why thus longing, thus forever sighing
For the far-off, unattained and dim?

But a more impassioned and elevated single poem is that fervent composition imagined to have been written by "Milton on his Blindness"—the work of a Quaker lady, Elizabeth Lloyd,* of Philadelphia. These truly "noble numbers" deserve the attention which they gained upon their first appearance, at which time paragraphists went so far as to call them Milton's own, and credit them to an Oxford edition of his poems. They are not Miltonic in the least, but exhibit a rapturous inspiration, and of themselves have insured their writer a long regard.

Occasionally, straightforward rhymes, with a moral, like "The Three Warnings" of Mrs. Hester Lynch Piozzi—Johnson's Mrs. Thrale—have held their own, either for their shrewd wisdom, or for the associations connected with their author.

But which of all the asteroids that have passed before our vision—whether tinged with a domestic, patriotic, amorous, or sombre light—will be longer or more lovingly regarded than the children's own poem and dearest—" 'Twas the Night before Christmas?" written for them so daintily by a sage college professor, Clement C. Moore, to wit, long time a resident of this old Dutch city, and deceased (peace to his ashes!) hardly more than four or five years ago. "A Visit from St. Nicholas" is dear to the little ones for its exquisite fancies and the annual legend, and to us all for our beautiful memories of childhood and home. It is linked with the natal festival of Christendom, is entirely true to its purpose, and finished as deftly as if the author had been a professional poet. Few of those who were his contemporaries, and who know every word of this sparkling fantasia, have been familiar with the details of his quiet and industrious life. He was born in 1779, and grew up a studious philologist, as his Hebrew and English lexicon, issued in 1809, still attests. Twelve years afterward he was made Professor of Biblical Learning in the New York Episcopal Theo-

* Now Mrs. E. L. Howell.

logical Seminary, and more lately took the chair of Oriental and Greek Literature. Despite all this, and rich besides, he wrote poetry, and a volume of his rhymes appeared in 1844: They were of an ephemeral nature, except the poem which I would have gone far to hear him repeat in his old, old age, and for which my younger readers must always remember his venerable name.

Let us not overlook a lyric, of which many have, probably, already thought—the Rev. Charles Wolfe's "Burial of Sir John Moore." No fugitive piece has had a wider or more potential circulation than this school-boy favorite; yet who, besides the men of letters, have troubled themselves concerning its author, or known of other graceful verses by his hand? A few have read the song which he made to the Irish air, "Grammachree." It is said that he sang the music over until it affected him to tears, and impelled him to write his equally pathetic lament, in such stanzas as the following:

If I had thought thou couldst have died
I might not weep for thee;
But I forgot when by thy side,
That thou couldst mortal be.
It never through my mind had past
The time would e'er be o'er,*
And I on thee should look my last,
And thou shouldst smile no more!

But we must here cease our observation of poets who come strictly within the prescribed limits of the telescopic field. I have barely space enough for reference to a few of those whose reputation has been won by life-long devotion to their art, yet of whose respective productions some one piece has, in each instance, gained the world's ear, and often to the neglect of other excellent works. The poems hitherto considered are more widely known than their authors; while to name a poet of the class to which I now allude, is to start in the mind the key-measure of his representative poem. Examples of this effect are always numerous, and especially in present remembrance of the poets who wrote long ago—Time so winnows out and sets apart the general choice, whether it be such coarse healthful grain as that from which jovial Bishop Still brewed his "Good Ale"—

Back and side go bare, go bare;
Both foot and hand go cold;
But belly, God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old!

or the golden barley on which singing birds like Thomas Lodge and Sir Henry Wotton had fed, ere they warbled such dainty lyrics as "Love in my bosom like a Bee," and "You meaner beauties of the night." These two, and many another canticle of their period, you can find in R. H. Stoddard's most choice selection of English "Melodies and Madrigals." Are James Shirley and Edmund Waller popularly remembered by-single lyrics? Nearly so, for in the one case the two stanzas of Shirley's "Victorious Men of Earth," with the alteration of a couplet, would be in the stately measures of that grandest and most solemn of our minor poesies, "Death's Final Conquest,"

The glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things.

while the feeling and theme of the two lyrics are alike, and, though each is perfect in itself, they read like portions of a divided poem. And Waller's name is still popularly connected with "Go, Lovely Rose," and "On a Girdle," out of the whole mass of his songs, epistles, epitaphs, and panegyrics, though Pro-

* The blemish in this line would not be overlooked by a poet of Wolfe's quality, in these days of mosaic art.

fessor Lowell, in his delightful citation of Dryden, and perhaps animated by that scorn of Waller's truckling which every true and noble poet must feel, says that the latter has lived mainly on the credit of a single couplet in the lines closing his "Divine Poesy."

The late English period, however, is all that I can glance at. To mention John Logan is to revive the "Ode to the Cuckoo," yet 'tis by no means certain that Logan did not refine this standard poem from the crude metal left by his friend Michael Bruce. His song on a wild old theme, touched by so many melodists, "The dowie dens of Yarrow," deserves as long a reputation; though of all the Yarrow ballads, that by William Hamilton, "Busk ye, busk ye, my bonnie, bonnie bride!" is the nonpareil. Every one has been affected by the simplicity, music, and exquisite pathos of Caroline Oliphant, the Baroness Nairn's "Land o' the Leal:"

I'm wearin' awa', John,
Like snow-wreaths in thaw, John;
I'm wearin' awa'
To the land o' the leal.

The author died in 1845, at the ripe age of eighty years, and throughout her life wrote poetry, some of it humorous, which was quite the fashion in Scotland. "The Laird o' Cockpen" had a wide reading, and is excellent of its kind. There was Susanna Blamire, the "Muse of Cumberland," who made sweet use of the border dialect in her ballads and songs. "The Siller Crown" is always associated with her name:

And ye shall walk in silk attire,
And siller hae to spare,
Gin ye'll consent to be his bride
Nor think o' Donald mair.

There, also, is Sheridan's granddaughter, Lady Dufferin, who has composed very many lyrics, but is known by her most beautiful ballad, "The Irish Emigrant's Lament," sometimes wrongly credited to her sister, Mrs. Norton. The words of "I'm Sitting on the Stile, Mary!" and the genuine melody to which they are sung, have that about them which will last. Did Dennis Florence McCarthy or John Francis Waller write "Dance light, for my heart lies under your feet, love?" I should like to know, for equal authorities ascribe it to one and the other, and it is too graceful an Irish ballad to go a-begging; 'tis almost as good as the song of Irish songs, Allingham's "Lovely Mary Donnelly." Of Thomas Noel's "Rhymes and Roundelays," published in London, 1841, the poem all know is a strange and grotesque lyric, "The Pauper's Drive," with its dreary burden:

Rattle his bones over the stones!
He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns.

Perhaps "Give me the Old," written by R. H. Messenger, a Bostonian, from the theme "Old Wine to Drink," etc., should have been included with the class first under review. The New Yorker, James Aldrich, made verses innumerable, but we only speak of two little stanzas, entitled "A Death Bed," so curiously like and unlike Hood's "We watched her breathing through the Night." The names of three poets, and on whom in the South have fallen their mantles?—quickly bring to mind three songs which won them most lovers; remembering the scholar, poet, and enthusiast, Richard Henry Wilde, one finds himself murmuring that soft perfection, "My Life is like the summer Rose;" next comes Edward C. Pinkney's chivalrous "Health;" "I drink this cup to one made up of loveliness alone!" and with mention of Philip Pendleton Cooke, all think of "Florence Vane," which, however, is a close study after E. A.

Poe. The latter is himself constantly entitled the author of "The Raven," yet, for true poetical qualities, his "Annabel Lee," "Haunted Palace," "The City in the Sea," and that remarkable dithyrambic fantasy, "The Bells," are more valued by the selectest taste. Why does every one speak of the late General Morris as the writer of "Woodman, Spare that Tree?" Because this lyric, almost as widely known as "Sweet Home," has the simple elements of a song proper, and in this respect might not have been so good if the author had been a greater poet. I think it deserves a corner, opposite the other, in any liberal collection of our songs. Hoffman's "Sparkling and Bright" had a like trick of catching the public ear. The Rev. Ralph Hoyt, who once published a volume of quaint and original poems, is known as the author of "Old," and he has been so long silent that it is not wholly my fault if he is not reckoned with the list of contemporaries. Two fugitive lyrics, now in my mind, may belong rather to the classification first made, though why I should here select them, I can hardly tell. One is "The Voice of the Grass,"

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere !

by Sarah Roberts, of New Hampshire. The other—who is it by?—"In Summer when the days were long." Each was composed by a true poet, and is an addition to literature in its unpretending way.

But to return for a moment to our main purpose. The fortunate single-poems, before mentioned, were either the spirited efforts of amateurs, or the sole hits achieved by the Quinces and Triplets of their day. If a person of culture has made, with easy hand, a chance success; or, if patient dullards woo our gracious Thea until they flatter her into a smile of favor, or steal upon an unguarded moment to catch certain echoes of her voice; all this is nothing in behalf of amateur art—nor are they to be placed on a level with the consecrated poets. For the latter can, with certainty, again and again, excel the random work of those who come not in by the appointed door. A large proportion of the minor art of our most approved poets is made up of pieces, each of which, if the only specimen of its author, might have received preservation as an attractive fugitive poem. We need not mention the great names of the past, but can any doubt that such would be the case with Browning's "Evelyn Hope," and "How they brought the good news from Ghent to Aix;" with Tennyson's "May Queen," "Bugle Song," "Come into the Garden, Maud;" with Longfellow's "Excelsior;" Lowell's "The Courtin'," and "To a Dandelion;" Bryant's "The Battle-Field;" with those exquisite quatrains by Aldrich, "Ah, sad are they who know not love!" with Boker's "Dirge for Phil Kearney," Winter's beautiful lyric, "Love's Queen," Taylor's "Bedouin Song," and "Daughter of Egypt;" with Swinburne's "If love were what the rose is;" or, indeed, with scores of other imaginative and finished specimens of these and other master-hands? For I have mentioned the foregoing at merest hap-hazard, as minor productions likely, from one cause or another, to have become endeared to the people or the critical few, and each for itself to have preserved an author's name.

Hereafter, more than ever, there will be no royal road to the honors of the poet. It is necessary, in this period, that every cabinet picture or sketch should show the hand of the master, and be a gem of its kind. More is required to make good work distinctive. High technical finish is so well understood, that it is again asked of the poet, not only that he shall have the art of sweet-saying, but that he shall have something to say. Mrs. Browning sings of the great Pan, down among the river reeds, "making a poet out of a man;" but often I

wish some power would make *men* out of plenty of the modern poets. A painter has to look through the Old World for his masterpieces, and to sit long at the feet of his elders for the secrets of color and form; but the versifier's greatest models are at hand in every village library, and the contagion which the press brings to our doors constantly leads hundreds to mistake inclination for power, or an imitative knowledge of the *technique* of poetry for a true inspiration. They catch the knack of making such verses as only genius could have invented fifty years ago, and which then might justly have won them laurels.

Thus no art is so easy as that of poetry; but in none is it so difficult to achieve a distinctive individuality. It is the lowest and highest of arts. In it, more than in any other, amateur work is to be discouraged, as most easily essayed, and as fostering dilettanteism and corrupt taste. There is little danger of sending away angels unawares. I was in the studio of a wise and famous painter, who has learned the secrets of the dawn, when a young aspirant came with a specimen of his work, and sought counsel as to his adoption of the painter's art as a calling for life. My friend looked at the sketch, kindly talked with the youth of a painter's struggles and self-denials, and of the tide constantly pressing the finest genius back from its goal, and so sent his listener away with few words of encouragement or hope. "Now," said I, "you know that boy's picture had merit; why did you treat him so harshly?" He answered, "If he has the right stuff in him, this will make no difference; he will paint on, though the ghost of Raphael should warn him to give way; and will succeed in his art. If he has not, I am doing him the highest benefit by keeping from him that 'crown of sorrow' which is inevitable for one who has not clearly discerned the true purpose of his life."

EDMUND C. STEDMAN.

THE DREAM-CHILD.

I AM followed by a spirit,
 In my sorrow and my mirth;
 'Tis the spirit of an infant,
 Dying almost at its birth,
 Unlamented, yet how dear,
 Since, unseen, I know 'tis near!

Would, if only for a moment,
 As I feel it, I could see,
 In the light of heavenly beauty,
 Sitting on its father's knee!
 It would dry this hopeless tear,
 Dropping now, it is so near!

R. H. STODDARD.

THE LANMAN SCANDAL.

MRS. WILLIAM LANMAN gazed idly out into the faded, sickly sunshine of the October afternoon, looking herself, sad, faded, sickly. Beyond this look there was nothing very noticeable in Mrs. Lanman's appearance. She was a woman of thirty-five or thereabout, with a slender, sunken figure, a pale, pinched face; yet somehow her expression of combined physical and mental suffering was interesting: it hinted a capacity for passionate concentration, and suggested the temperament which coils itself in an idea to, perhaps, spin a shroud of it.

The room which Mrs. Lanman occupied was costly and luxurious. There were fruits, flowers, and books around, with some phials, glasses, and such other belongings as indicated the inmate an invalid. Mrs. Lanman's own appearance bore out this indication. She wore a wrapper of violet *faye*, and a little Cluny cap with violet ribbons, both tasteful, and worn with the air of a woman to whom tasteful things are a matter of course. The window by which she sat looked upon a broad, fashionable avenue, where the pale sluggish sunshine lay slant on the opposite house-fronts, and lines of carriages, with elegant, listless occupants were coming and going, coming and going, through the long afternoon.

The hours went monotonously as Mrs. Lanman watched. The faint sunshine shrank away, and a tone of cool, solid purple settled upon the street in its stead. Once in a while Mrs. Lanman turned her face from the window, and lay back for a moment in her easy-chair, pressing her hand to her side with a gesture that was partly as if her stays were tight, and partly as if her heart ached. Then she roused herself and resumed her watch. As the daylight waned she leaned her face nearer to the window, straining her eyes persistently in one direction. By degrees the street grew emptier; a few carriages bowled along as if belated, and in the opposite windows they were beginning to light the gas-burners and pull down the shades.

The day was done, the dusk coming on. Mrs. Lanman only took her medallion handkerchief, and wiped the moisture of her breath from the pane, that she might still see as clearly as possible what should come.

It came finally. The sharp, quick clicking of horses' hoofs on the Russ pavement, breaking up in an irregular clatter before the door.

Mrs. Lanman wiped the pane once more; then, hastily, and peering down, she saw a lady and gentleman dismounting. Even in the waning light she could make them out distinctly enough. The man was middle-aged, a somewhat arrogant, imposing looking man, with an easy, stylish air. The woman was young; as she sat in her saddle, her predominant expression was of cold, assured composure. Her escort drew his gloves, clasped her waist in a familiar, unembarrassed way, and lifted her to the sidewalk. A groom took the horses, and they turned toward the house. As Mrs. Lanman watched this simple proceeding her face grew sharper and sallow. The gentleman, reader, was her husband—Mr. William Lanman; the lady was her guest—Miss Gervase Haghe.

Miss Haghe, with her heavy habit-skirt gathered in one hand, began to ascend the stoop; pausing for the opening of the door, she looked up at the sky

brinded with a brief, flickering flush, and said, cooling the enthusiasm of her words by the tone in which she spoke them,

"I wish these days had no end!"

"Why?" asked her companion, laconically.

"Because I detest the past, and dread the future," she answered, in the same passionless voice.

"You have no need to do either—to do the last, at least," he rejoined; and then the door was opened, and they went in.

Mrs. Lanman leaned back in her easy-chair as the sound of the closing door penetrated the languid, perfumed warmth of her dusky chamber, catching her breath painfully. When the momentary spasm was over, she rose and rang her bell. A servant came at once, lit the gas, wheeled a *fauteuil* before the grate, and drew the curtains.

"Will you have your tea now, ma'am?" she asked.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Lanman; then she added, carelessly, "Have Mr. Lanman and Miss Haghe come in yet?"

"Yes, ma'am," returned the girl; "they've just come. They was late to-night. Dinner is waiting."

"Miss Haghe is dressing, then?"

"Yes, ma'am; she came right up-stairs. Mr. Lanman is walking about in the dining-room."

The girl furnished her quota of information; she had learned sometime since that she was expected to tell these little things when her mistress gave her an opportunity.

"Very well," said Mrs. Lanman, quietly; "you may bring my tray."

Jane slipped back to the kitchen.

"It's a mortal shame the way he uses her!" she remarked to John, who had just come in from rubbing down the saddle-horses.

"He do seem greatly taken up with Miss," John assented, in his slow, comfortable way.

The cook, who chanced to be John's wife, was beating a sauce—she beat it with extravagant vigor. "I'd like to see a man try any such game with me!" she averred, with a vicious grip upon her slender ladle.

"Yes, indeed!" said Jane, rather abstractedly, starting on with her mistress's supper of thin toast and weak tea.

"Set the tray down. You need not wait," was Mrs. Lanman's direction.

She was breathing painfully again, leaning back in her chair with her eyes closed. There was a soft pink flush in her cheeks from the reflection of the fire, her thin white hands lay clasped upon her lap, the slender fingers working nervously. All at once she said aloud in the silence,

"I must speak. The time has come when I must speak." She uttered the words in a heavy, thoughtful way. By-and-by, when she seemed to have pondered them, she rose, poured a cup of tea, and drank it feverishly. Then she resumed her seat, closed her eyes, and waited. Once in a while she glanced at the clock on the mantelpiece. Just before eight o'clock, a man's step came through the hall, paused before the door, and Mr. Lanman tapped lightly, and immediately entered the room.

"How are you feeling to-night?" he asked, in a measured way.

"I am better," she said, shortly, in a tone of suppression.

"You will be able to preside at the table to-morrow night, then?" he in-

quired ; and, without waiting for her reply, he seated himself by the drop-light and began unfolding the papers he had brought with him.

"I presume so," she returned. Dr. Esham says I shall do better to go out and exert myself some."

"I am glad to hear it," answered Mr. Lanman, formally, turning his paper.

She looked at him fully, then, with her yellowish hazel eyes, and seemed to moisten her lips and throat.

"That is false," she said, quietly.

"He glanced up rather quickly. "I am surprised at such an expression," he remarked, without showing any excitement, either in his face or voice. He had an attractive face—rather thoroughbred than handsome. His eyes were blue, set deep and close together, with a piercing, reticent, but not unpleasant expression, his forehead was full, smooth, and white, his mouth flexible and persuasive ; its muscles showed training.

"I don't know why you should be surprised," remarked Mrs. Lanman, with hysterical irony, "unless it is surprising to hear me speak the truth."

The gentleman hesitated a moment.

"I hope, Emily, we understand each other too well to tear open any old wounds or renew any old contentions," he said, rather unwillingly.

"The old wounds have ceased to pain you," was her reply ; "but with me they rankle and throb forever."

He smoothed the paper with his shapely, firm-looking hand, and fixed his eyes upon it without speaking. His wife sat still and thought. She thought what a wretched, wretched life she had had ; how she had loved the man before her, what the love had cost her, and what she had been paid for it. She wished—as she had wished a great many times before within the past fifteen years—that she was in her grave. Then her thoughts went over the sea to her child—her only child—her maimed, miserable boy, dwarfed in body and dwarfed in mind, whom she still loved with the fierce passion which happier mothers feel for their happier offspring—loved the better, perhaps, for what he was and for what she had done for his sake. If the boy had been different, she thought, it would have given her a different claim upon the father. She said to herself that there was no road to William Lanman's heart but through his pride. If he could only have been proud of his child—this child of *hers*—it might all have been very different. Was it justice—was it vengeance—that he had been born so ?

She shuddered, and came back to the present with a thrill of exquisite pain, remembering what she had determined to say to her husband. She wished to say it gently—not in a way to irritate him or to make any wider breach between them. She walked toward him.

"William," she began, in a dry, controlled tone, "I am very unhappy. Pity me a little. Do not drive me to despair."

He did not raise his eyes. A very slight quiver of impatience played about his mouth.

"You know, Emily, that such talk simply annoys me," he said.

She drew her breath in quickly. "I have been hoping against hope," she said, in a dead calm voice.

"You are determined to be tragical," was his answer. "What is the use of exciting yourself ? it is bad for you." He rose, as if to go. "You had better retire now, and ensure your strength for to-morrow. Entertaining a dinner party will tax it considerably."

She put her hand out quickly. "Don't go yet, William! Don't go quite yet!" she said, more nervously than she had previously spoken. "I wish to know something about the dinner—whom you have asked, and something about the arrangements."

"Gervase has given the orders," he replied. "I presume the arrangements will be all right. Don't make yourself uneasy about anything of that sort." He moved toward the door.

"And the guests?" she asked.

"I think I mentioned those who were to be asked, didn't I? I have added Collyer—I believe I didn't speak of Collyer. He starts for Cuba, Thursday." And he once more moved to leave her. She had detained him a moment by her pretext, without having advanced her intention. Yet she must speak to-night—at once. She was losing the self-control she had struggled so hard for. She was not equal to making her opportunity as well as using it. Her eyes brightened unnaturally—her mouth felt dry and hot.

"Don't go!" she gasped, hysterically, following him, with one hand stretched toward him.

He looked at her with his pitiless eyes.

"You are allowing your impulses to wear you out," he said, in a not unkind tone. "Why do you not try to compose yourself?"

"To wear me out! The sooner the better!" she answered, bitterly, excitedly.

"I am very sorry to have had this scene, Emily," he said, in a quiet, decided voice. "I try to be patient—to be calm. I wish you would try to be the same."

She fancied there was more feeling than common in his tone, and the tears came in her eyes. "I could—I think I could, William," she faltered, "if you would help me!"

"What can I do? I will help you if I can," he answered.

"You will? Oh, William!" The stormy love that was in her heart convulsed her face. She cowered under her own excitement. Ah, me! what she had borne, and dared, and suffered for this mighty love! What she owed to it! What she meant to ask for it! "You will help me, William?" she repeated, tremblingly.

"What can I do, Emily?" he asked, gravely. "I will help you, of course, if I can."

She put her hand behind her, mechanically, for support, and rested it on the corner of a buhl escritoire. "If you would do one thing—"

"What is that?" he asked, with some manifest surprise that she meant to define her petition.

"One thing!" A power more powerful than will seemed forcing the words from her. She leaned harder upon the brazen corner of the cabinet, shaking slightly; her head dropped.

"What can I do?" he asked, again, with unaccustomed gentleness.

Then, fully possessed by the power that moved her, she struggled upright, throwing her head a little back for freer breath.

"You can save me," she said, slowly, "from being an object of pity and derision to the world; from being insulted with sympathy as a neglected wife; from being made the subject of a popular scandal." She paused. At the last words her husband's face had darkened. She did not see it. She only saw that she was about to utter her demand. Without a break or quaver in her voice she made it—"You can send her away!"

With his piercing eyes he looked down in her face, with the look by which a physician controls a crazy patient.

"I think you forget yourself, Emily," was all he said.

Her paroxysm of excitement was over, her strength gone. She staggered a step back, leaning her whole weight now against the cabinet. "You will not?" she asked, piteously.

"No, Emily."

"Go!" she said, desperately, waving him away.

"I will finish my papers in the library," he returned, unmoved. "Good night."

He walked through the hall with a quick, nervous step, and opened the library door. The library was a small, octagonal room, with walnut wood-work and sombre panels. A bronze figure upon a malachite table held a shaded drop-light, and a wood fire burned on the hearth. Before this fire, on a low ottoman, sat Miss Gervase Haghe. Upon her lap was an open book and some slips of paper. On the floor beside her lay a German lexicon. With her elbow on her knee and her chin upon her hand, she sat gazing steadily into the fire. Mr. Lanman's rather abrupt entrance startled her. She turned with an appearance of confusion—it could hardly have been anything but an appearance, for Miss Haghe was by no means a girl to be easily confused, and said, with a glance at the clock, "Why, you have come back too soon!"

"Too soon?" he repeated, absent-mindedly, and then, perceiving her meaning, he said:

"You have not done your translation yet, eh? Well, you can finish it while I am reading."

He sat down, spread his papers mechanically upon the table, and leaned his face on his hands. Miss Haghe went silently on with her work. It might have occurred to an observer that there was some spiritual kinship between this man and woman. They looked as though their tastes and ideas might be similar; their companionship congenial and complete. With his wife, William Lanman's superiority was too manifest; it made him seem, inevitably, arrogant; with Miss Haghe no comparison suggested itself, only a sense of natures fitted to one another.

From time to time, as Miss Haghe wrote, she glanced up at her companion. He appeared lost in his thoughts, his face looked tired and suddenly worn.

"Are you ill?" she asked, at length.

He did not answer or hear her. His immobility alarmed her; she rose, letting the slips of paper she had been writing on, flutter to the floor, and approaching him, said quickly, "What is the matter? What has happened to you?"

"Nothing," he answered, rousing—"Nothing. Is your translation done?"

"Why won't you tell me?" she persisted, in a sweet, anxious tone; and she laid her hand lightly upon his head.

"No—no," he answered, taking her hand quickly away as if the slight, caressing touch was more than he could bear. "It is nothing."

"Something has occurred, I am sure, to pain you," she said, sadly.

Her voice or her touch unnerved him. He took both of her hands in his, and bowed his face upon them.

"May Heaven save all others from such errors and expiations as mine!" he said, hoarsely.

At this moment there was a rustle in the door, and a sound of scraping

some one's throat. Neither Miss Haghe nor Mr. Lanman started; but he dropped her hands, and they both turned. The intruder was the cook.

"I beg pardon, Miss Haghe," she hastened to explain. "I thought you was alone, ma'am, and I would just step up and ask you about the jellies for to-morrow."

Gervase Haghe was one of those women who, under any circumstances, have the power of suspending condemnation by the cool equipoise with which they confront suspicion. She confronted Mrs. John.

"I shall come to the kitchen as usual, at ten o'clock, Katherine," she said, with high tranquillity.

"I beg pardon," muttered the women, withdrawing. "A bold piece!" she grumbled, as she retreated to her domain. "And him a-kissing her hands!"

Miss Haghe picked up her scattered papers, and drew a chair beside Mr. Lanman's. "See what you think of my translation to-night," she said.

He gave his attention to it for a time. Finally they both rose to separate for the night.

"So you wish to ride in the morning?" Mr. Lanman asked.

She hesitated.

"I have promised Mr. Collyer I would go with him," she said, at length.

"Oh, very well," returned Mr. Lanman. "Do not get too tired. I want you to look fresh and handsome for the evening."

The dinner-party, of which mention has been made, was given by Mr. Lanman to two or three friends who were about sailing for Cuba. There were near a dozen guests invited in all, and the hour appointed was six. It was still lacking somewhat of that time when Mrs. Lanman entered her drawing-room. She had bestowed a good deal of care upon her toilet, but she appeared to even less advantage than in her *négligé* in her chamber. She looked ill, old. Her *moire antique*, with its square-cut waist, and Honiton handkerchief, revealed her sunken chest; her hair drawn back from her face showed how thin and shrunken it was; and some way, although it was her money which supplied the elegancies about her, she had an habitual air of timidity and constraint, appearing rather as if she received than conferred the honors of her position.

As she entered the room its only occupants were gathered in the bay-window, where the daylight still remained. There were Miss Haghe and Mr. Lanman, and a Mr. Porter, with whose daughter, a very young lady, Miss Haghe was playing backgammon, while the two gentleman overlooked the game.

Gervase Haghe was really but eighteen. She looked older, for her expression was definite, with none of the pretty indecision of girlhood; there was even a hard, old look about her handsome mouth, and a thorough self-comprehension and decision in her violet-grey eyes. She had a face which rarely smiled, but which was by no means unanimated, for it was a transparent sort of face, with clear white soul-light in it. She was dressed simply in a black silk, but she wore a pair of costly diamond ear-drops, and a large brilliant stone in a ring on her finger.

"O, dear, you're all off!" said little Miss Porter, idiomatically, just as Mrs. Lanman walked quietly and unnoticed into the room.

Miss Haghe swept the men lightly into one table, and closed the board. Then she happened to perceive Mrs. Lanman, and rising, recognized her presence with a grave bow.

Mr. Lanman and the others also turned. It was a trying moment for Mrs. Lanman, for it was the first time she had had to confront before strangers, the woman whose continued residence under her roof had given rise to a most humiliating scandal.

Mrs. Lanman had been an invalid for six months, for the exact time, in fact, that Miss Haghe had made one of the household. Now that she reappeared in the world, whose judgments were dear to her, she felt all the humiliation and bitterness of the fact. Her faded eyes glowered in spite of her as they met Miss Haghe's tranquil, handsome face; she could hardly remove them, so strong was the poisonous fascination of contrasting mentally her own thin, worn features and meagre form with the supple grace and roundness and freshness that belonged to the girl before her. Her eyes sought William Lanman's, as if expecting some concession from him in return for the pain he had given her the night before, or some approbation for her having tacitly agreed to all his wishes in the matter of this party; but Mr. Lanman did not return her glance. She felt a sob rise chokingly in her throat, but she controlled it, spoke to the guests already arrived, and then to those just arriving. In a short time all were assembled, and the dinner was announced. At the moment that Mr. Porter came to offer her his arm, a little side-scene caught her attention. Gervase Haghe was talking with a fair, aristocratic-looking young man, who wore a rose-bud in his button-hole; or rather, he was talking and she was listening. At the moment that the guests began to move toward the dining-room he took her hand, and was about to draw it within his arm, in a privileged, satisfied way. It seemed that she neither yielded nor refused; but just then Mr. Lanman and Miss Porter joined them, and a moment later Mrs. Lanman saw the wearer of the rose-bud attending to Miss Porter, and her husband quietly taking Miss Haghe in himself.

The dinner went on as dinners do. Then came the reassembling in the drawing-room, and talk and music until toward midnight, when all the guests went, one by one, except the fair young man—Everard Collyer by name—who had talked with Miss Haghe, and who now made one of the group who sat around the grate fire.

"Are you going to give Lake another sitting to-morrow?" he was asking of Miss Haghe. "He is very anxious to have you."

"I don't know," she answered, rather sleepily, looking down at her handsome hands as they lay folded in her lap.

"I think you had better do so. The picture ought to be finished," Mr. Lanman remarked.

"Where is it to hang?" Collyer asked.

"In the library," answered his host, "where the *Psyche* is now."

"I wish I had noticed the precise place," said Collyer. "The picture will be finished and hung before my return, and I should like to think of it just as it will be."

"You can see it now if it will afford you any satisfaction," said Mr. Lanman, with a smile. "Can't you show it to him, Gervase?"

"Certainly," she answered, languidly rising.

Collyer followed her with alacrity. They entered the library, and then quickly, almost rudely, he shut the door. A fierceness which had evidently been repressed, came to the surface in his fair face, with its clear-cut features and blonde tints.

"Of course, Gervase," said he, "you know that this is a mere pretext that I have made in order to see you alone?"

"I did not know it, Everard," she said, in those innocent, musical tones which are apt not to be true.

He looked at her angrily, passionately, worshipfully.

"Why are you so loth to allow me the very few liberties I take with you?" he asked. "Why are you never willing to permit our intimacy to appear? Why do you avoid me so? Above all, Gervase, why do you put me off with such shallow, pitiful reasons in regard to your refusal to become my wife?"

She heard him calmly.

"I am no different, Everard, from what I was when you first knew me, two years since. If I am constrained now, I was constrained then. I have given you all I promised."

She had answered him, and he had nothing to allege against the strict accuracy of his answer, but it failed utterly to satisfy him.

"I am very unhappy," was all he could say.

"I am sorry," she replied.

He paused a moment as if realizing that what he should say next had its full importance, and controlled the excitement he had shown so well that he was cool even to hardness.

"I can hardly believe that you are sorry," he said. "My unhappiness is from a definite cause, and it is necessary or unnecessary. If unnecessary, and you are sorry for it, it is within your power to prevent it. If necessary—"

As he spoke this last word his coolness vanished, the red blood flushed his face.

"Good heavens, what am I talking of!" he cried. "Necessary! did I venture even to suppose, Gervase, that it was necessary that your name should be tarnished with so foul a scandal! May Heaven forgive me for the word!" his voice faltered with an almost abject penitence.

Miss Haghe stood as unmoved as she had done hitherto.

"It is late, Everard, to find fault," was all she said.

"Gervase—darling! I find no fault, except with myself for adoring you so madly that I am sometimes unreasonable. You know that I do not mean to find fault—"

"Then, why do you reproach me?"

Again his face flushed.

"Only because you are not frank with me."

"Everard," said Miss Haghe, in her tranquil tone, "when you asked me to love you, I told you that my life was blotted by a mystery. When you asked me to marry you, I told you that not only must you not ask, but you must be content not to know why you must not."

"That is true," he said, moodily. "And so I could be content with your silence as long as you chose to impose it, if it was only a matter between you and me. But, Gervase, the world comes in between us, and utters, in my ears, the most humiliating scandal. I never asked your confidence for my own satisfaction, for I trust you and love you; but I do ask it, in order that I may silence the unworthy stories which are gossiped about the woman who is to be my wife."

She folded her arms in her calm, imperial fashion, and said, without the slightest show of emotion,

"They cannot be silenced."

"Cannot be! cannot be!" repeated Everard Collyer. "They can be, if you choose! Marry me, Gervase. Marry me, and sail with me for Cuba to-morrow. Or marry me and remain here in the city if you prefer; but leave this

house; leave William Lanman's protection, and silence the horrid stories that associate your name with his!" He spoke vehemently; carried away by his own anxiety, he thought she must consent. He was mistaken. She grew ever so little prouder, ever so little colder.

"I shall not leave this house, or William Lanman's protection; nor shall I, at present, Everard, become your wife."

A mortal jealousy for the first time thrilled Everard Collyer's veins. His manhood protested against her refusal to explain or justify herself; his plain good sense declared that no woman had the right to peril her reputation through her obstinacy; his love assured him that he ought to be trusted, and his pride—subtler than all the rest—recoiled at the thought that the woman who was to bear his name and be the keeper of his honor, had been "talked about!"

"Why not?" he asked, sharply.

With cold, brave effrontery she stood there and read him; read that he suspected her, and was prepared to risk his claim to her. She answered with less spirit:

"Because the condition of our engagement was that you should be satisfied for a time with mystery."

"I do not believe in mystery," said Everard, gloomily. "I consented willingly enough to your condition, thinking it some mere girl's romantic whim. How could I dream that it was going to shield a thrust that pierces my heart? How could I suppose there was going to be foul scandal about you, Gervase Haghe?"

"No, you could not suppose it."

Her indifference seemed unnatural to him. A minute before he had execrated himself for a remote suspicion of her. Now his mistrust flamed into fierce, new life.

"I love you dearly," he said, with passion; "better than I love life, but I have pride, Gervase, about the woman who is to be my wife, and you stab it deeply."

"You suspect me?" she asked, tranquilly, slipping her ring on and off her finger.

He was all unnerved with excitement, and her coolness increased it.

"I can't leave it so," he said. "I can't go away and feel that this sort of talk is going on—"

"Of course not," she interrupted, with the slightest degree of scorn. "Why, Everard Collyer, you say you have pride. Do you think *I* have none? You cannot endure to have me suspected! I will not endure that you suspect me! Here is your ring and your troth."

It was all said so quietly that through his blinding excitement and pain, he felt that she had made the opportunity for discarding him.

"Gervase—" he faltered.

"We will go back now," she said, in her frozen way.

"Gervase—a moment. Is this a pretext for breaking our engagement?"

For an instant she seemed at loss how to reply.

"I don't think that can matter much, so long as the engagement is broken," she said, at length.

It was all so sudden and unlooked for that he had no words, no thoughts even, at command. He allowed her to leave the room, and he followed her. Stopping, just before he reached the drawing-room door, overtaken by some dim sense of etiquette, he stammered:

"Say good-night to Mrs. Lanman for me, if you please."

She bowed without speaking, and re-entered the parlor alone.

"Well, Gervase," said Mr. Lanman, "have you and Everard got through with your adieus?"

"Yes," she answered, "we have taken a final farewell."

"O, don't speak so despondingly," laughed Mr. Lanman; "he will be back in two months."

"I have only spoken literally," said Miss Haghe, with the slightest shrug.

"We have parted for good and all."

William Lanman looked at the girl penetratingly.

"Why is that?" he asked.

She glanced toward Mrs. Lanman, whose eyes were fixed upon her. At first it seemed as if that lady's presence would prevent her replying. Then, with a visible struggle for control, she said,

"Because Mr. Collyer could not endure that my position in Mr. Lanman's family should be talked about!" and she laughed a serene, satirical laugh.

William Lanman grew a trifle pale, and looked stealthily toward his wife. She had never removed her eyes from Miss Haghe, and as the last words were spoken, a rigidity spread gradually over her white features; her head dropped upon her breast, and she slipped silently from her chair to the floor in a dead swoon.

On the following morning old Dr. Esham's chaise stood rather longer than usual before Mrs. Lanman's door, and when the doctor at length came out, his benevolent face looked troubled. Dr. Esham had ushered George Mountjoy's heiress into the world, and through her life he had been her tender friend as well as her medical adviser. The time had now come when he felt that in both relationships he owed her a painful duty. He had known for years that Mrs. Lanman was dying slowly of that rare complaint—a broken heart; and he had hated her husband as the author of her unhappiness. It was principally on account of this dislike—which he feared might render him violent or unjust—that he so dreaded to carry out the resolution he had formed during that morning visit. However, he had formed it, and he was not the man to turn back.

About noon that same day, Mr. Lanman was somewhat surprised by the reception of a note, stating that Dr. Esham would call on Mrs. Lanman at one o'clock, and desired to meet her husband in her room.

"She has no father to take her part, or brother either; and not overmuch spirit of her own—poor bairn!" said the doctor to himself, as he sealed this missive, "and I'll not see her die of that man's false doings, if it is in my power to stop it!"

Punctually at the appointed hour Mr. Lanman was admitted to his wife's room by Dr. Esham, that gentleman having unconsciously pushed his spectacles up and turned back his wristbands in anticipation of the interview.

"I have come at your bidding, doctor," said Mr. Lanman, in his courtly way.

"Walk in, sir," said the doctor. "Yes, I sent for you."

"You have, perhaps, some business with me?" suggested Mr. Lanman, having merely bowed to his wife.

"Precisely, sir," returned the doctor; "sit down."

Mr. Lanman obeyed.

"It is customary," the doctor began, "for a patient's friends to ask a physi-

cian his opinion of the case, and the cause of the malady ; but as no one has questioned me about Mrs. Lanman, I have determined to give my opinion unsolicited."

Mr. Lanman listened quietly, and made no answer.

"And my opinion is," continued the doctor, waxing warm, "that Mrs. Lanman's constitution cannot much longer stand the strain of such suffering and excitement as she is subjected to!"

No change came over the husband's face—no answer from his lips. His silence rather staggered the old doctor, who needed the fuel of retorted words to keep up the flame of his intention. But he began again, walking about the room as he talked :

"Don't think, Mr. Lanman, that anybody is accountable for what I'm saying but myself. If I'm meddling, I'm meddling at no one's suggestion. I don't come here to make trouble, heaven knows I don't ; but I've known Emily Mountjoy longer than you have, and I've known and loved her father before her, and I can't watch her die without making my protest against that which is killing her."

Mr. Lanman bowed his head, but still made no reply.

"I have brought you here," continued the doctor, "to ask justice for *her* ! I want you to stand face to face with her, and remember that you swore to forsake all others for her ! And I want you to understand that it is because she is jealous, wretched, neglected, that she is sick unto death. I can do nothing more for her. You can do all."

"I hope, doctor," said Mr. Lanman, then, at last, "that Mrs. Lanman has every care and attention. I do not perceive what it is in my power to do for her."

"You wish to misunderstand me, sir," said the doctor, hotly. "It is in your power, I suppose, to stop the scandal that is afloat about you?"

William Lanman turned pale, but he said, quietly enough :

"I dare say, doctor, that you have meant well, but you have given yourself a needless trouble. It may surprise you to learn—since you have referred to the gossip about me—that the occasion for it it is fully sanctioned by Mrs. Lanman."

Dr. Esham faced him silently for a minute ; then, unconsciously, he raised his fist and shook it slowly, threateningly :

"Take care, sir ; take care, sir, what you say ! Women are often fools when they love ; they give up their will, and their way, and their money, and all that, just as a man asks for it ; but there is one thing, sir, they don't give ! They don't give their consent to have their husband bring his—his—their rival, sir ! under their very roof !"

Mr. Lanman had lifted his head, and, as the doctor continued to speak, he rose slowly, like a man who is mesmerized.

"What do you mean?" he asked, in a blunted way.

"I mean—I mean," said the old doctor, getting nervous and excited, "I mean this Miss Haghe !" And, as he uttered the name, he drew his handkerchief across his forehead, on which the sweat stood in beads.

William Lanman put his hands out, as a man who begs to be spared.

"Doctor, doctor !" he faltered, passionately, "*Gervase Haghe is my own child !*"

Dr. Esham staggered a step backward. At that moment there came a faint moan from the woman on the bed. They had forgotten her. Now they turned to her. Her husband recovered himself.

"You have heard all," he said to her, quietly; "do you justify me for speaking the truth?"

"Yes," she replied, faintly, "I justify you."

"Why, then, is this relationship concealed?" inquired Dr. Esham, looking bewildered from one to the other.

There was no answer for a moment; then William Lanman spoke, bitterly, as if the scandalous charge he had listened to had hurt him mortally:

"Because," he said, "because she," turning toward the sick woman, "had a claim upon me, as you have just reminded me, and she claimed the right to have things as they are!"

"But, Emily," said the doctor, anxiously, "you have done wrong."

She lay there with her arms folded across her breast, her pale, pinched face looking whiter than the pillows which bolstered her up; her eyes were closed, and her blue lips moved as if she was unable to articulate. Presently, though, the words came. "Yes," she said, "I have done wrong—not wrong as you mean, doctor, but wrong in a far deeper, guiltier sense."

"Emily," said Mr. Lanman, in a tone of cold caution, "recollect that things once said are said forever. Do not express anything you may regret."

She paused, as if she weighed his words.

"I am going to speak the truth," she answered, finally. "I am going to undo some of the harm I have done. Doctor"—she put her hand out toward the old man, who came and took it—"you are my oldest friend. I am going to leave you the legacy of my confession—you can repeat it to the world."

"My child," he said, with tears, "it is impossible that you have much to confess."

She did not appear to have heard him.

"Do you often see men or women die for love, doctor?" she asked, thoughtfully.

He only pressed her hand.

"William," she asked of her husband, "Is it not better that we should tell all?"

He bowed his face in his hands—"If it had only been years ago," he stammered.

Mrs. Lanman braced herself in the bed. In the emergency the sick woman was stronger than the man.

"You have little guessed, doctor," she began, "that the secret of the unhappiness you have just referred to was rooted in deep injustice—worse than that, in crime—"

The old man started. "You are excited, child," he said, "do not use such words."

"I speak the truth," she answered, "you shall hear my facts. Years ago, doctor, there was a young and attractive orphan heiress. At the time that I begin to relate her history she had been in society a couple of years, courted, indulged, spoiled. She was fastidious, and she had not loved. One day—one ripe sumptuous summer day—at a college regatta, a gentleman was presented to her—one of the collegians—who, though a near relation to her was, up to this time, a stranger. But I cannot talk of myself as another—I will not allow myself that poor shield—you know that the heiress was myself, doctor, that my husband was my cousin. It is idle for me to repeat that I have loved William Lanman. I loved him from the first. And he—at the first he loved me—"

"Yes, yes, my child, and there is the error—there is the sin. Why did his love not last? For better, for worse—that was the vow he took! If you have grown feeble and faded, it is not your fault, dear. You have been faithful and fond to him!"

"Why did his love not last?" repeated Mrs. Lanman, in a hollow voice. "I will tell you why! Because, through love—through love and pride together, we became yoke-fellows in iniquity. A woman's love may outlast a partnership in guilt, doctor, but when did it ever happen that a man's was not turned to loathing? I say at the first, William loved me. I believe he did; and anyhow, there was every reason why he should court me, if he did not. His father had recently died, and by the singular provisions of his will William had become—so to speak—dependent upon me. He had been very wild, so report said—had been rusticated from college for various scrapes, had got hints about of his determination to make some low sort of marriage, and had altogether lost favor with his father, who left him his property, only upon condition of his marriage with me—I having always been a favorite with him; and besides that, entailed the money upon the eldest child—upon William's eldest child and—his heirship presupposing a marriage with me—necessarily upon mine. But the wording of this portion of the will was susceptible of different renderings, not providing for events which had actually occurred, and there was the kernel of the trouble. I have said that I believe, at the first, William truly loved me—forgive that I linger on this point. He had not been much in the society of his equals among women, and—as he frankly confessed to me—breeding and refinement were a fascinating surprise. Anyway, he appeared absorbed in my society. I was competent, at least, to appreciate, admire, and adore him; and I yielded without restraint to the delicious dream of auspicious love. It was easy enough for our association to slip speedily and informally into a species of betrothal; but, when some months had elapsed, and it became proper that definite plans should be formed, then, for the first, I noticed a singular reserve and embarrassment in William's manner. A suspicion that to marry me was repulsive to him entered my mind and filled me with jealousy and despair. One day, at last, when formal matters pertaining to our union had been discussed by our guardians, we were left alone together. William sat by the table, strewn with documents, his head resting upon his hand. I watched him from my seat by the window. A half hour elapsed without a word being spoken. During that time I came to a conclusion and formed a resolution which, if carried into effect, would have spared us the misery of the consequences I am about to relate. I concluded that I was repulsive to my lover; that he would marry me only from mercenary views, and I resolved that I would absolve him from his engagement, and, at the same time, that I would make over to him my own fortune as a compensation for that he lost through the failure of his marriage with me. I loved him so well that I counted his happiness before my own. With this resolution in my mind, I rose and walked to the table at which he sat, "William," I said. I know not what there was in my voice, but he looked up, suddenly, with eyes that blazoned his love and longing. He caught my hands, wrung them, and held them hard.

"Emily," he said, in a hoarse whisper—"save me!"

"Yes, William," I answered, with a vague, strange feeling that I had drifted into some mysterious error; "I will save you from a repugnant marriage." He started away, and stared at me. "You know it, then! What—how much do you know, and what can we do?" he asked. It was my turn to gaze at him in

bewilderment. He saw that he had mistaken my meaning ; that I did not understand him. He fell on his knees before me, and told me with passion that he loved me ; that his moodiness, his dejection, his caprice arose from the fact that there existed an insuperable obstacle to our union—that he had already a wife ! and I repeated after him, with a dull mechanical horror, *a wife !* It had been a hasty affair, soon repented, but irrevocable. She was a decent and virtuous girl—a waitress at the hotel in the village. I need not refer to the feelings with which he told me he confronted his position, but humiliating as it was, no dishonorable means of escape came to his mind. He took the girl quietly away with him when he returned to college ; got board for her just out of town ; furnished her with the requisites for acquiring an education ; determined in a few years, when she should be fitted for a different sphere, to introduce her to the world as his wife. At the expiration of a year, she gave birth to a child—a daughter. Insanity supervened upon her illness. For several months—so long as the physicians could hope that the insanity would prove temporary—she continued with the family in which she had boarded. At last it was found essential to place her in an asylum. A private one was selected, and there,” said Mrs. Lanman, for the first time allowing her excitement to master her, “the unfortunate woman remains to this day. The child was placed out to nurse, with no information given as to her parentage. This, Dr. Esham, was the story I heard from my lover. I will not defend—I will not even explain the motives it aroused. Four years had then elapsed since this marriage had taken place ; he was now twenty-three. His tastes, his views, his habits had changed since he was nineteen. He plead to me that he loved me ; that he had discharged every duty—should always discharge every duty toward the unfortunate girl who had been made his wife ; toward the child that she had borne him, but that there was nothing incompatible with these duties in his marriage with me. It was possible to obtain—without publicity—a divorce. His life was before him. Would I render it a sacrifice ? I could not tell him that I would. My heart, my hitherto unthwarted will rebelled against giving him up. I recognized his arguments—accepted his sophisms. I ignored eternal justice and the most sacred of human rights. I did this, Dr. Esham, and I have had my reward. I had not been married three months before I discovered that the guilty secret between my husband and myself was undermining his love. He was haunted by a ghost of wrong-doing. At first I endeavored to preserve a complete sympathy with him. We went together to the asylum to see her—the woman whom we had defrauded of name and place, who, though recognized by her Maker, and sorely afflicted, we had displaced on earth. Later, we went also together to see the child. I say together—the word is a mockery. Two human beings—two representatives of sacred responsibilities assumed and never to be cancelled but by death—stood forever between us. I dwell upon these torturing facts, because they torture me ; partly, too, because they seem to me to exonerate William Lanman. If he could have forgotten—if he could have been happy, he would have been more blamable ! He could not forget. The day came when he even proposed to me to make known the circumstances I have related. His marriage with me was, of course, legal, no publication of facts affected that, but he reasoned that the child had a claim—a paramount claim to recognition. At this time I was myself a mother. To recognize an elder child of William Lanman’s would be, owing to the obscure wording, as I have mentioned, of his father’s will, to deprive my boy of his fortune. When he asked this, he asked too much of me. Besides this consideration was naturally that of the humiliating talk which the

story would make. I refused my assent. I intrenched myself in my wifely claim. I argued that all the injury which could be was already done. I would have no exposure. Then the alienation between my husband and myself began; the cruel hardening on his part, the wild, vain pleas on mine. His heart went from me; he could not help it." She had straightened herself in the bed, her knees drawn up. She crouched to them now, clasping them with her wrung hands.

Old Dr. Esham, who was the purest, most simple-minded of men, had listened with a mingling of amazement and horror.

"Emily, Emily," he moaned, as she paused, hardly knowing what it was he said—"What shall you do to be saved?"

She pursued, without minding him: "After fifteen years of struggle, of coldness, of wretchedness too dreary to be understood, I gave my consent, six months since, to Gervase's coming—not my consent to her recognition, only to her presence. You have seen what has come of it."

"Yes, yes, I have seen," said Dr. Esham.

"Considering the consequences of her coming upon purely selfish and personal grounds, I never dreamed of the misconception which has ensued until it was too late for anything but the truth to rectify it. I could not make up my mind to speak this truth, I looked upon myself as the injured person. I insisted still upon concealment.

"I knew that Gervase had a lover. I was indifferent also to this fact. I forgot my own youth, with its wild tenderness, its sensibility. I cannot tell how it was, for I had made up my mind that nothing should ever soften my heart toward her, so I cannot tell how it was, but last night, when she said before me that her lover had insulted her by suspecting her, there arose within me a sudden womanly sympathy for her womanhood, a startling conviction that she had been wholly sinned against—aye, sinning—a terrible self-condemnation for the share I had had in marring her fate!"

"But, Emily," said the old doctor, anxiously, "you will—"

A faint smile crossed Mrs. Lanman's sick face.

"Yes," she said, sharply; "I will undo what I can of the harm I have done. To-day the world shall know all! We will do justice now, though the heavens fall! I learned a little while ago that she—the woman I displaced—was better—would one day be well. If it is so, let her come here now! Let her displace me as I—"

"Emily," interrupted Mr. Lanman—"she of whom you speak is dead. A dispatch came to me an hour ago—when I little anticipated this scene. She died last night."

Mrs. Lanman threw her arms above her head, and fell back in a faint. Dr. Esham roused himself to restore her, her husband standing by, watching her with an expression which transfigured his face, an expression which told better than words could tell the story of the remorse which had marred his life and calloused his heart. And through the gloom of this expression brightened a ray of hope.

"God!" he cried. "I am free now to forgive myself—to comfort her!"

The words seemed to pierce her stagnant senses. She opened her eyes, and read the look on her husband's face. She stretched her arms to him. "At last, at last!" she sobbed, with her head upon his breast.

"Yes, Emily—wife—at last we will undo together this great wrong."

"Doctor," said Mrs. Lanman, tearfully, "bring Gervase."

The old man was looking for his spectacles, and his gloves, and his hat—all of which were in his hand.

"That—that I will," he said, in a choking voice; "and Edward Collyer, too!"

The window through which Mrs. Lanman had watched the pale sunshine and the purple shadows, was closed, and such ghosts as might haunt the drawing-room and library, were bolted and barred within. The Lanmans went away, and "all the world wondered" at the solution of the scandal concerning them which they left behind. It was very peculiar, the world thought, that low first marriage, its concealment, and consequences. Mrs. Lanman's course was pronounced very "weak," and Mr. Lanman's very "singular." It was discovered that Gervase was remarkably handsome, and so like her father, that it was quite astonishing that no one had suspected their relation. When she came back six months later as Everard Collyer's bride, with her proud way and her Paris "things," she met a most flattering welcome. William Lanman and his wife did not hasten back to the scenes of their sufferings. With their invalid son they lived quietly in Italy till the scandal should be forgotten. And was there any forgetfulness for them? was there any bloom still left to life, any freshness to feeling? Well, we sow dragon's teeth when we sin, but at least calm came to them, and they made such reparation as was possible. Their only child lived to barely attain his majority, and the Lanman fortune went to Gervase Collyer's eldest born.

MRS. W. H. PALMER.

THE WAKING OF THE CID.

RODRIGO of Bivar has risen! his fleet steed snuffs the air!
 And he has blown a trumpet-blast that rings from Finisterre
 To Seville and to Malaga washed by the southern seas,
 And echoes through the hamlets hid in the pine-dark Pyrenees.
 "All to the rescue, Spaniards! Rodrigo rides before!
 Now, who will fight for God and right with the Cid Campeador?"

"I slumbered well in Burgos till the winds of broad Castile
 Whispered the hour was dawning of the nation's woe or weal;
 Then the ages but a moment seemed; the dead fire blazed again;
 And I leapt from my long sleep to cry, 'Ho, cavaliers, for Spain!'
 Now, who will grudge or gold or life to make the victory sure?
 For faithless Queen and perjured priest are worse than pagan Moor."

O Ferdinand and Isabel! ye should have risen to see
 How the great nation answered his summons to be free!
 Castilian shepherds heard it, their fine-woolled flocks among,
 And the dogs were left to guard the sheep ere vesper-bells had rung;
 And the carriers of Galicia, in Santiago's aisle,
 Vowed by St. James to follow, and thronged each dark defile.

Ye plains of Andalusia ! ye banks of Gaudalquivir !
What shouts of joy stirred all your groves and rippled your proud river !
While maidens leant from lattice, from balcony and stair,
And the crimson scarfs from their shoulders tore, and the roses from their
hair,

To deck the dark-eyed heroes that, resolute as fates,
From valley and sierra poured through all your city gates !

His cry came down the sunny realms, along the tideless shore—
Valencia old and Alicante her sea-girt cliffs before ;
From Barcelona's tranquil bay to Biscay's surf it ran,
And forth there hurried to the fray both Basque and Catalan.
Then Madrid threw her banners out and every door flung wide,
And up the mighty people marched, Rodrigo by their side.

O Ferdinand and Isabel ! wake and give thanks to-day !
The False is dead ! the Queen has fled ! to France she takes her way !
And Spain, a new world, rises from out her sea of woes
Fair as the Indian islands to the Palos sailor rose ;
Glad as Grenada when the Moor and all his swarthy train,
With sighs and tears for vanished bliss, sailed o'er the southern main.

The sky is flushed with morning, the star of hope shines fair,
And the sweet wind sings of liberty, rejoicing through the air !
Display the old escutcheons ; ring every golden bell ;
And through each grand cathedral let fullest *glorias* swell—
Corcova's Moorish arches curve to the lofty strain,
And Compostela's hallowed shrine thrills with the rich refrain !

And thou, my Cid, Rodrigo, Rodrigo of Bivar,
Speed to thy rest in Burgos, beneath the morning star !
Cold mists may veil the rose-wreath, the clouds may gather dun ;
But the day is surely dawning, and at length will flame the sun !
Sleep by thy loved Ximena while Spain proclaims afar
The glory of thy rising, Rodrigo of Bivar !

EDNA DEAN PROCTOR.



Drawn by W. J. Hennessy.

EDWIN BOOTH AS HAMLET.

EDWIN BOOTH.

IN the National Theatre in Chatham street, on a September night, eighteen years ago, a fashionable crowd sat motionless before the tremendous passion of the great Booth's, Sir Edward Mortimer. When the curtain fell on the horrible death scene, and the spectators, like men suddenly freed from a spell, pressed toward the open air, the talk in the close passages and low lobbies was not only of the stormy genius who had brought them thither, but of a slender lad, another Booth, who was the Wilfred. Beauty and grace they accorded him—gifts inalienable from the name. He might have talent—might become a respectable actor. No genius—great men never have great sons. When Junius Brutus Booth should die—Heaven long avert the day—he would leave no heir to his crown. The generation to come would know, only by tradition, what this king of gods and men had been. Foolish fellow, this young player, to stagger for a lifetime under the heavy burden of his father's greatness. Better ride in a circus or dance before the footlights.

So, in 1850, critics and public lightly blew the name of Edwin Booth like thistle-down upon their scornful breath. A week later he played Hemaya to his father's Pescara, in Shiel's wretched farrago, "The Apostate." The audience good-naturedly patted his head in scant and careless applause.

If he were ambitious, if he believed in his own powers, and had hoped to compel recognition of them, if he cared that he had not, nobody knew. The handsome stripling disappeared. Rumors of his playing in California or Cathay came now and then. Nobody cared. Booth, the matchless, was dead. They whose hearts held him cared for no other player, and believed in none. The busy town had new theatres and new comedy companies. When it wanted tragedy, it followed Gustavus Brooke, or Charlotte Cushman, or Boanergean Forrest. Melodramas were plenty as blackberries. Opera troupes came and went like Macbeth's shadow—filled the eyes and generally grieved the heart.

So seven years rolled round. Then the great posters of Burton's Theatre, on Broadway, opposite Bond street, announced that Edwin Booth would appear May 4, 1857, in the character of Richard III. The company was not strong in tragedy; the young actor came without reputation; the season was late. But he conquered his place. His Richard was intellectual, brilliant, rapid, handsome, picturesque, villainous. But the villainy was servant to the ambition—not master of it, as a coarse player makes it. The action was original; the dress was perfect—the smirched gauntlets and flung-on mantle of the scheming, busy Duke, the splendid vestments of the anointed King, the glittering armor of the monarch in the field. His clear beauty, his wonderful voice—which he had not learned to use—his grace, his fine artistic sense, made all triumphs seem possible to this young man. Evidently there was great power in the new actor—power untrained, vigor ill-directed. But what was plainest to be seen was the nervous, impulsive temperament, which would leave him no rest, save in achievement. He might come back to us a robustious, periwig-pated fellow, the delight and wonder of the galleries. He might come back the thorough artist, great in repose as in action. But it was clear enough that what he then was in Richard, in Richelieu, in Sir Edward Mortimer, he would never

be again. A short season in 1858 showed that he was growing in the right direction. In 1860 he reappeared at Winter Garden in "Hamlet." Certain spurts and dashes of power were gone; certain striking but fantastic readings and bits of business had been abandoned. The actor had attained repose. His Hamlet was a lovely poem. Its princeliness was its most exquisite quality. Its intellectual power, its capacity of emotion, were less emphasized. He played other characters with varying artistic success, but always with the approbation of the public. We had a new and a great actor, and were proud of him; so proud, indeed, that there was reason to fear we might kill him with our kindness. It is strong praise to say that he accepted all applause but as the incentive to better things, and that the indiscriminate flattery of admiration he thanked men for as the utterance of personal regard, and straightway forgot it.

In 1864-'65 he came again to Winter Garden, and played Hamlet for one hundred nights. Since then he has given both "Richelieu" and the "Merchant of Venice," with more splendid appointments. But at that time nothing like the completeness of the *mise en scène* had been attempted for years. As the curtain rose on the lonely sentinels pacing their beat before the castle, a wind seemed to blow across from the northern sea with premonition of death. There was terror in the tale of the night watchers shivering under the black skies. It was a relief when the scene shifted and the warm light glowed on the crimson audience chamber and the rich dresses of the court. Before the splendid King and Queen bent a slight, lithe figure, robed in black, which seemed to absorb gloomily into itself the brightness of the place; and cast a shadow on it—so sad, so desolate, so intense, so stricken it stood. When the King came toward it, with open palm and loud "And now, my cousin Hamlet, and *my son*," it started slightly and moved away; the scornful "A little more than kin and less than kind," falling in a half-whisper from its lips. While the Queen addressed to Hamlet her querulous commonplaces about death, he seemed to shake off a little his abstraction; listened as one who endured, and answered with enforced respectfulness of manner, "Ay, madam, it is—common." But there was the agony of a deep heart in the "*Seems*, madam—nay, it is—I know not seems," and the lines that follow. Then one understood what his love for his father had been, and what his grief was. He heard the coarse harangue of the King with a courtier's silence, only the spasmodic closing of the hand at the words, "Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our *son*," revealing the inward passion. He followed the departing court up the room, then returning, burst into the soliloquy, "O that this too, too solid flesh would melt." This he gave, moving from side to side of the stage, or half flung down upon his chair in an attitude of utter abandonment. But this soliloquy was most unequal. Sometimes it seemed the merest repetition of words to him. Sometimes it seemed to shake his being, and sometimes the lines,

O God, O God,

How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world,

moaned themselves forth in tones so bitter and so hopeless, that one looked to see him end the scene with his bare bodkin. The instant change from the passionate desolation of his grief to the exquisite courtesy of the host, when the three young men approach—with his tender welcome to Horatio—was one of the finest of his transitions. Indeed, the whole expression of his love for that strong, faithful, limited, unimaginative nature, was very truthful. He leaned on him to the last, and seemed to go out upon the dread unknown with firmer soul, because his friend's even and undaunted spirit lent him courage. The story of

the appearance of the ghost he hears with feverish eagerness, but with extreme quiet. The one blemish is the shouted,

If it assume my noble father's person
I'll speak to it, tho' hell itself should gape
And bid he hold my peace.

It is not a bravado, but a sacred resolve. Bluster is not intensity. And a conversation of so tremendous import, carried on, not in Hamlet's cabinet, but in a state chamber of the palace, open to any approach, would be held in bated breath, with finger on the lips, rather than in tones to invite attention.

The scene with the ghost is one of the finest in the play. Hamlet is turned away, when Horatio suddenly exclaims, "Look, my lord, it comes!" He catches sight of the vision, staggers toward Horatio, falls against him, gasping, "Angels and ministers of grace defend us!" It is not the terror of the supernatural alone. It is the appalling confirmation of his fears. It is the presence of his father hovering in some awful border land, which is not life or death, but wherein is seen the horrible image of both. His voice is husky and far away. He shivers as if the cold of the grave were upon him. Then reverence for the majestic presence banishes fear. His voice gathers power and sweetness as the words struggle forth. When he utters the one word *father*, his love seems to overflow it, and expand it into volumes of tenderest speech as he falls on his knees and stretches out eager hands to the solemn shade. The "O, answer me!" was incredibly imploring and persuasive.

The terrible silence seems again to appall him, and the "Say, why is this? Wherefore? What should we do?" was breathed out as if a man of stone had spoken.

When his friends urge him not to follow the ghost, he answers as knowing that they have spoken, but unconscious of their presence like one in a dream; so possessed is he by the command of the King. He is deaf to Horatio's remonstrance. The change to the passionate outcry against their hindrance of him; the supple strength with which he eludes their hold; the instant return to childish submission and obedience to the ghost; the slow creeping away into the night; the half-doubt and shuddering dread that overtake him; the re-resolve that come what may, he will pluck out the heart of this mystery; his quicker step as he is lost in the shadows, are finely dramatic.

When the scene opens, the whole stage is disclosed. In the distance glows the grim castle, noisy with the orgies of the drunken King. The ghost stalks into the moonlight. Down the massive steps leading to the platform stumbles Hamlet, crying out hoarsely in the darkness, "Whither wilt thou lead me? Speak, I'll go no further;" and staggering forward, the moonlight falls on his ashen face, on his wild eyes, on his dishevelled hair. "I am thy father's spirit," groans the ghost—in voice that seems to come from the lowest fires, wherein he is compelled to fast. Slowly, Hamlet sinks to his knees. There is no longer terror in his countenance. Infinite yearnings, infinite compassion, infinite tenderness, agonized longing to know the truth, look from his face. So intense is the feeling that moves him that we, too, in the audience, yielding to his emotion, see, in the clumsy ghost—with his blue tarlatan diaphanousness, and his inhuman drawl, and his elocutionary nonsense, and his entire satisfaction with himself—the majesty of buried Denmark. Fierce and strong is the excitement which he cannot wholly overcome before his friends join him; wild and whirling his actions, yet controlled withal, as he puts off Marcellus; solemn his bearing

as he offers them the oath ; tender and sad his assurances of faith and friendship. The lines

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your *philosophy*,

he utters with a slight upward accent on the word *philosophy*, and an indescribable mocking motion of the hand.

The talk with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern is charming—indeed, nothing in Booth's acting is more admirable than the naturalness of his colloquies. To his college friends the elegant prince talks airily, a little sadly, and with a purpose. But he *talks*. They make speeches to him. Even the unmanageable oration, "I have of late, but wherefore I know not"—he gives with such unexpected and delicate intonation, with such an air of thinking his sad thoughts aloud, that we quite forget it is set down in a book. "He that plays the King shall be welcome," he utters with an impetuosity that seems to him to unveil his purpose, and in a quieter voice he offers welcome to the whole company. The whole scene with the players is perfection of art ; his attempt to recall the "passionate speech," the wrapt attention with which he listens to the dreadful prig who tells of Priam's slaughter, to which his own dark thoughts lend awfulness, the courtly kindness of his dismissal of the actors, the soliloquy "Now I am alone," shook him to the centre. He heaped scorn on himself—he wrought himself up to the pitch of desperate action ; then he caught eagerly at the hope that the command to kill might be from hell and not from heaven. Always the shrinking of the delicate nature, of the religious soul, from the murder which the intellect looked on as inevitable, and the filial sense hurried him to undertake.

In the third act the scene is handsomely set as an audience chamber. A stately double staircase leads to a gallery, from which small doors open on the corridors without. In a deep embayed window Ophelia kneels—Hamlet is thus freed from the inconvenience of walking over her train without seeing her, which was a part of the old order of things. From a low arched door beneath the stairway glides the Prince, his head bent, his hands clasped before him, his step slow and uncertain. He steadies himself by the balustrade, moves on again mechanically, is stopped by a chair, sinks into it—still silent, still utterly absorbed. In another moment the "To be, or not to be," is uttered in a voice almost inaudible ; and then, with intonations so wonderful and various that they will not be set down, followed the matchless soliloquy. The lines "For in that sleep of death what dreams may come ;" and "From whose bourne no traveller returns," shuddered with vague but woful foreboding. Rising suddenly and crossing toward the window he sees Ophelia. His whole face changes. A lovely tenderness suffuses it. Sweetness fills his tones as he addresses her. When, with exquisite softness of manner, he draws nearer to her, he catches glimpse of the "lawful espials" in the gallery above. Why Mr. Booth should accept the adventitious aid of this stage usage, of which Shakespeare gives no hint, does not appear. His Hamlet is quite strong enough to dispense with it. He knows from Ophelia's manner that she is playing a part—she, the one being beside Horatio, in whose truth he believed. He knows that he is vowed to black revenge ; must renounce all thoughts of love. He is half maddened with the secret of his thoughts. The cruel bitterness is not for her, but for women of whom she is one. Yet he makes an immense effect with this stage usage. When he says suddenly, "Where's your father !" he lays his hand on Ophelia's head, and turns her face up to his as he stands above her. She answers, looking straight into the eyes that love her, "At home, my lord."

No accusation, no reproach could be so terrible as the sudden plucking away of his hand, and the pain of the face he turns from her. The whole scene he plays like one distract. He is never still. He strides up and down the stage, in and out at the door, speaking outside with the same rapidity and vehemence. The speech "I have heard of your paintings, too, well enough," he begins in the outer room, and the contemptuous words hiss as they fall.

"It hath made me mad," was uttered with a flutter of the hand about the head more expressive than the words. As he turned toward Ophelia for the last time, all the bitterness, all the reckless violence seemed to die out of him; his voice was full of unspeakable love, of appealing tenderness, of irrevocable doom, as he uttered the last "To a nunnery go, go, go!" and tottered from the room as one who could not see for tears.

During the play Hamlet lies at Ophelia's feet, watching the guilty King with ever fiercer regard. As the action proceeds he creeps toward him, and, as the mimic murder is accomplished, he springs up with a cry like an avenging spirit. It seems to drive the frightened court before it. In an instant he is alone with Horatio, and, staggering forward, he falls on his neck with the long, loud, mirthless laugh of a madman. When he lifts his face it is one over which ten years have passed, yet with a fierce gladness on it as of a man to whom a blocked way is opened, though it lead through blood. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, coming suddenly upon him while in this mood, are received no longer with the courtly kindness of the friend, but with the haughty courtesy of the King's successor. They are deep in the scheme against him. They are knaves, gentlemen born though they be. At last he will have done with shams. With most exquisite courtesy he tells them what they are. The greeting in this scene to Polonius, "God bless you, sir," is one of the finest single lines. There is such utter weariness, there is such scorn of this miserable, dishonest, luxurious court, there is such despair of a noble nature set upon by ignoble natures, there is such impatience of this last crafty, unscrupulous, lying courtier, that the grace of speech is more bitter than a curse.

Into the Queen's closet, where a single light burns in the sumptuous gloom, and a crucifix gleams against the wall, comes Hamlet. There is no anger in him as he first accosts his mother. There is the awful obligation to tell her truths which are a horror to him and a shame to her. It is the terrible, intense quiet of his tone and manner which frightens her more than violence would have done. At the shout of old Polonius he leaps like lightning to the arras. The wild hope of the cry "*Is it the King?*" as he stands with the lamp he has snatched up flickering above his head and his hand on the parted arras, makes the air shudder. He cannot bring himself to murder with deliberate intent—this delicate, humane spirit. If but the deed be done in this heat of accident! Looking down at the old man he utters "Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell," with accumulating emphasis of bitterness, not more repenting the blow bestowed than deploring the failure of the blow-intended. His reproaches to the Queen are terrible; but never brutal, and never loud. He himself trembles and shudders with the pain he gives, but he never relents. He is pleading with her for her soul. Suddenly upon his sacred anger comes the ghost in whose name he has spoken. For an instant of time terror touches him. Then a passion of tenderness sweeps over him. He reaches out his hands to the shadowy figure. His tones vibrate with love. When the ghost says "Speak to her, Hamlet," in the same state of double-consciousness which marked his first interview with the spirit, he puts his arm around the trembling woman of whose presence he

has ceased to be aware. He is appalled to find that his mother sees nothing where stands this figure so real to him. He follows it with his eyes, and when it glides away he follows it as one who had no life apart from it—as it fades, falling like a dead thing across the threshold. Called back by his mother's voice to this hard life, a new pity for her softens his voice and manner. He dismisses her with gentleness. He would bear the burden of her sin, if it could be.

The whole stage is open for the graveyard scene. From the shadow of the gloomy trees in the distance, Hamlet and Horatio come slowly forward; Hamlet sits down to rest on a low knoll, and talks with the clown delving in the new grave. Here, again, the grace and delicate breeding of the Prince are airily fine. From the lighted chapel wails a funeral dirge; the sad procession enters; the two friends withdraw and stand uncovered in the shadow of a tall monument. When Laertes says "A ministering angel shall my sister be," Hamlet starts back, muffles his face in his mantle, and falls on Horatio's neck with a despairing cry, in which all words are lost. In the scene that follows there is the agony of a wounded soul, but no artificial frenzy; there is the wrestle with Laertes, but no pot-house wrangling; there is the sad appeal to the old affection and the memory which should make them friends, but it is the appeal of a proud and clear soul, not of a weak or sullied one.

In the last scene the lithe grace, the elegance, the beauty, the electric swiftness of Booth, make his the ideal Hamlet. In the last speech to Horatio his voice thrills with an unearthly sweetness, as he pleads with that sure friend to vindicate his name. And when silence falls we look as on our own dead in a sadness too deep for tears.

Edwin Booth's Hamlet is, perhaps, the one portraiture with which he is most closely identified, and for which he will be longest remembered. It is easy to say that it is not Shakespeare's Hamlet. There being as many Shakespeare's Hamlets as there are students of Shakespeare, it may be sufficient to reply that it is Booth's Shakespeare's Hamlet, and that it has as good a claim to authenticity as Smith's, or Jones's, or Robinson's. Perhaps a cultivated, conscientious, tireless actor, who gives his days and nights to study—to whom the traditions of a part from its earliest representations are as familiar as the advertising columns of the morning paper to ourselves—who lives in an ideal world alone with his imagination—may claim to understand and to interpret the Master as well as we, who go to the play-house three times a month, and, in our lofty arrogance, patronize the performance with a "very pretty, indeed, no doubt, but not Shakespeare."

Nor is it fair to say that the success of Booth's Hamlet is due to his personal charm. Of course, the unmatched intellectual beauty of his face, his graceful figure, his voice that recalls the fable of Amphion's lyre, the exquisite refinement of his presence, robe his conception of the character with the fit vesture—but they are the vesture only. It was the fine poetic conception, the artistic representation of a marvellous character that made the subtlest of Shakespeare's plays hold the boards for a hundred nights. And that it was not my notion of Hamlet, or Croaker's, seems to me of no earthly consequence to anybody but Croaker and me. Why should we print our woes in the solemn weeklies, or make our moan in drawing-rooms? Let us be thankful for a Hamlet so fine that, we willingly admit, only ours could be finer.

Richelieu, I suppose, is the most popular of Booth's parts, unless it be Richard; at least it crowds the house. The play was so splendidly put upon the stage,

at Winter Garden ; it is so picturesque and so noisy ; it has so many parts of eloquence dear to the hearts of the gods ; and its presentment of Richelieu is so dramatic that its success is inevitable. The crafty, unscrupulous, able, witty, scheming minister—devoted to France, devoted to the Church, but to France and to Church as monuments of Richelieu's genius—finds a wonderful interpreter in Booth. The excellences of the part are many. Its defect is unmistakable rant and bombast. Perhaps the impressible young mechanics in the third tiers would clamor for more noise if they were denied it. Perhaps the conspirators can comprehend nothing but thunder. But Mr. Booth so seldom struts and bellows, and has so well taught us that this is away from the purpose of true playing, that it is not easy to forgive him.

His Richard is so much finer than any other stage Richard ; it is so various, so bold, so strong, so subtle, so picturesque, that it takes the reason captive. It is after the play, when one analyzes the performance, that he finds the Richard to have been dashed with a human gentleness and pity to which the crook-backed tyrant of Shakespeare has no claim. Booth plays it as if the wrongs that Nature had heaped on him had set him apart from his kind—had armed his hand against every man's and every man's hand against his ; as if the stunted hunchback, shut out from the sweetness of life, gave back wickedness for injustice, and devilish cruelty for slight ; as if there were a might-have-been constantly pleading for what was. There was this in the first, "I that am curtailed of this fair proportion." There was this in the

There is no creature loves me,
And if I die no soul will pity me.

The part was the more winning, but the less truthful. Richard's death-scene is appalling. He fights unhorsed ; he fights running. Too desperately wounded to stand, he fights lying on his side, with a devil's hate and rage in his face. Hurt to the heart, at last, he gives one mad leap into the air, and the dead clay falls in a horrible, shapeless heap at the feet of Richmond.

Most artistic of Booth's portraitures, save one, is the super-subtle Iago. Handsomer than Hamlet, equally graceful, gentlemanly, but without the exquisite breeding of that princely soul, fluent of speech, gallant of bearing, in a dress whose dashes of scarlet splendidly light the pale darkness of his face, he is a frank, keen fellow, whom the simple-hearted, grand Othello cannot choose but believe. He has no stage winks and grimaces. Save in his soliloquies he makes no confessions to himself. If Othello had suddenly turned upon him, at any moment in their interview, he would have seen only the grave, sympathetic, respectful, troubled face that was composed for him to see. Herein Booth's Iago is great. It is great in its versatility. To Othello he is the truthful, respectful adherent and friend, whose duty makes a painful disclosure obligatory upon him. To Desdemona he is the courteous servant, whom her beauty and her distress command. To Cassio he is the open and generous fellow-soldier, ready to take his part in disgrace. To Roderigo he is a dashing buck, whose villany and whose pretensions the poor fool equally admires. To Emilia alone is he the inscrutable, black-browed schemer, whom she distrusts, but does not understand. In this character, without emotion, without passion, this clear spirit of evil, Booth is immense. Noticeably in two scenes, where he has not a word to say—that of the trial before the council, and the last, where he stands bound and wounded—Iago is the central figure, and that by virtue of no stage trick of action, but because of the intensity of his being. With consummate art he maddens his chief. He seems reluctantly to confirm Othello's

doubts rather than to suggest them. Not as a comment, but with deep solicitude he says: "I think this hath a little dash'd your spirits," and his delicate consideration will not let him see the entire meaning of the struggle in Othello's breast. It is only at the end, when he stands exposed in the presence of his victim, that he acknowledges himself. Then there is a fiendish malignity of satisfaction in him that Othello understands his basest baseness, and by that knowledge augments his own shame. "I bleed, sir, but—not—killed," was the mocking defiance of a devil, indeed, whom mortal thrust could not destroy.

The one embodiment which is finer than this—perhaps because the tenderness and frankness of the actor's personality are in fine accord with it—is Othello. On one memorable night, just before the Winter Garden was burned, Edwin Booth played Othello as those who watched him fancied it had never been played before. Splendid in costume, princely in bearing, with a languid grace, a calm, a warmth, born of his tropical blood, this swarthy Mauritanian chieftain was a man to love. Simple, brave, truthful, romantic, fervent, he commanded by reason of his inborn kingship. That Desdemona should so worship him as to cling to him through insult and cruelty, as to separate them from himself as no part of him, was inevitable. His love for her was supreme. She was the one thing in his life. She *was* his life. His face was transfigured as he looked at her. His voice vibrated with unimaginable tenderness. The lines—

If it were now to die
'Twere now to be most happy, . . .

one could not hear without tears—so fond, so yearning, so sad they were, as with the prophetic shadow of the woe to come. He so loves his wife that he cannot doubt her. He suspects Cassio when Iago drops his poisonous hints, but not Desdemona. Even the "O, misery!" which is so often made the desolate cry of the wronged husband, he utters as if he felt and pitied the state of that man whom Iago describes, but saw not that it could touch himself. It is only after the evil counsellor says,

She did deceive her father marrying you,
And when she seem'd to shake and fear your looks,
She loved them most.

that the possibility that she could fail him enters his mind. Afterward, again and again, he puts the doubt away from him. But from that moment he is a changed man. The passions of the barbarian enslave him. Yet to the end his love for Desdemona shines through the blackness of his purpose. To the chamber of death he comes at midnight, solemn as to a sanctuary. The idea of expiation by death possesses him—the old heathen notion of sacrifice. But he loves this fair thing which he must kill, with miraculous love. It is not he who slays her—it is her sin. He is but the instrument. When it was over and he knew the truth, the words he poured out over the dead body of his wife were too heart-breaking to bear. Love that the grave could not darken, despair that Heaven could not comfort, remorse that God could not deaden, cried out together. People do not talk of Booth's Othello. Perhaps it is too fine to be popular. Perhaps it is too terrible. Perhaps the painfulness of the play sets it aside. But once to have seen it is to understand the noblest, simplest character in Shakespeare, and to be thankful for the grace of having lived to see that day.

The "Merchant of Venice," magnificently mounted, its scenes bathed in the atmosphere of the beautiful city, its costumes splendid, its music fit, its acting generally correct, failed to hold the stage as it promised. The Shylock was un-

even, both overstrained and lacking emotion; yet in parts startlingly fine. Though it bore traces of profound study, one could never escape the belief that the actor had not fully possessed himself of the part—as if each day modified his conception—as if he groped for his thought. Yet single passages were wonderful—noticeably the “I thank God” when Shylock hears of Antonio’s probable ruin, and “A bankrupt, a prodigal, that used to come so smug upon the mart.”

Why Shylock must be the repulsively-looking wretch he is always made is not explained. There is nothing in the text that warrants it. He has a beautiful daughter. He is a man of wealth and note among his tribe. The hideous wig and lined face must be the relics of the time when Shylock was considered a comic character, and played in a false nose. It is bad enough to be sordid and cruel, without bearing a brand of Cain. With such a face his case is pre-judged, while there is really something to be said on his side.

Lear and Macbeth, which should be fine in Booth’s hands, he does not give us of late. His Romeo, graceful and gallant, lacked clearness and color when we saw it last, but we hear much of the delicate portraiture it has become.

There is a strong melodrama called “The Fool’s Revenge,” wherein he plays the part of Bertuccio, the king’s jester. He is a deformed creature, hideously ugly, and painfully grotesque in the motley of the fool. He is swayed by two passions; a doting love for his only daughter, and a mad desire for vengeance on a noble who has stolen his wife. The swift transitions of feeling; the horrible exultation, and white anguish; the ineffable tenderness; the scorn, the bitterness, the agony of tears, the fantastic mockery of mirth, make this one of the great interpretations of Booth’s genius.

His Ruy Blas, also, has sweeps of power and pathos, and quick alternations, which commend it to admiration.

It is only in parts that are quite too meagre for him, like Claude Melnotte and the Stranger, that Mr. Booth falls below criticism. Cruel fate imposes on the habitual theatre-goer much of woe in the companionship of the loquacious gardener and the mysterious being in the furred cloak; but anything drearier than this fine actor’s Claude and Waldbourg can hardly be in store.

If, however, he has no affinity with mawkish sentiment, he has the heartiest liking for fun, as the outrageous pranks of his Petruchio, the merry recklessness of his Don Caesar testify. Perhaps his Benedick is a thing which the virtuous will one day be rewarded with.

In ten years Edwin Booth has done more for the stage in America than any other man. First, he has steadily grown in the excellence of his art. The raw genius has become the trained artist. The fitful power that dazzled and delighted in great bursts has become a diffused strength which sustains the whole. An old tendency to attitudinize has almost disappeared. Indeed, his unconsciousness of his members is very noticeable in situations where physical action is violent, and in his death scenes he falls with such disregard of the frangible nature of bones as to amaze anatomists. The lump that lies upon the ground, shapeless and motionless, is one in which no shivering spark of life will ever tremble more.

Year by year he reads with finer apprehension and with simpler naturalness. Year by year the actor is less to him and the art more. In his development of the scenic resources of the stage, he has done much for dramatic art. Every night of “Hamlet,” of the “Merchant of Venice,” of “Richelieu,” was a lesson to the artistic sense of the spectators. The stage was the real world. For the brief hour, the sordid, outer life fell away, and these buried times lived again,

and we in them. Half of the people who witnessed these plays never read Shakespears. It is a great thing to give him thus to the multitude, the wonderful men and women of his brain, alive in their own brilliancy and splendor, walking in the streets of the old cities, sweeping through palaces, the whole atmosphere warm and bright with perfume and jewels. Who can tell what education of the artistic instinct, what awakening to finer needs, come of the sight of spectacles like these?

But while one can speak with unqualified praise of the appointments of the stage under Mr. Booth's liberal and tasteful direction, it remains to say that he has never played, in New York, certainly, with a company in the least worthy of him. So painful and marked is this lack of support that it is commonly declared to be due to an unworthy jealousy on his part—a wish to be encompassed by an ignorance wherein his skill shall, like a star in the darkest night, stick fiery off indeed. No one who knows the generous and unsuspicious nature of the man; his willingness to help inexperienced actors; his ready recognition of excellence in others, will believe this.

It is impossible to defend the company. It can only be said that the star, absorbed in many cares, always at work, has left too much to the discretion of some unknown official, some Mr. Harris, who shall be made the scape-goat, since criticism cannot harm him. But, surely, it is not to demand too much of Mr. Booth to insist that the gentleman who plays Richmond shall speak the English language; or that the gracious Antonio shall not altogether dispense with a pocket handkerchief; or that the nobles and gentlemen in general should look at their parts once or twice before playing; or that Ophelia should be told in the gentlest manner, and with all deference to her delicate understanding, that she is not a singing chambermaid. If, in the new theatre, he will but give us Shakespeare with an intelligent actor in every part; if the courtiers who stand with folded arms will but *be* courtiers and not boobies, the world will owe him a debt it will gladly pay in honor, in praises, in fortune. And this same new theatre is the third great benefit he has wrought. A stately building on the corner of Twenty-third street and Sixth avenue bears his name, and exalts his fame. Built of granite, in the graceful style called the *Renaissance*, it is a fit union of beauty and strength. The theatre proper, the space intended for the spectators, looks small, but it will seat eighteen hundred persons, it is said; and every seat commands the entire stage. It is doubtful whether a democratic American audience will enjoy the four tiers of sofas, with their varying price and fashionableness; and one is apprehensive that the third circle or the amphitheatre will usually be empty, and so chill the brightness of the house. The arrangement is pretty enough, however. Ample lobbies and vestibules give a delightful sense of space. The orchestra is ingeniously concealed below the surface of the stage, and the old growth of violin-bows and music-stands, that come like a spindling and pale vegetation between the spectators and Ophelia's grave, is plucked up.

The stage is enormous, and the machinery so well arranged that scenes can be sunk below the surface or lifted into the mysterious spaces of the air with magical swiftness. The lighting will be excellent. We shall have floods of brilliancy without glare. And first, and last, and best—we are to have fresh air—ventilators in the garret and in the cellar, in the floor and in the walls. The decorations are not yet begun; but there is a rumor in the air to the effect that that sumptuous style, both in painting and upholstery, which may be called the steam-boat order of ornamentation, is to be rigorously excluded. Let us hope for a soft brightness which will not make all the women look sallow, or turn the

positive shades of evening toilet into hideousness. And might not the rows of lamps around the circle, whose odor and heat are oppressive, whose light, striking up, makes the prettiest face ugly, be abated? There remains logically one more appeal, which is offered, like Count Fosco's tarts, in the sacred name of humanity. Will not ladies go hooded to this new theatre, as to the opera, and abandon the ugly little frights called evening bonnets? The most beautiful object in nature is the human head—its loveliest adornment the human hair. There is no reason why a woman should sit for three long hours in a bonnet that hurts her ears, and hinders sound, and impedes the view of those behind her. And it is a fine respect to the actors who enchant the time, for one to sit uncovered before them, and make the house as like a brilliant drawing-room as possible. Once all women did it. Where are the courageous apostles of the fit and beautiful who shall reinstate the charming fashion?

We are to have the theatre in January, it is said. It is to open with "Romeo and Juliet," put on the stage with unexampled beauty and fidelity. After that we are to have "Winter's Tale," so mounted as to be the prettiest pastoral ever seen. And the Juliet and the Perdita will be rendered by a little lady of whose beauty and excellence report says much. There are other strong names in the new company, and thoughtful lovers of the drama look to it with earnest hope.

LUCIA GILBERT CALHOUN.

EDWIN BOOTH.

W HETHER as Richard, England's king, he stood;
 Misshapen body and misshapen soul,
 The outward frame fitting the inner part,
 Yet seeming to be plastic in its turn;
 A being scarce a man, lacking so much
 The links that bind our common brotherhood;
 A tiger-creature, with a playful vein
 Giving perfection to its cruelty,
 With all the instincts of the animal
 Uncurbed, unbalanced by a human heart,
 But with the added power of human brain—
 Or, as the princely Hamlet's very self,
 A poet-nature for fair uses tormented,
 We saw his shuddering soul drawn ever toward
 That faint but fearful line—o'er-stepping which
 We drift into a darkness where God's love
 Alone can reach us—thitherward compelled
 By ghostly visitant from death's far shore,
 And charged with dreadful purpose of revenge
 For which nor heart nor hand was fitting found—
 Whether in that guise or this beauteous form,
 The lowest type or highest of our race,
 So perfectly he seemed the living thought
 Which must have dwelt in Shakespeare's mind to cast
 Its wondrous shadow on the written page,
 That I could but imagine he had leaped
 That moment from the mighty Master's brain
 As sprang great Pallas from the head of Jove.

ANNE M. CRANE.

THE FLIGHT OF DIOMED.

FROM THE EIGHTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ILIAD.

WHILE yet 'twas morning, and the holy light
Of day grew strong, the men of both the hosts
Were smitten and were slain ; but when the sun
Stood high in middle heaven, the Allfather took
His golden scales, and in them laid the fates
Which bring the sleep of death—the fate of those
Who tamed the steeds of Troy, and those who warred
For Greece in brazen armor. By the midst
He held the balance, and, behold, the fate
Of Greece, in that day's fight, sank down until
It touched the nourishing earth, while that of Tröy
Rose and flew upward toward the spacious heaven.
With that the godhead thundered terribly
From Ida's cliffs, and sent his lightnings down
Among the Achaian army. They beheld
In mute amazement, and grew pale with fear.

Then neither dared Idomeneus remain,
Nor Agamemnon, on the ground ; nor stayed
The brothers Ajax, ministers of Mars.
Gerenian Nestor, guardian of the Greeks,
Alone was left behind, and he remained
Unwillingly. A steed of those which drew
His car was sorely wounded by a shaft
Which Alexander, fair-haired Helen's spouse,
Sent from his bow. It pierced the forehead where
The mane begins, and where a wound is death.
The arrow pierced him to the brain ; he reared
And whirled in torture with the wound, and scared
His fellow coursers. While the aged man
Made haste to sever with his sword the thongs
That bound him to the car, the rapid steeds
Of Hector bore their valiant master on
With the pursuing host. The reverend chief
Had perished there if gallant Diomed
Had not perceived his flight. He lifted up
His voice, and shouting to Ulysses, said :
“ High-born Ulysses, man of subtle shifts !
Son of Laertes, whither dost thou flee ?
Why, like a craven, turn thy back ? Beware
Lest there some weapon smite thee. Stay and guard
This aged warrior from the furious foe.”

So spake he, but the much-enduring man,
Ulysses, heard not the reproof, and passed
Rapidly to the roomy ships of Greece.

Tydides, single-handed, made his way
Among the foremost warriors, till he stood
Before the horses of the aged son
Of Neleus, and, in winged accents, said :

“ The younger warriors press thee sore, old chief,
Thy strength gives way ; the weariness of age
Is on thee ; thy attendant is not strong ;
Thy steeds are slow. Mount, then, my car, and see
What Trojan horses are ; how rapidly
They turn to right and left, and chase or flee.
I took them from the terror of the field,
Æneas. To our servants leave thine own,
While we with these assault the Trojan knights,
And teach even Hector that the spear I wield,
Can made as fearful havoc as his own.”

He spoke, and Nestor, the Gerenian knight,
Complied ; the two attendants, valiant men,
Took charge of Nestor's steeds. The chieftains climbed
The car of Diomed, and Nestor took
Into his hand the embroidered reins, and struck
The horses with the lash. They quickly came
To Hector. As the Trojan hastened on,
The son of Tydeus hurled a spear, it missed,
But spared not Eniopeus, him who held
The reins, the Trojan's charioteer, and son
Of brave Thebæus. In the breast, between
The paps, it smote him ; from the car he fell,
And the fleet horses started back ; his strength
And soul passed from him. Hector bitterly
Grieved for his death, yet left him where he fell,
And sought another fitting charioteer.
Nor had his fiery coursers long to wait
A guide, for valiant Archeptolemus,
The son of Iphitus, was near at hand,
And him he caused to mount the chariot drawn
By his swift steeds, and gave his hand the reins.

Then great had been the slaughter ; fearful deeds
Had then been done : the Trojans had been scared
Into their town like lambs into a fold,
Had not the father of the immortal gods
And mortal men beheld, and from on high
Terribly thundered, sending to the earth
A bolt of fire. He flung it down before
The car of Diomed, and fiercely glared
The blazing sulphur ; both the frightened steeds
Cowered trembling by the chariot ; Nestor's hand
Let fall the embroidered reins ; his spirit sank
With fear, and thus he said to Diomed :

“ Tydides ! turn thy firm-paced steeds and flee.
Dost thou not see that victory from Jove
Attends thee not ? To-day doth Saturn's sire

Award the glory to the Trojan chief.
Hereafter he will make it ours, if such
Be his good pleasure. No man, though he be
The mightiest among men, can thwart the will
Of Jupiter, with whom abides all power."

The great in battle, Diomed, replied :
" Truly, oh ancient man, thou speakest well.
But this it is that grieves me to the heart,
That Hector to the Trojan host will say
' I put to flight Tydides, and he sought
Shelter among his ships.' Thus will he boast
Hereafter, and may earth then yawn for me."

But Nestor, the Gerenian knight, rejoined :
" What, son of warlike Tydeus, hast thou said ?
Let Hector call thee weak and faint of heart ;
The Trojans and Dardanians, and the wives
Of the stout-hearted Trojan youths, who fell,
Slain by this hand, will not believe his words."

Thus having said, he turned the firm-paced steeds
To flee, and mingle with the flying crowd.
And now the Trojans and their leader gave
A fearful shout and poured on them a storm
Of deadly darts, and crested Hector raised
His thundering voice and shouted after them.

" Oh son of Tydeus ! the swift-riding Greeks
Have honored thee beyond all other men,
At banquets, with high place, and delicate meats,
And flowing cups. They will despise thee now,
For thou art like a woman. Timorous girl !
Take thyself hence, and never think that I
Shall yield to thee, that thou mayst climb our towers
And bear away our women to thy ships,
For I shall give thee first the doomed death."

He spoke, and Diomed, in doubtful mood,
Questioned his spirit whether he should turn
His steeds and fight with Hector. Thrice the thought
Arose within his mind, and thrice on high
Uttered the all-forecasting Jupiter
His thunder from the Idæan mount—a sign
Of victory changing to the Trojan side.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

OUR CRIME LAND EXCURSION.

CRIME LAND! It is not discernible upon any pictorial globe, or in any popular atlas. Yet it is in either hemisphere, on every continent, and reached directly by the express trains of volition. It appertains to domains of moral, but not of physical geography. Its latitudes are limitless. Its territory is boundless. Its zones are generally either frigid or torrid, but seldom temperate. Few have nativity within it. Its mass of population is naturalized, and no particular forms of naturalization are prescribed. It is without government, and codes of law are its people's abhorrence. Few travel within it to return as light-hearted as they were on first entering its queer domain. It has no custom-houses for duties, and it exults in freedom of transactions, commercial and professional. It does not use passports. But, of all lands, Crime Land is the most heavily taxed!

It is approached by many channels. A principal one reminds us of that one through which Ulysses sailed when, with courage little known to this day, he asked to be bound to the mast lest the Syrens should decoy him. Another channel recalls the passage between Scylla and Charybdis. All the channels separating Good Land and Crime Land are, however, very narrow. On occasion of this our excursion we visit it so as to land on its pleasantest and quit it on its worst coast.

Our excursion party is headed by Mr. Clergyman, Mr. Detective, and Mr. Attorney. They are the licensed guides to Crime Land. No legislature deprives them of their free travel passes. And so—on board of the regular ferry-boat, of reckless speed, and called "Temptation," we take passage through the Syren channels. And drowning conscience for a short time in some of the reckless draughts with which that steamboat-bar abounds, we bid *au revoir* to the shores of Good Land, and, almost before thought can find expression, we near the coasts of Crime Land.

On arriving, Mr. Attorney, who loves to play Sir Oracle and ope his mouth often, remarks "that Crime Land is properly divided into Vice-Province, Misdemeanorshire, and Felony-Dominion."

We have landed at the principal pier of Vice-Province. As yet our baggage is safe. "Riches are the baggage of virtue," says Bacon. And that kind of baggage is always safe upon the pier in question. Farther on in the journey it is that the baggage of virtue becomes diminished.

"Surely! Mr. Guide," cries one innocent young traveller, just from a freshman-class in college, "this is not the beginning of Crime Land. Its shores are much like those we have left. Here are the same kind of cosy clubs, the theatres are only a trifle more meretricious, the newspapers are only a little more sensational, and the gambling is with fifty-two pieces of cabalistic card paper instead of with the fifty-two pieces of railway shares in the Good Land left behind."

But the other travellers are too much fascinated in looking around at the novelties of Vice-Province, that seem, at first sight, so innocent and proper, to hear Mr. Freshman's talk. They indeed look desirous of lingering and exploring. But Mr. Detective blows his warning whistle, and he looks at Mr. Freshman as if to say "thine eye-teeth, oh youngster, are not yet sharpened," while he tells

him, in strong but concise language, "look well out for your pocket-book." We are all about to take passage in the accommodation train, and leave Vice-Province, with its seductions, behind."

"Ah!" says Mr. Clericus, nudging Mr. Attorney, who, if not theological, is practical; "how true is it—and herein lies the danger to guideless travellers—that the first shores of Crime Land are so similar in appearance to the termination beach of Good Land; that the ferry voyage, from that fact, becomes often fatally deceptive to the traveller who had determined never to quit the latter."

A motley crowd of passengers, who have bought regular, as well as commutation tickets, are waiting at the station. Some, as they examine our passes and excursion tickets, shrug their shoulders, and exchange mysterious glances with each other. Many of them are seeking the interior because a sojourn in Vice-Province has left them penniless. Others have been back from the more distant stations in Crime Land for a visit, and to renew the fascinations of earlier days.

Mr. Clericus is fain to address them; but Mr. Detective says another time will do, and Mr. Freshman thinks it were better to lock them temporarily in the station-house, and allow the train to go without them.

Some of the motley crowd *do* remain. In Crime Land there is, happily, *locus penitentiae* as well as *locus penitentiary*.

How slowly the train moves at first. We all seem to think that it is perfectly easy to jump off at every crossing. But why is no warning-whistle blown? See, already a spendthrift, heedless of his danger, has been run over. The landscapes are certainly beautiful. Charming villas line the road. Suppose we get out and wander in yonder seductive groves, or while away hours beside the murmuring fountains.

"Remember Ulysses," cries Mr. Clericus.

"You'll never get back in time," says Mr. Practical Detective.

Loudly laughs Mr. Attorney, but then soberly whispers, "*C'est le premier pas qui coûte.*"

It is not long before the train increases speed. We are entering a warmer latitude. Vice-Province has been in temperate zone. We are evidently approaching the boundary of Misdemeanorshire. The brain feels giddy; the blood throbs quickly.

There is a sudden stop.

"What ho, Mr. Detective; what's the matter?"

"Only a sub-station, sir, in Misdemeanorshire. Come to this window, gents, here's a party getting out to have a prize fight."

"There they go with all their absurd paraphernalia," calls out Mr. Clericus.

Mr. Freshman gives signs of joining; and incoherently mutters something about "first claret," "one on the nob," "orator's trap," "peepers," and the like.

"You young rascal," vociferates Mr. Attorney; "where did you learn all that?"

"Why, from a family newspaper—surely a prize fight worth reporting in every daily is worth seeing or knowing about!"

Here Mr. Clericus makes a note for a sermon. Mr. Attorney murmurs a delightful sentence about liberty of the press, as away we speed, with a shriek, and a roar, and a rattle.

Soon the road slightly roughens. So does the landscape.

Look well to your seat, 'tis like taking an airing
On a corduroy road, and *that* out of repairing;

It leads one, 'tis true, through a bit of a forest,
Grand, natural features ; but then one has no rest,
You just catch a glance of some ravishing distance,
When a jolt puts the whole of it out of existence.

There is a sub-station at every quarter mile. Assault-and-Batteryville seemed to be the largest one. We see the common scold and the virago—and she was no village editor, either. We look upon the Billingsgate fish-woman whom Dr. Johnson knocked down with a pronoun. We see the patient, and often-fibbing wife, whose brutal husband's life is a daily perjury to his marriage oath of protection. The men who hourly rhymed "muscle" with "tussle," are upon one platform. At one sub-station the riot act is being read by a Derbyite, who thinks a century of Irish wrongs can be put down by an act of Parliament. A George Francis Trainite in our party is only saved by Mr. Detective from a hopeless interference. There are coarse-featured bystanders, whose cruelty to animals is the theme of an indignant and eloquent remonstrance from Mr. President Bergh.

Jeremy-Diddlerboro has a large depot. The crowd of passengers here is large. An enthusiastic hotel proprietor in the excursion-car is anxious to get out and pay his respects to a well-known gentleman of the J. D. brand of social champagne, but Mr. Detective restrains him, as well as several shop-keepers, who are intent upon the like diversion. A picturesque crowd of gift enterprisers and rafflers and confidence men throng about the brakeman.

At another station—where thick woods darken and swamps and morasses surround—Mr. Attorney points out knots of men and women intent upon malicious mischief, or exercising their ingenuity to inflict nuisances upon their neighbors, libels on their enemies, and conspiracies upon their business or holiday friends.

At this stage of the journey, Mr. Clericus grows didactical. But he is instructive. He has been reading for a short time (as well as the jolting would permit) one of Mr. Attorney's guide-books of the route written by one Blackstone, and he hands it back, and says, as he draws from his bosom the volume that we all of us first saw reverently laid upon childhood's holy altar—a mother's knee—and significantly tapping it, Mr. Clericus says :

"The Crime Land of to-day, Mr. Attorney, is all mapped out in Deuteronomy. There appears to be no station hereabouts which is not known to the Mosaic law. Even the riot and conspiracy sub-stations were known to the Jews. 'Nothing new under the sun,' quoth King Solomon ; and his apothegm applies hereabouts."

"We give 'em new-fangled names—that's your sort," adds Mr. Detective.

And Mr. Attorney—who loves to give an opinion, whether he's paid for it or not—opines that every travel book written by lawyers who visit Crime Land, is but an amplification in detail of the words spoken from Sinai, which is the great landmark known and feared all through the country we are now in.

But the whistle of our engine grows hoarser, and fairly sounds melancholic. The brakes are oftener applied with a dull, thudding sound. The traveller's brain grows chloroformed, and his blood runs more sluggishly.

It is the half-way station of the journey that we approach, and at which Intent and Design are the mental deities, to whom shrines are erected at every milestone. Thoughtlessness, rashness, and cowardly malice or puerile passion have been the deities of Crime Land which we have passed.

Indeed, Intent and Design are the deities whose shrines divide Misdemean-

orshire from Felony-Dominion. And it is on the borders of the latter that the half-way station lies.

"Heigho! Hark! the return accommodation train is about to pass."

We step upon the half-way platform, and behold here are the return groups bound on a foraging expedition to the Good Land which we quitted.

Mr. Detective's quick eyes are brought into service. Mr. Clericus looks more thoughtful and compassionate than ever. Mr. Attorney recognizes many familiar faces, and coolly nods. All the excursion party look interested.

Yonder is Mr. Embezzlement, who has been beyond to visit at Larcenyville some acquaintances whom he ought long ago to have cut. There is a large business in Good Land awaiting his return—in the good land where farmers till its honest soil. Mr. Embezzlement will also attend to the till; but his soil will not be honest. He has lingered in Vice-Province as he went through, and has learned the music of the Syrens, and has broken the Ulysses chains and forgotten Penelope. He has learned to handle the ribbons behind fast horses, and to burn the midnight oil, not for the benefit of the head, but for the allurements of the heart. Poor Mr. Embezzlement, he will soon be watched for by Mr. Detective—not in the Syren channels, but where the monster Scylla bellows and roars over the hidden rocks.

Yonder, too, is Mr. and Mrs. Pickpocket, and Mr. and Mrs. and the Misses Shoplifter. They are all first cousins, and have been down on a visit to old Fagin, and Charley Bates, and the Artful Dodger. They, too, are going foraging into Good Land, among the innocents, who wear watches and diamond pins with shoddy recklessness, and in the shops where the agile greenback has jumped over the slow shilling of pristine times. In their company is Mr. Dummy and Mr. Stall, and a host of stragglers who wear the wicked uniform of the confederates of Crime Land.

Here, too, is Bill Sykes and Toby Crackit. We know them at once, for they are celebrated by their biographer, Dickens. They have their baggage under their arms. No need of concealment here. They know Mr. Detective to be off duty; and they have never made the acquaintance of Mr. Clericus. What a beautiful piece of polished cold steel Bill has! What a flexible pocket-lantern Toby holds in his grasp. The diamond in the shirt-frill of one will ornament linen to-day and cut a pane of glass to-morrow. What thin-soled boots they wear. What delicate silk handkerchiefs for muffling use. What small pistols in their belts!

"I must watch them covies when we get back to Good Land," whispers Mr. Detective, "for old Miser Blunt, Esq., of Wall street, has taken to keeping bonds in his bedroom, and his servant-girl has been in communication on that subject with Nancy Sykes; I saw them together yesterday."

"Excellent logic," adds Mr. Attorney, *sotto voce*. "Let householders take more care of their servants than they do even of bars and bolts; and, above all, of the insinuating young vedettes who love to visit the kitchen when the family are off at the opera."

Not far off is Mr. Garroter. He is not so strong, and lusty, and cunning as he used to be. He is the gorilla of Crime Land. "Happily, many Du Chaillus have investigated his species, and told us all about his habits, so we have in Good Land traced him to his lair and learned how to avoid him," says Mr. Attorney.

But Mr. Detective adds, "that so long as there are felt shoes for a noiseless approach, and stupid, absent-minded men who will stay out late, or walk

in suspicious neighborhoods, and until 'Journals of Health' and manufacturers of steam men alter the configuration of the human throat, there are likely to be many members of the family which takes its name from Don Spinalis Medulla Garote, the Spanish executioner."

Just here the joint whistles of the engines blow, and the passengers bound into or out of Crime Land, at this felony half-way station, having wet their own whistles after the most approved dyspeptic style in modern travel, are respectfully under way.

Mr. Clericus has shown decided symptoms of somnolence, when he is touched upon the elbow by the stereotype book pedler of the cars. He looks over the literary budget, and instantly awakes into a fit of indignation. "Take them away! take them away!" he cries. "Your leaves are leaves of the Upas tree. The finish of your illustrations, and the superficial perfume of the style, exhale their poisonous influences beyond these confines of Crime Land, and infect even the social circle. Some authors are concoctors of immoral narcotics. There's a literary dissipation in vogue, and boys and men alike stimulate their mind with the strong drink of distilled rhetoric, until they get to be craving morbidly, like the physical drunkard, and until it can be said of each one, by gradual steps he is brought to death's door by a mental dyspepsia, or suffers under an intellectual *mania a potu*."

There is general applause by the excursion party, and Mr. Attorney raises his pedantic voice.

"Crime Land has its peculiar literature; but even in England, where the liberty of press is as great as in any part of Good Land—even in England, where the laws are supposed to be flavored with a verbena extract of Established Church—no Parliamentary committee has dared to define by statute the line at which literature begins to be demoralizing. It is a difficult subject to deal with. Legislator A. would put the line at freezing point. Legislator B. might place it at temperate. Legislator C. might mark it at boiling point. So it has to be left to the shifting, unsatisfactory discretion of Mother Common Law—whose life had many immoral as well as ethical interludes—so that, as the law practically stands, what one shall be allowed to read, or be forbidden to read, is left to the arbitrament of social taste."

Mr. Bookpedler is glad to jump off at Larcenyville, and Mr. Detective, with his guide-book in hand, informs the party that we are approaching Bigamy-boro, where we shall see a perfect colony of social confidence men, and some very wretched women! "It's very odd," says he, "that when leap-year comes as often as a Presidential election, there are so few women who voluntarily settle at this 'ere place. The settlers are called men, and they dress like them. But it's my opinion they are descended from the old serpent who went into the apple culture in the Garden of Eden. Look out of the window there, as we stop. The most scoundrelly of the group is Mr. Marmaduke Davis, yonder. Everything is false about him, and, as is fashionable among gamblers and bigamists, he dyes his whiskers. His cheeks are full of plumpers, and so are his promises. Mr. Attorney here knows how he was twice convicted, when Marmaduke ventured into Good Land. Says I to the judge, don't send him to prison. His worst punishment would be a condemnation to live with each of his six wives. 'Poor and unjust logic,' quoth Mr. Judge, 'for why should we make the women wretched.'"

Another train of foragers bound to Good Land whistles by. The rails here

are appropriately laid of steel—and highly polished. The closer one gets into Crime Land the smoother appears the travel.

"How many of them will come back, I wonder," asks one of the excursion party. "'Tis only a matter of guess work. The foragers are more ingenious than they used to be," responds Mr. Detective. "There's no copyright or patent-office in Crime Land, but there might be, under the number of criminal inventions and designs, which are so cunning and original now-a-days. Honesty gives hints to dishonesty, and Crime Land shares in the history of progressive civilization."

"If these inhabitants, hereabouts, would give to honesty half the skill and patience which they award to its opposite, what useful citizens of Good Land might they be,"—this from Mr. Clericus, "But I suppose there's a fascination in perversity as there is to the eyes of the snake when even the mocking-bird ventures into the morass."

"It is less true than it used be," continues Mr. Attorney, "that murder will out. Yet it is curious how the forces of Providence often combine against matured cunning. Or how often, like Achilles, the greatest hero of Crime Land finds there is one vulnerable circumstance to destroy his security. That hero gets to his wit's end. Just as Mephistopheles said to Faust: 'Here we are again at our wit's end already, where the thread of sense, with you mortals, snaps short. Why make a partnership with us if thou canst not carry it through? Wilt fly, and art not proof against dizziness?'"

"True as preaching," says Mr. Detective, with heightened interest. "I know all about the opera of Faust. The rogues used to go always to hear it. I don't know why. It's a wonder to me how such heavenly music can be allied to such a devilish plot—'tis especially true as your preaching, Mr. Clericus. Now, I was in the celebrated Webster case, helping work up that job. There was that poor misguided professor, who went to church all serene, who toyed with his family in their happy home, evening after evening, self-confident and self-reliant in his atrocious plans of concealment. But all the while, at every bed-time, as the song writer said of the educated Eugene Aram,

Guilt was his grim chamberlain,
And lighted him to bed,
And closed his curtains round-about
With fingers bloody red.

Yes, all the while Dr. Parkman's false teeth lay uncalcined, but peculiarly moulded, in the ashes of the chemist's furnace, to become the means of the murderer's final discovery."

"Now," cries Mr. Detective, "we are nearing Forgery Dale, which is a very important station in Crime Land. Its inhabitants are mainly cultivated and educated people, who contract an unfortunate mania for autographs and stamp-collecting, which produces great confusion in bank accounts. They are usually excellent actors, and are marked with bumps of imitateness. Did they keep their autographs for curiosities, no harm would come to the commercial interests of the land; but the mischief is, that they sell them and at the same time sell their fellow-citizens.

We pause at this station of Forgery Dale many minutes. There is much industry all about. At other stations there has been idleness. At other stations the inhabitants of Crime Land seemed to be giving each other that remarkably lucid definition of a verb which occurred in Lindley Murray—a word

signifying to be, to do, to suffer. Crime Land travellers live emphatically to do others, and to make others as well as themselves suffer."

This from Mr. Clericus, who, it was evident, had caught up a Bar book of manuscript pleasantries.

Yes! hereabouts were great marks of business. Paper-mills were hard at work. Professors of penmanship, with classes, abounded. Pen-makers, copper-plate engravers, and bank-note printers industriously plied their trade. "Never say die" was no motto here. To "die" was one of the very branches of Forgery Dale industry. Then, beside the station, was the banking-house of the great National Bank of Cheek, whose circulating notes were unlimited, and not even secured by the bonds of iniquity.

Mr. Detective has a valuable hint to offer. "The forgers who went foraging on the banks of Good Land, who generally took trains thitherward which left at 5:20, 7:30, or 10:40," he said, "were wonderfully increasing. If the whole brotherhood of banks would agree to force depositors to use check-books that were composed of paper bearing water-marks peculiar to each bank, the chances of frauds on bank accounts would be lessened ninety per cent. No one but we detectives knows how large is the forgery profit and loss account. Where one forgery is made known, or apprehension occurs, five more, out of motives of pride and policy, are concealed from all except the police and the stockholders.

But what is this new sensation? The inhabitants of Forgery Dale have suddenly left work and are rushing stationward, to surround and greet two splendidly-dressed travellers from our train, who have been sedulously engaged in smoking. Perhaps smoking is their occupation. One of them is dressed in a suit of clothes whose texture is in all colors. Surely he must be a tailor's chameleon.

This illustrious and evidently popular chameleonic stranger to us, is no stranger here; and, by the by, we recall that several times upon quitting the train he was similarly welcomed by the inhabitants of Crime Land, as if he were a victorious General, or a dispenser of internal revenue patronage, or monarch of the whiskey ring. What a diplomatic and impenetrable face he has! Those features never mirror an emotion. He looks like an actor of the severely dramatic school.

Mr. Detective solves our curiosity. "The illustrious gentleman is General Alibi. 'Oh, Samivel, Samivel, why wasn't there an alibi?' cried old Tony Weller, after the Bardell and Pickwick trial. It was of this very General the assaulter of Ebenezer Stiggins spoke."

Listen: the inhabitants have brought out the brass band. They are firing salutes in his honor. Is he not one of the great preservers of Crime Land? He has fought, and bled, and sworn, and all but died in behalf of its liberties in a thousand court-rooms. Besieged often by the forces of cross-examination; beleaguered anon by stubborn facts, and sometimes utterly discomfited and forced to dishonorable retreat, nevertheless General Alibi never loses his pluck or his faith in the peculiar time-pieces of Crime Land.

But who is his fellow-stranger—he who shares somewhat in the ovation. He looks careworn and nervous. He is scarred. He appears not to wholly like his reception, and moves as if stern necessity obliged him, rather than choice controlled him, in serving often the behests of Crime Land. His pendent seals are large and well worn. One of them shows, cut upon it, the talismanic words, *Magna Carta*. Another seal looks like the one current in the reign of Charles II.

This time Mr. Attorney solves our doubts..

Stranger number two is Habeas Corpus, Esq., born on the plains of Runnymede, and who, thanks to British roast beef and American toast, is still in an excellent state of preservation.

Now that we know his name we understand his nervous looks and his seals. We recognize, too, his long legs, for what quick running he does! We understand the picklocks at his waistband. It is his legal mission to set the captive free! And, appreciating his many virtues and goodnesses and services, in Good Land, we are sorry that Mr. Habeas Corpus ever prostitutes his services, and sometimes gets into bad company, in the country through which our evening travel lies.

General Alibi is going down to pass a week of relaxation at the castle of the Receiver of Stolen Goods. The receivers of stolen goods pet him very much. In fact it is they who mainly support him, and dispatch him hither and thither, and keep him in spirits. Mr. Fagin has many villas and stores, too, in Crime Land. Sometimes he calls himself pawnbroker, and puts up his gilt sign of cabalistic and Venetian birth—a sign which algebraically means \times top ball divided by $y z$, bottom balls equals the unknown quantity of stolen goods, that it's two to one it is never found.

But how bright the lower rim of horizon beyond, and how dark the upper lines. What is this? "Sympathetic reflection," cries Mr. Detective. "Far away in Good Land there is a warehouse burning. *We* are now flitting through Arson manor and Incendiaryshire. Its horizon is ever a mixture of reflected flame and shadowed smoke." And he draws from his pocket one of the magic mirrors that Sir Walter Scott gave to Aunt Margaret in *Chronicles of the Canongate*, and we gaze breathless on the surface.

Night. A city wrapped in slumber. Now and then the tang-tang of the police club. Sentinel stars in the sky, which for Crime Landers to see, would make them feel that a mysterious watch was over them set. In the City's business heart a tall warehouse. How ghastly the garish marble looks through the gloom. Hark! cautious footsteps that quicken as the tang-tang of the club diminishes its sound. A muffled man stops before the ghastly building. He draws a key. It fits the lock. He enters quickly with half the air of one who belongs there if his errand is good, but who should be stranger if his visit is for ill.

Breathe on the magic mirror and the picture changes. Interior of the warehouse. Somebody stumbling through its gloom. Krah-f-f-f-f-f. There is a match drawn. And a candle has been lighted. What a face it discloses for a Pre-Raphaelite artist to paint. There are the good impulses of a lifetime, and the bad ones fresh born of despairing pride fighting for mastery in that upper lip. Its owner goes into the office. He opens a safe with its own key. He secrets papers in his breast. He looks out one of the books, and opens it. Bankrupt is written on it in dim, shadowy letters. The sight nerves his pride like strong drink. He leaves the safe-door open. He explores the building. The hands that in boyhood built houses from blocks on the happy nursery floor, now fashions in every part guilty piles of combustibles. How the veins lash his temples, like whip-cords. How his heart throbs as he bends. How white his face grows as a curious and innocent mouse crosses before him. How his wrist oscillates—'tis like the wrist of a twenty-year old dram-drinker lifting the cordial cup—as he touches the candle here and there, and thither and hither, and dropping it in his flight, noiselessly escapes by the alley entrance, and re-seeks, with night key, the palatial residence where a few hours before he had

gone to sleep, had risen, and now goes to sleep again—with the sky crimsoned, and a thousand men out to the magnetic cry of "Fire, fire!" as the great bells peal over the startled city.

Sleep! Partial sleep will give its repose to the wet sea boy, but it will deny it to the new-crowned Arson King of Crime Land.

Mr. Detective shrugs his shoulders as he pockets the magic mirror; and we ask him who he is, and where he lives, and whether the merchant was insured, and what he made by his crime, and all about it.

"Dead men tell no tales—nor burned down buildings, either, when the job's well set—and the characters of them as owns them, is it not?" Mr. Detective whispers hoarsely, and relapsing somewhat into his substratum lingo.

"But don't be quite disgusted yet," he adds to Mr. Freshman, who looks like a young sawbones for the first time at a clinical lecture. "We are almost at our journey's end. When you look into all the guide books of Mr. Attorney there, and count up the stations of Vice-Province, Misdemeanorshire and Felony-Dominion, thus far past, you see at once it is about time that we were entering the dreadful domains of Murder. I take no account of killing short of that. Crime Landers kill and cut and stab, more or less, of the sudden impulse, at every station. But the station of Murder Wood is all alone by itself. Even the men and women who own lands about it shun it. No Asiatic jungle or African solitude can surpass it. The most horrible and singular of all geological formations surround and compose it. Avarice, revenge, and grudge and hate, infest it in the form of wild beasts. Of all the wretched Crime Landers who wander through its precincts, the poisoners are the wickedest."

Down came the window blinds on every side, as Mr. Clericus stopped, emotionally, for want of breath; on every side, and except at one corner, where sat the artist and reporter of an illustrated newspaper, who were of the excursionists, and who shut not eyes or ears to this, the last station. The last station of Crime Land!

The scream of rage, the groan, the strife,
The blow, 'he gasp, the horrid cry,
The panting, throttled prayer for life,
The dying's heaving sigh,
The murderer's curse—the dead man's fix'd still glare,
And fear and death's cold sweat—they all are there.

The artist and reporter had no time to sketch laboriously, for, with a slow, grinding, wheezing, crackling sob of all the brakes, the train came to a sudden stop. We knew by the dreadful precipices and cliffs on every side, and by the frowning prison walls, and scaffolds on the distant islands in a boiling, seething channel beyond, that we were on the other confines of Crime Land; toward the Scylla and Charybdis Straits, through which the fugitives and Crime Landers in their flight were wont to make exit from whatever station on the route they fled.

Take our Court-house ferry-boat, quoth Mr. Attorney, as the party stood reflectively shivering in the damp air that hangs about these confines of Crime Land. That is a ferry-boat which will insure your safety. It will take you to the steps of those temples of justice that frown across the water on Crime Land as the Crime Landers frown on them. Through these temples you will find a dignified and proper entrance again into your various and happy homes of Good Land.

ENGLISH GRAMMAR.

A CHAPTER OF WORDS AND THEIR USES.

THE first punishment I remember having received was for a failure to get a lesson in English grammar. I recollect, with a half painful, half amusing distinctness, all the little incidents of the dreadful scene. How I found myself standing in an upper chamber of a gloomy brick house, book in hand—it was a thin volume, with a tea-green paper cover and a red roan back—before an awful being who put questions to me, which, for all that I could understand of them, might as well have been couched in Coptic or in Sanscrit. How, when asked about governing, I answered, “I don’t know,” and when about agreeing, “I can’t tell,” until at last, in despair, I said nothing, and choked down my tears, wondering, in a dazed, dumb fashion, whether all this was part and parcel of that total depravity of the human heart of which I heard so much. How then the being—to whom I apply no epithet, for, poor creature, he thought he was doing God service—said to me, in a terrible voice, “You are a stupid, idle boy, sir, and have neglected your task. I shall punish you. Hold out your hand.” I put it out half way, like a machine with a hitch in its gearing. “Farther, sir.” I advanced it an inch or two, when he seized the tips of my fingers, bent them back so as to throw the palm well up, and then, with a mahogany ruler, much bevelled on one side, and having a large, malignant ink-spot near the end—an instrument which seemed to me to weigh about forty pounds; and to be a fit implement for a part of that eternal torture to which I had been led to believe that I, for my inborn depravity, was doomed—he proceeded to reduce my little hand, not yet well in gristle, as nearly to a jelly as was thought, on the whole, to be beneficial to a small boy at that stage of the world’s progress.

The carefully-filed and still preserved receipts of a methodically managed household enable me to tell the age at which I was thus awakened to the sweet and alluring beauties of English grammar. I was just five and a half years old when one Alfred Ely—may his soul rest in peace!—was paid at the rate of five dollars and fifty cents a quarter (a good price for primary tuition then), such extras as wood for the season, ink, and quills, and books, of course, not included, for thus gently guiding my tottering and reluctant steps into the paths of humane learning. Fortunately, my father, when outside the pale of religious dogma, was a man of sound sense and a tender heart; and as there was nothing about English accidence either in the Decalogue or the Prayer-Book, he sent a message to the school-master, which caused that to be my last lesson in what is called the grammar of my mother tongue. I was soon after removed to a school, the excellence of which I have only within a few years fully appreciated, although, as a boy, I knew that there I was happy, and felt as if I were not quite stupid, idle, and depraved.* Thereafter I studied English, indeed, but only in the works of its greatest masters, and unconsciously in the speech of daily companions, who spoke it with remarkable but spontaneous purity. My acquaint-

* Let me mention with respect and love, which have grown with my years, the names of my two teachers, Theodore Eames and Samuel Putnam, to whom I owe all that I could be taught at school before I left them for college. I know that should any one of my fellow pupils chance to see these lines, he will declare with me that the boy who could remain even a year under their hands without profit in mind, morals, and manners, must indeed have given himself up recklessly to original sin.

ance with grammar as a part of my early education was made through the study of French, Greek, and Latin. From my youth up I hated the name of Lindley Murray. I was thirty years old—long past his making or marring—before I gave any attention to his mysterious pages. Having then read a few of them, I laid the book aside, and thereafter disturbed it, and others of like character and purpose, only as objects of special, curious, and wondering inquiry.

My kind and courteous readers will pardon, I hope, this reminiscence, in which I have indulged myself only because in some of the comments, private as well as public, which have been made upon these articles, I have seen myself called a grammarian. God forbid that I should be anything of the sort! That I am unversed in the rules of English grammar (so-called), I am not ashamed to confess; for special ignorance is no reproach when unaccompanied with presumption. And what I confess that I have not acquired, I have not undertaken to teach. That task I leave to those who are capable of the subject, and who feel its necessity.

If grammar is what it has been defined as being, the science which has for its object the laws which regulate language, the remarks just made cannot be justified; for, in this sense, grammar is as much concerned with words by themselves, with their signification and their origin, and with their rightful use in those regards, as with their relations to each other in the sentence; and it is in this sense but another name for the science of language, for philology. But, notwithstanding that definition, and its acceptance by some grammarians and some compilers of dictionaries, this is not the sense in which the word *grammar* is generally used. Nor can the position which I have taken be maintained if grammar is regarded as the science of the rightful or reasonable expression of thought by language; for grammar, in this aspect, would be so closely connected with logic as to be a part of it to all intents and purposes. But grammar, in its usual sense, is the art of speaking and writing a language correctly: in which definition, the word *correctly* means, in accordance with laws which are based upon the relations, not of thoughts, but of words, and which are determined by verbal forms. It is this formal, constructive grammar which seems to me almost if not entirely superfluous, in regard to the English language. Long ago, before any attempt had been made to write its grammar, that language had worked itself nearly free of those verbal forms which control linguistic construction, and therefore free in the same degree from the needs and the control of formal, constructive grammar. And, strangely, it was not until English had cast itself firmly and sharply into its present simple mould that scholars undertook to furnish it with a grammar, the nomenclature and the rules of which they took from languages—the Latin and the Greek—with which it had no formal affinity, to which it had no formal likeness, and by the laws of which it could not be bound except so far as they were the universal laws of human thought. Allusions to grammar and to its importance as a part of education abound in our early literature. In a rhyming exhortation to a child, written in the fifteenth century, these lines occur,

My lefe chyld I kownsel ye
 To furme thi vj tens, thou awyse ye;
 And have mind of thy elensoun,
 Both of nowne and of pronowne,
 And ilk case in plurele
 How thai sal end, awyse the wele;
 And thi participys forgete thou nowth,
 And thi comparisons be yn thi thowth;
 Thyngk of the revele of the relatyic;

And then schalle thou the better thryfe ;
 And how a verbe schalle be furnede,
 Take gode hede that thou be not stunnede ;
 The ablatyfe case thou hafe in mynd,
 That he be saved in hys kynd ;
 Take gode hede qwat he wyll do.
 And how a nowne substantyfe
 Wyll corde with a verbe and a retalyfe,
Poscudo, posco, peto.

But, as appears on its face, this exhortation refers not to English but to Latin grammar, which was the only grammar then taught or thought of. That was the day of the establishing and endowment of grammar-schools in England, but the grammar taught in them was the Latin, and afterward a little of the Greek. Chaucer and Wycliffe had written, but in English grammar-schools no man thought of teaching English. When, at last, it dawned upon the pedagogues that English was a language, or rather, in their significant phrase, a vulgar tongue, and they set themselves to giving rules for the art of writing and speaking it correctly, they attempted to form these rules upon the models furnished by the Latin language. And what wonder? for those were the only rules they knew. But the construction of the English language was even less like that of the Latin, than English words were like Latin. From this heterogeneous union sprang that hybrid monster known as English grammar, before whose fruitless loins we have sacrificed, for nearly three hundred years, our children and the strangers within our gates.

Of grammar, the important parts, if not the whole, are etymology and syntax. For orthography relates to the mere arrangement of letters for the arbitrary representation of certain sounds, and prosody, to the æsthetic use of language. Under the head orthography, a recently published grammar gives a description and examples of the various sorts and sizes of type used in printing; great primer, pica, small pica, long primer, and so forth. Rightly enough; for this belongs, as much as spelling does, to grammar. And, on the other hand, if prosody is a part of grammar, why should the latter not include rhetoric, and even elocution? In fact, grammar was long regarded as including all that concerns the structure and the relations of language; and a grammarian among the ancients was one who was versed, not only in language, but in poetry, history, and rhetoric, and who, generally, lectured or wrote upon all these branches of literature—who was, in fact, a man of letters in the widest signification of that phrase. But it seems to me that in the usage of intelligent people the English word *grammar* relates only to the laws which govern the significant forms of words, and the construction of the sentence. Thus, if we find *extraordinary* spelled *igstrawnerly*, or hear *suggest* pronounced *sujjest*, we do not call these lapses false grammar. But if we hear, "It wasn't *hisn*," which violates true etymology, or "He *done* it," which is incorrect syntax, these we do call false grammar.

Etymology, which relates to the significant forms of words, and syntax, the rules of which govern their arrangement, are then, from our point of view, the great essentials, if not the whole of grammar. Now, the principal Latin words, the noun, the adjective, the verb, the participle, and the adverb vary their forms by a process called inflection, and the Latin sentence is constructed upon the basis of these significant verbal forms. English words do not vary their forms by inflection, and the English sentence is constructed without any dependence upon verbal forms. To this remark there are exceptions; but they are so few, and of such small importance that they cannot be regarded as affecting its general truth. The structure of the Latin sentence depends upon the relation of

the words of which it is composed ; that of the English sentence, upon the relation of the thoughts. In other words the construction of the Latin sentence is grammatical, that of the English sentence, logical. At the first offshooting of the English language from its present stem, its growth and development began at once to tend toward logical simplicity—in fact that tendency was its offshooting ; and since then it has gradually, but surely and steadily, cast off inflectional forms, and freed itself from the trammels of a construction dependent upon them. This being true, how preposterous, how impossible for us to measure our English corn in Latin bushels ! Yet that is what we have so long been trying to do with our English grammar.

In illustration of the foregoing remarks I will present and compare some examples of Latin and English words and sentences, the former of which shall be so simple that they can hardly escape the apprehension even of those who have not received the training of a grammar-school. The Latin for *boy* is *puer*. But *puer* stands for *boy* only as the subject of a sentence. When the boy spoken of is the object of an action, he is represented by an inflection from *puer*—the word *puerum*. Boys as the subjects are called *pueri*, but as the objects of an action, *pueros*. The Latin for *girl* is *puella*, as the subject of a verb, but when the girl is the object of the action, she is not represented in that relation by changing *puella* into *puellum*, as *puer* was made *puerum* ; but the word *puella*, being feminine, becomes *puellam*. In the plural it becomes, not *puelli* as the subject and *puellos* as the object of an action, but *puellæ* and *puellas*, those being feminine inflections. *Loved* is *amabam* if you wish to say, I loved ; but, if he or she loved, *amabat*, if they loved, *amabant*. Any of my readers will now be able to translate this little sentence :

Pueri amabant puellam.

There being being no article in the Latin, it of course must be supplied, and we therefore have :

The boys loved the girl.

In this Latin sentence, and in its English equivalent, the words not only represent each other perfectly in sense, but correspond exactly in place. If, however, we change the relative positions of the English words, without modifying them in the least, we not only change, but entirely reverse the meaning of the sentence.

The girl loved the boys.

But in the Latin sentence we may make what changes of position we please, and we shall not make a shade of difference in its meaning.

Puellam amabant pueri,
Puellam pueri amabant,
Pueri amabant puellam,
Pueri puellam amabant.

all have the same meaning, the boys loved the girl. For *puellam* shows by its form that it must be the object of the action ; *amabant* must have for its subject a plural substantive, and which must therefore be, not *puellam* but *pueri*. The connections of the words being therefore absolutely determined by their forms, their position in the sentence is a matter at least of minor importance. The reader who has not learned Latin, will yet by referring to a preceding paragraph have little difficulty in constructing a Latin sentence, which represents the reverse of our first example, *i. e.*, the girl loved the boys. For here it is the girl that is the subject, and the boys that are the objects of the action, and the verb must have its singular form, which gives us

Puella amabat pueros.

The words in the corresponding English sentence are exactly the same as those in the sentence of exactly opposite meaning; in the Latin they are all different. And again their position has no effect on the meaning of the sentence; for these words, whether given as above in the order, the girl loved the boys, or in the more elegant order,

Puella pueros amabat,
[The girl the boys loved;]

or

Pueros amabat puella,
[The boys loved the girl,]

can have but one construction, and therefore but one meaning, *i. e.*, the girl loved the boys. If we extend the sentence by qualifying either the subject or the object, or both, the operation of this rule of construction will be more striking. Let the qualification be goodness. The Latin for *good* is *bonus*; but in this form the word qualifies only a subject of the singular number and masculine gender: singular feminine, and neuter subjects are qualified as good by the forms *bona* and *bonum*. A singular feminine object is qualified as good by *bonam*: a plural masculine subject by *boni*, a plural masculine object by *bonos*. If therefore, we wish to say that the boys were good, the sentence becomes

Boni pueri amabant puellam.
The good boys loved the girl.

By merely changing the position of the adjective in the English sentence, we say, not that the boys were good, but the girl:

The boys loved the good girl.

But a corresponding arrangement of the Latin words

Pueri amabant boni puellam

means still that the boys were good, and the girl was loved; because *boni*, from its form, can qualify only a singular masculine subject—here *pueri*. If we wish to say that the girl was good, we must use the form of *bonus* which belongs to a singular feminine object; and write *bonam puellam*. Then, wherever we put *bonam*, it will qualify only *puellam*. Thus, in the sentence,

Bonam puellam amabant pueri,

the order of the words represented in English, is

The good girl loved the boys;

but the meaning is, the boys loved the good girl. It is not even necessary, in Latin, that the adjective and the noun which it qualifies should be kept together. Thus, in the sentence,

Puella bonos amabat pueros;

the order of the words represented in English, is

The girl good loved the boys;

and in this arrangement,

Pueros amabat bonos puella,

the order is,

The boys loved the good girl;

but the meaning in both is the same, and is quite unlike that conveyed by the English arrangement,—The girl loved the good boys. The reason of this fixed relation is simply that *bonos*, whatever its place in this sentence, qualifies *pueros* only, as appears by the number, gender, and case of each, which are shown by their respective and agreeing forms; that *pueros* must be an object of action, which is shown by its form; and that *puella* and *amabat* are subject and predicate, pertaining to each other, which is also shown by their forms. *Bonos* cannot belong to *puella*, because the former is masculine plural, and belongs to an

object; and *puella* is feminine singular and a subject; *pueros* cannot be the subject of *amabat*, because the former is plural in its inflection, and the latter singular. In Juvenal's noble saying, *Maxima debetur puero reverentia*, The greatest reverence is due to a boy; the order of the words is this—greatest is owed to a boy reverence; and there is nothing in this order to preclude the application of the word meaning greatest to the word meaning boy, which would give us, Reverence is due to the biggest boy. But here the Latin word for boy has the dative inflection, which shows that the boy is the recipient of something, and is the object of the verb *debetur*; it is also masculine; and as *maxima* agrees in case and in gender with *reverentia*, the feminine subject of the verb, it must qualify that word. If we should find the following collocation of words—"Thy now doings of my of mistress with weeping swollen redden pretty eyes," we should pronounce it nonsense. It is not even a sentence. And yet it is a correct translation of the beautiful lines, in the order of their words, with which Catullus closes his charming ode, "*Funus Passeris*."

Tua nunc opera meæ pullæ
Flendo turgiduli rubent ocelli,"

And the words reduced to their logical or English order, are, Now the pretty swollen eyes of my mistress redden with weeping thy doings. The Latin arrangement is as if we were presented with the figures 819457263, and were expected to read them, not eight hundred and nineteen million four hundred fifty-seven thousand two hundred and sixty-three, but one hundred twenty-three million four hundred fifty-six thousand seven hundred and eighty-nine, the order 123456789 being indicated by some peculiar and correspondent form of the characters.

Enough has been said in illustration of the difference between the construction of the Latin and that of the English sentence. The former depends upon the inflectional forms of the words; and its sense is not affected, or is affected only in a secondary degree, by their relative positions. In the latter, the meaning of the sentence is determined by the relative positions of the words, the order of which is determined by the connection and interdependence of the thoughts of which they are the signs. Syntax, guided by etymology, controls the Latin; reason, the English. In brief, the former is grammatical; the latter, logical. English admits very rarely, and only a very slight degree, that severance of words representing connected thoughts, which is not only admissible, but which is generally found in the Latin sentence; of which structural form the foregoing examples are of the simplest sort, and the most easily resolvable into logical order. Milton is justly regarded as the English author whose style is most affected by Latin models; and the opening passage of his great poem is often cited as a strongly-marked example of involved construction. But let us examine it briefly.

Of man's first obedience [and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat],
Sing, heavenly muse [that on the secret top
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire
That shepherd who first taught the chosen seed
In the beginning how the heavens and earth
Rose out of chaos].

This, certainly, is not the colloquial style, or even the dramatic. How many young people, when called upon to "parse" it, have sat before it in dumb be-

wilderness! And yet its apparent intricacy is but the result of a single, and not violent inversion. In all other respects the words succeed each other merely as the thoughts which they represent arise. The natural order of the passage is, Sing, heavenly muse, of man's first disobedience; and that simple invocation is the essential part of the sentence. What follows "muse," between brackets, is a mere description, modification, or limitation of muse; what follows "disobedience" is a description of the disobedience, which is the object of "sing"—that is the subject of the poem. The words between brackets are only a sort of prolonged parenthetical adjectives, qualifying "muse" and "disobedience." Let any intelligent person, bearing this in mind, read the passage, beginning at "sing," and turning from "chaos" back to the first line, and all the seeming involution will disappear; and in the after reading of it in its written order, he will be impressed only by the grandeur and the mighty sweep and sustained power of the invocation. The two qualifying, or adjectival passages, although composed of several elements, each of which is evolved from its predecessor, which it qualifies, being itself a sort of adjective, are written in a style so plain and so direct that no reader of average intelligence can fail to comprehend them as fully and as easily as he can comprehend any passage in a novel or newspaper of the day. Would, indeed, that novels and newspapers were written with any approach to this simplicity and this directness! I do not say this meaning! Milton's invocation is not the only example of its kind in the opening of a great English poem. Chaucer, writing nearly three hundred years before the blind Puritan, and in an entirely different spirit, thus introduces his "Troilus and Creseide," a poem as full of imagination and of a knowledge of man's inmost heart as any one, not dramatic in form, that has since been bestowed upon the world.

The double sorrow of Troilus to tellen,
That was King Priamus sonne of Troy,
In loving, how his adventures fellen
From woe to wele, and after out of joy,
My purpose is, er that I part froy:
Thou, Tesiphone, thou helpe me for t'indi
These wofull verses, that wepen as I write.

This is clear enough to any reader who is not troubled by the fact that Chaucer "didn't know how to spell;" but it is really more involved in structure, more like a passage from a Latin poet than the opening of "Paradise Lost." The sentence, according to the natural order of thought, begins with the fifth line, "My purpose is," etc., and then turns back to the first line, which itself contains an inversion—"The sorrow to tellen" for "To tellen the sorrow." But the whole of the second line is really an adjective qualifying Troilus, and this is thrown in between the verb "to tellen" and the phrase "in loving," the latter of which is really an adjective qualifying the object of the action "sorrow." So that the logical order of the sentence is this: "My purpose is to tell the double sorrow in loving of Troilus, that was King Priam's son of Troy, how his adventures fell from woe to weal, and after out of joy." The construction of this passage, however, as Chaucer wrote it, is not English; and although in a formal opening of a long poem, it is not only admissible, but impressive, it would, if continued, become intolerable. Inversion has been used with fine effect in a single clause by Parsons in his noble lines upon a bust of Dante.

How stern of lineament, how grim,
The father was of Tuscan song!

Here the limiting adjectival phrase "of Tuscan song" is separated by the verb

from the noun which it qualifies, and the result is (we can hardly tell why) a deep and strong impression upon the reader's mind. Such effects, however, are not in harmony with the genius of the English language, and are admissible and attainable only at the hands of those who wield language with a rare and curious felicity.

The reason why inversions of the logical order of thought are perilous and rarely admissible in English, has a direct relation to the subject under discussion. For example, in neither of these passages from Chaucer and from Parsons, is the construction safely founded upon etymological forms, as would have been the case if they had been written by a Greek or a Latin poet. We have to divine the connection of the words and clauses—to guess at it from our general knowledge of the poet's meaning—from the drift of his sentence; and thus, instead of being placed at once in communication with him, and receiving his thought directly and without a doubt, and being free to assent or dissent, to like or to dislike, we must give ourselves, for a longer or a shorter time—in some cases but an almost inappreciable moment—to unravelling his construction; doing, in a measure, what we are obliged to do in reading a Greek or a Latin author. In the example quoted from Parsons, the inversion, although violent, disturbs so little of the sentence, and produces so pleasant a surprise, and one which is renewed at each re-reading, that we not only pardon but admire. Success is here, as ever, full justification. But Chaucer loses more in clearness and ease than he gains in impressiveness and dignity; and Milton's exhibition of power to mount and soar at the first essay does not quite recompense all of us for the sudden strain he gives our eyes in following him. But the completest victory over the difficulty of inversion in the construction of the English sentence will not make it endurable, except as a rare and curious exhibition of our mother tongue disguised in foreign garb and aping foreign manners. A single stanza composed of lines like that on Dante would weary and offend even the most cultivated and mentally well-disciplined English reader. Those who are untrained in intellectual gymnastics would abandon it upon the first attempt, as beyond their powers.

The most striking example of the destruction of meaning by the inverted statement of thought that I have met with in the writings of authors of repute, is the following line, which closes the beautiful sonnet in Sidney's "Astrophel and Stella," beginning "With how sad face, O Moon, thou climbst the night!"

Do they call virtue there forgetfulness?

The meaning of this seems clear; and it is so according to the order of the words; which ask if, in a certain place, virtue is called forgetfulness. But this is exactly the reverse of Sidney's meaning; as may be unravelled from the context.

Is constant love deem'd there but want of wit?
Are beauties there as proud as here they be?
Do they above love to be loved, and yet
Those lovers scorn whom that love doth possess?
Do they call virtue there forgetfulness?

That is, we discover, do they call forgetfulness virtue? But reason ourselves into this apprehension of the sentence as absolutely as we can, familiarize ourselves with it as much as we may, it will at every new reading strike us as it did at first, that the poet's question is asked about virtue? So absolute in English is the law of logical order.

The following passages, which I have recently seen given as examples of

confusion resulting from a lack of proper punctuation, illustrate the present subject:

I continued on using it, and by the time I had taken five bottles I found myself completely cured, after having been brought so near to the gates of death by your infallible medicine.

The extensive view presented from the fourth story of the Hudson River!

His remains were committed to that bourne whence no traveller returns attended by his friends!

The fault here is not in the punctuation, but in the order of the words, which, however, although nonsensical in English, might make very good sense in Greek or Latin. The sentences are all examples of the hopeless confusion which may be produced by an inversion which violates logical order; and if they were peppered with points, the fault would not thus be remedied. I shall leave it to my readers to put the words into their proper order; merely remarking upon the last example, that the form of the sentence is quite worthy of a man who could speak of *committing* a body to a *bourne*, and that *bourne* the one whence no traveller returns!

The difference between the construction of the Latin and Greek languages and that of the English language is not accidental, or the product of a merely unconscious exercise of power. It is the result of a direct exertion of the human will to make the instrument of its expression more and more simple and convenient. The change which has produced this difference began a very long while ago, and for many centuries has been making more or less progress among all the Indo-European languages. Latin is a less grammatical language than its elder sister, the Greek; the modern Latin or Romance tongues, Italian, Spanish, French, are less grammatical than the Latin; the Teutonic tongues are less grammatical than the Romance; and of the Teutonic tongues English is least grammatical—so little dependent, indeed, upon the forms of grammar for the structure of its sentence, that it cannot rightly be said to have any grammar. And here I will remark that it is in this wide difference between the etymology and the syntax of the modern languages—French, Italian, Spanish, German, and English, and those of the Greek and Latin—that the incomparable superiority of the latter as the means of education consists. The languages of modern Europe, widely dissimilar although they seem to the superficial reader, differ chiefly in their vocabularies; and even here much of their unlikeness is due to the difference of pronunciation, an incidental variation which obtains to a considerable degree in the same language within the period of one hundred years. In structure the modern languages are too much alike to make the study of any one of them by a person to whom the other is vernacular at all valuable as a means of mental discipline. They are acquired with great facility by people of no education and very inferior mental powers; couriers and *valets-de-place*, who speak and write three or four of them fluently and correctly, being numerous in all the capitals of the Continent. Education is not the getting of knowledge; and it is not for what we obtain of it at school and college that we pass our early years in study. The mere knowledge that we then painfully acquire, we could, in our maturer years, obtain in a tenth part of the time that we give to our education. Still less is it necessary for European students in modern days to seek knowledge from Greek and Latin authors. All existing knowledge is easily attainable in a modern tongue. And, finally, to the demand why, if boys must study language as a means of education, can they not study French or German, languages which are now spoken, and which will be of some practical (*i. e.*, money-making) use to them?—the answer is, that the value of the classical tongues as educators is in the very fact that they are dead, and that their

structure is so remote from ours, that to dismember their sentences and reconstruct them according to our own fashion of speaking, is such an exercise of perception, judgment, and memory, such a training in thought and the use of language as can be found in no other study or intellectual exertion to which immature and untrained persons of ordinary powers are competent. To us of English race and speech this discipline is more severe, and, therefore, more valuable, than to any people of the Continent, because of the greater distance, in this respect, between our own language than between any one of theirs and the Greek and Latin, and the wider difference between the English and the Greek or the Latin cast of thought. Because, to repeat what has already been insisted upon, the Greek and the Latin languages are constructed upon syntactical principles, which, in their turn, rest upon etymological or formal inflection, and English, being almost without formal inflection, and nearly independent of syntax—without distinction of mood in verbs, and with almost none of tense and person—with only one case of nouns, and with neither number nor case in adjectives—with no gender at all, of nouns, of adjectives, or of participles—without laws of agreement or of government, the very verb in English being in most cases independent of its nominative as to form, rests solely upon the relations of thought. In brief, because the Greek and Latin languages have grammar—formal grammar—and the English language, to all intents and purposes, has none.

How and why this is, will be more fully and particularly considered in my next article.

RICHARD GRANT WHITE.

SWALLOWS.

CHIMNEY swallows ! homeward hie,

You shall have my lady's eye,
To look and love you, now and then,
When she lays down her book or pen,
Shut wholly from the sound of men.
In her chamber if you build,
With her smile you shall be filled ;
Nevermore will you desire
To wander from her happy fire,
But fluttering in your new-found nest,
Say to each other—" Here we rest."

O, had I but your pinions, too !
Full well I know what I would do.
I know where I should dwell to-night,
Where lamp and fire and eyes are bright,
And where the music never fails
Even if the instrument be still.
There is a music that prevails
Beyond the master's highest skill ;
Such harmony as flows from love—
Not passionate—but full of peace ;
Past understanding, and above
Music—most felt when that doth cease.

T. W. PARSONS.

THE GALAXY MISCELLANY.

THE LAST OF THE "MAMMIES."

I AM about to attempt an outline, worthy reader, of one of the queerest characters it has ever been my fortune to encounter.

She—for the individual in question belongs to the angelic sex—is about four and a half feet in height, with a copper-colored complexion like that of the American Indians; a full suit of coal-black hair, kinky and matted, a pair of keen black eyes, and an extensive mouth in which the teeth resemble rather a line of skirmishers than a regular order of battle. This lady wears an old brown dress, and around her head is knotted a many-colored handkerchief. She is bent nearly double by age—for she is approaching seventy—but you can easily see that she is still strong and active. Her motions are rapid, eccentric, zig-zag. Her expression of countenance, and carriage of person are full of good humor, combativeness, warm feeling, arrogance. Altogether, a stranger bundle of contrasts, mental and physical, was never seen than may be found in this remarkable "Mammy" of my friend Bob Blank, Esquire.

I wish I had time and space to dwell upon the Mammy, philosophically, historically, and ethnologically. I would like to expatiate upon the class of which this old African is a type. They have played a great part in the social system of one-half of these United States. Nothing like them exists in books, or in experience elsewhere. They have owned their young masters and mistresses much more than anybody has ever owned them. They have taken possession of those personages when their charges resembled, as Mr. Thackeray says, small pink frogs swimming on the nurse's lap. They have washed and dressed them at that interesting state of existence, and ever after have been impressed with the ineradicable idea that the young "white people" are their property. Above all, do they regard the young squire as their born serf. They have bullied, scolded, denounced, petted, spoiled that young man, until he stands in deep awe of them, and loves them as deeply. When he was profligate they have overwhelmed him with unanswerable denunciation. When he was sick or suffering they have watched over him with the most devoted tenderness. They have loved him, indeed, frequently, much more than they have loved their own children. They will vituperate him themselves—but woe to you if you attempt it. They will scold him with intense eloquence—pour out upon him the bitterest reproaches—but if you are judicious, you will not agree with them; for then the object of their wrath will, in some unaccountable manner, become yourself!

The queer old Mammy I write of is a true type of her class. She is more—a most eccentric and unaccountable personage. It may be said of her that she is ever fresh and full of variety. Custom cannot stale her, or use make her society insipid. She is odd, if you choose; but that old gypsy-like dwarf has an amount of sound judgment, of keen penetration, and "good sense," which I have failed to detect in many grave and reverend seigniors. In head and heart she is admirable. I never knew any one with feelings more tender and kindly. I have never seen anybody, white or black, more true, faithful, and trustworthy. Are you in trouble? She likes you the better for it. Are you in need? She will offer you every penny of her savings. Are you *down*? Then she is your truest

and most active friend. You see, worthy reader, that I am not drawing for you a commonplace character. Unfortunately, the above traits are not uniformly characteristic of our species. I have known, in my life, a number of fine ladies, in silks and laces. I have found few as worthy of respect as this old African, in her dingy dress, with the colored handkerchief around her head.

But I grow didactic. This is not a panegyric on the Mammy of my acquaintance—it is a charcoal sketch of her.

Here she is, bounding, Coriolanus-Kemble-like, upon the scene—bent back, sparkling eyes, colored handkerchief and all. My young friend Bob, a gentleman with a moustache and imperial, has conducted himself in a manner of which she does not approve. He is standing before the fire and reflecting, when his foe darts in. She strikes an attitude and scowls upon him. He shrinks before her wrath.

"Bob!" exclaims, in shrill, falsetto tones, the enraged old woman. And then the young gentleman is overwhelmed by a flood of oburgation. He replies, or endeavors to reply, to her charges. She interrupts him instantly, and requests not to be told anything about that.

"That boy," she adds, shrilly, "ought to have one hundred lashes! One hundred wouldn't excuse him!"

"Well, what have I done?" urges the youth, in tones of deprecation.

"That boy!" is the reply. "I never see such a one! He's enough break the heart of an old crow, let alone a turkey buzzard!"

Bob giggles—he is overcome. To change the subject and effect a diversion, he holds up his cuff and requests the mammy to sew a button on his wristband. The ruse succeeds. The old lady rummages in her ample pocket for the means of sewing. First she takes out a large key, which might have served for Noah's ark; then two more keys of more moderate dimensions; then five more keys, all of which are wanted hourly, and never found by anybody, as the Mammy invariably and indignantly denies that she has seen them or knows their lurking-place. She then proceeds in her search for her housewife, and draws out a bundle of twine, then an onion, next an egg, next two corks, and then the desired article. While engaged in this occupation she ejaculates, at intervals,

"Bob!—that boy! You vex my heart and torment my mind, Bob!—the Lord deliver Jonas!—Turn the bread, Jake!—Mend yo' shut!—that's a pretty joke to go to bed with—to come after *me*!"

Suddenly the favorite pointer of Bob, who has been lying under the table, indolently stretches himself and utters a satisfied yawn. The sound attracts the Mammy's attention. Her eyes dart flames. The dog is the old lady's pet enemy, and she advances to the conflict with ardor. Seizing a hearth-broom, with one bound she rushes on the inoffensive pointer. He recoils. She pursues him, makes violent blows at him, which he evades, and finally drives him in disorderly retreat from the apartment.

"Who can live in such noise?" she exclaims, in wrath. "I never see sech a dog—always comin' into the dine'-room—sence the Lord made the heaven and the uth?"

She then proceeds to sew the button on Bob's shirt-cuff. He undergoes a ferocious scolding during the performance. But he knows that it is all a comedy—that her happiest moments are spent in mending for him. To make the Mammy supremely blissful, in fact, you have only to let her sit up until two o'clock in the morning, mending Bob's torn garments and dozing at intervals, head thrown back, in her chair.

I have never known an odder collection of pet sayings than that habitually exhibited by the Mammy in airing her vocabulary. Two or three of these have been repeated, others are still more original and amusing. When a glass of spirits is offered her—for the old lady likes “jest a drop,” and though never exceeding, resembles Mrs. Sairy Gamp in desiring the bottle to be placed on the mantelpiece in reach, that she may “put her lips to it when she is so disposed”—when Bob offers her a glass of wine, spirits, ale, or other stimulant, the old African receives it with dignity, holds it aloft with the air of a gentleman offering a toast at a public banquet, and says,

“When you call the general roll I’ll be thar!”

Having uttered this cabalistic announcement, without the slightest relaxation of dignity—in fact with deep solemnity and an air of great feeling—she raises the glass to her lips, slowly drains its contents, and with a peculiar “cluck” of the tongue, gazes sadly into the exhausted tumbler.

“Is it good, mammy?”

She shakes her head slowly, and replies,

“Fust-rate, hard to beat, and wusser to keep!”

“Was there enough?”

“Too much for one, not enough for two, and nothing for the third!”

The youth begins to laugh, and gazing at the old lady, says,

“You look like that old crow you were talking of, Mammy.”

The Mammy utters a shrill laugh, and wriggles about as though in an ecstasy of mirth.

“Take dat now for yo’ lazy pains! Another hog dead!”

And repeating her shrill elfish laugh, which displays her scattered teeth, she stamps vigorously with her right foot, causes her gypsy-like head to descend and then rise with the movement of the foot, after which she begins to sing,

Mary, don’t you hear me?

Glory, hallelu-yah.

Mary, don’t you hear me?

Glory, hallelu-yah!

Mary, don’t you hear me?

Glory, hallelu-yah!

Shove that hog leg under the bed,

For the white folks ar’ a coming!

From this devotional lyric, she suddenly passes to others, among which her favorite is a mysterious ditty, commencing

How mournfully the roosters crow.

Hear the neighbors say,

Come and see the show,

This is our wedding day!

Having chaunted this inexplicable poem with the air of a diminutive Meg Merrilies, the old African wheels suddenly with the rapidity and precision of a soldier executing an “about face,” and vanishes from the apartment without another word, with an agility which would excite your astonishment. She is going to call up her ducks and chickens, which she fattens by the use of Bob’s entire private store of clean oats or shelled corn in the entry, kept there for his riding horse—or to make an attack on her inveterate enemy the pointer—or to listen, with distended eyes and out-stretched head, to some story of ghostly appearance in the neighborhood.

For she is profoundly superstitious. She believes in spectral appearances as firmly as you, friend, believe in the existence of the Atlantic cable. The other day an old colored man, while returning home under the effect of drink,

fell and froze to death. It was known that he had hoarded money, which he had placed in a crock and buried. It was further known that he had stated the fact to a relative named Nat, with the further announcement that Nat should be his heir, even if he had to come back from the grave and tell Nat where the crock was hidden. That was quite enough for Mammy. She related the particulars of the old man's death, and then shaking her head, said "she wouldn't be in Nat's place not for all the money." When asked why, she stated that he would certainly see the ghost—that "dead men came back—no! she wouldn't be Nat, not for nothing!" Her belief in ghostly appearances is ineradicable. Esther's father had appeared to her only a week before like a ball of fire; and told her to look in his old Bible and she would find some money. She looked and found twenty dollars—she will show it to you!

I don't know what the Mammy's religious convictions amount to, but she calmly announces that she is "going down below:" out of this impression I have found it impossible to argue her. She makes no secret of it, but does not obtrude it. She announces the fact as a fact, and leaves you to form your own opinion. Whether she has ever made any effort to produce a different result, I do not know. But she is learned on the subject of "getting religion." When her fellow servants look solemn, refuse to smile, and seem to have a hidden load upon their consciences, the old lady comes to you confidentially, sinks her voice to a whisper, and announces the fact that they are "seeking." She adds that they have "been down the hill every night, but ain't through yit. She reckons Jim is gone back—she saw him smile yistiddy!"

But the queer characteristics of this queer old African would furnish material for a small volume. She is *sui generis*, like nobody else in all the world, and the strangest conglomeration of startling credulity and excellent judgment that can possibly be imagined. With all this barbarous superstition, and childish belief in ghosts, warnings, and spectral appearances, she is a person of the soundest head, and possesses an intellectual penetration which I have rarely seen surpassed. She has good sense in the fullest acceptance of the term. She has more than this, as I have said—an excellent heart.

That odd, eccentric, crazy-looking little figure, in the brown dress, and colored turban, with the bizarre movements, tones, cant phrases, snatches of song—this quaintest of human beings, who appears to have floated down on a broomstick from the moon—is one of the kindest, most faithful, and most intelligent human beings, white or black, that I have ever known. She is very old now, as I have said, and in the ordinary course of nature cannot figure much longer "beneath the glimpses of the moon." I have desired to catch her likeness, and paint it here—if some reader has been interested by the sketch it was worth my while.

JOHN ESTEN COOKE.

SOR PATROCINIO.

ON the 5th of January, 1603, there was founded in the vicinity of Madrid the convent called Caballero de Gracias, in presence of the Archbishop of Toledo, and of the famous nun Sor Maria de San Pablo, who pretended to have had an interview with the Virgin Mary, and who, in consequence, was believed to possess the power of performing miraculous cures. This convent,

during the next two hundred and fifty years, was destined to be the scene of many strange events, and, in our days, to witness the so-called miracle of the wounds of the nun Patrocinio, who has played such a conspicuous part in the contemporary history of Spain.

Sor Maria de San Pablo was the first of the nuns of that famous convent who claimed to possess supernatural powers ; she pretended to be able to hear the heavenly notes of a lute played by an angel. The ladies of the Spanish court flocked to her, feasted their eyes on her musical trances and convulsions, and extolled her rare virtues. The fame of this singular nun soon became so great that King Philip III. and his consort, Margaret of Austria, paid numerous visits to her, purchased the adjacent grounds, and presented them to the convent. The example set by the royal couple induced several wealthy courtiers to erect gorgeous altars in the convent, and to enrich it by princely donations.

Cervantes alluded to the visits which the courtiers paid to this convent, often for by no means pious purposes, in his "Bouquet of Pinks," in which he says that in its garden bloom the five most beautiful pinks, meaning five nuns famed for their loveliness. The King's favorite, Don Rodriguez Calderon, even went so far as to confess to Sor Maria de Pablo that he loved her ; she reproved him gently, but did not entirely discourage his attachment, by which she shrewdly profited to prevail on him to found another nunnery.

Inasmuch as Philip III. continued visiting the convent very frequently, the nun who performed such strange miracles was not long in obtaining considerable influence at court. The courtiers deemed themselves happy when she vouchsafed a glance to them ; and not only was many a councillor of state indebted to her for his place, but she it was also who procured for the Archbishop Primate of India his highly influential position. In course of time, however, strange stories were circulated about the life which Sor Maria was said to be secretly leading ; these scandalous rumors before long became so exceedingly unpleasant to the court that she was suddenly exiled to Alcala de Henares ; and as she even here continued her intrigues with certain designing courtiers, she was sent to Rome under the pretext that she should establish there several Spanish nunneries. She died in the Eternal City, and several years afterward her remains were sent back to Spain, because the Convent Caballero de Gracias desired to possess her ashes.

Some time after the death of this remarkable nun, a soldier of the Spanish Life Guards fell in love with a young girl, named Maria della Alumdena, who was about to take the veil in the convent of which we are speaking. He told her that he loved her madly, but she rejected him. One day, when she was returning from a neighboring convent which she had visited, he lay in wait for her close to the wall of the convent garden, ran his sword through the body of the poor girl, cut off her head, and put it into a bag, which he carried to the door of the convent. He left it there, saying it was a present from the young girl who was about to take the veil. The nuns asserted that, when they took the head from the bag, the eyes opened, and the mouth uttered the words, "Ah, mother !"

The soldier was hung without shrift on the plaza in front of the convent, and the young girl was buried in the vault of the chapel. The nuns related that the spirit of the poor victim appeared from time to time in the convent, on a throne of clouds, surrounded by an aureola. The chronicles are full of stories of similar miracles giving an exceptional position to the convent, whose inmate the nun Patrocinio was to be one day ; but, at the same time, different stories, by no

means creditable to it, were in circulation about the life led by many of the nuns.

One evening a German Jesuit, named Nithart, a favorite of Anna of Austria, the Regent, and who had made himself very unpopular by several steps which he was believed to have taken, preached in this convent at the solemnities amid which a novice took the veil, when a number of men entered the chapel and hooted the preacher. Some of the cavaliers who were present drew their swords to defend the Jesuit, and amid furious shouts and imprecations, there ensued a bloody struggle, during which many a lady of the royal court was grievously maltreated.

These and other scenes, however, did not lessen the favor with which the court looked upon the convent; and it was constantly directed by nuns, who, in their lifetime, performed miracles, and, after their death, were worshipped as saints. Philip III., Philip IV., Charles II., Philip V., Ferdinand VI., and even Charles III. paid numerous visits to this pious community. Their example was imitated by Ferdinand VII. upon his return from Valençay.

Such is the history of the Convent Caballero de Gracias, to which, about the year 1810, a little girl, Señorita Quiroga, was brought by her parents who, at the birth of their daughter, had made a vow that she should enter the religious community by whose members so many miracles and wonderful cures had been performed. Little is known about the parents of Señorita Quiroga, save that they were moderately wealthy, but lived in rather humble circumstances. When Señorita had reached the proper age, she took the veil, and was thenceforth called Sor Patrocinio.

Before occupying ourselves further with this nun, who afterward became so celebrated, let us mention that, in the year 1835, the Convent Caballero de Gracias was demolished, the graves were opened, the corpses torn from their coffins, and the nuns sent to another convent, which gave rise to violent quarrels between the two religious communities which had been united in this manner.

In November, 1835, the Spanish Minister of Justice sent to a judge of one of the lower tribunals a royal order to institute proceedings against Sor Patrocinio, for a fraud which she had practised by pretending to perform miracles. She was also charged in the royal order with fanatical hostility to the State, and "practising the aforesaid fraud for the promotion of the cause of the rebel prince, who is the originator and chief supporter of the civil war, from which Spain has to suffer so much." The judge, who immediately commenced the prosecution demanded by the government, reported soon after, as result of the preliminary examination, "that of all the miracles which the prioress and her accomplices had asserted to be performed by the nun Patrocinio, the most singular had been that the devil had taken her one night from her cell, conducted her to the road leading to Aranjuez, and told her that Maria Christina was a bad woman in every respect, and that her daughter must not rule over Spain; that the devil had shown her the same thing on the road leading to Guadarrama; that, after this strange peregrination, he had taken her back to the convent, but left her on the roof, whence the young nuns had to help her to return to her cell. The miracle which the nun Patrocinio claimed to have performed, therefore, might be reduced to the following three points: First, that she had left her cell and ascended to the roof of the convent; secondly, that she had safely returned to her cell; thirdly, that she asserted in the name of God that Isabella would never rule over Spain."

The under-prioress, on her part, testified that, when still a novice, the nun

Patrocinio one day said that a wound had opened in her left side while she had been at prayer, and that the pain which this wound had given her had been so intense as to cause her to burst into loud screams while saying the *Ave*. Several witnesses had been much startled by these screams, but she had not shown the wound which had drawn them from her until several days afterward; and that several months later, during another prayer, four additional wounds had appeared in her side.

The authorities commissioned two distinguished physicians, Doctors Argu-mosa and Seona, to examine these singular wounds. They found that they had been caused by artificial means, and that, as soon as these artificial means were removed, the wounds would heal very speedily. On the following morning, when the physicians examined the nun again, they found that the remedies which they had prescribed had produced no effect whatever, and that the wounds were in the same condition as before. They resolved to nurse the nun Patrocinio themselves, and to dress her wounds personally, instead of leaving this to the care of the other sisters. In effect, a marked improvement was visible already on the following morning; and they continued their treatment with the utmost care, sealing the bandages lest the nun should secretly open and remove them.

A short time afterward Sor Patrocinio declared, in the presence of the under-secretary of justice, the civil and military governor, the lieutenant-governor, the grand almoner, the syndic of the ayuntamiento, and the physicians, "That it was true that the condition in which the two physicians had found her on the 9th of November, and that which they had brought about on the 17th of December by means of the treatment which they had prescribed for her, had been correctly described in their depositions; and that, since that time, she had no longer felt any pain in that part of her body where the wounds had broken out; and that she was very glad to state that she considered herself entirely healed and cured."

The result of the trial was the following sentence, which the lower tribunal passed upon her on the 25th of December, 1836:

"Whereas, it has been legally proved that Sor María Raphaele Patrocinio has been guilty of a malicious fraud in falsely claiming that several wounds had broken out in her side in consequence of a divine miracle;

"Whereas, the temptation and compulsion by which Sor Patrocinio says she has been led to pursue this deceptive course does not excuse the fraud which she practised; and whereas she should have informed the authorities of the pernicious influence which was brought to bear upon her;

"Whereas, furthermore, she has manifested sincere repentance, and helped the authorities to ascertain the true state of affairs;

"The court finds her guilty, and sentences her to be removed, with all the consideration due to her calling and position, to another nunnery, situated at least forty leagues from this capital; and we instruct the abbess and prioress of this nunnery to keep the strictest surveillance over her, lest she should repeat the offences which have given rise to this sentence."

The Supreme Court, to which an appeal was taken, changed the sentence as follows:

"We find the Sisters Raphaele, Maria Benito, and María Józefa (the accomplices of Sor Patrocinio) guilty, and sentence them to be removed to convents situated at least fifteen leagues from Madrid, where they may live as nuns, but shall never hold any position of trust and authority. For this purpose they

shall be placed under the orders of the Archbishop of Toledo, to whose zeal and patriotism we leave the care of adopting the necessary measures that these nuns may remain under the special surveillance of their prelates, and that they may be directed by virtuous and wise priests, who are devoted to the just national cause, and instruct them in the true principles of virtue and religion, and combat the errors in which they have hitherto lived; and, above all, cause them to abandon their purpose of meddling with secular and political affairs. Otherwise they shall be punished with by far greater severity, without regard to the weakness of their sex and to the pernicious influences brought to bear upon them."

Such was the result of the prosecution instituted against Sor Patrocinio by the tribunals of Madrid, in November, 1835. On the night of the 7th of December, in the same year, Sor Patrocinio tried to make her escape, but the attempt failed, owing to the precautions adopted by the courts, and she was taken to Talavera de la Reyna, where she was intrusted to the hands of the abbess of the nunnery of the Mother of God, under her former name, Quiroga.

After her removal from Madrid, Sor Patrocinio devoted herself entirely to the cause of Don Carlos, and continued her fraudulent practices. Foolish and fanatical, like so many members of the Bourbon family, Don Carlos attached more importance to the letters which the nun wrote to him, and to the advice which she gave to him, than to the strategic plans of his commander-in-chief, Zumalacarrgui.

But when the Carlist movement succumbed at Vergara, Sor Patrocinio passed over to the camp of the theocratic party at the court of Isabella.

No sooner was the war over than a political reaction commenced, and Sor Patrocinio, despite the sentence of the tribunals, returned to Madrid. The great question of the day at that time was the marriage of Queen Isabella. Don Francisco, the same who accompanied the Queen a few months ago, with Marfori, from St. Sebastian to Pau, was among the suitors of the royal daughter of Maria Christina. He lived at that time in Pampeluna, where he was entirely under the influence of the bishop of that diocese, who used him as a tool, and, previous to his departure for Madrid, urgently recommended to him the nun, who still continued performing miracles. Sor Patrocinio was not long in acquiring unlimited influence over the weak-minded young man, who became a firm believer in her miracles.

At times, toward nightfall, there was seen a shadow on the walls of the apartments of his palace. This shadow had the form of a woman, and resembled Don Francisco's mother, who returned from the other world for the purpose of informing the young king consort that Isabella was a usurper, and that he, her son, was doomed to the flames of hell if he did not devise means of restoring the crown to the family of Don Carlos. At other times it was Sor Patrocinio herself who made trips to purgatory and brought to the young king word from his late lamented mother, and informed him of the course which she desired him to pursue.

Don Francisco finally took a desperate resolution. Narvaez was then prime minister, and the King induced the Queen to dismiss him and to form an almost ridiculous cabinet, consisting exclusively of ultra absolutists. The people gave it the nickname of the "Lightning Cabinet," and it was overthrown within twenty-four hours after its formation, amid the sneers and laughter of the whole capital. Narvaez recovered his place, the King and the nun were exiled; but shortly afterward they returned, and obtained more influence than ever before.

Hitherto Sor Patrocinio had taken pains only to influence the King Consort ; but henceforth she tried to extend her influence to the Queen also. Up to this time, her miraculous intrigues had been simply absurd ; but now the means to which she resorted began to exceed the limit of probability.

We can easily understand how she succeeded in causing the statue of Christ in St. Francis's church to be covered with bloody sweat, as a mark of his disapprobation of the policy pursued by Spain. Such things had often been done before. But we have more difficulty in understanding how the Queen carried her faith in the supernatural powers of Sor Patrocinio so far as to allow the designing nun to persuade her to wear only such shirts as Sor Patrocinio had already had on her body for at least twenty-four hours. It is almost impossible to give any plausible reasons for such an absurdity, and, hence, the Spaniards constantly invented new stories to explain it. Thus it was said that Don Francisco had obtained, by some surreptitious means, a large collection of letters written by and to the Queen, and which enabled him to prevail upon his consort to follow the advice of Sor Patrocinio in every respect.

Sor Patrocinio belonged to a religious community, and yet she had never resided permanently in a cloister since Don Francisco had married Isabella of Spain. She came and went, like a secular lady, from Spain to Rome and from Rome to Spain ; she travelled from convent to convent, from city to city. She braved the sentence passed upon her by the tribunals, and no judges were bold enough to enforce it against her. In Madrid she always rode through the streets in a royal equipage, drawn by four mules ; two other carriages followed it ; and an escort of honor accompanied her. When she resided at the nunnery of St. Pascal, half a dozen carts, bearing the royal coat-of-arms, could be seen every Monday unloading at that cloister the most expensive delicacies of Spain and foreign countries. It was the weekly contribution which the royal court sent to Sor Patrocinio's kitchen.

The nunnery of St. Pascal is situated at Aranjuez, and was built by Charles III. It is large, but of no importance as a monument of art. Originally destined for the use of monks, it consists of a large number of cells, which, according to the regulations of the community, were to contain only a plain deal table, a wooden bench, a bag filled with straw, two brown linen blankets, a small wooden stool, a crucifix of pine wood, a wooden dish, an earthen jar, and a plate. But to-day these cells have been transformed into elegant boudoirs. This nunnery, which Sor Patrocinio took under her special protection, became a model for all those which, with the expenditure of millions, she founded in Madrid—Ildefonso, Pardo, San Lorenzo, and Loroya.

Among the most significant regulations which she introduced here was that the novices must not be older than sixteen years, and it was observable that she did not admit any but very good-looking young girls.

The costume of these nuns consists of a white tunic, surmounted by a cape, and fastened round the waist by means of the so-called seraphic string, to which a rosary is attached. Another rosary adorns the breast, and contains a medal made of gilt brass. The cloak is blue, and adorned with another medal, which is worn, on white silken ground, on the shoulder. The head-dress is very large, and a long veil is attached to it. The nuns go barefooted, and have only hempen sandals. This is also the costume of Sor Patrocinio. Her figure is not very striking, but her features are not uninteresting. She has a large, but shapely mouth, a powerful nose, and deep-seated, but highly intellectual eyes. She re-

semls an apparition from past ages, and energy and fanaticism are stamped on her face.

One day Isabella and Don Francisco sent for a photographer, who had to take a picture of the following group: the Queen, the King, and the Queen's children, all lying on their knees, while behind them stands Sor Patrocinio, extending her arms over the royal family.

Sor Patrocinio has a brother, who, as may be expected, was highly prosperous as long as the nun was so powerful at the court of Spain; but fortunately for him he never aspired to any conspicuous positions, and thereby avoided incurring the hatred of the people.

A CHARLESTON VENDUE IN 1842.

IT was at Charleston, South Carolina, in May, 1842, that I witnessed for the first and only time the sale of men, women, and children at public vendue. I made a record of its details then, so that I am assured of the truthful accuracy of what I now write, but the impress was so indelible that had I not done so, my mind could reproduce it to-day as perfectly as five-and-twenty years ago. At that early time there were no attempts at concealment, nor was there either dislike or fear of Northern men. The sale was public as the daily sales of cotton, and the appearance of a stranger neither excited suspicion nor suggested caution. It was, undoubtedly, both in its conditions and results—what could hardly have been obtained five years afterward—a fair sample of the normal transfer of slave property in the far South.

I had been to the post-office for letters. Coming down into Meeting street, I observed that a large shanty had been erected during the night in a vacant adjacent lot, and that it was surrounded by a crowd. As I drew nearer, I perceived that a large body of negroes were assembled, both within and outside, scattered into little knots, in the middle of each of which was a man or woman, apparently haranguing the listeners with serious earnestness. There were some indeed sitting alone, others walking from side to side, and large numbers of children playing at various games, but the greater portion were grouped, according as family or other ties drew them together, engaged in serious conversation. Approaching a man in middle life, who wore the slouched hat and grey jacket of a plantation "driver," and apparently had control of the gang, I asked the meaning of the unusual crowd.

"Vandoo, massa," was his reply. "Dese people hab jus' come down de riber from Massa Papineau's plantation, and goin' to be sold to-day."

"Sold?" I rejoined. "Why so?"

"Massa dead! Died in April, and young massa goin' North to lib."

"How many do you number?"

"Ober seben hunder'! I don' jus' know how many, 'cos some jump de boat, but more dan seben hunder' somewher', I reckon."

"Are you to be sold, too?"

"Yes, massa, but I don' min' dat. I worth all I fetch. But dat poor gal yonder, massa's own Alice, raised like a lady. I most sorry for her."

Passing through the crowd in the direction the driver had pointed, I found seated alone, behind a board partition that screened her from notice, a girl of

some eighteen years, engaged in sewing. To say that she was beautiful would be faint praise. An octoroon, under whose transparent skin the veins radiated in lines of blue, and whose cheeks showed that tint which in contrast with dark liquid eyes makes the race the most beautiful on earth ; of slight figure, tapering hands and feet, and full-developed neck and shoulders, over which jet black tresses fell in luxuriance—she was indeed tropical in her loveliness. She rose from her seat as I stepped within the screen, and bade me good-morning. There was no shrinking. A slight blush seemed to heighten the color of her cheeks, but it instantly disappeared, or was forgotten in the graceful good-breeding of her manner.

In dress—the simple morning calico of that day—in air, bearing, and self-reliance, as well as in tones of voice and powers of conversation, she was a gentlewoman. Indeed she had been educated in schools at the North under the expectation of freedom and wealth, but the will of her father had been denied probate, and her half-brother, in fact, though not in name, held himself aloof from all recognition of relationship. She knew that she was to be sold, and had evidently made up her mind to her fate.

As I turned to leave, she asked me either to become her purchaser and send her to Massachusetts, where she would spend her life to repay me ; or, if I could not do that, to interest some person in Charleston to buy her for a house-servant or lady's maid. It was out of my power—would have damaged rather than benefitted her, and I told her so.

As I returned to the large inclosure the sale was just beginning. A platform had been erected, and upon it stood the auctioneer reading aloud the terms and conditions of the sale. Some fifty gentleman were present. The negroes were all within the inclosure. A dead silence reigned, even the children being quieted and looking on with eager interest.

"Call Tom, Betsey and the three children!" said the auctioneer to the driver, referring to a list of names lying before him.

"Tom ! Tom ! Tom and Betsey ! Up on de stan' !" shouted the driver to the crowd, and a healthy man and woman, both apparently turned of thirty, the latter carrying a baby at the breast, and pushing along before her a boy and girl of two and four years, crept out of the mass, and climbing upon the staging, stood before the purchasers.

"Here's a blacksmith, a fine healthy fellow, gentlemen, and his wife, a strong, hearty wench, and their three children ! What am I offered for the lot ? Two thousand dollars ! Twenty-one hundred ! Twenty-one and fifty ! Why, gentlemen, it isn't half their value ! Twenty-two hundred ! Twenty-two and fifty—and fifty—and fifty ! Come up and examine them ! Show your arm, Tom ! There's muscle for you, gentlemen ! Show your neck, Betsey ! There's a breast for you ; good for a round dozen before she's done child-bearing ! Well, gentlemen, shall I say twenty-five hundred ? Twenty-five hundred it is ! Thank you, sir. Who says twenty-six hundred ?

While the auctioneer was crying his wares, the purchasers meanwhile examining their arms and legs and asking them questions, I observed that it was the constant aim of Tom and Betsey to depreciate themselves, either as strong and healthy, or as valuable servants in any sense. Not only were the replies made to the inquiries of purchasers most unsatisfactory, but to each recommendation of the auctioneer there was a constant running negation on the part of the parties being sold. I do not know how better to illustrate what I mean than by the following dialogue :

Auctioneer. "Here's a fine fellow, gentlemen!"

Tom. "Ain't a fine feller, gemmen."

Auctioneer. "Hold your tongue, Tom. You *are* a fine fellow—a strong, handy nigger."

Tom. "Ain't a strong, handy nigger."

Purchaser. "What's the matter with you, Tom?"

Tom. "Got a stiff arm. Me break it when little cuffee. Can't do no more'n harf day's work."

The same running contradiction took place on Betsey's part.

Auctioneer. "Here's a nice wench, gentlemen."

Betsey. "Ain't a nice wench, gemmen."

Auctioneer. "Nonsense, Betsey. Yes, you are. There wasn't a smarter woman at Mr. Papineau's plantation."

Betsey. "Dat's a lie. More'n twenty nuff sight smarter than ole Betsey. Massa Pap'no, he know'd better. Ain't smart woman nohow."

Purchaser. "Why, what's the matter with you, mammy?"

Betsey. "Got swellin' in knee. Look dere," raising her dress above a pair sturdy pins to confirm her statement. "An' got roomatis' in back very bad rite here," letting her dress fall and grasping with her hands each side of the small of her back. "Ain't smart woman to work. De good Lord knows dat."

Supposing this systematic attempt to depreciate their value must arise from some exceptional reason on the part of Tom and Betsey, I rather enjoyed it, especially as they usually got the best of the argument and the sympathy of the purchasers; but when I discovered that each man and woman afterward put on the block did precisely the same thing, and that every statement of the auctioneer was met by a flat contradiction, just as broad as it was long, I confess that I was puzzled. Neither girl nor boy, man nor woman, husband nor wife, was willing to be sold at a high price as a first-rate field-hand, mechanic, or house-servant. Turning to a gentleman standing near me, who had made several purchases, I asked the reason. "Why," said I, "is there this persistent purpose on the part of old and young, each to undervalue his or her personal value? It is contrary to that inordinate vanity that is so large an element in the negro character, and seems to answer no purpose but a damage to the sale?"

"That is very true," was the reply, and nothing makes the negro wince sooner than a jibe of being valueless. 'Massa, he ask more'n fifteen hunder' dollars for dis nigger,' or 'you worse nor poor trash, and massa he glad to sell you for tree hunder' dollar,' and similar taunts and vaunts are heard constantly on every plantation. But in the case of an actual sale, another and stronger element than vanity comes into play, which is love of ease. If sold at a high price, the negro knows he must make himself worth that price to his master by hard labor; if, on the contrary, at a low price, he can afford to be idle, and his master will not complain."

While the gentleman was speaking, an old negro, nearly bent double, tremulous, decrepid, palsied, whose hair and beard were white, and who seemed scarcely able to move or even stand, was helped on the platform. A murmur of disapprobation ran through the crowd of buyers. "It's a shame to sell that old man!" "Take him off and let him go!" were heard from one and another, when the auctioneer replied,

"I know it, gentlemen, but what can I do? The old fellow belongs to the estate; his name is on the schedule before me, and reluctant as I am to sell a

man who has one foot in the grave, I have only my duty to do as a sworn officer of the State."

Then, in a subdued voice, he added, "Well, gentlemen, you see the old fellow. He's past his day. It's a mercy to make the rest of his life easy. Who'll bid? Anything, gentlemen, anything? Do I hear five dollars?"

There was a moment's hesitation, no one feeling disposed to assume the responsibility, when the gentleman I had addressed answered, "Yes, I'll give you five dollars."

"Five dollars once, five dollars twice, five dollars, going, going, gone! Peter goes to Mr. Hampton for five dollars."

Peter, leaning on his crutch, and looking the picture of miserable old age, had meanwhile been an attentive observer. A great many of the negroes had crowded near. There was not a person present who was not looking on. No sooner then had the hammer fallen, than, stretching himself to his full height, throwing away his crutch, his face alive with the broadest grin, and every sign of decrepitude gone, he said,

"Tank 'ou, Massa Hampton! Tank 'ou, Massa Vandue! Dis nigger not dead yet dis long time! Yah, yah, yah!"

And leaping unassisted from the platform, made his way among his applauding and delighted fellow-servants.

It is but justice to say, that, aside from the auction itself, which, of course, utterly disregarded the negro's right to himself, there was nothing inhuman in any of its details. Families were sold together. Half-grown children were permitted to choose whether they would or would not be sold alone. Attachments between young people were respected. The old were never separated from their grown-up children. The property each had brought was sacred. Purchasers often waived their preferences, at the request of hands they had bought, in order that friends and neighbors might still be together. No harsh word was once spoken. Each new master, as soon as the hammer fell, introduced himself to those he had purchased, shaking hands with the elders, patting the heads of the children, fondling the babies, and patiently answering the numerous questions eagerly asked. Among a family of nine persons brought on the platform, the oldest child, a girl of sixteen years, was observed to be weeping. "What is that wench crying for, Mr. Jacobs?" was the question instantly put by a dozen voices. The girl would not tell. One of her fellow-servants replied, that "she didn't want to leave Jim," Jim being the name of her lover. "No more she shan't, then. Sell her with Jim." She was at once withdrawn from her own family and sold with her lover.

The sale had now been on for nearly five hours. Gang after gang had left, some in wagons or boats, others on foot. The partings were distressing. As a rule the men bore them bravely, as if ashamed to quarrel with the inevitable. But with the women it was agony. There was no hope. The grave shuts out the dead no more completely than separation shuts out the slave.

There still remained the sale of Blanche, the octoroon. Many of the young bloods of both town and country had been drawn together by the advertisement, and by the knowledge of her history. Her apartment had been a general rendezvous during the day, and the city was full of rumors of her beauty. Hardly a slave was left, save the driver and his family, who had been sold on the condition he should not be removed till the close. The auctioneer stated briefly the facts already narrated of the girl's history, and then sent for her to come out. The building was thronged with men. As she ascended the platform, as-

sisted by Mr. Jacobs, and walked toward the centre, a murmur of surprise, mingled perhaps with pity, ran through the crowd. A chair was placed for her to sit by the side of the auctioneer, who at once commenced the sale. He gave no description. She needed none. As the bidding, beginning at a thousand dollars, advanced to three thousand and more, I watched her face. There were no tears, no affectation of grief, no shrinking from the public gaze, but her eyes turned from bidder to bidder, with an intensity of meaning clearer than words. The offers rose by hundreds to four thousand one hundred dollars; and when the hammer fell, making her the property of her father's executor and friend, her fervent utterance of "God be thanked," drew from more than one breast a hearty amen.

N. S. DODGE.

MR. GRANT WHITE UNDER DISCIPLINE.

THE publishers of THE GALAXY have received and have placed in my hands the following letter. It is from a Doctor in Philosophy. The suggestion made in it is so striking that I shall not withhold it from my readers:

GLEN MILLS, Delaware County, Penn., Nov. 2, 1868.

Messrs. Sheldon & Co., New York:

GENTLEMEN: I generally peruse Mr. White's "Words and their Uses," and often object to his decisions and rules. If I have heretofore done so only in the silence of my library, it has been for want of time to criticise for the public eye. In your November number, however, the door to criticism is so widely opened, and so invitingly left open, that I cannot resist stepping in, just to leave my card, whereon I would willingly write "Controversialist," if I could aspire so highly.* Mr. White says, however, that there is no such word, and that there ought not to be; and, by induction, we must conclude that he denies the right of existence to any noun formed by suffixing *ist* to an adjective in *al*, when the adjective is formed from a noun. Let us examine this for a moment. *Ist* certainly means action, and the genius of our language should permit us to apply it to any noun signifying the doing of an action—to change *doing* into *doer*, as *controversy* into *controvertist*. One may be the doer on an occasion—the controvertist, if only one occasion, if a moment. I would even allow *ist* (with all propriety, should need arise) to nouns which, not signifying, yet comprehend a doing, and make such words as *vocist* and *naturist* to signify one who sings or experiences nature.† When, however, we wish to designate a person skilled or learned in art or science, notwithstanding Mr. White, we may suffix the *ist* to an adjective, and make such words as *naturalist*, *vocalist*, *nationalist*, *controversialist*, *conversationalist*, *experimentalist*, *rationalist*, *universalist*, *transcendentalist*, etc. The reason is, that the action here is not expended; the *ist* is not merely the doer‡ of a thing—it is the embodiment of a qualification, a subject for the adjective. An agriculturist is a tiller of the fields; and one learned in agricultural things should be termed an agriculturalist. There is no limit to this rule, save taste, concerning which *non disputandum*, and convention, which, in our language, is loose even to license. Yours truly,

JAMES M. WILLCOX, Ph. D.

* *Sic*; but perhaps Doctor Willcox meant, aspire so *high*—PROOF-READER.

† I therefore venture to suggest *religionist* as the proper name to be assumed by those persons who have "experienced" religion. At the same time, I still further presume to say that I cannot comprehend how a man can experience nature, still less what is "one who *sings or experiences* nature," for how nature is to be sung, except, indeed, as Haydn and Thompson have sung her, is almost as hard to understand as how she is to be experienced. Perhaps the learned doctor meant, one who sings, and one who experiences nature.—PROOF-READER.

‡ *Sic*: but plainly the critic means, not that the *ist* is the *doer*, but that it is the sign verbal or expression of the doer.—PROOF-READER.

The suggestion of this correspondent certainly has the merit of ingenuity. It essays to make and to mark a distinction not hitherto drawn in language—a distinction upon which the use of the words *controversialist* and *agriculturalist* is not rested by their users; for those words are applied to a party in a controversy and to a tiller of the fields. Upon Doctor Willcox's theory, the men who live by making sulphuric acid are chemists, but Dr. Draper and Dr. Doremus are *chemicalists*; a woman who regulates her household well is an economist, but Adam Smith and Stuart Mill are political *economicalists*; the men who smelt ores are metallurgists, but Professor Newberry is a *metallurgicalist*; and so we are to have *floralist*, *musicalist*, *lyricalist*, *satiricalist*, *epigrammaticalist*, *apologeticalist*, *canonicalist*, and the like, according to our taste, we having yet no *academicalists* to decide the question of *academicalisticability*. Thus placing Doctor Willcox's proposition fully before my readers, I leave it for the present, without remark upon either the value of the distinction which it draws or that of the class of words which it would introduce.

The "Nation" claims some attention from me, which I give with pleasure. It says: "Mr. White wants people to say presidential instead of presidential;" and it asks, "What he does with *tangential*, and why he reasons from analogy as regards English orthography, and why he finds fault with so good a metaphor as calling a canvass a campaign, and what 'blatant Americanism' there is in a word so long known to English on both sides of the water as *presidential*?"

The "Nation" is slightly in error. Far be it from me to "want" people to say *presidential*, or to say or do anything else. I merely tell them what, in my judgment, it is right and best to say, knowing in my heart, all the while, that they, or most of them, will go on speaking as they hear those around them speak, as they will act as they see those around them acting. People do not learn good English or good manners by verbal instruction received after adolescence. Every man is like the Apostle Peter, in one respect—that his tongue bewrays him. What I do with *tangential* is simply to put it out of doors with *presidential* and *exponential*—a trinity of monsters which, although they have not been lovely in their lives, should yet in their death be not divided. *Tangential* and *exponential*, it is plain, were incorrectly made up by some mathematician; and mathematicians, however exact in their technical terminology, are notoriously incorrect in their formation of words and phrases. These words and *presidential* are the only examples of their kind which have received the recognition, and have been stamped with the authority even of dictionary-makers; which recognition and stamp of authority mean simply that the dictionary makers have found the words somewhere, and have added them to the heterogeneous swarm upon their pages. Euphony—no less than analogy—cries out for the correct forms, *tangential* and *exponential*. And as to reasoning from analogy, if analogy may not be reasoned from in etymology (although not always as the *ultima ratio*), language must needs be abandoned to the popular caprice of the moment, and we must admit that, in speech, whatever is at any time or in any place, is right. The blatant Americanism of "presidential campaign" is not in the former word, but the latter, which belongs to what the "Nation" well styles, in its review of Miss Dickinson's book, "that inflamed newspaper English which some people describe as being eloquence." Is it not time that we were done with this nauseous stuff about campaigns and standard-bearers and glorious victories, and all the bloated army-bumming talk which is so rife for the six months preceding an election? To read most of our political papers

during a canvass is enough to make one sick and sorry. I do not regard the calling a canvass a campaign as a good metaphor, because first, no metaphor is called for, and last, this one is entirely out of keeping. We could do our political talking much better in simple English. The great need of the day, in regard to language, is the purging it of the prurient and pretentious metaphors which have broken out all over it, and the getting plain people to say plain things in a plain way. As to what is becoming in "beobles who are boets," either in verse or in prose, that is a different matter. An election has no manner of likeness to a campaign or a battle. It is not even a contest in which the stronger and more dexterous party is the winner : it is a mere comparison, a counting, in which the bare fact that one party is the more numerous ensures its success, if it will only come up and be counted. To ensure this, a certain time is spent by each party in belittling and reviling the candidates of its opponents, and in magnifying and glorifying its own ; and this is the canvass, at the likening of which to a campaign every honest soldier might reasonably take offence. Many reasons are always given by the losers for the loss of an election ; but the only, and the simple and sufficient reason is, that more men chose to vote against them than with them ; and as to the why of the why, it is either conviction or interest, with which all the meeting and parading, and bawling and shrieking of the previous three or four months has nothing to do whatever. It will be well for the political morality and the mental tone of our people when they are brought to see this matter as it is, simply of itself ; and one very efficient mode of enabling them to do so, would be for journals of character and men of sense, like the "Nation" and its editors, to write and speak of it in plain language, calling a spade a spade, instead of using "that inflamed English" which is now its common vehicle, and which is so contagious and so corrupting.

R. G. W.

ARE WE INFERIOR?

ONE often hears men say, indulgently or despairingly, as the case may be, but always with a spice of seriousness, be they never so playful in saying it—that they cannot understand a woman's reasoning. Even the London "Athenæum," which is supposed to know everything, declares that she is "past finding out."

It is probable that man's "unaided reason" never will discover the process by which a woman reaches her conclusions. For it is different from his, and he has no clue by which to unravel it. He cannot comprehend it because he cannot reproduce it. Woman can learn and can practise the modes of man's reasoning, but he cannot return the compliment. Her *modus operandi* is incommunicable. Her faculty is, like the poetic—born, not made.

The various communist experiments are said to have evolved the fact that when men and women are left free to choose their own avocations, about one-third of the women choose men's employments, and about one-third of the men those of women. In other words, some women are masculine and some men feminine in their tastes—a fact sufficiently obvious.

But whatever similarity of powers or identity of taste there may be, there is a radical difference between the minds of men and of women. The two cannot be blended or transmuted one into the other.

In the singular discussions of the early church concerning the Trinity, one of the old fathers stoutly maintained the equality of the Son with the Father, but declared him to be a *smaller portion* of the substance of Deity. This is about the "equality" which has been assigned to woman. She has been considered a sort of lesser man; her intellect is assumed to be identical with his, but smaller, weaker, and of an inferior quality.

One would like to see this notion done away with, not from politeness merely or indulgence, but from conviction, and because it is not true. Whether a given man and woman are equal, or on whichever side the superiority may lie, their minds are diverse one from the other. Despite the poet, woman is not "a lesser man." Even a masculine woman is not mentally masculine, even a feminine man is not mentally feminine.

The difference between them does not lie in any difference of their mental powers as to quantity—as, whether one has more and the other less—whether the capacity of the one is equal to a pint and the other to a quart, so to speak. This sort of measurement is equally applicable between man and man, as between man and woman.

Nor does it consist in quality. Comparison and reasoning in man are equally comparison and reasoning in woman, and a given woman may possess a superior ability in that or in any other direction, to a given man.

Nor is it enough to say that one is slow and the other quick, as though a difference in speed were the main difference between them. This again no more than the idea of quantity or quality, supplies the desired distinction.

The difference lies in their mode of mental action—in the way in which they use the same mental powers. The mind of man moves analytically—that of woman synthetically. He approaches his conclusion step by step through a slow and sometimes devious way of reasoning, and reaches it by degrees of approximation. She darts upon hers at once, is sure of it instantly, she does not know how, and *afterward* seeks to prove it. He reasons toward, and she from the same conclusion. So when he gets to it he is surprised to find that she has been there before him, and she is equally surprised that the journey has taken him so long. He, with infinite pains-taking, makes out and declares a general law; she, by her perception, at once affirms or denies it. His finding of truth is of the nature of a discovery, hers of the nature of a recognition; he deals in proof, she in intuition; his is sight, hers insight.

Given an intellectual circle to find the centre, man starts from the circumference and follows up the different radii until he satisfies himself that he has discovered it, and does not presume to decide where it lies, except by the proof of actual measurement. Woman, on the contrary, "with wings as swift as meditation or the thoughts of love," alights at one bound on a point which she declares to be the centre, and then for proof follows up the radii to the circumference.

If a woman has not been trained to the use of her own mental powers, or if she has not thought out her chain of reasoning, it thus happens that she often knows (or what is the same thing to her, feels sure of) a truth which she cannot prove. Indeed such an experience is probably not unknown to most women. What woman has not at times despaired of making clear to a male comprehension, something perfectly evident to her own mind? The most intellectual man, therefore, seems at times to a woman singularly dull—the most intellectual woman appears to a man at times singularly unreasonable.

Thus it happens that when a woman's convictions are strong on a given

point, she becomes all impatience at the slowness of a man to admit what to her is almost self-evident, and calls it stupidity. And when he is, after his heavy, deliberate fashion, slowly gathering proof, he smiles at her quickness to decide before what he considers due investigation, and calls it childishness. Each is, and to a certain degree must remain an enigma to the other, and it is "all along" of the difference in their mode of mental action.

Therefore it is that a woman who is unable to trace back her steps and to forge her links of proof, is often obliged to content herself and at the same time to disgust her "lord" with reiteration that a thing is *so*, and then she is very likely dismissed with the satisfactory assurance that women never *reason* about anything, to which, if she is a woman of spirit, she immediately replies that men never *see* anything. For, to her apprehension, the difference between his mode of getting at truth, and hers, is as the difference between groping along by the sense of feeling, and flying by the help of sight.

Women can and do reason as men do. In that case, nothing is taken from their usual mental process, but something is added to it. A woman then goes through her own peculiar mode of reaching a conclusion, mentally traces her way back, and then, reversing her own instinctive process, reasons forward step by step. So that she thus reaches the same truth by both modes—first by the feminine mode, and second by the masculine one. It is an amusing scene, if one could witness it invisibly, where a woman undertakes to conduct her sceptical "lord" over ground which she herself has thus nimbly travelled. Answer me, ye bright sisters, how is it when you set out to "make" your husband "see?" How obstinate he seems. What suppressed impatience on your part—what wearisome pains-taking—what short steps of ratiocination to accommodate his implied slower locomotion. "Well, you admit *that*, don't you?" "Yes." "And *that*?" "Yes." And so on.

Now and then there appears a mathematical mind—a genius, it is always called—whose perceptive faculty is so developed that he can tell instantly the sum of a given number of figures, but cannot explain how he found it. He arrives instantly at results, which other people are obliged to reach step by step. This is akin to the mode in which women obtain their conclusions. Women invent phrases to express this peculiar perception. "Something tells me," they often say. All have heard our grandmothers declare of a thing, that they "felt it in their bones." "O! those bones! those bones!" exclaimed a gay young friend, when something fell out as had been predicted. "How do they know so much?" And the "because" at which women stop when at fault in tracing up a reason is thus accounted for, as well as the impolitic but most natural "I told you so," when experience has vindicated a prophecy; all of which are related to the female side of the family of the intuitions.

And yet, because woman's faculty is akin to genius, man must always have the conduct of the world's affairs. The masculine understanding is the one that must give form to the outward life. It is best adapted to such a work, and as such always asserts itself; for when was genius ever practical? It is of its very nature to deal with results and to overleap processes; to gaze on the purple mountain-top afar, and to ignore the valley that lies between. And so, for each generation, as long as the question is one of standards and ideals as it is in childhood and youth, so long woman is the guiding light; as soon as it becomes one of methods and of practical ways and means, then the masculine understanding leads the way. An elder sister with younger brothers—a mother with sons, is often taken by surprise with this fact. She who was the head and coun-

seller finds her relations to them somehow reversed, and in a few years goes to them for the advice which they formerly sought from her. So with a circle of young friends. As they develop and go out into life, the masculine understanding unconsciously assumes its appropriate place, and the admiring boy who was liked and partially patronized by his female companions, becomes the large-minded, indulgent man to whom they in their turn look up. Blindness to this inevitable reversal is the secret of much surprise at marriages and of many failures to marry. The precocious girl does not recognize in her unfledged lover the man that is to be, and wonders when she hears that some woman has afterward found in him that which she failed to perceive.

There are men who think that any man, because he is a man, is superior to any woman, because she is a woman. To judge from English journals, that view is not uncommon across the water; here it is only occasional and exceptional. For men in America, let me say in passing, give to woman at once the care of a protector, the service of a vassal, and the devotion of a lover; and America is the paradise of woman, though she may not know it.

But when, as is sometimes the case, a woman meets, even in our own country, the occasional masculine claim to intellectual superiority, let not her soul be moved. We can readily forgive the egotism and readily account for it. Undoubtedly there is a seeming superiority of man to woman, nay a real one, as seen in some aspects. Man's intellectual faculty, as applied to practical life, is stronger, wiser, better than ours. But woman's is really of a higher order than his. Hers is the transcendental faculty—"the higher reason," which does not stop to touch, and taste, and handle, in its endeavor after truth, but "sweeps" at once to its goal.

Woman was "deceived in the transgression." Then it was that she mistook her own perceptions, threw her mental powers into confusion, brought discredit upon them, and bewildered her originally unerring insight; and, in consequence, precedence was necessarily taken by the slower but surer male understanding. "He shall rule over thee"—not an arbitrary outward infliction, but a divine declaration of a necessity—a divine suggestion of the only remedy remaining for the mischief which she had wrought. Henceforth she was to "keep silence." She might well be dumb over such an error!

Yet the faculty remains. Perhaps I am betraying secrets. If so, sisters, forgive me. But while women accord to men the authority, they are conscious of possessing the real ascendancy. She still has "power on her head;" her intellectual faculty still exercises a marvellous though unrecognized domination, "because of the angels," her perceptions, which she sends forth on their divine errands of insight. They who are most truly women are naturally most conscious of this power; and such are, for the most part, like wise courtiers, content to hide the appearance of power behind its reality, and make little outcry for more privileges for their sex. Such women deal with men much as they do with spoiled children, and let them have their way, while all the time securing their own. And it is a curious fact that the most manly men are the ones who most cheerfully admit that they are under this peculiar rule, but are evidently never conscious when or how it is exercised. Neither shall I tell the signs or tokens; but I appeal to my sisters if they have not often read the feminine telegraphic signal which brought them into instant comprehension of a sister's aims and intentions; and if they have not smiled at the unconsciousness of the poor, dear masculine, who, thinking himself *so* wise, and *so* independent, was yet going straight after her will and way.

Beyond everything, man admires his own reason. Not a book except the divine one but either expressly or impliedly pays it adulation. Contemplating it, he goes into raptures. Swelling with pride, he exclaims, "See how great and how wise I am! I thank thee, O Lord! that I am not a brute, or even as this woman!" If one of his philosophers, under the irradiation of approaching dawn, speaks of himself as only a child who has been picking up pebbles on the dim earthly shore of truth, the story is repeated as if the admission was an infinite condescension. Man's philosophy is a jargon, but it seems to himself divine speech. His teachings are confused and contradictory, but they seem to himself divine order. With gravest dignity he lays down, in his schools of philosophy, every imaginable absurdity. His understanding is of the earth, earthy. What he can touch, and taste, and handle, and carry to market, *that* he believes in. The physical sciences and mathematics he can manage.

But he will not believe what he cannot so touch and handle, and his proof extends not far. He cannot prove immortality, so he denies it. He cannot prove the existence of the outside world, so he denies that. He cannot prove a Creator, so he denies Him. He invents logic, and proves by its help everything and nothing. In philosophy he is like an insect crawling hither and thither to the bounds of his small sphere, and declaring that there is nothing besides, and what he cannot see does not lie beyond.

He carries his reason into religion, and makes confusion worse confounded. He tells you that you can and you cannot; that you may and shall not; that you must and you are not able. He assures you that you are responsible for what you cannot help, and that you are to be punished for what you never did. He gives you German Rationalism, French Positivism, English Ritualism, and general scepticism, as the highest products of his reason. And he calls this wisdom. He expects woman to admire and worship him as *being* wiser than she. But delude himself as he may by his pretensions, he does not delude woman. She by no means seeks to reason away his reasonings—she simply brushes them aside, and believes and acts by the light of her own higher faculty. For while in things of outward life, man's understanding must take precedence, in that which appertains to truth, woman's is the better guide. Hers is the divining cup whereby the lord of the world divines. Her faculty was meant for reference, for consultation, for prophetic perception, which should point the way of the world. It is of a higher order than his—not lower. Its divine flight is crippled now, but is gradually gaining in strength and certainty. As it sits with clipped wings and dimmed eyes, or, as it flutters uncertainly where it ought to soar, it is jeered at, and set at naught by the slow-stepping masculine understanding. But it is not to be always so. As the world gradually rights itself, woman gains in mental strength and clearness. Ultimately the primal mistake will be remedied. There is a good time coming to her and to all. Her faculty of insight will then be recognized. The veneration now accorded her by our own noble American men will be seen to have been prophetic, and to have been founded on a dim yet true perception of her real nature. Man will then understand himself and her. She will understand herself and him. She will perceive truth for him—he will prove it for her. He will then find himself undisputed king of the world, and will administer unchallenged the affairs of his kingdom, while she will be its priestess—she will consult for him the oracle—she will keep the sacred fire.

SARAH E. HENSHAW.

DRIFT - WOOD.

MAGAZINE NOVELS.

WITH their new year and new volumes, all the magazines are flinging out promises of fresh attractions for the twelvemonth to come. 'Tis the season of gifts and forth-puttings, and those of the magazines are prospectuses. One observes how important a part the serial novel plays among these announcements of good things in store; though, for that matter, the serial novel has become a prime necessity to the popular magazine.

It was born with magazines—grew with their growth, and strengthened with their strength, from early days of "Blackwood" and "Fraser" to yesterday's issue of "St. Paul's" and "Belgravia," warm from the press. The French serial novelists find their channel in the *feuilleton*, made illustrious by Balzac, the two Dumas, Sue, About, Alphonse Karr, and a hundred others, just as the magazine serial has been immortalized by Dickens, Reade, Thackeray, Bulwer, Lever, and a hundred other Englishmen.

But, in one sense, some last-century novels may be called serials, being published (like "Tristram Shandy,") one or two volumes at a time—for a novel in less than five volumes was then accounted as unorthodox as a tragedy in less than five acts. Nay, let us push *back*, while we are about it, and boldly declare that "serials" were old as that household of learned slaves purchased by a rich Roman as live editions of the old bards whose works they had memorized. They were wont to deliver their "continued stories," in occasional parts, to their master. Happier than we, he suited his instalments to his own patience and interest, nor suffered tortures, as we do, from an intensely piqued curiosity. And yet even this grand owner of living and breathing libraries could not always have his "serials" as he liked. "Disappointments sometimes occurred. Perhaps the deputy 'Pindar' was out of the way; or a sudden indisposition of 'Homer' interrupted Ulysses in the middle of an harangue, and left Hector stretching out his arms to the child." Could G. P. R. James himself leave us more helplessly dependent in a *dénouement*, with his "Turn we to other scenes?"

Now, in our modern days, when books are material instead of vital, and the Press is literally not "bond" but *free*—unpleasant interruption at the most interesting moment is the foundation-principle of the serial novel. It is a rough and unfeeling principle, at best, and wanting in human kindness, whichever way you look at it. Take your own case, gentle reader, and confess your foibles. Is it or is it not agreeable for you to leave your hero for a month in a bandit's cave with a Colt's pistol presented, capped and cocked, at his head? Do you find it pleasant or unpleasant to have him suspended over a chasm by a cord which snaps, and is "to be continued in our next?" Or a thousand miles high in a balloon, with the gas stealthily leaking? How did you fancy, in your very last romance, being cut off just as Matilda had stabbed the Count?

These are home questions, for every man to ask of himself; and who knows, after all, but that it is from such considerations that Thackeray (who was very kindly) and Miss Thackeray (his own daughter) usually give us the end of a serial novel with the beginning, and remove all doubts and fears by making the hero tell his own story, or else by assuring you in the first number that "he is alive and well at this moment?"

Now, one would say, of course, and with perfect truth, that the serial novel starts enormously handicapped in the race for popular favor. That readers *must* wait a month, whether they will or no, for every new instalment; that only enough is then given them to whet their appetite (like that of the hero of a famous English serial) for "more;" that a tale which could be dispatched in a few winter evenings is made to stretch from January to January again; that the memory is taxed in a way that loose readers (who use book-marks) do not like—these and other obvious objections would seem to condemn the serial novel to unpopularity from the start. How, therefore, comes it to pass that, in reality, this strange and impetuous literary device rules the reading world—as all the world knows that it does? How is it that many magazines live, move, and have their being through serial novels? That one of Charles Reade's *floats* the "Argosy," and one of Miss Braddon's builds

"Belgravia?" How is it that magazine publishers vie with each other to get the best serial novelists, and to them surrender most valuable space? And, finally, how is it that, when they have been successful or unsuccessful, they tell you a single serial represents a gain or a loss to them of 10,000, 20,000, 30,000 subscribers?

The answer lies in the serial novel itself, as viewed in the best works of its great masters. Their genius has made it possible to construct a story, obviating for the reading world the disadvantages just set forth, by being interesting in every detached part, and yet complete and connected as a whole. The serial novel must be various, and must shift its scenes as quickly as real life shifts them; it must be founded on nature and yet be filled with the "romance of real life;" it must be probable, so far as consists with the experience that "truth is stranger than fiction;" it must be vivid and dramatic, with apt and natural dialogue and eloquent situations; it must delineate character with the touch of a master, and deal with society as it exists, though the choice of circumstance and of *dramatis personæ* be left to the writer; and, while it is entrancing in each number, it must march progressively, and without perceptible breaks, to the end.

In a word, therefore, the successful serial novel defies the disadvantages of its interrupted publication; or, to speak more truly, it somehow turns these very disadvantages to account. It makes capital of the very curiosity which we dislike to have aroused without being satisfied, by adroit manipulation and artistic skill.

Yet, thirty years ago, the "Edinburgh Review," in discoursing of a famous novelist, said:

The difficulties to which Mr. Dickens is exposed in his present periodical mode of writing are, in some respects, greater than if he allowed himself a wider field, and gave his whole work to the public at once. But he would be subjected to a severer criticism if his fiction could be read continually—if his power of maintaining a sustained interest could be tested—if his work could be viewed as a connected whole, and its object, plan, consistency, and arrangement brought to the notice of the reader at once. This ordeal cannot be passed triumphantly without the aid of other qualities than necessarily belong to the most brilliant sketcher of detached scenes.

The real truth is, however, as we now know from larger experience, that the serial novel includes the other; and that whoever succeeds in the magazine equally succeeds in the book. But the reverse is not true. The serial demands as much force and origi-

inality as the other, as much invention, as much analytic power, as picturesque a style; and, beyond all that, it demands a special literary ingenuity and artistic skill. Not every great novelist can write a magazine novel. "Romola," one of George Eliot's greatest books (and how great that must be let the readers of "Adam Bede" say), was a dead failure in "Cornhill" as a serial. Dr. Holmes's "Guardian Angel" was not constructed like a true serial, and suffers infinite depreciation with those who read it in that way. In a continuous volume, some dull or distracting chapters may be launched without hazard; but not so in the serial, where the merciless public demands that each instalment shall in some sort justify itself, and none escape by vicarious surplusage.

One batch of dry leaves, twenty pages of digression, may ruin all, with this inexorable judge. Ordinary constructive ability will not suffice for a serial, for it must display in every number a man master of his materials, and the polished workmanship of an artist. A 'prentice hand is quickly seen to be out of place here. Dr. Russell, illustrious and crowned with laurels won in other fields, lately undertook a serial in "Tinsley's Magazine." The "Adventures of Dr. Brady" started off very finely; but presently it flopped down with an Icarus-tumble. The Edinburgh Reviewer's dictum regarding "the power of maintaining a sustained interest" must be reversed; for a novelist's sustaining power cannot be more severely tried than when he leaps a chasm of a month with his reader on his back, at the end of every two or three chapters.

Charles Dickens may be regarded as the projector and inventor of the modern serial novel, as it exists in our language to-day. He established it by sheer genius, and by sheer genius gave it an immeasurable lease of life. The chances were all against it, and predictions must have been abundant that it would fail. "My friends," says Dickens, dryly, "told me it was a low, cheap form of publication, by which I should ruin all my rising hopes; and how right my friends turned out to be, everybody now knows." When from the "Sketches by Boz," begun in the "Morning Chronicle," and ended in magazines, he launched "Pickwick" upon the world in monthly instalments, it marked a new epoch in the publisher's trade, as well as in literature. The loose construction of these "Papers," which

did not pretend to plan or plot, favored the form of publication—or, perhaps, was the result of it. But, when, after 30,000 copies of *Pickwick* had been sold, he tried in the same method a connected, progressive novel, and made it a success, the new serial method was assured. To show the progress of the serial novel, let the sketchiness of immortal "*Pickwick*" be compared with some modern magazine story, complete in each part, and yet overlaid with plot and sub-plot, coming from the master-hand of Wilkie Collins or Charles Reade. But Dickens followed the instinct of his self-conscious and confident genius at the start, improving always in art, until his monthly green covers became as heartsome by the fireside, and as welcome to the eyes, as the sight of green fields in spring.

Then Thackeray, after his semi-serial experience in "*Fraser*," followed in the wake of his brother craftsman, and strewed abroad the monthly yellow covers of "*Vanity Fair*"—and a very worthy sort of "yellow-covered" literature it was, too.

In due time, monthly magazines rose to great popularity, and multiplied. The serial novel then established its home in them, and the best writers resorted to these vehicles, or rather were besought to help them on. Dickens, in "*Household Words*;" Thackeray with "*Lovel, the Widower*," and with "*Philip*" in "*Cornhill*;" Bulwer with "*My Novel*," in "*Blackwood*;" Lever (and no novelist, by the way, is more underrated in the critical world than the author of "*Charles O'Malley*," and "*Sir Brooke Fossbrooke*") with "*Maurice Tiernay*," in the "*Dublin University*"—in a word, the famous novel-writers all lent their pens to the magazines. And soon amid the illustrious galaxy of English novelists suddenly appeared the star of Charles Reade, and shot rapidly up the heavens, where to-day it is in the zenith of favor.

In the English magazine the serial plays a far more important rôle than in the American. Two serials are common enough in ours, as also in our popular weekly papers; but in England the monthly magazines mean novelists. They are adventured by publishers mainly on the strength of the names and fames of popular novelists; so that Charles Reade, for example, said with perfect truth of his "*Griffith Gaunt*," that it "floated the '*Argosy*.'"¹ Continued stories are their main features, and the rest is expressively termed "padding." "*Cornhill*," "*Temple Bar*,"

"*London Society*," "*The Argosy*," "*Belgravia*," "*Tinsley's*," "*Good Words*," "*Gentleman's Magazine*," (which has surrendered to its fate and, after a century, comes out in modern style and runs a serial), "*St. Paul's*," "*St. James*,"—what do these and others mean, if not Reade, Trollope, Wilkie Collins, Miss Braddon, Mrs. Edwards, Mrs. Wood, George Eliot, Miss Mulock, Sala, Yates, Miss Thackeray, and other popular novelists of the day? One or two such names, secured to any periodical, ensure its success.

So it turns out that serial-novel writing has become a regular branch of the literary calling, and even a distinct profession in itself—as much as law, or medicine, or divinity. Hundreds of writers are engaged in this calling, and turn out their novel per annum as regularly and methodically as a builder builds a house, haply planning all at first, but developing it day by day, instead of bringing it before the public at one stroke. Literature too, like law, has grown to wear more of a business or commercial aspect than in days gone-by.

As for the exigency of daily, weekly, or monthly publication, that is accepted by the feuilletonist or magazinist as a custom of his trade, and, as I said, is commonly turned to advantage. For instance, the serial novelist habitually watches the reception given to his characters—the applause or hisses that greet his puppets as he puts them one by one on his mimic stage—and the rôle of the successful he often (Dickens notably so) enlarges, while the failures are quietly withdrawn from later scenes. Odd blunders, indeed, sometimes occur from inadvertency born of this way of writing. Everybody remembers, for example, how Rigaud in "*Little Dorrit*" was mentioned through a whole monthly part, by a wrong alias, awkwardly made up for, the month afterward. Thackeray's troubles in this way were quite distressing, in the "*Newcomes*," in "*Philip*," and elsewhere. However, his forgetfulness was once quite our gain, as it gave us an inimitable "*Roundabout Paper*."

THE HOLIDAYS.

"CHRISTMAS was close at hand in all his bluff and hearty honesty; it was the season of hospitality, merriment and open-heartedness; the old year was preparing, like an ancient philosopher, to call his friends

around him, and, amid the sound of feasting and revelry, to pass gently and calmly away." So wrote a great writer—a great Christmas writer—many years ago, adding, with wonted pathos, "How many families, whose members have been dispersed and scattered far and wide in the restless struggles of life, are then reunited, and meet once again. . . . Happy, happy Christmas, that can win us back to the delusions of our childish days, that can recall to the old man the pleasures of his youth, and transport the sailor and traveller thousands of miles away, back to his own fireside and his quiet home."

If this were the natural thought of thirty or forty years ago, surely it comes not less vividly to mind now, when, more than ever, the Christmas holidays signify and imply family reunion.

"Happy, happy Christmas," whose office it is to bring back the wanderers, and gather the family once more by the old hearth, under the old roof-tree. It is a pleasure, too, to think that these are festal days for all Christendom, and so have been for centuries. It is even a pleasure to trace back our custom of winter holidays, shorn though it be, of its grander Christian significance, two thousand years and more, so getting a new hold of sympathy, through it, upon classic days. The Roman lads had their week's holiday, (what a jolly release from Latin grammar!) at the Saturnalia, which happened toward the end of December—for all the world like our Christmas. It was the festival of the God of civilization, even as ours is of Christianity, which is merely another name for modern civilization; and no epithet could better describe it than that word "merry," which time out of mind has belonged to our Christmas. Then, too, as now, the Senate did not sit, and all the government offices were shut up, and so were the courts and the schools. There were extra dinners for master and man, for mistress and maid; there were annual presents, as now, and, above all, there were toys by the ton to be lavished upon children—for kind hearts beat in kindly old fellows long before the day of Santa Claus. Nay, as scholars have proved, the special sports of Twelfth

Night belonged to this season, while, if we care to go to Rome or Venice to perfect the parallel, we shall find the Carnival revels there, with mask and torch, lineal descendants from the emblems and devices of the Saturnalia. In fine, whereas a single day, as with us, was set apart for religious observance, the merry-making lasted through seven, thus making the *septem Saturnalia* remind us again of our festal week betwixt Christmas and New Year.

But, how immeasurably grander the origin, how immeasurably more solemn and imposing the pomp and circumstance of our Christian holiday, we may read in fit language in the great poets who have sung them. We may see the contrast, greater by far than the parallel, in Milton's matchless scene, where glittering ranks of "helmed Cherubim and sworded Seraphim" fill the heavens on high, while beneath and

—All about the courtly stable

Bright-harnessed angels sit in order serviceable.

Or, with Tennyson, we may hear the Christmas bells "from hill to hill answer each other in the mist."

Each voice four changes on the wind

That now dilate and now decrease

Peace and good-will, good-will and peace,

Peace and good-will to all mankind.

When these lines reach the reader, everything will wear, or seem to wear, a holiday guise. Holly and evergreen will betoken approaching Christmas; the festal trees will have been cut down and will stand ready for use; home and church will be putting on their Christmas wreaths and garlands; shops will be decked in gay attire, brimming with holiday gifts; bells will be attuned for Christmas chimes; confectioners and cooks will be up to their eyes in measureless Christmas sweetmeats, and toy-makers will be laboring night and day—in brief, the holidays will be close at hand, and all the world be ready to give and take the Christmas salutation—

And wish you health and love and mirth

As fits the solemn Christmas-tide.

As fits the holy Christmas birth,

Be this, good friends, our carol still—

Be peace on earth, be peace on earth

To men of gentle will.

PHILIP QUILIBET.

LITERATURE AND ART.

A GLANCE AT NEW BOOKS.

ONE of the most elaborate and ambitious illustrated books ever issued from an American press, is the illustrated edition of Dr. Holland's "Kathrina." There are seventy drawings in all, of which Mr. W. J. Hennessy has furnished sixty-one, and Mr. C. C. Griswold nine. The readers of THE GALAXY are familiar with the work of these artists. Mr. Hennessy's drawings always exhibit fine sentiment and a true artistic sense. Whatever may be his faults, neither in his drawings upon wood nor in his paintings does he ever offer us anything commonplace, or lacking in individuality. His style is so characteristic that you discover his work as readily as you recognize the handwriting of your most familiar friend. That his imagination has also varied expression is shown in the variety of treatment in the large number of drawings he has contributed to "Kathrina;" though there are some of them we should be disposed to criticize pretty severely—for which purpose we should select especially the baptism of Kathrina, which is stiff and melodramatic in treatment—yet they exhibit, as a whole, an evenness of execution and a sustained power which we should scarcely look for in the work of any other American designer. In view of the fact that the poem itself is not one to stir very profoundly the soul of an artist so imaginative and suffused with sentiment as Mr. Hennessy, he is entitled to all the praise of a success. Mr. Griswold's landscapes, which, we are told, are actual representations of the Massachusetts scenery described by Dr. Holland, exhibit the best style of this true and conscientious artist. Mr. Griswold is manifestly rapidly gaining great dexterity in the use of his pencil on wood, and we are inclined to think that his landscapes are the best that any designer now offers us. The engraving by Mr. Linton is in the strong and simple style of that consummate engraver. In intrusting their drawings to him, Mr. Hennessy and Mr. Griswold were insured the best expression it was possible to give their work in the graven

wood. As a holiday book this illustrated edition of "Kathrina" will of course hold a leading place.

ANOTHER handsome holiday book is the illustrated edition of the "Rural Poems" of William Barnes. The designs, of which there are twelve in all, are by Mr. Winslow Homer and Mr. Hammatt Billings. The former artist easily leads in the merit of his drawings. Mr. Billings's work is pleasing enough, but it does not rise above the commonplace. This any one can readily prove by comparing, for instance, Mr. Homer's characteristic design to "Not Far to Go," the poem on page 51, with the best of Mr. Billings's work. The poems themselves will appeal very successfully to the interest of holiday purchasers. They are simple and pleasing and unaffected, and sing of homely themes.

THREE new American novels; one, entitled "Dr. Howell's Family," by Mrs. H. B. Goodwin; another, entitled "Sydney Adriance; or, Trying the World," by Amanda M. Douglas; and the third called "Hillsboro Farms," by Sophia Dickinson Cobb, are boldly published by Lee & Shepard. They are all stories of the American life of to-day; but neither of them makes that life seem very interesting or very romantic; nor do they offer us any very different illustrations of it from those we have grown accustomed to in the novels of our fair countrywomen. The first-named offers a contrast between a purely fashionable woman, Mrs. Howell, and her husband, Dr. Howell, a plain, large-hearted, country physician, whose life is in necessary antagonism to the frivolity and selfishness of that of his wife. There are also two daughters introduced, one sympathizing with the mother, and the other, of course, with the father; and there is besides, a third young woman, an adopted daughter, likewise a partisan of the father, and consequently obnoxious to the mother. The love affairs of

these three young ladies constitute the main features of the story, which certainly has many merits. But the fashionable woman of our American society is not altogether an easy creature to draw; and the portraits our novelists give of her are rarely recognizable. Those of Mr. Henry James, Jr., are the only ones we remember, that vividly recall her to people who have actually seen her in her drawing-room, and not merely in their imaginations. Miss Douglas's novel "Sydney Adriance," does not deserve many words. There is a remarkable young woman, with a rich guardian who, of course, turns out near the end of the book to be madly in love with her. His name is of course St. something—this time St. John. The third novel is a New England story, and is written with more than ordinary descriptive power.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE'S "American Note-Book," which has been published in two small volumes by Ticknor & Fields, may be described as the morbid anatomy of a soul of texture too fine and delicate for the world's conflicts, yet endowed with a certain degree of strength and persistence. Men of an introspective habit, like Hawthorne, rarely see themselves, their fellows, or nature, so clearly and truly as he has proved that he saw them in his books, and particularly in this collection of the jottings he made from day to day in his journal. One feels that this diary is faithful. It reveals the innermost depths of a life which few of his contemporaries understood. The faults and weaknesses of the writer are neither extenuated nor made to assume undue proportions. We come at all points in contact with a man who, reserved and shy as he was with all but a handful of intimate friends, dared to put himself, in all of his moods, fairly and honestly into his journal. For this reason, and because the man in himself was so rarely endowed, this "Note-Book" is one of the most interesting publications of the season. It is a very suggestive book. The smallest thing does not escape him, provided it shows character, which he so analyzes and describes that if we cannot bring the persons themselves before our mental vision, we can, at all events, recognize real traits. The morbid tone of his mind is perpetually revealing itself, particularly in the short suggestions for thinking or writing which abound in these volumes. He dwells on the saddest, sometimes the most disgusting of themes. Funerals, put-

rified bodies, ghosts, gradual suicide, the dropping off of heads, the swallowing of snakes, revenges changing people into devils, the various kinds of ruin, diseases of the mind, excruciating agonies, poisoning with sacramental wine, ingenious methods of producing insanity, tombstones, hypocritical characters, the dancing of lunatics, coroners' inquests, and the effects of disgraceful crimes—these are a few of the themes noted down for possible contemplation or development in the future. These are relieved by the delightfully minute descriptions of Hawthorne's small attempts at agriculture, and of his fishing and boating excursions. The glimpses he gives us into the life at the famous Brook Farm are also exceedingly interesting.

GEORGE STEPHENSON, the father of the great system of railroads which has made England the workshop of the world, was a man who left the best record and monument of himself in his mighty works. Ignorant of reading and writing nearly up to his maturity, too busy all his life to leave even the materials for a biographer, and known mainly, up to his maturity, by men as ignorant of book-learning as himself—the task of Mr. Smiles, who attempted, several years ago, to trace the development of Stephenson's stalwart character, was by no means an easy one; but patient labor and love for his subject enabled him to do the work so well that subsequent editions have been called for, and each has received careful revision and numerous additions. The last is just published, in a large and handsome octavo volume, by Harper & Brothers, which is profusely illustrated with excellent wood-cuts, showing the most notable of the engineering achievements, both of George Stephenson and of his scarcely less distinguished son, Robert, whose best and proudest monument is the magnificent Victoria Bridge at Montreal. They were both noble specimens of the "Captains of Industry," whom Carlyle eulogizes, and the lives of both are full of stimulus and encouragement to those who would "mix brains with their toil," and make industrial callings honorable and fruitful of good to mankind.

"SOL SMITH" is a name that has been familiar enough for a generation and more, especially in the West and South, where the most of his peripatetic and eventful career as actor and manager has been spent

There his name is a "household word," whose mention is always sure to provoke some amusing recollection or story. There and elsewhere in this country his "Theatrical Management in the West and South for Thirty Years," published by Harper & Brothers, will be read with unmingled satisfaction and amusement. Actors are generally wanderers, but Sol Smith seems to have had gypsy blood in his veins, from his earliest boyhood moving about from place to place, and from one avocation to another, with the most sublime faith in the future, notwithstanding his past was strewn with an almost unvarying succession of failures. Whether circumstances lead him to become for the time, printer, editor, singer, actor, singing-teacher, preacher, doctor, gambler, or manager, he cheerfully makes the most out of the present, and is seldom long without some amusing adventure which to most people would have been merely disagreeable. In telling his own story he tells a good deal of the history of the stage in this country, and of many actors, now famous, in their humble beginnings. Interspersed with the autobiography are many humorous stories of life in the South and West, which will be new to most of the readers of the book. Mr. Smith is a diffuse, and not over-careful writer, but his evident honesty and truthfulness, and the interest he seems to feel in his own stories, will commend his autobiography. There are several illustrations.

SIR EDMUND ANDROS, as he appears in the accepted New England histories, was by no means an admirable character; but rather the reverse. Contemporary chroniclers on this side of the water, however, were not over-inclined to charity toward colonial governors, or averse to condemning them in unmeasured terms, regarding their redeeming personal traits, when there were any, very much as the Free State men of Kansas might have regarded the virtues of one of Mr. Pierce's or Mr. Buchanan's governors. Mr. William Henry Whitmore, however, has made diligent search into the personal and official life of the man who was in turn governor of all the English colonies in America; and reports with apparent candor that Sir Edmund was, for a courtier and politician, on the whole, an estimable, worthy, and upright officer and man—a little hasty of temper, perhaps, but meaning to do the right thing so far as he could consistently with his

views of his duty toward toward the Crown, whose policy, Mr. Whitmore says, the Governor sought to carry out inflexibly, without questioning its wisdom. Mr. Whitmore has treated his subject with much antiquarian ability, and historical students will do well to read his "Memoir," which is illustrated by a good engraving of its subject, and published by T. R. Marvin and Son, Boston, on fine, broad-margined paper.

THE fact that a young Yankee, only seventeen years old, should have walked "more than a thousand miles" across the Pampas and Cordilleras of South America, "with an astonishingly small amount of money," and knowing no other than his vernacular tongue, was, perhaps, worthy of brief newspaper mention. Unfortunately the young Weston had an admiring friend who deemed the journal of the former worthy of publication, and the result is a volume, published by Lee & Shepard, Boston, entitled, "The Pampas and the Andes. A Thousand Miles' Walk across South America." By Nathaniel H. Bishop. There is not enough of novelty or of descriptive interest in the book to justify this friend's advice.

—THE works of Isaac Disraeli are not nearly so much read now as they were fifteen or twenty years ago, but they will never be out of date, and will always be essential to the making up of even a moderate collection of standard English literature. No one has investigated with more patient care the "Curiosities" and "Amenities" of literature, the "Calamities and Quarrels of Authors," or the "Literary Character." With all of his antiquarian ability he never becomes dry or tedious, while, by his evident and earnest sympathy with those who "coin their brains for bread," he wins and retains the sympathetic interest of his readers. One can take up his books at any passage and be sure to find something to please as well as instruct. Our remarks are suggested by the library edition of these works recently printed by W. J. Widdleton, which is the best for its price we have ever seen.

It is entirely admissible for an author to give his own autobiography in a novel. He can, if he so choose, idealize his own character and adventures, gloss over the weak and bad points in his career, and invest himself with attributes which he does

not possess. All this is allowable, provided the character is made reasonably consistent, and the incidents are tolerably probable, and, what is more important, provided the hero and his actions are made interesting. Whether Captain Mayne Reid has fulfilled these requirements, his last novel, entitled "The Child Wife," and published by Sheldon & Company, will enable the reader to judge. The hero is evidently the author himself, his name being as near as possible to that of the author, while Captain Reid's frequent reference to the storming of C—, in the Mexican war; to his revolutionary experience in the Hungarian revolt of 1848, and innumerable other instances of similar character, indicate the identity of author and hero. Those who want to know Captain Reid as he would like to be known will be interested in the story.

MISS KATE FIELD has written, and Mr. J. S. Redfield publishes, a pamphlet, in which the lady tells in her own peculiar way—which is also an interesting way—the story of her experiences with that remarkable and mysterious personage, Planchette. She has experimented with evident honesty, with no little shrewdness, and with partial success; and has recorded the results. Those who have consulted Planchette, or think of doing so, will find Miss Field's pamphlet agreeable reading.

GOOD books for children are so rare that we welcome one which is so marked an exception to the general rule as Louisa M. Alcott's "Little Women," published, with several good illustrations, by Roberts Brothers. The incidents are those of everyday child-life; the talk is natural and child-like; the narrative is lively, and the moral teaching conveyed in a manner to make a lasting impression on the children who read the book. *

"WOODSIDE and Sea-side," published by D. Appleton & Company, is a handsome holiday book, in which the best pastoral poems of Bryant, Tennyson, Shelley, Rogers, Wordsworth, Barry Cornwall, and of other English and American poets; and the engravings of such artists as Foster, Dalziel, Duncan, and Wier, illustrate varied aspects of nature and of the sentiments which they inspire. It is a well-printed book, but does not especially distinguish itself from the conventional illustrated volumes—many of them printed in England and sent

over here in sheets—which have been offered to holiday purchasers for several years past.

WITHIN the past ten or twenty years the reading public have become critical about books of travels, and demand either new and important facts or unusual felicity of description. While we cannot say that "Cradle Lands," by Lady Herbert, comes fully up to either of these requirements, it is worth reading by those who feel an interest in descriptions of Egypt and the Holy Land. It is well illustrated and its typographical execution does credit to the Catholic Publication Society, whose imprint it bears.

MR. PARKE GODWIN has been in France, mostly in Paris, for several months. He is engaged on his "History of France," the first volume of which was published seven or eight years ago. His engagement in editorial duties on the "Evening Post" during the war prevented his attention to this work, which, we believe, he intends shall be his chief literary monument. We learn that Mr. Godwin has nearly completed the second volume, and has prepared a great mass of material for the third. To Americans especially this history will be interesting. Mr. Godwin is, in the philosophical sense of the word, one of the most thorough and uncompromising of Democrats, and his history will be the first in which the development of the French as a people, and not as the subjects of a succession of dynasties, will be traced from an American point of view.

A CHARMING book for a Christmas present, is the translation, from the French, of Elie Sauvage, of a story whose English title is "The Little Gypsy," just published by Robert Brothers, Boston, and illustrated by Lorenz Frölich. A beautiful little girl, the daughter of a simple-hearted, pious tailor in the valley of the Tyrol, and the light and joy of the house, excites the interest of a strolling band of gypsies, who kidnap her and make her sing and dance in the cities they visit. After long wanderings they arrive at Darmstadt, where Mina excites great admiration by her performances, and especially that of the young Cornelius, afterward famous as a composer. In the midst of a stampede caused by the discovery of a pickpocket among the gypsies, Mina escapes, and is picked up by young

Cornelius, who takes her home, and has her adopted into his family. Soon he learns Mina's wonderful talent for singing, brings her out in one of his oratorios, and makes her famous. The Landgrave takes her under his special protection, and henceforth her fortune is made, she finds her poor parents, and shares with them the means acquired by her musical gifts. The whole story is pleasantly told and will be read with absorbing interest by those for whom it was specially written.

FINE ARTS.

THE ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

THE second Winter Exhibition of the National Academy of Design makes more evident than ever the necessity of a permanent art-gallery in New York, where artists can send their pictures at any time of the year, and withdraw them on giving proper notice. The advantages which artists and the public would reap from such an institution are obvious. It would at once become popular, if well managed, and if the public understood that the latest works of our artists were to be found on its walls. Such a gallery ought, of course, to be free, or at least to have one free day in every week, with only a nominal charge for other days, to defray necessary expenses; for such an institution ought to be founded with special reference to the wants of the working classes. Every one who has visited the Louvre on Sunday, or the galleries of Munich, Dresden, and Florence, knows how keenly working people enjoy the sight of pictures. On such days they flock in crowds to the galleries, and no one ever has occasion to complain of their behavior there. Indeed, they generally behave much better than many who reckon themselves their superiors. The housemaid, the cook, the laboring man, the soldier, the beggar, all go, with lover or sweetheart, and stroll quietly and decorously through the ample galleries. And strange as it may seem, many of these common people learn enough to become really discriminating in regard to pictures, and rarely bestow admiration on worthless or indifferent things.

In order to be made popular, such a gallery ought to receive the hearty support of our artists. Until recently they shut themselves up too closely in their studios, and avoided contact with the public as much as possible. The result was that they were almost unknown outside of the small culti-

vated class that understood art and loved pictures. The pleasant studio receptions inaugurated by the Tenth street artists served in a great measure to correct this evil, by making artists and the public acquainted with each other. But there is still an unavoidable feeling of exclusiveness about these receptions which keeps away many people who would not hesitate to enter a public gallery, if one were open to them at all times or at short intervals.

Americans have always been accused of a mercenary spirit incompatible with a generous "patronage" of art. The experience of the last ten or twelve years goes far to disprove the accusation. Private individuals in this country emulate Europeans in lavish expenditure on painting and sculpture—not always with knowledge, or great refinement of taste, but with a heartiness that shows how readily culture in art might be diffused among our people. But something more than private patronage is needed; and in this country, where there is no royal bounty to be dispensed, art-societies ought to take the lead in establishing permanent picture galleries in all our large cities. This is especially the case in New York. It is disgraceful that the first city in America should be dependent the greater part of the year on one or two picture dealers for access to the works of native or foreign artists. This city ought to be the Venice of the New World, not only populous and rich in merchandise and money, but famous for the nobler and more enduring wealth of literature and art. Until she attain this, she cannot claim equality with Paris or London, and even the little cities of Munich, Dresden, and Florence can boast of treasures which all the money in New York could not buy.

How long shall this reproach lie against us? Our artists should take up this matter, and push it to a satisfactory conclusion. No fear but that the public would sustain them. The mismanagement observable in the National Academy tends to lower American art in public estimation. For weeks before the opening of the winter exhibition, the people who strolled up and down Broadway would step into Schaus's or Knoedler's gallery, and there find some of the finest productions of modern French and German art, free to all who chose to enter and examine them. When the Academy was thrown open, what a contrast was presented! The walls of the several rooms present an

almost unbroken array of what it were high praise to term mediocre pictures. In the south room there are certainly some fine portraits by the late Charles Loring Elliott, though the collection does not include the best specimens of his genius; and the late Emanuel Leutze is also very well represented in the same room. Besides these collections there is very little in the exhibition to interest the visitor. Yet certainly there are enough good pictures in New York to make out a new and interesting exhibition twice a year. To hang such a lot of rubbish on the walls of the Academy was an insult to the public. How absurd was it to give place to Prof. Morse's wonderful "historical" painting of the House of Representatives in 1823! Many an old tavern sign-board has higher claims to art than this huge piece of ruined canvas; indeed, many of the pictures which the hanging committee have esteemed worthy of a place on their walls remind one forcibly of the faded and weather-beaten sign-boards that used to swing on high posts before tavern doors.

This sort of management is ruinous, and if allowed to continue will run the Academy down, and react on the artists themselves. Already matters have come to such a pass that many eminent artists refuse to send their works to the Academy. This is going to the other extreme. All the artists should work together in the attempt to give the Academy a higher position than it has ever occupied before, and to extend the circle of its influence.

THE WATER-COLOR SOCIETY.

BEFORE the next number of *THE GALAXY* goes to press, the American Society of Water-Color Painters will be ready with their exhibition, which will take place in the Academy of Design. From present appearances, the exhibition will be the largest and most important of the kind ever made in this country. The art of water-color painting seems to have taken root among our artists. The public also begin to understand and like it better, and there is now ground for believing that, within a very short time, our New York society will not only become firmly established itself, but have branches and auxiliaries in other cities.

S. S. C.

"*MADAME THERESE*; or, *The Volunteers of '92*," is a translation from the thirteenth French edition of a story by MM. Erckmann and Chatrian, whose joint authorship of some of the most popular recent works of French fiction, will deserve a separate chapter in some future edition of Disraeli's "*Curiosities of Literature*," should the late Premier of England return to his early pursuits, and bring his father's work up to the present time. These modern Dromios of literature have so deftly intermingled the separate threads of their work that it is impossible to tell whose is the woof and whose the warp. The present unique story is told in the simplest manner by one who was a boy at the time of the scenes described, and lived in a little village in the midst of the German Vosges, with his uncle, Dr. Jacob Wagner, a philanthropic old doctor, a philosopher, and a lover of peace, but ready to be awakened by that great volcanic movement which began to upheave all Europe in 1792. Without any apparent purpose of making the novel historical, the authors give, in their descriptions of the village discussions over the ominous rising of the French people, and of the military movements and spirited engagements which sweep ruthlessly over the quiet village, a glance into the strange, unsettled life of the time, which brings it before us with wonderful reality and distinctness. Madame Thérèse is a vivandière of rare elevation of character, who is left for dead in the streets of the village, after a fierce conflict in which her soldier comrades are engaged with the Austrian troops, and rescued by the good Dr. Wagner from the inhumanity of the villagers and from the vengeance of the Austrians. Charles Scribner & Company.

IF "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church" the Roman Catholic Church is entitled to the hold it has on the devotion of the Irish people. Those who would like to read the dreary records of religious persecution they have suffered, will find sickening proof of this in the large and finely printed volume, (the Catholic Publication Society) entitled "*Memorials of those who Suffered for the Catholic Faith in Ireland, in the Sixteenth, Seventeenth, and Eighteenth Centuries*," and compiled by Myles O'Reilly, B. A., LL. D.

NEBULÆ.

— It makes one think of “good old times” in electioneering, to read of the way the Raleigh district in North Carolina was canvassed at the late election; and one’s sympathies are quite divided between the successful and the defeated candidate. The latter is described by a political opponent as “the ablest leader in his party,” one “whose character was above reproach, and whose efforts were constant and indefatigable.” That the latter eulogium, at least, is deserved, may be gathered from what follows in the account, namely, that “Colonel Rogers visited *almost every house in the district*, speaking kind words to the mothers, and kissing, without regard to color, the children.” Now, if our readers will just cast up the number of houses in their own Congressional districts (for the districts are substantially equal in population) and then estimate what it was to “visit almost every house” and to “kiss all the children, without regard to color,” they may calculate on the amount of osculation which the gallant Colonel performed. We repeat that he deserves to have his “efforts” described as “constant and indefatigable.” In history, we have all heard of those famous electioneering tours made by English ladies of quality, when they stewed gruel for all the sick, and to the men gave that most irresistible of bribes, a kiss for a vote. Nevertheless, we think the Colonel’s devotion was, upon the whole, more heroic. Pickwick furnishes us with a precedent or parallel perhaps somewhat more apt to the present than any we now think of. We mean that famous Eatanswill election where Mr. Slumkey “stood,” and where, when the twenty “washed men” had been shaken by the hand, the six children-in-arms were brought on to the scene. “‘He has patted the babies on the head,’ said Mr. Perker, trembling with anxiety. A roar of applause rent the air. ‘He has kissed one of ’em,’ exclaimed the delighted little man. A second roar. ‘He has kissed another,’ gasped the excited manager. A third roar. ‘*He’s kissing ’em all,*’ screamed the enthusiastic little gentleman.” In all this, however, we see nothing more “indefatigable” than in Colonel Rogers’s case. It

is only lamentable that so much kissing (without regard to color) was done to no purpose. It is only lamentable that he could not be “made immortal by a kiss”—for certainly he was more profuse with these tokens even than Shakespeare’s river

Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage.

But like Cato, the Colonel may reflect that

’Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we’ll do more, Sempronius; we’ll deserve it.

— THERE has been much said, of late, regarding the fortune (or absence of fortune) left by poor Artemus Ward at his untimely death. Different sums have been mentioned by people interested in his estate, as the real amount of his assets; but all agree that this, in any case, is smaller than his great reputation and his abilities deserved. The object of inquiry is, of course, to know how much property will be left to those dependent on him, and to whom he was so tenderly devoted. It has occurred to us that there is *one* way in which an increase of this sum could be secured to his heirs. Let a new and good edition of his writings be printed; let it be published by a firm of known reputation for honor and generosity; let it be *handsomely* printed, as is becoming to this racy American humorist, and not in the cheap, repulsive style of the present edition of his books; let the edition be *authorized*, so that we may all trust it; let it be *complete*, containing the contributions to “Punch,” and all his later papers, with all the fugitive pieces, comic advertisements, lectures, and so forth, which have ever been published; let a judicious selection be made, by a competent editor and personal friend, from his unpublished writings and from any scraps left in his portfolio; let there be *no* illustrations, or else something *good*, and not those vile wood-cuts hitherto given with the writings of Artemus; in one word, let us at last have a compact edition worthy of the man. If this could be accomplished, it would render a good service both to the public and to those who look to the estate of the humorist for support. If it cannot be done here, we hope it will be in England. But we should like to know what the ob-

stacle is, if any there be, to doing it here. We do not believe that his countrymen or his friends across the water have yet forgotten "delicious Artemus," as Charles Reade calls him; and we believe a neat volume of his works, complete and final in matter, issued in handsome and generous style, and with the assurance that its profits would go to his family, would find a large sale.

— A VERY good suggestion has been made by the "Boston Transcript," namely, that the police, with the approach of cold weather, shall take measures "to put a stop to the nuisance of those caterwauling little Italian children who infest our streets, and rasp away at their fiddles upside down." We would go further, and make it the duty of the police and of city authorities in general to overhaul all the begging community, and to punish those who are not objects of charity. The truth is that, in large cities, certain greedy "masters" organize a regular winter's campaign, to dupe the sentiment and to plunder the pockets of the sympathetic and charitable. They take special care that the boys and girls in their employ, to whom they let out organs, fiddles, or other falsely-called "musical instruments," or whom they establish with combs, shoe-strings, and other petty articles for sale in the streets, shall be clad as thinly as possible, and shall toil as late as possible, so that they may in every way work on the feelings of the kindly. The question of the common beggars is different, and brings different considerations to bear; but the musical and trading children, instructed to beg as they trade and play, ought not to be endured. We dislike to take what appears to be the uncharitable side in such matters; but it is not a question of charity at all, because only the greedy masters profit by this sort of public benevolence; and the more irresistible is the piteous condition of the children, the more comfortless and wretched are these latter made to look.

— "How can a woman so sensible as you adopt such a piece of affectation as that Grecian Bend style of walking?" asked a gentleman the other evening, of an intelligent lady with whom he was familiar. "It is not affectation," was the answer; "look at these heels," she added, extending her foot, "and tell me how I can walk any other way." And sure enough, how could she, poor thing. There

from under her skirts peeped a foot, naturally pretty, but dreadfully deformed by a high and narrow heel that, with vulgar impertinence, had pushed itself beyond its proper place, until it rested fairly under the instep, and threw the body inevitably forward in standing. Certainly she must wear such shoes; for are they not the style?—and wearing them, there was no escape from the awkward and constrained manner of walking which is so ridiculed in cartoon and caricature. "I don't bend any more than I can help," she exclaimed, plaintively; "and I am sure I don't carry myself in such an absurd style as many of the ladies you see upon the street." No doubt many are merely imitating the fashionable walk, and like all imitators, overdo; but the origin of the Grecian bend is in the present style of fashionable shoes. "So this only have I found, that God hath made them upright, but they have sought out many inventions."

— MR. Mark Lemon is now giving his "readings in costume," in England, and their peculiarity is that, while all the dresses are studied with historical accuracy, scenery is left out altogether. This novelty may be an unavoidable reaction against the overbearing part played by theatrical machinery in our day; but it seems to us to be, after all, an excess in the other direction. Why dress as nearly as possible in character, without making all the surroundings as nearly as possible like those required by the play? If Richard and Richmond can be clad in make-believe armor (they would hardly undertake the weight actually borne by the real rivals,) why should they fight in front of a scrap of a poster labelled "Bosworth Field?" If there is an attempt at illusion in costume, why so sedulous an attempt to destroy it in scenery? It seems to us (judging of course, without having seen the performance) that, in protesting against the claptrap of the stage, Mr. Lemon goes to the other extreme. Or, to put our comment more correctly, it seems to us that the attempt so often made to turn the "reading" into a drama and the play into a reading, is always unnatural. The force of a single reader's or actor's talent may hold it up for a time, but it is force misdirected and wasted, and the attempt never lasts long. It is the same mistake as the effort to level the distinction between the concert and the opera—making both very unsatisfactory affairs. The reading-

desk has its advantage, and so has the stage; but the two cannot well be joined by mechanical contrivance. We admit that, as an American dramatist has said, the machinist now has more to do with the success of a play than the playwright; but the remedy, if one be needed, is hardly, as it seems to us, the one essayed by Mr. Lemon.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ADMIRAL BELL.

IN the November number of THE GALAXY Mr. Pollard has paid a well deserved tribute to the memory of a gallant officer of our Navy, but, in so doing, he has done injustice to the services of another officer equally gallant. In the account of the attack on the Barrier Forts on the Canton River, China, it is stated that Admiral Bell "avenged an insult on the American flag, etc.," and the part taken in that action by Admiral (then Commander) A. H. Foote, is entirely overlooked. The truth is that it was Foote who urged that an attack on the forts was necessary to avenge the insult to our flag—Bell being of the same opinion. Commander Foote was on his way to Canton in the cutter of the "Portsmouth" (the ship he commanded), when he was fired on several times by the forts. He turned back, and went at once on board the "San Jacinto" (the flag-ship, of which Bell was captain), where he proposed to Commodore Armstrong to go up the river with the vessels and attack the forts. The Commodore was at first opposed to such energetic proceedings, and wished to try milder measures—diplomatic correspondence—but Foote insisted that, unless he acted promptly, the American flag would be disgraced in the eyes of all the foreign powers, saying, "Correspond with your guns, Commodore, that is the only way to settle this difficulty."

Bell, who was present at the interview, agreed with him, and Armstrong finally consented that an attack should be made. Accordingly, the "Portsmouth" and "Levant" proceeded up the river, anchored off the forts, and, after three days' sharp firing, captured all four of them. The "San Jacinto" drew too much water to ascend the river, and, during the first day's action, Commander Bell took command of the "Levant," in the absence of her captain, Commander William Smith, who was stationed at Canton, in charge of a body of

sailors and marines. The "Levant," however, having run aground, could not be brought into position this day. The second day she got afloat, and her commanding officer having returned aboard, Commander Bell went on board the "Portsmouth," where he rendered valuable assistance during the remainder of the action; and, when the forts were captured, he superintended the mining, and blew them up.

These are the facts; and it will be seen that the credit of the affair evidently belongs to Foote, who was the senior officer under Armstrong, and who commanded the attacking force during the whole engagement, with the exception of the first day, when the Commodore was on board the "Portsmouth."

In making this statement, I have no desire to detract from the services of Admiral Bell, but I wish to do justice to Admiral Foote; and I feel sure that, if Admiral Bell could have read the "Story of a Hero," he would himself have made the same corrections.

W. H. M.

WOMEN AS PHYSICIANS.

UNIVERSITY OF BUFFALO, NOV. 26, 1858.

To Mary A. E. Wager.

MY DEAR MADAM: I have read your paper on "Women as Physicians," in the December number of THE GALAXY, with great pleasure; but I beg to take the liberty of setting you right on some points where you are in error.

In November, 1847, I received a letter, while engaged in my course of lectures in the Geneva Medical College (N. Y.), from my friend S. H. Dickson, M. D., then one of the Professors in the "Medical Department of the University of the City of New York," in behalf of Miss Elizabeth Blackwell. The purport of the letter was, that Miss B. had studied medicine in his office, and under his direction, in Charleston, S. C., for three years, during which time she had exhibited remarkable industry, perseverance, and talent; that she was anxious to attend the courses of instruction in some of our medical colleges, and graduate; that she had applied for admission at all of the chartered medical schools of Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, and had been refused admittance; and that he would feel under great personal obligations to me if I would procure her admission to the lectures in the Geneva Medical College. Now, as I had

always been an advocate of the medical training of talented females for the profession of medicine, I immediately called a meeting of the Medical Faculty, placed Professor Dixon's letter before them, and advocated the propriety and expediency of admitting Miss Blackwell to our respective courses of lectures. The proposition was generally opposed, as being a new and dangerous experiment, and might lead to serious disturbance and disorder; that it was unprecedented and would not be sanctioned by the medical profession generally. I, however, stated to them the case of a distinguished lawyer in New York, whose young wife, about to become a mother, refused to be attended by any accoucheur of the male sex; and, as there were no educated female obstetricians in the city, he desired to receive such instruction from me, and attendance on two or three cases, as might qualify him to officiate in person, without calling in any one else; that I complied with his request, and that he attended his wife in her confinement with perfect success. At last it was agreed I should lay the matter before the students, at the close of my next lecture, and if they would pledge themselves, by a formal vote, to treat Miss B. like a lady and invite her to join the class, they would yield their objections and allow her to come on. This I did, the class appointing Mr. Hill—now Dr. Hill, of Buffalo—chairman of the meeting.

The matter was seriously debated *pro* and *con* for an hour or more; at length a vote was called for, and it was unanimously resolved to empower me to write to Miss B. and pledge the honor of the class that if she would come on she would be treated with the utmost courtesy and respect, and should have no cause of regret in so doing. This was done. Miss B. came to Geneva, attended two full courses of lectures, and so far as I ever heard, was invariably treated with the utmost respect and consideration. She greatly distinguished herself, particularly in anatomy and physiology, being, by far, the best anatomist in the college, and before she graduated, was qualified to fill with *éclat*, a professional chair in either of those departments, in any medical college in the land. Your description of her deportment while attending is, in general, accurate, but I think you mistake in saying that any insult was ever offered her. Had such been the case, I must have heard of it. It is barely possible that some note was thrown

or handed to her; as the note fell to the floor and was not perused by her, it is hardly right, I think, to construe it as containing "some gross raillery." I venture to say, without further and positive proof, that no such note, with such intent, was ever thrown or handed to her. Every student had solemnly pledged himself to abstain from any such act, and I assume, in the absence of any proper evidence, that no such act was committed. I recollect the occurrence of a note being thrown to her, and the action of the class, supposing that some insult was intended, but there was no proof whatever that such was the design.

You err, also, in calling me the "President of the College," and as having conferred on her the diploma. The president in question was the late Benjamin Hale, D. D. I had the honor of delivering the farewell address to the class; in which I particularly alluded to Miss Blackwell as the most distinguished of our pupils, and destined to confer honor on the profession and on her sex—as Mesdames Boivin and La Chapelle had done before her; congratulating her on her success, and expressing the hope that this was initiating a movement which would result in the more general education of females for the medical profession. You have quoted very accurately my language in my closing address, only erring in calling me the "President of the College."

The speech you put into Miss Blackwell's mouth was delivered by her on receiving her diploma from President Hale, which preceded my closing address. You give it *verbatim* as it was pronounced. Your account of my visit to the Philadelphia medical schools with Miss Blackwell is also quite accurate. I was anxious to show my medical friends a *specimen brick* of that noble structure, in which the future woman of America was to constitute an integral and component part. I cannot say that our reception was flattering. Indeed, some would have thought it quite the contrary. Professor Wood absolutely refused to present her before his class, or even allow her to attend his lecture, except in a small room adjoining, where she could hear the lecture without being seen, as you have stated. The occasion was too singular for Dr. Chapman to pass it by, without some of his characteristic witticisms, to promote the hilarity and laughter of his class. The remarks of the Professor were so genial, so jocose, and so extravagantly gallant and

laudatory, though somewhat indelicate and calculated to bring a blush to the cheek of an unsophisticated young lady, that I hardly knew whether to be glad or to regret introducing my *protégée* to the Doctor. But it all passed off pleasantly, and Dr. Blackwell was treated with all proper respect and consideration by the Faculties generally. It is true, as you say, that "Miss Elizabeth Blackwell was the first woman who had received legally and officially the degree of Doctor of Medicine;" and whatever honor attaches to the fact, I think I may alone claim that honor as due to myself. I have since watched the professional career of Miss B. with pride and pleasure.

In 1849, I visited her while an *interne* in the Hospital of Maternity in Paris, and was not surprised in finding her occupying the very highest rank, and enjoying the perfect confidence of M. Dubois, the physician in charge of the establishment. Her successful career as a practitioner of the highest standing, since then, requires no comment from me. Suffice to say, that in point of skill, reputation, and success, she is scarcely second to any physician in the City of New York.

The year succeeding that when Miss B. received her diploma from Geneva Medical College, numerous applications were made to me as Dean, for the admission of other females. Some of these were young, giddy girls, who were chiefly actuated by a desire for notoriety, and it became quite apparent that the case of Miss B. would have to be regarded as *exceptional*, and not as a *precedent*. This necessarily led, as I supposed it would, to the formation and establishment of "Female Medical Colleges," and it was not many years before such

schools were created in Philadelphia, Boston, and New York, with a full corps of accomplished medical teachers. These schools have already graduated over three hundred female practitioners, who will not suffer by comparison with an equal number of male practitioners, and they supply a want long and extensively felt and lamented by the more intelligent portion of our countrywomen.

When I look back, I can see no act of my life which gives me more sincere pride and self-congratulation than the humble part I have borne in initiating this great and important reform. The "Code of Ethics" of the American Medical Association, the code which regulates the professional conduct of all American practitioners of medicine, makes no distinction of sex, but allows every physician to consult with any "respectable, regularly educated practitioner." This subject has been fully discussed at the two last annual meetings, and decided by nearly an unanimous vote, that qualification and not sex should determine the question.

It is true that some members of the medical profession still take very narrow and illiberal views regarding this subject, and talk learnedly about the sphere of women, forgetting that her sphere is whatever she can fill creditably and usefully. Woman is naturally a nurse and a physician; for a good nurse is nothing more or less than a physician; nature has fitted her in many respects for this vocation; all she needs is the necessary knowledge and training, and she will be universally recognized, as the Sister of Charity is now, as an angel of mercy.

CHARLES A. LEE, M. D.

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GALAXY SUPPLEMENT.

SUSAN FIELDING.

BY MRS. EDWARDS,

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CHAPTER I.

IT was a drowsy, silent afternoon early in summer. The outlines of the scarce-clad trees showed lifeless against a neutral-tinted sky. The dull white London road, brisk thoroughfare in the old coaching days to all western England, looked duller and whiter than usual, as it stretched away, without a spot of color to break its monotony, across Hounslow Heath. Even the canal seemed to drone in a sleepier voice than was its wont, as it stagnated by, its brief life spent, under the wilderness of poplar, alder, and sycamore that grew around the powder-mills.

"Is my life to be like this?" thought Susan, as she leaned across the parapet of the little wayside bridge, and watched, as much as excessively short-sighted eyes can be said to watch, the dreary heath and drearier overshadowed stream. "Have warm suns and cheerful sounds, like love and home, and all other pleasant things, gone clean away from me forever? Oh, papa, if I could see you once—if my watching here meant anything! If I could hear your voice, scolding me, even—there's no one to scold me any more—but hear it. Ah, I'm sick of silence! I want papa's face to kiss; I want his arms to hold me as they used."

And now great tears rose slowly in the short-sighted eyes; every tinge of color ebbed from the childish, round cheeks, and, with a passion of pain, the girl realized the irrevocableness of her loss, the emptiness of a world from which her own narrow world of love had been newly blotted. "If he had loved me less I might bear it! Oh, why was I left? What good was it to leave me in this big world, where no one will want me—no one be fond of me again till I die?"

Susan Fielding was seventeen years old on this day when I first bring her before you, watching at the spot where, ever since she was a child of six, she had been accustomed to watch for the return of her father across the heath; and knowing that she watched in vain. Mr. Fielding had now been dead three months. April rain and May sunshine had already brought up a thin green covering over his grave in Halfont churchyard. The servants had got new places—the house a new tenant. At midsummer, scarce a fortnight hence, the furniture would be sold and Susan have to seek a home among relations of whose very existence she had not known until her father's death left her desolate.

Throughout a lifetime of fifty-four years, Mr. Joseph Fielding had been a man neither possessing nor wanting friends—one of a class rather more numerous, I suspect, than some genial-minded people would have us think. Unsocial by temperament and through long habit; holding crotchety, unpopular

opinions on every subject under the sun; engrossed with his bookselling at Brentford during the day; engrossed of an evening with his cockney road-side home; his violin in winter, his garden in summer; where was such a man—he often observed this of himself—to make friends, and what good would they have been to him when made? He was on terms, odd to say, with the parson of the parish, but with no other soul the parish contained (I must remark, for the pleasure of writing the words, that the dear old vicar of Halfont was a village priest of a type seldom to be met with now—a village priest with the untroubled belief, himself, of a little child, but tolerant, from fine breeding and wide culture alike, to every variety of opinion among his parishioners); once a year, even, dined, with little Susan, at the vicarage. “Fielding is a queer fellow,” the vicar would say; “never comes to church, holds terribly wrong opinions about rates and tithes; but he and his little girl dine with me every Christmas, and I can’t help forgiving him all his wrong-headedness when I hear them sing together. If our orthodox people only had the divine voices of these latitudinarians, what a choir we might have!”

And this yearly dining-out was the solitary dissipation, the one act of social intercourse that broke Mr. Fielding’s lonely existence. During the lifetime of his wife, whom he tenderly loved, he had been brought, perforce, if not into friendliness, into some degree of contact with his neighbors.

Mrs. Fielding, a quiet-tempered little woman, unrivalled in her pastry and damson-cheese, and regarding books much as the wife of an ironmonger would regard stoves or saucepans, made it a point of faith to air her best cap and hear the village gossip whenever opportunity offered; and on rare occasions would prevail upon her husband, very miserable in his dress-clothes, and with his song-books and violin under his arm, to accompany her to some of the village tea-parties. After her death, which happened when Susan was six years of age, he fell back at once and forever upon his own society. “The morose nature of the man showing itself,” said the village people among whom he lived, and yet from whose companionship he held himself so utterly, so suspiciously aloof.

He fell back upon his own society; and from the day of his wife’s burial until that of his own death, led (in a roadside villa, ten miles from London) the life of a hermit. And yet it must not for a moment be supposed that Mr. Fielding was a philosopher, raised by superior reason above the common weaknesses of humanity. He was, on the contrary, the least philosophical, most sensitive of men—as open to offence, as famous for “taking the law” of everybody, with or without provocation, as Tom Touchey himself. He would no more dine or drink tea with a neighbor than he would go to church or abstain from openly pruning his pears on a Sunday; but let any man, from the lord of the manor downward, attempt to fire a gun across the bookseller’s orchard, or fish in the hundred feet of canal that ran along the bottom of the bookseller’s garden, and he would speedily discover with what manner of hermit he had to deal!

“Human nature is the same in us all,” the old vicar would say, his kindly optimist spirit ever thinking the best that could be thought of every man. “If our social instincts don’t show themselves in one shape they will in another. Poor Fielding’s actions and lawsuits and ejectments are just his fashion of holding communion with his fellows. If it had not been for that willow-fence case between him and Dicky Ffrench, I believe he would never have held up his head again after his wife’s death.”

And possibly the vicar was right. Still a social instinct that takes the form of perpetually dragging other people into the hands of lawyers is scarcely one

for ordinary minds to appreciate. Mr. Fielding died ; and his little daughter reaped the fruits of all his long dissent from the common opinions of the world. A London solicitor whom she had never seen, an uncle in France, whose name she had never heard, were appointed by her father's will, as Susan's legal guardians ; friends, with the exception of her morning governess and the vicar, she had none. Even Miss *Jemima Ffrench*, the kindest-hearted old woman in the whole country round, declared openly that she could take no interest in the concerns of a man who, for more than a dozen years, had embroiled her brother in a lawsuit about the willow fence ! For Mr. Fielding's radical opinions Miss *Jemima* had never cared a straw. Church and state were not going to be upset by the half-crazed notions of a poor little Brentford bookseller. His atheism lay between himself and his Maker. But to go to law about the willow fence, the fence that the oldest people in Halfont would swear had always belonged to the lord of the manor ! No, Miss *Jemima* could not forgive him that. And so now that Joseph Fielding lay dead, the querulous sharp face, querulous no longer ; the brain, with its oddities and disbeliefs, quiet ; the heart, with its superficial hatreds, its deep affections, cold—not a servant from the great house was sent to inquire for his child. We pay these penalties for eccentricity. Men and women will forgive us every vice, nay, every virtue that they can understand. Some out-of-the-way whim, some crank about a willow fence will freeze Christian charity at its fount, even charity as genuine and as broad as Miss *Jemima's*.

"To inquire." It would have mattered nothing to Susan if every inhabitant of the parish, of the county, had come to inquire for her, to sympathize with her. She mourned for her father, as she had loved him with her whole strength ; mourned as these natures that love through sheer physical necessity do mourn ; and when, a month after his burial, one of the servants led her, passive, to morning service, her childish face had so altered that scarcely a woman in the church could look at her without remorseful tears. Whatever Joseph Fielding had been, the child, they began to recollect, was alone and friendless ; dwindling, too, in another six months would rest, likelier than not, beside her parents. And coming out of church, old Miss *Ffrench*, a world of contrition at her warm heart, walked straight up to the forlorn little creature's side, took her hands, and kissed her in the sight of all the congregation. "I'll come to see you this evening, my dear, and I'll bring *Portia*—we ought to have come sooner. *Portia* will cheer you. Poor child, you must not be left to mourn by yourself any longer."

Portia came, and Susan was cheered—not consoled ; two months later you see her standing in her old place on the bridge, weeping the old tears for the voice, the step she should know no more—but cheered by the magnetic irresistible influence that youthful laughter, a sunny youthful presence must ever prove to a mourner of seventeen ! The good old vicar had visited her, and left her spirit dull and crushed as he found it. Her governess had read her admonishing lectures about the paganism of this sorrow without hope, the duty of resignation and self-control, in vain. Before she had been five minutes in the room with *Portia*, before she had listened five minutes to *Portia's* airy chatter, Susan's cheeks actually began to dimple again as they used. I don't know whether, as we grow older, we feel our losses lightened by being brought in contact with the possession of others. Children—and Susan, though she was seventeen, was a child—can be lured out of their sorrows by the sight of pretty toys, of other children at play, without an envious pang. The beautiful face in

its tiny bonnet, the soft peach-colored silk, the little trinkets, the dainty collar and cuffs of this girlish visitor (immensely bored by the work of charity she was performing) were better medicine for her sad heart than either physician or parson could have administered.

"I shall see you again to-morrow?" she asked, very shyly, as her visitors were leaving. And when Portia gave a careless promise to visit her every day—oh well, twice a day "if it could possibly do anybody any good"—Susan Fielding once more felt that life was not wholly and absolutely without flavor.

The poor little girl *must* love; there is the truth; she could no more live without loving than without breathing, and in default of stronger support, her arms stretched themselves out instinctively to Portia Ffrench. Portia, who at times found the love even of an affianced lover a weight too heavy for her ease-loving shoulders to sustain!

CHAPTER II.

SUSAN raised her face at last, and saw a man's figure standing about three yards distant from her on the bridge; a figure which her short-sighted eyes, additionally blind at this moment with tears, failed to recognize.

She drew back with a little frightened cry, and found her hand taken and held in a firm warm grasp.

"I'm not going to let you pass me like that, Miss Susan, indeed I'm not. I've been watching here for the last five minutes without your knowing it, and I say it's a sin for you fret as you do. As if—ahem! these things didn't happen to all of us. As if young people musn't *expect* to survive their parents! And to say (yes, you've been talking aloud)—to say that no one will ever be fond of you again. Why shouldn't lots of people be fond of you always, I should like to know?"

The grasp was hearty, the voice pleasant, the face of the speaker emphatically what would be called a good face, ruddy of hue, well-favored of feature, open of expression. But Susan shrank away as if she had been hurt.

"I can't help fretting, thank you, Mr. Collinson, and I don't want to make any new friends. It's very good of you and Eliza to trouble yourselves about me as you do, but—but I like to be alone." Saying this she tried, in vain, to take her hand from her captor's, then stood silent; evidently biding her time, like a frightened child, to break away from him anew and run home.

The young man looked down with a mixed expression—part contemptuous pity, part ardent tenderness—into her face. In common with most of the people about Halfont, Tom Collinson did not consider Susan as over-bright in her intellect; but he fancied her—to use his own language—as he had never fancied any woman during his whole three-and-twenty years of life. A vagrant freak of the imagination it must be confessed; Tom Collinson's tastes generally being of the earth, earthy, and Susan's face one for all, save the most refined beholders, to pass over with careless notice. A delicately modelled forehead, on which the dark hair rests in thick natural curling rings, a sensitive full-cut mouth, a pair of grey eyes, to which extreme short-sightedness lends almost the pathetic unanswering look of blindness—what is there in this pallid child's face to rouse the admiration of a man to whom ruddy lips, and pink and white complexion, yes, and plenty of animal life and audacity, have hitherto been the highest ideal of feminine charms? Collinson put the question to himself as he looked

down on Susan's white, tear-stained cheeks ; and the only answer he could get was—that he did passionately admire it ; more, perhaps, at this very moment when the girl stood, shy and unwilling, and drawing her little cold hand away from his, than he had done since he first began to lose his head about her at all. The fact was a fact, but inexplicable ; save, indeed, on a favorite hypothesis of the vicar's, namely, that in the commonest, coarsest natures there must exist some one fine instinct, some latent affinity with superior sweetness and beauty which needs but the right influence at the right moment to call it forth. But this is quite the last explanation of his folly that would have offered itself to Tom Collinson's mind.

"If you were to go a little more into company, I'm sure it would do you good ; Eliza says so, too. Now, why couldn't you walk across the heath and take tea with us sometimes, and I'd meet you and bring you back—only too glad of the chance. Oh, I forgot," a distinct change was discernible in Collinson's voice, "I quite forgot ! You are too much taken up with your grand lord of the manor set to care for Eliza any more !"

"You are very good," was Susan's hesitating answer, "and so is Eliza. Now that the evenings are so long I shouldn't mind coming sometimes, if you're sure it would be no trouble to you to walk back with me ? You see the servants have both gone to their new places and I've only old Nancy Wicks, from the Ffrenches' lodge, to stay with me till the sale."

"Trouble ! very likely I should call it trouble to walk with you," answered Collinson, coming a step nearer. "As if I wouldn't like to walk with you every day of my life, if you would let me ! Now, this evening—its only just five o'clock, why couldn't you come back with me this evening ? We could walk after tea to the Firs, I have heard you say you like seeing the sunset from the Firs, and—oh, well, there's no sun to set, as it happens, but we should have the walk just the same ; and I—I mean Eliza and I—would bring you back." He made this amendment in answer to the denial that he saw was coming from the girl's lips.

"But I am going to spend this evening with the Ffrenches," said Susan. "It's the first time I have ever been asked to their house. Mr. Josselin, the gentleman Portia is going to marry, will be there and—and any other evening, you know, I could walk with you and your sister."

The blood rose on Tom Collinson's face. "Eliza and I, of course, must wait until you have no better engagement !" he remarked, bitterly. "We couldn't, for a moment, hope to keep you from such fine company as Mr. Josselin's ! But you surprise me when you say this is the first time you have been asked to the Ffrenches' house. I thought you and Portia Ffrench were sworn friends ? called each other by your Christian names, and the rest of it ?"

"Portia has been extremely kind to me," answered Susan, warmly, "I had never spoken to any of the Ffrenches' in my life—I suppose because papa and Colonel Ffrench both wanted those willows on the river bank—but when I was in my trouble old Miss Jemima brought Portia to see me, and I got fond of her at once, and she told me I might call her Portia, and sent me a photograph of herself next day. I haven't seen so very much of her since." Susan's countenance fell as she recalled the numberless days when she had stayed indoors, expecting her new friend in vain. "But then Portia has been paying a visit in London, and she is so much sought after, and engaged to be married so soon—how could she have time to remember me ?"

"Portia Ffrench, if what folks say of her is true, remembers precious little

but her own pleasure," remarked Collinson, savagely. His passion for Susan was sincere enough to render him vaguely jealous, already, of every one she liked. "I hear this last lover of hers is little better than a fool; but, whatever he is, I don't envy him his bargain. If Portia Ffrench wanted to treat you as a friend and an equal, she would never have gone all these weeks without asking you inside their doors."

"Any one in mourning like mine doesn't look to be asked out," said Susan. "The Ffrenches' house is always full of company when Portia is at home; and Miss Jemima has too much consideration to invite me among strangers. My being asked there this evening is all a kind thought of Portia's. To-day is my birth-day, and she was resolved, she said, to give me a great treat on it, and let me make Mr. Josselin's acquaintance. I hope you will never say anything against Portia again. It hurts me."

She got her hand resolutely from Collinson's as she spoke, turned, and began to walk fast along the two hundred yards of path which lay between the bridge and her home. Tom Collinson turned, too. After a minute—"And so it's your birthday to-day?" he began. "Don't be cross with me for speaking against Portia Ffrench! I can't bear the thought of any one slighting you. What a fool Eliza must have been not to tell me so. Now, if I bring you something to-morrow, instead, will you take the will for the deed, and accept it as a birthday present?"

"I think you had much better not waste your money," said Susan, half-displeased, half-reluctant. "Papa never liked me to take presents when he was alive."

"And you mean to go on in everything just according to his old-fashioned ideas!" cried Collinson—not, as you see, a man of super-delicacy in thought or speech.

"If I can I will," said Susan; "though, to be sure, that will be almost impossible; for he was clever, and saw—oh, in an instant—what was right to do and what was wrong, and never made a mistake; while I—"

She stopped, her lip quivering.

"And you'll want some one to be at your elbow, and advise you, and look after you, always," said Collinson, promptly. "That's about what you'll want. You know you never could go on living alone as you do now, Miss Susan."

"I know it very well," said Susan, shrinking, as every word of Collinson's seemed to have the power to make her shrink. "Don't talk about it, please. I've a fortnight left to me of home. Time enough to talk about leaving when the dreadful day comes. You don't know what home is to me—how awful the thought is of going away and living among strangers in a strange place for the rest of my life!"

"Well, home is home, be it ever so humble," said Collinson, glancing up, contemptuously. They were now close to Addison Lodge, at the stucco roadside villa, with its prim lawn and fish-pond, and dusty summer-house surmounted by a huge weathercock that would have been in proportion on a church-steeple—the cockney villa which, to Joseph Fielding's daughter, was the one abode worth living in on the earth. "But I don't think you need look far to find a place just as good as Addison Lodge. Now, Eliza's cottage—"

"Mr. Collinson!"

"Oh, well, small, I'll allow, but big enough for you two little women to get on in. Why couldn't you come to us, and you and Eliza set up housekeeping

together, as you don't particularly relish the thought of this French uncle you are to go to? I was talking to Eliza about it this morning, and—"

"And I am sorry you wasted your time so much," interrupted Susan, not without temper. "Uncle Adam, my French uncle, as you call him, is the guardian papa appointed for me, and he has offered me a home, and I shall live there—till I'm an old woman, I dare say—because it's my duty. I want to keep house with no one. Eliza must know that she and I would never get on together—never! I wish you good-day, sir."

And before Tom Collinson could find time to collect his ideas into a conciliatory speech, the garden gate had opened and shut, and Susan's small figure shot away behind the hollies, which, tortured into different varieties of pyramids and monsters, stood on either side the entrance to Addison Lodge.

The young man waited until he had caught one more glimpse of her as she ran quickly up the steps before the front door; then he took out a cigar, lit it, and, with his hands thrust into his pockets and a complacent smile on his ruddy, good-looking face, set forth upon his homeward walk across the heath. Susan breathed freer when, from the window of her own little room up-stairs (helped by the spectacles which, with no one by to see her, she was not too shy to put on), she watched him depart. That Tom Collinson could be in love with her—in love, as people are in books; that his intrusive questions about her "lord of the manor friends," his interest in her future prospects, could be prompted by any deeper feeling than curiosity, the child was far from guessing. He was Miss Collinson's brother, and, at his sister's bidding, doubtless, took the daily trouble of these long walks across the heath to see how she was getting on. Still—still there was enough of her sex's nascent instinct in Susan's heart for *something* in Tom Collinson's attentions to frighten her. Every time they met she was forced, against her will, to feel that, while she liked him less, his kindness brought her more and more into this man's power! In her love-sheltered child's world she had never, during her father's life, experienced the feeling of positive dislike toward man or woman. As coldly, perhaps, as it was possible for her to regard any human creature with whom she was constantly thrown, she had regarded her governess, Miss Collinson; partly because her governess was inseparable from French verbs, English grammar, and sums (and in every branch of education Susan was alike obtuse), but also from another unconfessed and still more cogent reason. Miss Collinson, a faded, half-pretty little spinster, under forty, had for a great many years cherished a subdued, not altogether hopeless fondness for Mr. Fielding; and this fondness—wholly unrecognized by its object—Susan, almost since she could remember anything, had divined. She was too single-hearted, too thorough a child, for any secret fear of her father's making a second marriage to disturb her happiness. The bare notion of Miss Collinson at his side—of Miss Collinson filling the place of the dead mother in their little nousehold, would have been profanity to her. What she knew; what, with all a child's passionate jealousy, she resented, was that Miss Collinson forever, and in a hundred small, underhand ways, strove to please Mr. Fielding; would not gainsay him when he advanced opinions at directest opposition to her own; gave way, without even the form of contradiction, to every eccentric crotchet about his daughter's education; worst crime of all, on days when she was certain of his coming home early, would attempt such poor blandishments in the way of personal adornment as her frugal wardrobe could furnish forth. "As if papa so much as looks at her!" Susan would think, watching some oft-darned

bit of lace, some faded neck-ribbon of Miss Collinson's with silent, jealous aversion. "As if he cares for any one looking nice but me!"

The child's nature was too really generous, and Miss Collinson—mildest of sentimental women! too really inoffensive for the feeling ever to strengthen into one of more than potential bitterness—indeed, now that her father was gone, now that she had seen Miss Collinson mourn for him dead as sincerely as she had striven to win his affection living, Susan's sensitive conscience reproached her for many a small wickedness that jealousy had prompted her to commit in by-gone days. But, as regarded Miss Collinson's brother, her feelings were widely different. Susan Fielding had no acquaintance whatever, theoretically, with the words "vulgarity," or "good breeding." Her father, a Brentford book-seller, clad in his tradesman's black suit, abrupt of speech, unconventional of manner, had to her been as much a gentleman as the old vicar in his fine silk stockings and cambric neckkerchief, and with his polished well-rounded sentences, and courtly past-century air. But in her heart was the instinct, the essence of true gentle breeding—immaterial essence which finishing-schools, dancing-masters, and diligent study of books of etiquette fail sometimes to instil into the daughters of higher commercial persons than Mr. Joseph Fielding! And everything Tom Collinson said, or did, or looked, came with a sort of jarring shock to her nerves. He wore grand chains and rings, but his hands were coarse; and Susan's blind eyes saw the coarse hands clearer than the good-looking face. He loaded his handkerchief with bergamot. His clothes, smart though their cut might be, were not accompanied by the snow-white linen that it had been the pride of the little girl's life to attend to "as mamma used" for her father. And then he stood so near her when he talked; and it was always so horribly palpable, despite the bergamot, that he had been smoking cheap cigars; and he would hold her unwilling hand, so infinitely longer than was necessary, in his own hot clasp whenever he got the chance!

"I don't like him, I shall never like him," thought Susan, as she stood and watched his short square figure disappear across the bridge. "I suppose I should have more chance of making friends if I could care for men and women like the Collinsons, but I can't. I want a world full of people like Portia, only"—with a sigh, this—"they mustn't all have found a Mr. Josselin. Ah, if I could meet some one handsome, and graceful, and good as he is, yet who would not be above loving me! Some one—quite unlike poor Tom Collinson, of course—yet who would watch, and wait, and take the trouble about me that he does."

And then she fell into a day-dream; a marvellously innocent one—the old vicar and Tom Collinson were the only men she knew, to speak to, in the world—but the day-dream of a girl of seventeen for all that.

CHAPTER III.

THE Ffrenches' dinner-hour was six; and by seven o'clock Susan stood before her glass, "dressed" for this first grand dissipation of her life! Her shock head of hair had been duly wetted in the hope of making it smooth and neat, thereby causing it to twine in more profuse little waving rings than ever round her forehead; her every-day stuff frock was replaced by her Sunday one of silk and crape; an old-fashioned jet necklace, one of her mother's scanty stock of trinkets, was clasped round her babyish white throat.

"I hope Portia won't be ashamed of me before Mr. Josselin," she thought,

looking close and with extremely distrustful eyes at the charming little picture her glass gave back. "Papa thought me pretty, but I don't! I'm like no other girl living, with my great eyes and odd hair, and by Portia—oh, by Portia's side—what shall I look like? However, Mr. Josselin won't trouble his head much about me—that's one comfort, and Portia herself is too good and generous to mind my being plain."

And then Susan ran down stairs, put on her scarlet garden-cloak, and with its hood drawn close round her brown curls—a dearer little picture than before—ran along the hundred yards of high road that divided Addison Lodge from the gate of Colonel Ffrench's avenue. A minute or two later she found herself within the house; hitherto an inaccessible holy of holies in her childish imagination; with a beating heart followed the majestic old butler, Jekyll, up a noiseless velvet-carpeted staircase; was sensible that a door opened, that she was shown into a room full of light and color, and the perfume of flowers, and then—then shyness and short sight mingled got the better of her and she stopped abruptly, a confused singing in her ears, and a sense that twenty people at least must be looking at her frightened face and rough hair with pitying wonder!

A note or two of subdued treble laughter broke on her ear with welcome relief; and, guided by the sound, she ran across the room to an open balconied window where Portia Ffrench, a gentleman by her side, was standing.

"We watched you up the road, my dear—such a funny little Red-riding-hood as you looked!" And Portia Ffrench stooped and touched Susan's cheek with her lips. "Why didn't you come sooner? We have been expecting you this age. Mr. George Blake, Miss Fielding. You must call her Susan, all the evening, mind. Young ladies, until they come out, retain the privilege of being called by their Christian names."

Mr. George Blake! Susan looked up, startled, into the face of this man with whom Portia was on such evident terms of easy familiarity, yet who was not Mr. Josselin, not Portia's lover.

"Yes, we expected you long ago," he said, good-humoredly, for Portia had told him Susan's story, and he believed her to be, as she looked, a little girl of fifteen. "We are going out for a walk by the river by-and-by, and shall sadly need a fourth, Susan. You are to be the fourth. You are to be my companion, and I hope you mean to take care of me, and amuse me the entire evening?"

The tone of this speech was so kind, the shake of the hand that accompanied it so hearty that Susan's dimples began to show themselves, a faint blush to overspread her cheeks.

"Ah, but you mustn't frighten the poor child with fine speeches," cried Portia, quickly. "Susan will not understand you unless you call black, black, and white, white. She is not worldly and artificial, and—what was the other word—like the rest of us, you must remember?"

This, with a little imperious toss of the head, and carelessly moving so that her own pure-cut profile was the contrast to which George Blake's eyes turned from the irregular childish beauty, if beauty it could be said to possess, of Susan's face.

Portia Ffrench was a wonderfully handsome woman; she was only one-and-twenty, yet it never occurred to you to think of her, or speak of her as a girl; finely-built, long of throat, graceful; the forehead somewhat too high, perhaps, for fashion, but well carved, and smooth as marble; the nose and upper lip, and chin, all without a fault. What a noble, what a high-bred looking woman, you thought, the first day you were introduced to her! Then, when you had watched

the play of feature, the delicate nostril, the small curved mouth, so prodigal of smiles—what charm, what endless mobility of expression! Then, later (unless you happened to have fallen over head and ears in love with her, meanwhile), your first opinion of Portia Ffrench changed a little, and you thought—if only the smiles were *less* prodigal! if the mouth, even at the expense of its perfect symmetry, could grow passionate or tender! if the coal-black eyes, the least handsome feature of the face, could tell any story, good or bad, concerning their possessor's soul! Well, it was some time before you got to this; and the chances were, as I hinted, that your reason was subjugated long before your first admiration had had time to cool. At this instant, the soft evening light resting on her jetty hair and deep-tinted Titian-like face, it struck George Blake with sudden force that he had never yet seen Teddy Josselin's betrothed look so handsome. But then this was a thought which on an average struck him about four times an hour whenever he was in Portia's society! For George Blake was in love. As well tell a truth in three words that three elaborate pages could tell no better! a truth which Susan, unsophisticated though she was, could not be five minutes in the company of these two persons without discovering.

"Grandpapa and Aunt Jemima will be here directly, Susan. They are still over their port—I mean their toast-and-water. I shall introduce you to grandpapa as 'Susan' only, remember. Grandpapa is so queer—I mean he will like you a great deal better if he don't know how near a neighbor you have been all these years. Now, please put away your terrified look." Susan had frozen within herself anew at the awful thought of being introduced to old Colonel Ffrench. "Take out your spectacles—yes, this child wears spectacles, Mr. Blake—and assure yourself that there is no one here but us, and that we are not very awe-inspiring when you come to view us closely."

Perfectly obedient, Susan took out her glasses and held them, but without putting them on, before her eyes. Already she had a dim dread of being made to look ridiculous in George Blake's sight. A long country-house drawing-room, all easy-chairs and natural flowers and open windows, Portia in her dainty dinner-dress, a tall man's figure standing by Portia's side; this was what she saw.

"I'm not frightened in the least, thank you," returning her glasses to her pocket; "and I'm very glad no one else is here. Only, you know, Portia, you *said* I was to see Mr. Josselin?"

Portia laughed; one of the pleasantest laughs you ever heard; trilling, natural, yet full of sustained quality; a laugh to have made the fortune of an actress of manners, in the days when actresses of manners existed.

"Mr. Josselin? Of course you shall see Mr. Josselin, little Susan. Teddy, where are you? Come—not and be killed, but be looked at, immediately—why, I verily believe he is asleep again."

She moved across to the easiest chair the room contained, rested her hand on its back, and looked down, as one might look at a pet cat, at something lazily curled up inside. "Teddy! do, if you can, arouse yourself, and come and speak to Susan. I told you about Susan, you know—well, she is here, and wanting to see you."

"Dear little Susan, how good, how natural of her!" said a sleepy voice. "I like Susan already, now, for that very—what is it? trait, that is the word—trait in her character. But couldn't she be brought up here? Are Susans, like syllabubs and cowslips, and everything beginning with an 'S'—no, cowslips don't begin with an 'S,' but it is all the same! Are Susans—you've put me out, child. I don't know what I was going to say. The thread's broke."

"Are Susans always to be looked at in the open air? (When I am by you need never mind losing the thread of a discourse, however important. Teddy! I know what is coming). As a rule, yes; but in the present instance, no. Miss Susan Fielding is standing about four yards distant from you at this moment, and I am waiting, if you please, to introduce you to her."

Upon this the curled-up figure rose languidly, and advanced: and Susan, for the first time in her life, saw the picture of a real London dandy in evening dress. It was a very finished picture of its kind; and she looked at it curiously, and with admiration ludicrously visible upon her simple face. Portia watched her, well-pleased. These unhackneyed critics are often the ones most to be dreaded, and Mr. Josselin was sufficiently one of Portia's personal possessions by this time, for her to be jealous of the effect he produced, even on the village perceptions of Susan Fielding.

"You two are to be great friends, remember. Shake hands, Susan, Mr. Josselin is not quite an ogre when you know him better, although the first impression he gives is, I must confess, of an ogreish and forbidding kind."

"Oh, I don't think so, I'm sure," cried Susan, eagerly. "Quite the reverse."

At which remark, or at the sincerity of voice with which it was uttered, George Blake laughed aloud. His was a delightfully hearty laugh, notwithstanding the hopeless malady from which he suffered; and it broke forth abruptly the moment anything tickled his fancy, like a school-boy's.

"I never had a thing like that said to me since I was born," he cried. "If I had—from lips like Susan's! it would flatter me so that I should look in the glass a dozen times a day for a week to come, and you, who are satiated with pretty speeches, get as many of them as you choose, Josselin. The injustice of the world!"

"Did I make a pretty speech?" said Susan, opening her great eyes. "Oh, I didn't mean it. I only meant—Portia knows what I meant."

"That Mr. Josselin is not absolutely like an ogre," finished Portia, with a glance at her lover's boyish face.

"Well, I am very glad you think so, Susan, and now let us all try to be sociable, and to get to like each other, if we can."

She moved back to her place beside the open window, her head brought negligently in contact with a drooping spray of guelder-roses (an admirable foil, that sultry yellow, to her clear dark skin), and before a minute had passed, was engrossed in the one occupation in existence that cost her neither trouble nor weariness; running on, that is to say, with all manner of airy nonsense to the man of whom she was sure, yet holding captive some other poor wretch, George Blake for the time being, by furtive looks, by plaintive little undertones, at her side.

Susan stood, unnoticed of all three, and watched and listened. What wit was Portia's, she thought, as subject after subject—it might be justice to say person after person—was brought forward just sufficiently to receive a few of Portia's off-handed, half-jesting, half-bitter strictures, then dismissed! What grace, what beauty! How natural that these two men—that all men—should be Portia's slaves! And then she fell to comparing the merits of the slaves themselves—trying to think, if she were in Portia's place, which of the two she would smile on most; or whether, like Portia, she would smile, doling out short-lived hope and despair, by turns, on both.

"I dare say I should smile equally on both," she decided, after serious

thought. "It must be so delightful to see people waiting for one's words like that. Perhaps, in reality, I should care for Mr. Josselin least; and yet he is so good-looking, and has such a pretty manner, that I couldn't keep from liking him in my heart. Oh, how pleasant Portia's life is! How different they both are to Tom Collinson!"

And in her journal that night—a journal in which the number of fish her father had caught in the canal, or the way she had shirked an exercise, or her sensations on first wearing a trained skirt had hitherto been the kind of matter recorded by Susan—the two portraits were thus sketched:

"Portia's lover—her *real* lover, I mean—is the prettiest man I ever saw. I got to feel at my ease with him afterward; but when he first spoke to me my breath seemed almost taken away, he looked so beautiful. He wore a coat with white silk trimmings, and a lily of the valley and rosebud, and beautiful embroidery over pink insertion, and shoes such as I never saw before, and silk stockings. Altogether, he made me think of those court gallants in Charing Cross, who separated Alice and Fenilla from Julian. His pocket-handkerchief was fine cambric, worked in the corners; his hair was parted like a girl's. He made me laugh a great deal, and yet, when I come to think of it, I can't particularly remember anything he said. I thought he smiled more to show his white teeth than because he was much amused himself. When he winked his blue eyes he winked so slowly that I always thought he must be going to sleep. Portia seems fond of him, and yet to like to laugh at him, which I don't understand. Mr. George Blake has a dark, serious face, something like the frontispiece of Oliver Goldsmith. He has no pretty ways, like Mr. Josselin, and was dressed as other men dress. Although, of course, he thought of nothing but Portia (for I am afraid he is in love with her, too), Mr. Blake was so kind to me, and walked home with me, and"—here three or four words were diligently obliterated—"and spoke of papa as if he had known him."

And then, in a line by itself, carefully written and understroked, this confession: "I like Mr. Blake."

CHAPTER IV.

AT the end of another quarter of an hour old Colonel Ffrench and his sister came up to the drawing-room. Susan started round at the sound of the opening door, all her shyness returning at the thought of being in the awful presence of Colonel Ffrench; and Portia, a world of graceful protection in her manner, led the little girl across the room to her grandfather. "Here is Susan, grandpapa—my friend Susan. To-day is her birthday, and this is her first visit to Halfont Manor."

It was a plan devised by Portia and Miss Jemima, that Susan's surname should be withheld from Colonel Ffrench, the greatest misery of whose self-centred life had, during a long course of years, arisen from the litigations and lawyers' letters of Joseph Fielding. "Susan—I beg your pardon, my dear, but I did not catch your other name; poor Portia speaks so indistinctly. I am very glad to see you at Halfont—very glad. Jemima, will you see that some of the windows, indeed, that all the windows are closed. Our little friend looks delicate. We must not allow her to stand in this thorough draft."

Miss Jemima ran dutifully and shut all the windows, except Portia's, with which she dared not interfere. Colonel Ffrench seated himself with difficulty,

for he was a martyr to rheumatic gout, by the fire. Susan stood close at his side, too frightened to get away, trying to reconcile to her senses the fact that this bland old gentleman, with his soft, slow voice and good-natured manner to herself, could indeed be Dicky French, her father's enemy, the wicked lord of the manor, of whom even the cottagers spoke in a certain tone and with a certain shake of the head implying that more was known of Dicky French than was good to repeat. Could this be the man who had married two rich wives and gambled away the fortune of each? Glancing at his delicate, well-shaped old hands, Susan could not but remember, with a shudder, the popular misgiving regarding the suddenness of those wives' deaths. The man who, in his youth, had been a duellist, in his middle age a gambler, and who now—his sons, it was whispered, working as common laborers in the colonies, old Miss *Jemima* and *Portia* dependent upon him—had sunk the last remnant of his riches in an annuity, for the sake of an extra two or three per cent. of income.

"Our tumble-down old place is tolerably pleasant in the spring, my dear," he remarked, looking up with kindly courtesy at the shy embarrassed little girl. What a handsome old face it was! *Portia's* features and jet-black eyes, set off, as if by powder, by his well-preserved silver-grey hair. "There are too many of these high elms about us for health, and we hear the working of the powder-mills a great deal more distinctly than is pleasant, but a poor man—and I am a very poor man, Susan—cannot always choose his residence. This little Halfont box is the only place belonging to me now."

"I—I should call yours a very large place, sir," said Susan, struggling between her terror at speaking at all and the bewilderment she felt at hearing the manor and its grand old elms, yes, and the powder-mills themselves, disparaged. If these things were of small account, what was *Addison Lodge*? "I suppose it's larger than anything in Halfont, even the vicarage?" she added, with an appealing look in the direction of *Miss Jemima*.

"That is right, my dear little—*Sarah*?"

"Susan, sir."

"Susan, to be sure—poor *Portia* speaks so indistinctly—quite right, Susan. Always make people contented with what they possess. I try to be contented myself—we grow, perforce, to be philosophers, as we get old, my dear. Mine is the largest house in the parish, and has some pretty grounds around it, as *Portia* would show you if the evening were not so damp. Now, from these windows, the side windows especially, we have a charming peep of the river, so we call our little canal, and in a week or two shall have a better one. There are a couple of willows I have been trying to get down for the last dozen years, but a cantankerous fellow next door—"

"Susan, Susan, dear, come and talk to me, and I'll tell you all about it," interrupted old *Miss Jemima*, quickly. "Don't you see your paper, brother?"—and she drew a little table, his glasses, and the "*Times*" to Colonel French's side. "Now I know you want to read last night's debate, and not be troubled by us. Susan, come and help me pour out the tea. We shall have it cold, as usual, if we wait until *Portia* remembers her duties."

Saying which, *Miss Jemima* led Susan away to the farthest and pleasantest window in the room, a window overlooking the lawn and flower-garden, not the canal; then, by a kind squeeze of the hand, a whispered "You must not heed my brother, child, we old people are crusty and need forbearance!" managed to charm away the child's indignation; indignation which even the dreadful presence of Colonel French himself would not have restrained, had the subject of the willow fence been allowed to progress.

Dear Miss *Jemima*—kindest of all kindly hearts ! if custom did not forbid our interest in a heroine of sixty-five—did not imperatively exact that lovers, marriage, and again lovers should fill nine-tenths of every three volumes—what a pleasant task it would be to write the story of your life ! “ I have brought up fourteen children,” Miss *Jemima* would say, not without a flush of maternal vanity, “ five of one generation, nine of the next ; and I have lived in all climates, and have nursed people in yellow fever and cholera, and been under fire twice. And now I have the charge of *Portia* ! ” This with a shake of the head implying that the most onerous post of her life had, as indeed she felt to be the case, been reserved for the last.

At twenty years old *Jemima Ffrench*, as ready, it may be assumed, for her own share of life's sweets as other young women of that age, had been suddenly called upon to take the place of mother to a nursery full of motherless little boys and girls, her brother *Richard's* children. Colonel *Ffrench* was in the Guards, a man of fashion and pleasure, at the time of his first wife's death—no violent death, poor lady, as *Halfont* gossip would whisper, but a gentle, not wholly unwilling one, with a little face a fortnight old beside her on the pillow ! and the management of the whole household, as of the nursery, fell at once upon his sister's shoulders.

To ward off ultimate ruin from a man leading the life *Richard Ffrench* then lived, was as much beyond *Jemima's* power as it had been beyond the power of the neglected wife who now, happily for herself, lay in her grave. All she could do was to check the tradesmen's bills, dismiss such servants as she caught in flagrant and open robbery, and—love the children. The small economies in domestic management, the dismissal occasionally of dishonest servants, could do little for the fortunes of a house, the master of which would lose a thousand pounds of a night at *Crockford's*. But love for the children—love for five small human beings to whom “ Aunt *Jem* ” was to be the one tender recollection of after life, the father and mother of an else unloved childhood !—who shall over-estimate the value of this ?

Struggling in vain against ever-increasing debt ; fighting at heroic odds against cooks and butlers ; nursing babies through teething, hooping-cough, and scarlatina ; sending small boys, with tears, to school ; taking them to pantomimes and *Astley's* during the holidays—in these employments *Jemima's* youth passed by. When Colonel *Ffrench* had been a widower some dozen years he married again ; through his second wife's fortune saving himself, as by miracle, from the crash of absolute ruin ; and *Jemima* was wanted no more. Her children—with true maternal jealousy she thanked heaven for this—her children were no longer of an age to be dependent on a step-mother's care. The eldest one, a daughter, was already married ; the four lads were public-school boys ; all could get on without her now. And quite cheerfully, without a spoken regret for the youth that had blossomed, faded, and brought no fruit to herself, *Jemima* prepared to settle down into the grey monotonous twilight of an old maid's life. Her parents were both dead, her means small ; smaller from the numberless little loans, a hundred at a time, that *Richard* had incurred and forgotten ; but she would be able, she thought, to take a modest house, not so far from London but that the boys could run down and visit her in the holidays, yet sufficiently far for it to be a nice change whenever anybody, the boys, or her niece, or her niece's babies might happen to need country air. Loneliness, however, fortunately for others, was not *Jemima Ffrench's* destined portion. Colonel *Ffrench's* daughter, *Mrs. Elliot*, had, three years before, made what her friends

generally, her father most of all, deplored as a wretched marriage ; her husband being a young man of spirit and character whom the girl loved devotedly, but who possessed barely more than his soldier's pay for her support. And six weeks after Colonel Ffrench's second marriage ; just when Jemima's mind was torn by the conflicting merits of a farm-house near Tunbridge, a nutshell at Bayswater, and a ten-roomed house (said to be haunted, and therefore let cheap) at Teddington ; Captain Elliot wrote and proposed that instead of attempting separate housekeeping she should throw in her lot with theirs, for a twelve-month at least. His Lucy was ailing, he wrote, and the children, and constant moving were too much for her. If Aunt Jemima had not been over-dosed with nursery already, and could stand a roughish soldier life, all wandering and no home, how grateful they would both be for her presence !

It was not without regret that Jemima gave up her project of setting up her own household gods. She really did feel that she would like a little respite from nursery cares ; still more to possess a place which "the boys" could look upon as home, if they choose. Still, this call to go to poor helpless Lucy and her babies seemed too definite a duty for her to hesitate long about accepting it. Her house-hunting was given up ; her luggage reduced to regulation-compass ; and, at the end of a fortnight, Jemima found herself in barracks at Corfu—at the age of thirty-three beginning the charge of another family, only with the additional one of a delicate grown-up baby added thereto, and with perpetually shifting foreign quarters—instead of Colonel Ffrench's comfortable London house, for her home !

The visit began for a twelve-month and lasted more than sixteen years. Children were born, had to be tended (once or twice died) in such quick succession as to efface—no, I will not say that, but gently to wear away the remembrance of those first-forsaken little ones in whose Grosvenor Square nursery Jemima's youth had been past. She got letters at intervals from them all ; not one of those four nephews from whom she was parted but felt that at every turn of fortune, good or bad—and with Colonel Ffrench's sons it was mostly bad—Aunt Jem's was the sympathy to turn to, sympathy that no number of years could estrange or chill. And over these letters Jemima shed tenderest mother's tears ; returning, if it were possible, a bank-note or money order, or, if the Elliots' exigences had drained her purse too dry for that, an answer worth more than money to the scapegrace boys—they always remained "boys" to Jemima—for whose worst misdeeds her only feelings were those of pity. Still her heart, perforce, clung warmest to the children of the younger generation ; children born in every quarter of the world, and to whom "Aunt"—not the delicate little white lady on the sofa—was indeed mother.

As years went by, and as Elliot rose in rank, the hand-to-hand struggle with poverty of Lucy's early married life of course lessened ; but never Jemima's duties. It was necessary twice during a term of foreign service, lasting nearly twenty years (for Elliot's scanty means compelled him to exchange whenever the battery to which he belonged was ordered home), that Mrs. Elliot, with detachments of children, should visit England for health's sake ; once from Mauritius, once from India. And each time Jemima—no climate hurt Jemima—remained behind. In Mauritius she gained her experience of yellow fever ; in India of cholera, also of the sensation of being under fire. But never did this fine old soldier's courage flag, or her spirit droop. Stories that would fill a volume are told still of Miss Jemima Ffrench, by grey-headed veterans whom a quarter of a century ago she nursed in fever, or cheered through weary con-

valescence—only, as I said before, what writer dare take a lady of sixty-five for his heroine? At last, to use her own words, she got “promoted to general’s rank, and was laid upon the shelf.” Lucy’s husband left the service, the death of his father, together with his pension, giving him at length sufficient means to live in England, and Jemima Ffrench, at fifty years of age, was a free agent once more.

Her ideal of happiness for the remainder of her days had certainly now been to live with the Elliots in their pleasant Devonshire cottage, and with her children of the second generation growing into tall men and women round her. But no; there was some one still to be nursed, this time a baby of threescore, with rheumatism, gout, and selfishness, instead of the pains of teething, to make him fractious! In a charmingly-worded fraternal letter—and no man living wrote prettier letters—Colonel Ffrench pointed out to Jemima how her plainest duty was to spend to spend the remainder of her days with him. “The young want us no longer,” he wrote. “We are the last leaves left on the old branch. Let us flutter together while our little day lasts, and fall side by side!” And then followed such a picture of his maladies and his loneliness and poverty—his second wife had long ago died childless—as dissipated whatever doubts about duty still lingered in Jemima’s mind. The Devonshire cottage, with its bright young faces and cheerful atmosphere of home and love, was given up, and replaced by Halfont Manor, a damp-stained, sunless house, with no young voice, no young step to break its silence, and with her brother, a querulous, sick, disappointed old man of the world, for sole companion.

But wherever the good sun shines he fructifies; wherever Miss Jemima went, love sprang up beneath her feet. Colonel Ffrench, “Dicky Ffrench of the Manor,” was disliked by every man, woman, and child in the parish of Halfont. He was known to have been a gambler, a spendthrift, a duellist, a faithless husband, a cold father; and, that this little catalogue of ill-doing might be neatly rounded off, the Halfont gossips liked to inquire in a whisper whether it was known of what disease the lord of the manor’s two wives had suddenly died? He was weakly ease-loving; like all weak men would break out occasionally into fierce raids against the persons who grew fat upon his weakness; so even the Halfont school-children were taught to regard him askance, as the old tyrant who on any fine morning would wake and turn half the servants he possessed adrift upon the world! Unlike his neighbor, Joseph Fielding, Colonel Ffrench went regularly to church when his bodily infirmities allowed him; and a much better sign the Halfont people would have held it, had he stayed away! The atheist bookseller at least was honest; acted up to what he professed! To see Dicky Ffrench’s face, the imperturbable old face, with its high-bred air of reverential attention, in the house of God; to have to kneel with Dicky Ffrench before the altar, at Easter, a season at which the old gentleman made it a point of duty to receive the sacrament, was, to the moral sense of Halfont, something very little short of positive sacrilege! But wherever the sun of a warm heart shines, human hearts respond to it. Miss Jemima came, every soul in the village prejudiced against her as Dicky Ffrench’s sister, and before three months were over had made to herself friends of them all. She had not means to give much in substantial charity among the poor; and no argument could change Colonel Ffrench’s opinions as to the vanity of alms-giving; but she had enough to buy calico and flannel, and time to make them into baby clothes; time to sit up with the sick, to stand by women in their hour of anguish, to mourn with those who mourned! And soon her fine old figure became as well known and

as welcome among the Halfont cottage wives as it had been abroad among the bearded occupants of barrack-rooms and hospitals in days gone by.

"If I had only something to care for at home!" Miss *Jemima* would think during the first year of her changed life, "I could be happy. If everything young wasn't outside the house, and only Richard and me, with our complaints and our age, within!" She contrived occasionally to get some of the *Elliot's* children to visit her; but could rarely prevail upon them to stay out the time for which they were invited. Children shrank away instinctively from Colonel *Ffrench's* presence. Grandpapa did not like whistling or singing, or disturbance of any sort; and the old manor, with its stately butler, its dull gardens and silence, seemed, in spite of Aunt *Jem*, a poor place after the homely Devonshire cottage, where mother minded no noise, and father had his boat and workshop, and where nobody scolded or dressed for dinner, or reminded one, by any chance whatever, about one's manners! So the *Elliot's* visits waxed fewer, and Colonel *Ffrench* grew more and more averse to children, and Miss *Jemima* was beginning to realize that one old life was indeed all she would have to care for more in this world; when suddenly *Portia* came into her hands, her great-niece. *Portia*, who in her own small person possessed more mischief-power than all the fourteen children Miss *Jemima* had brought up; *Portia*, whom she would not only have to look after as a child, but chaperon and rule—Heaven save the mark—as a grown-up young lady on her entrance into the world.

"I can scarcely believe that I really am to lose her at last," Miss *Jemima* whispered, as Susan's eyes forever wandered, in their blindness, toward the window where *Portia* was standing. "There has been a talk so often before of *Portia's* marrying, and now—"

"Now, ma'am?" Susan ventured to say, as old Miss *Ffrench* hesitated.

"Well, now, it is impossible not to feel that she has chosen the wrong man. I don't mind saying so to you, Susan, for I know how fond you are of *Portia*. *Teddy* is a nice little fellow, poor lad! upright and honorable, I do believe, under all that foolish exterior; but not the husband for *Portia*. I've often wondered," went on Miss *Jemima*; "and I'm sure I have never yet made up my mind, who *would* be the husband for *Portia*!"

"The man she loved, I should think," said Susan, without a moment's hesitation.

"Ah, perhaps so," answered Miss *Jemima*, with rather a doubtful shake of the head. "But then, the next question is, could *Portia* love anybody? *Portia* is a *Dysart*, poor child. That is a circumstance, Susan, that one never must forget. *Portia* is a *Dysart*."

Susan was silent. The incompatibility of loving with being a *Dysart* was a mystery beyond her grasp.

"*Portia* is a *Dysart*, heart and soul," went on Miss *Ffrench*, "and *Teddy*, in his feeble way, is a *Dysart*. They are first cousins, Susan. The late Earl of *Erroll* had two daughters, one of whom married a *Josselin*, the other my poor nephew *Harry*, and how two *Dysarts* are to get on and stand upright—"

"Aunt!" cried out *Portia's* animated voice, "I know from the way you shake your head that you are talking about me or *Teddy*, or both of us! Now confess"—she moved across the room to the tea-table, *George Blake* following, as if magnetically drawn, and *Teddy* slowly sauntering behind—"confess you have been poisoning Susan's mind against us! Now, the truth, Miss *Ffrench*?"

She came close to Miss *Jemima's* side; stooped, smoothed the old lady's gray hair on her forehead; then, with the prettiest little mock-abigail air, set her

cap straight on her head. "Aunt Jemima insists upon a certain Watteau-like fashion of wearing her cap on one side," Susan, and I disapprove of it. Now Mr. Blake—you have an artist's eye—I appeal to you. Does not Miss Ffrench look better with her cap straight as I have put it, than in her usual flowing and dishevelled style?"

"I think Miss Ffrench looks well always," said George Blake. "When I look at Miss Ffrench, the fashion of her cap is the last thing that I should remember."

A faint color rose on Miss Jemima's cheek. At sixty-five she still loved a compliment as well as a girl of seventeen. "Ah, Portia, you see you are not the only person who has pretty things said to them! Portia won't believe me, Mr. Blake, when I tell her that I am handsomer than she is."

"But I swear that you are, a hundred times handsomer," said Teddy, who by this time had mastered the difficulty of crossing the room. "You have better eyes—oh yes, Portia, you must hear the truth sometimes—and a fairer skin, and are a handsomer woman altogether. Now, Susan," he sank down into a low chair, not by Portia, but between Susan and old Miss Ffrench; "Susan at her age is sure to speak the truth. Which of the Miss Ffrenches do you think the handsomest? Don't be afraid."

Susan glanced across at Portia, then looked up straight in Miss Jemima's face. Not in its fairest day could that face have been handsome, still less pretty. It possessed none of the hereditary good looks of the Ffrenches. The graceful turn of head, the pure cut profile, both were wanting; and the mouth was large, and the eyes were commonplace grey not black. But it was a sweet, fine old face to look at, notwithstanding. In spite of Indian suns, and the wear and tear of her soldier's life, some inalienable bloom of youth seemed to have clung to the cheek that so many little lips had forever kissed; some inalienable gayety of heart gave the eyes and brow a lightness that Portia, with all the beauty of her one-and-twenty years, did not possess.

"Susan can't make up her mind," cried the girl, "or is too much afraid of you, aunt Jem., to say. So we will look upon the question as settled. You are far handsomer, and have a great many more people in love with you than I can ever hope for. What an awful trouble it would be, by the way, to have people really, heavily in love with one! I know nothing about it practically, but I should think affairs of that kind, taken seriously, would make life insupportable."

She gave a careless glance at Teddy, who, from the force of habit rather than malice aforethought, was beginning to look with soft eyes at his little neighbor, and to whisper pretty speeches in her ear as he helped her pour out the cream.

"Don't interrupt us, Portia. Susan and I are so happy; and after tea we are going to listen to the nightingale. For people in the spring of life, like us, nothing is worse than to be forced to listen to these cynical opinions of the world. A serious passion a trouble! You should have seen the Dormouse at Sheldon's house last night."

"What, with Laura Wynne?"

"Of course."

"Ah, that is an exceptional case. A dozen years difference in age, and all on the lady's side, may give a pleasant sub-acid flavor to love-making that we, in our *blasé* youth, know nothing about."

Miss Jemima sat down the teapot with a start. "Portia," she exclaimed, "that is one of the most shocking speeches I ever heard you make! You, in your *blasé* youth, indeed! You are obliged to use a foreign word for what you

dare not say in English. And comparing yourself for a moment to Laura Wynne! You seem to forget, child, that Mrs. Wynne is a married woman.

"Don't heat yourself, aunt (please throw open the window, Ted; if you do it softly grandpapa will never be the wiser; thanks), and don't be unreasonable. Can I help it that poor Laura is married, and that the Dormouse is a dozen years younger than herself?"

"You can help speaking of such people, Portia. When I was a girl, no decorous young woman ever appeared aware of—of conduct like Mrs. Wynne's," said Miss Jemima, blushing.

"Decorous young women must walk about the world in blinkers, if they would not appear aware of conduct like Mrs. Wynne's now," cried Portia. "Depend upon it, Aunt Jem, as I often tell you, the only difference between successive generations is, that hypocrisy is rather more in fashion at one time than at another."

"Heaven help the age when hypocrisy was more in fashion than at present," remarked Mr. Blake, under his voice.

"Oh, of course *you* say that," said Portia, turning upon him quickly. "It is part of your profession. Mr. Blake is an author—author and artist, Susan! I didn't like to frighten you by saying so sooner."

"The celebrated author of a novel called 'Ixion,'" added Teddy Josselin, twisting the ends of his fair little moustache into finer needle points. At which remark George Blake gave a kind of groan.

"And naturally, as a writer," went on Portia, "supports the popular fiction about the rapid pace of to-day surpassing the pace of all the yesterdays there have been in the world. What would become of smart young essayists if they had no frisky matrons, no girls of the period to write about?"

"Writers, at all events, could not write about such things unless they existed," said good Miss Jemima, in her innocence. "If, instead of reading satires upon yourselves which make you worse than before, you young people would improve your minds with the solid standard literature of the past, how much better it would be for you!"

"You dear, good, believing old aunt," cried Portia, with the frank impertinence that sat so well upon her. "How often am I to tell you that that faith of yours in standard literature is a mistake? I read half through the 'Spectator,' a little time ago, to please Aunt Jemima, Mr. Blake, and what did I find? Proposals of a fair for marriage, complaints against hoops and mantuas, accounts of the Romping Club, of the dissection of a beau's head and of a coquette's heart! After this I went through a course of Miss Austen. Has any one here read 'Northanger Abbey,' and can any depiction of modern young ladies outdo that of Catherine and Isabella pursuing the gentlemen in Milsom street, then driving out with them, unchaperoned, in gigs? The fact is, the world has always been divided into two classes—people who amuse themselves, people who don't; and those who don't—very naturally, poor wretches—abuse those who do!"

Portia tossed off this generalization with the easy assurance that characterized her; and seemed to consider the subject exhausted.

"I know nothing about the 'Spectator' or the other fellow. Something Abbé, wasn't it, Portia?" remarked Teddy. "For, I am thankful to say, I never read"—Teddy Josselin said this, with some natural pride—"unless when any very dear friend writes a book. If the statements of a novel called 'Ixion' are to be relied upon—and a sense of duty has made me read the work carefully—old Rome, at its worst, was a garden of Eden compared to London now."

"But then," said Portia, trifling with her tea-spoon, "has the author of 'Ixion' ever penetrated beyond the servants' hall, nay, the scraper of the aristocratic mansions where his scenes are laid?" The measured way she spoke evidently marked the sentence as a quotation.

"Has this miserable witling," added Teddy, in the same tone, "this grovelling impostor, this libeller of every thing good and noble in human nature, ever calculated upon the evil which even the spurious malignity of a pen like his may have the power to effect?"

"Miss Ffrench," interrupted George Blake, turning to old Miss Jemima, "I throw myself upon your compassion! I have, as you know, written a novel—the very worst novel, I should say, ever written in any language—and this fellow Josselin, and I am sorry to add, your niece, have learnt the different criticisms upon it by heart, so as to torture me at any time when their spirits want that kind of stimulant. Is this fair?"

"No, indeed," said Miss Jemima, seriously. "Portia, it is not at all pretty of you to behave so. I remember a dear sister of my own wrote a novel—her name was Rosamunda, Mr. Blake, and the novel was called after her, 'Rosamunda, or the Sufferings of Virtue.' It was published by subscription, and in the family we always attributed Rosa's early death to the heartless attack made upon her book in the 'Hampshire Gazette.' My father, it was afterward remembered, had not employed the editor's son, a worthy young man in his way, to new-glaze the greenhouse. You should never wound an author's feelings. Portia. I read 'Ixion' through, without missing a word, Mr. Blake, and thought the last volume extremely pathetic. When they are all weeping round—round—I can't remember names—but the bad young gentleman's death-bed, I was fool enough, I assure you, to shed genuine tears."

"Thank you, Miss Ffrench, thank you," said the author. "Yours, I am quite sure, were the only tears shed over 'Ixion'; unless, indeed, I wept with shame over it myself."

"And would be still more valuable, if aunt did not weep so copiously over everything!" said Portia, as she rose from the tea-table. "Unfortunately, not only bad young gentlemen's death-beds, but all death-beds, and all railway accidents—yes, and bishops' letters, and royal speeches—anything about death, or that contains fine, long, puffed-out sentences, makes Aunt Jem cry! Now, who is for the garden? You and Susan are going to listen to the nightingale, Teddy. Mr. Blake, do you feel in the least inclined to take care of me?"

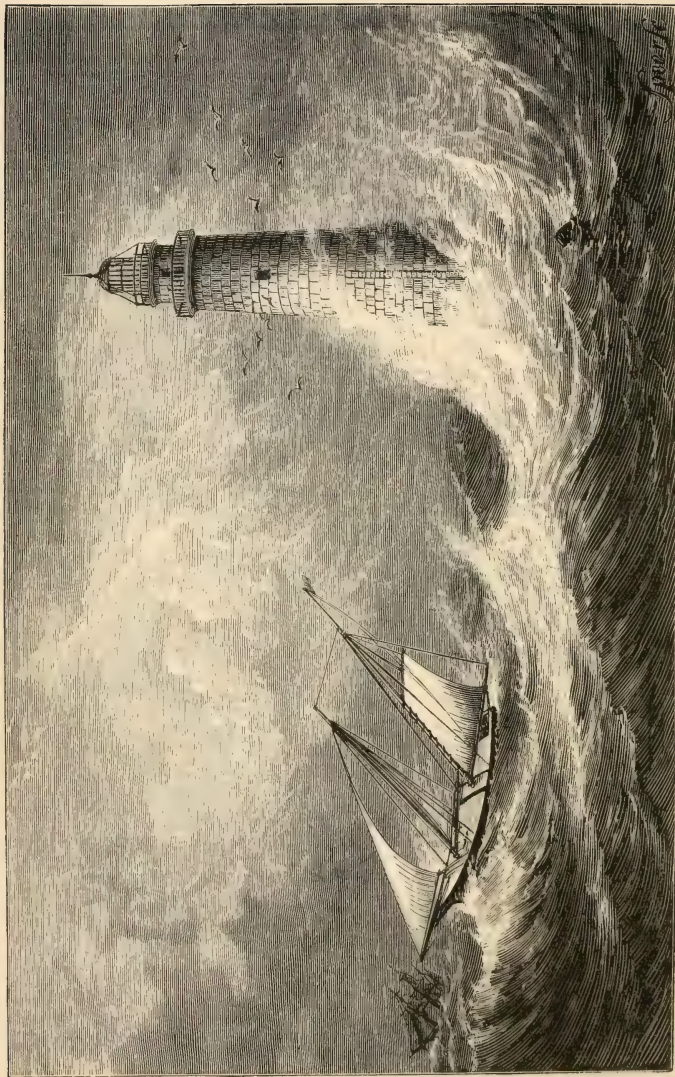
She put her hand as she spoke under Susan's arm—such a contrast as they made, as Portia knew they made! Her own tall figure in its graceful London dress; the little village girl in her black frock, fashioned by a Halfont milliner—then, followed by the two young men, left the drawing-room.

"Portia, Portia," cried old Colonel Ffrench, waking up from his newspaper, "it is much too chilly for you to venture out. All this opening and shutting of doors fills the house with damp air. I must really put my veto upon your going farther than the billiard room."

"Oh, very well, grandpapa, no farther than the billiard room," Portia answered, then tripped down stairs and straightway through the hall, without hat or cloak, into the garden. "Obedience is not one of the cardinal virtues in my code," she remarked, turning round, with a repentant look, to George Blake.

"Nor truth-telling, either," added Teddy Josselin. "Come away with me, Susan. Portia is going to confess her sins, and you and I will listen to the nightingale."





MINOT'S LEDGE LIGHT IN A GALE.



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SUSAN FIELDING.

BY MRS. EDWARDS,

Author of "Archie Lovell," "Steven Lawrence, Yeoman," etc.

CHAPTER V.

THERE were no nightingales to listen to; nevertheless it was a right pleasant evening for loitering through old-fashioned garden shades like those of Halfont Manor; the idle wash of the canal to lull one's senses, a congenial companion at one's side. The leaden clouds of the afternoon had parted above an amber sunset; the early roses smelt sweet; the rooks were cawing jovially in the high elms; and Susan, as she walked along by Teddy Josselin, could not but feel that the world was a much more endurable world than it had seemed when Tom Collinson joined her on the bridge that afternoon! For the first time for months she found herself laughing aloud—at such infinitely small jokes, too, as those of Teddy Josselin! Her fingers no longer twitched with shyness as they rested on his arm. The color deepened in her cheeks until Teddy began to decide that Portia's village friend was really a very pretty girl indeed, also that he might as well begin a flirtation with her in earnest, and without delay.

"Let us make ourselves happy under the cedars, Susan—oh, Portia and Blake are miles away by this time, you needn't look after them. My maxim is, never exert yourself after the unknown when the present moment is pleasant. And our present moment is very pleasant—don't you think so?"

He stopped; took both her hands; made her sit down on a little rustic bench upon the lawn; then sank into an American rocking-chair, Portia's special property, close beside her. The evening light slanted rosy upon his refined fair face, upon the white jewelled hands lazily clasped up over his head, upon the elaborate evening-dress, which in his boyish dandyism he did not, it must be confessed, carry off ungracefully. And, for the second time, it crossed Susan's mind to think how much Portia was to be envied. Beauty, wit—or what possesses more than the effect of wit from lips like hers—for her own portion,

and a companion like Mr. Josselin, handsome, light-hearted, rich in this world's goods, to saunter, well-contented, by her side through life!

Until now, Susan, unlike most girls of her age, had been positively without an ideal as regards love or lovers. Tom Collinson, the only young man she knew, was repulsive to her; and Teddy Josselin was attractive. This was the extent of her experience up to the present moment. And if it had so happened that Teddy had been free, and the fates had willed it, she might, just like the majority of women, have never come within a hundred miles of passion while she lived; only have married, slipped—half awake, but contentedly—through existence; then gone to her grave, ignorant of the meaning of stronger love than the love which a Teddy Josselin can inspire! But George Blake was coming; was within twenty yards, his face turned toward her already; and the girl's soul was about to awaken. This childish half-envy of Portia—this momentary heart-whole admiration of Portia's lover—was just the brief rose-flush, the ten minutes before dawn, in Susan's life.

"Yes, I say we are very happy," murmured Teddy, caressingly. "If your head was turned a very little more my way—thanks. How jolly it is to look at a dear little outline of round cheek against a background of sylvan green; how jolly a long life in the country would be, all spent like this. Portia is a very nice girl, Susan?"

"Very nice, sir."

"Oh, not 'sir!' You must never call any fellow 'sir' till he's sixty years old, and—and I forget what I was going to say."

"Something about Portia, sir—Mr. Josselin, I mean."

"Don't trouble yourself about my name; or, if you call me anything, say 'Teddy.' I should like to hear you say 'Teddy,' Susan."

"Oh, indeed I couldn't!" and the child flushed rosy-red, then laughed.

"Yes, please do—for Portia's sake! You know you said you thought Portia was a nice girl."

"So I do, but I can't see any connection—I mean I couldn't call you what you asked me, if I tried for an hour."

"Ah, then, don't try," said Teddy, placidly. "I never like to see pretty people trouble themselves to think about anything; it spoils the expression of the face. Do you like lilies of the valley, Susan?"

This, after a full stop, during which he had amused himself by lazily leaning down and plucking minute portions of grass, then throwing them, blade by blade, upon the girl's black dress.

"I'm very fond of them," answered Susan, in her shy voice. "But those are not lilies of the valley that you are throwing at me, you know, sir!"

"Ah—'sir' again! and did I say they were, you wise child? Will you have mine, then?"

He unpinned the liliputian bouquet from his button-hole, and arrested the rocking-chair at such an angle as brought his hand within two inches of Susan's, his handsome boyish face not very much farther. "Don't say 'no.' It's the only favor I've ever asked of you yet."

"I don't want to say no," said Susan. And then this child of nature takes the first (mock) love-gift that has been ever offered to her, and smells the flowers—hanging her head so as to hide that she is flattered—and finally pins them in her waistbelt; all these baby coquetties acted with no more self-consciousness than a little kitten feels when, dancing round its first worsted ball, it curvets and purrs and growls with the undeveloped instincts of torture of its kind!

even at plain sewing—and think. I don't know how it is, but I never have such nice thoughts as when I am sewing."

"And what are the 'nice' thoughts about, Susan?"

She made him no answer.

"What are your thoughts about, child? Come, you have told me so much about yourself already, you may as well tell me this."

"If I tell you my thoughts, will you tell me yours?"

"Ahem—on due consideration, I think not. I have a great many bitter hard thoughts to trouble me, Susan—thoughts that you would never understand."

"Then we will each keep our own secrets, Mr. Blake. If your thoughts would be too hard for me to understand, mine would be too silly for you to care for; and besides, I'm not quite sure I haven't told you them all, as it is!"

"Poor little Susan! If we meet again some day when you are older and wiser, I wonder whether you will remember all that you have said to me to-night?"

"I wonder," said Susan, becoming suddenly grave at the suggestion. And after this both were silent; and side by side—Blake looking out for the first flutter of Portia's dress through the gloom, Susan with I know not what dawns of new emotion in her child's heart—began slowly to retrace their steps toward the house.

They found Portia and Teddy Josselin waiting for them under the portico. "What, not drowned?" said Portia, carelessly. "We were just beginning to think it was time to send out the men with drags."

"What, not blown up?" remarked George Blake, in the same tone. "We were terribly afraid something had happened to you, but knew we had been so much engrossed in our own conversation, that the explosion might have taken place without our hearing it!" For the feelings of Portia French and Mr. Blake were just at that kind of ebb when small mock warfare, semi-bitter speeches before other people, are the food of love—if vanity on one side and (conscious) infatuation on the other may be dignified by that name!

Susan ran away from Blake's side and got close to Portia. "I hope you have not been really frightened about us?" she said, in a whisper. "I am very sorry if I have stayed away too long."

"Dear, innocent, penitent little Susan!" cried Portia, but in a perfectly good-humored voice. Into whatever jealousies her craving for dominion might betray her, Portia French was too self-collected a woman ever to show animosity toward another woman; retribution she kept for the offender himself, not the rival. "Of course I forgive you, but you will have a fine scolding from Aunt Jemima and grandpapa, depend upon it. Come here, and let me make you look respectable," for they were now within the lighted entrance hall, "and unless we are very hard pressed we can let everybody believe we have been no further than the billiard room. Why, child, what a color you have got."

Susan had a brilliant color; the more brilliant because standing full under the lamp she felt that all of them must be looking at her. Her eyes were animated, and, as is the nature of short-sighted eyes, had lost their vacant look now that daylight was gone; the damp night air had made her brown hair twist into a multitude of little soft curls round her forehead. For the first time in her life Susan Fielding looked more than pretty.

Portia tried to smooth down the child's hair with her hands, in vain. The curls curled tighter and tighter. "You will never look respectable, my dear, never. I give you up."

"Then I'll go home at once," cried Susan, aghast; "indeed I will. I can run home in two minutes. I could never appear before Colonel Ffrench—"

"In this wild disreputable state," interrupted Teddy Josselin. "Hair dishevelled, face on fire, and worst of all, my lilies of the valley gone. I should think not, indeed! you reprobate Susan."

Susan felt that she must cry. Like most sensitive, lonely-nurtured children, she was intensely matter-of-fact in small things; had no conception that any one could mean to jest with her as long as his face was serious, his voice steady. And then the obstinately rebellious nature of her curls had long been Susan's weak point—her thorn in the flesh. "Everybody else's hair gets smooth in damp weather," she said, appealingly, "and mine gets rougher! I can't help it—it's not my fault!" A distinct foreboding of tears was in her voice.

"And when it is rough you look prettier than ever, little Susan," said Blake. "Don't you see that they are chaffing you? Mr. Josselin is jealous because you have lost his flowers—"

"And Miss Ffrench because your curling locks and bright eyes make you look so much prettier than herself!" interrupted Portia. "Come up stairs, Susan, dear, before these foolish people persuade us to quarrel in earnest." And casting one half-scornful, half-softening look at Blake, she swept up the broad staircase; Susan—all in a flutter of terror at the prospect of Colonel Ffrench scolding her, all in a flutter of happiness at spending another hour in Mr. Blake's society—following.

Colonel Ffrench had had his basin of water-gruel, and betaken himself to the hands of his valet half an hour before, for it was nearly ten o'clock; Miss Jemima sat alone at her work-table, a half-finished baby's sock on knitting pins in her lap, the "Illustrated Gazette" in her hand. Belief in church, queen, and state; nay, belief in the British army itself was scarcely stronger in Miss Jemima's mind than belief in the "Illustrated." When the resources of this paper enabled its artists to depict the interior of the last exploded coal mine two days before the reopening of the shaft, Miss Jemima would shudder, unquestioning, over the truthful details of the picture. When an errant railway train had leaped into mid-air from a viaduct, and the "Illustrated" gave a sketch of it, "drawn by our own artist, on the spot," Miss Jemima would grow perfectly breathless over the sensational terrors of the situation. "I take a deep interest in the accident because I have actually seen it," she would say, "seen it, I mean, in the 'Illustrated.'"

She looked up with mildly reproachful eyes as the young people entered, and laid down her spectacles. "You have not been near open windows, this damp evening, I hope, Portia? You look white. I shall be having you hoarse again."

"We have not been near an open window," said Portia, sinking down into the first easy-chair that presented itself, an example followed at once by her lover; "and all we are in want of is support. Billiard-playing is so wearying."

She really did look pale and weary. An hour's exercise, without excitement, would, at any time, tire Portia Ffrench to death, body and mind—and she had not been at all excited this evening! Miss Jemima jumped up, obediently, to the bell, and in a few minutes a servant entered with a salver on which stood wine, brandy, and seltzer water. Teddy Josselin, more actively than was his custom, rose and asked Miss Jemima what he should give her?

"A glass of water, Ted," cried Portia. "Don't you know what Aunt Jem

Teddy found her a charming study—the study of pretty faces was the only one he ever permitted himself. With the aid of a friendly cigarette the remainder of the evening might pass, he thought, as not all evenings at Halfont Manor passed, without his once feeling bored.

“You don’t know how to roll a cigarette, I conclude, Susan? Well, then, I’ll teach you.”

And Master Teddy had taken out his book of cigarette paper and his embroidered tobacco-case, and was just—the rocking-chair finally brought to a stand-still—training Susan’s awkward fingers in the way they should go (a piece of education, it seemed, requiring much close assistance) when Portia and Mr. Blake emerged from a shrub-shaded walk not six paces away from where they sat.

“Never mind,” said Teddy, “it’s only the other people,” for Susan had given a start at discovering they were not alone. “You have got too much tobacco—now too little—dear, dear, why is not everybody clever! Now let me show you once more.”

He took the girl’s small fingers within his, and Susan, a tremendous accession of shyness overtaking her at knowing she was watched, blushed violently as Portia came up to them.

The blush, the down-drooped face, the transferred lilies of the valley—Portia noted all in an instant, and an expression George Blake had never seen them wear before, came round her lips. Violent jealousy, the love-born unreasoning jealousy that can rise to passion, was probably beyond her compass. But there are many degrees of the same feeling and—little though she would have acknowledged the weakness—Portia could never brook the sight of Teddy Josselin getting to the end of his chain with complete equanimity. Absolute freedom, conquest at every step she took, with every breath she drew, were *her* prescriptive rights; rights at which let neither present lover nor future husband demur. For him, lover or husband, slavery. A man’s pride is, or ought to be flattered by witnessing the world’s approbation of his choice. A woman’s self-respect is lowered by seeing herself put aside, even jestingly, for another. This was Portia’s creed; not an uncommon creed among women of her type; perhaps—so long as they have round them a bevy of slaves all more or less in the state of George Blake—a pardonable one. Only, curious to say, the person most nearly concerned, the actual lover, the actual husband, does not always subscribe to it un murmuringly.

“Admirable, by Jove! No machine could have turned one out better rolled. By the time I am ready for my next, in about ten minutes that’s to say, you will be perfect.”

“You will smoke no other cigarette than the one you are smoking now,” remarked Portia, coolly. “Indeed, I doubt whether you will have time to finish that. I am going to take you over the powder mills.”

“Portia?”

“Didn’t you say the other evening you wished to see them?”

“Yes, but we had no other amusement then. We were so out of spirits that we thought even the remote chance of being blown up better than going on living.”

“I should always think that,” said Portia; “the other evening or now, or any time! Should not you, Mr. Blake?”

George Blake, when out of love, was no fool; but on the present occasion he made the speech of one—the substance of it being that to explode in Portia’s company were better than to continue to live alone, *et cetera*.

"Then do, my dear fellow, give yourself a chance at once," cried Teddy, with thorough good humor. "Here are two romantic persons wishing to be blown up and have done with the bore of living, and two commonplace persons perfectly ready to live till they are ninety, and to be allowed to make cigarettes. Why can't we all be happy in our own way?"

Without deigning to reply, Portia turned and walked off, with stately dignity toward the house. For a minute Teddy Josselin watched her, a careless half smile on his face, then rose, slowly, and moved a step or two across the lawn. "Portia, Cousin Portia!" he called. "Won't you wait for me? I am quite willing to be blown up, but I don't see why I should be put out of breath beforehand."

Upon which Portia's pace at once quickened; and then—then Teddy actually ran and caught her up, and George Blake had the pleasure first of seeing the beautiful face turn round with a frown, then melt into a smile; finally of watching the lovers turn into a narrow side-path and saunter off, most lover-like in mien and proximity, toward the canal.

He stood still, his eyes fixed gloomily on the point at which Portia's figure had vanished, for some minutes; at last, abruptly seemed to remember Susan's existence. "What! you and I left to amuse each other, after all, Susan? Come here, my dear?"

George Blake's life was spent among theatrical people, painting people, writing people, unconventional people of all sorts; and he had contracted a trick—wholly innocent—of speaking more affectionately than is the custom of the world to his associates; I may add that older and wiser persons than Susan were not always offended by it. She jumped up, and came, as he bade her, to his side.

"What are you looking so solemn about? What are you thinking of? Are you cross that Portia has taken Teddy Josselin away? He is her property, remember."

"I wasn't thinking of Portia or Mr. Josselin, either; and I'm not cross at all, thank you."

"Thank you," repeated George Blake, mimicking her prim little shy voice. "Then if you were not cross, and not thinking of Portia, or of Portia's lover—may I ask what you *were* thinking of?"

"I was thinking of you!" said Susan, with a jerk. She had not forgotten Teddy Josselin's lesson in good-breeding, but only pulled up just in time to keep in the obnoxious "sir."

"I was thinking you were annoyed, and—and I wished Portia had offered to take you to be blown up!"

"Complimentary! That you and Josselin might make cigarettes undisturbed, I suppose?"

"No—that you might be with Portia."

For a moment George Blake turned his head aside; then he looked down closely on Susan's face. "And what do you know—what have you heard of me, child, that should make you think I wished to be with Portia?"

"Nothing, Mr. Blake. I never heard your name till an hour ago; but—but I think you said you would rather be blown up with Portia than live alone; and you did look so disappointed as they walked away."

"The fact is, my dear, you are a witch. I am not deluded by that childish appearance, that shy little mock-innocent manner! Nothing but witchcraft could make you divine such an unlikely thing as this. Susan"—after a minute,

and still closely reading the transparent, girlish face—"you and I would be great friends."

"Would be?" said Susan, lifting her eyes to his.

"Yes, would be—will be, if we see enough of each other. Now, suppose you talk to me just as you were talking to Teddy Josselin when we disturbed you. It will do me good." He made her sit down again, and took his place, one arm on the back of the rustic seat, beside her. "Go on, my dear—talk."

"But I've nothing to say," said Susan, horribly frightened at this prospect of having to sustain the burden of a conversation.

"Rubbish! say what you were saying to Josselin."

"I couldn't—indeed I couldn't! That was all nonsense, and it was he who said it," cried Susan, logically.

"And you couldn't talk nonsense, or roll cigarettes, or laugh aloud—such a good little laugh, too—with me? You like Josselin much the best, don't you, Susan?"

She turned away, setting her lips like a child who has been asked for a kiss, but means to contest it, and colored.

"You like Josselin better than me," repeated George Blake. "Now, tell the truth."

Susan caught down a bough of acacia close beneath which they sat, and buried her face in one of its clusters of cool white bloom. George Blake began to forget the powder-mills a little.

"Susan," said he, severely, "you incipient, small coquette, tell the truth. You like Josselin best?"

"I like Mr. Josselin."

"Best?"

"I did not say anything about 'best,' sir."

George Blake had sufficient experience of Susan's sex to be contented. After a minute or two spent in watching her (he looked upon her as a child, remember, and watched her with purely artist eyes, thinking how fair a rustic model she would be; not for a Greuze or Watteau—she had not piquancy, not conscious innocence enough for these French pencils—but rather for one of Sir Joshua's serious, sweet, child faces)—after a minute, "And so I looked disappointed when Portia went away?" he said. "Are you sure of that, now? I attach a great deal of importance to everything you tell me."

"I am quite sure of it," said Susan. "And no wonder," she added, quickly (nature had conferred on her, as on all gentle natures, that best gift for a woman—tact); "I feel a kind of blank, too—though I've only known her these few weeks—whenever Portia goes away. How beautiful she looks to-night, Mr. Blake."

The subject of Portia's beauty was one on which Mr. Blake, in his present state of madness, would mercilessly descant to any man, woman, or child whom he could force into listening. Once set going, indeed, and he forgot time and place, the slight monotony of the subject of short upper-lips and graceful throats, when pursued unremittingly; the sufferings of his victims, their slackening attention, their attempts to escape from him—everything. But the hearer he had got now was too sympathetic, too thoroughly fresh to be bored, even by a man in love. At every "and what grace, and what variety!" and "have you noticed this, or that?" Susan, in perfect good faith, gave the required affirmative interjections. She was really interested—the first listener of that kind he had ever found—not only in Portia, but in Mr. Blake's hopeless admiration of

her; the more interested, probably, because it was hopeless; and when at last he paused, rather from want of breath than because he felt the subject exhausted, volunteered this little chorus of her own: "And, in addition to all her good looks, what an unselfish, what a generous heart Portia has!"

George Blake looked up at the throngs of gnats that were dancing quadrilles between him and the sky. That Portia had a Titian-like complexion, an exquisite throat and profile, he knew to his cost! Also, that he loved her (as men love) violently; had been led astray by her for weeks past; had given up the easy, cheaply-bought pleasures of his old life for the expensive necessities of cabs, bouquets, and white gloves, in order to haunt her through parties and balls. This he knew to his cost, likewise. But heart! Portia French's an unselfish, a generous heart! Blake had lived twenty-five years in the world—eight of them by himself in London—and could not now fall in love quite as boys do. He would have been ready to swear a mole on Portia's cheek a load-star of beauty; for all the admiration his senses could give was hers. In the matter of forming judgment upon her moral qualities, reason, to a certain limited extent, was his own, still.

"I speak," said Susan, as she watched the expression of his face, "from what I know. When I was in my great grief, Portia came to see me"—not a word of good Miss Jemima!—and she has thought of me in twenty kind ways since—Miss Jemima had sent the child presents of sweetmeats and early strawberries—"and asked me to-night because it's my birthday. And 've enjoyed myself *so much*!" added Susan, irrelevantly.

George Blake felt a sudden strong impulse to snatch the little creature in his arms and kiss her. It was a common kind of impulse with him when he was in the company of children; but Susan's advanced age, and a certain wistful gravity that never quite forsook her face, withheld him from carrying it into effect.

"My poor little friend, how sorry I am to hear that word 'grief' from your lips."

Up welled the tears into Susan's eyes. She tried to say something and couldn't. The tears brimmed, then fell, wetting her hands as they lay clasped on her black frock. "I didn't mean to trouble you like this!" she faltered out, at last.

"Trouble me!" said Blake, and all his light manner fled, his face softened a vast deal more than it had done when he rhapsodized about Portia's upper lip. "Why, my dear, what do you take me for? We might have talked to each other the whole evening on idle subjects, and have remained strangers still. At that one word grief, Susan—at that word I feel in a moment that I have known you since you were so high!"

On paper this speech does not read eloquent. Spoken in a kindly voice, and coming straight from the speaker's heart, it sounded so, or comforted the little girl it addressed, which is better. Susan realized, as she had not done since her father's death, that she was being felt with—not consoled, not advised, not pitied; but felt with.

"If you had only known him," she said, presently. "You would have liked each other—have got on so well. I'm sure you would."

(In the interval before dinner, Portia, mentioning the guest who was to drink tea with them, had said: "And the miracle is, where the child gets her pretty little lady-like ways and looks! Her father was a Brentford shopkeeper—a gentleman who smoked a long clay pipe on Sundays, and christened his

roadside villar after Haddison." "And who kept my brother in hot water for ten years about a willow fence," Miss Jemima had chimed in. "Joseph Fielding's 'h's' and 'r's' wouldn't have mattered—by the way, Portia, you never heard him speak—or his clay pipe, either, if his nature had been a better one." This was the man whom George Blake would have got on with and liked!

"No one in Halfont knew papa," went on Susan, "except the vicar, a little; and I'm beginning to feel now that no one liked him. He never wanted to be liked, I think—except, of course, by mamma, and, after her, by me. Directly he came home, he used to work in the garden, or take his fishing-rod; and then of an evening he sang—he and I. There was no room for strangers in our life. If we had had just one friend, like you, sir, to come and talk to us, it would have been different; but we had no one, and so we lived alone. We were contented."

"And you have never, till you knew Portia, had a companion in your life?" said Blake; "have never been to a dance or read a story-book, I'll be bound?"

"I've never been to a dance," said Susan, "but as to stories—" she wiped the tears from her cheeks and began to reflect—"well, I should say I've read nearly all the novels that were ever written."

"Tell me the names of them."

"The whole of 'Waverley,' Fielding's collected works, 'Sir Charles Grandison,' 'Evelina,' 'Rasselas,' and the 'Vicar of Wakefield.'" She ran through the list with conscious pride, speaking volubly to show her thorough acquaintance with English literature. "And then, of course, 'Pilgrim's Progress' and 'Robinson Crusoe,' and all those *childish* books," she added; as George remained silent, just the least startled it must be owned, at the strong food on which his little "Sir Joshua" had been nourished. "And as to poetry and plays—oh, I could never remember the names of the plays I have read, if I was to try."

"And were these the books your father and mother picked out for you?" asked Blake. "Richardson and Fielding, and more plays than you can remember the names of!"

"Mamma died when I was six years old," said Susan, "and she never read anything. I remember she used to say it took off your taste for reading to be in the trade, like confectioners with sweet things."

"And a very true remark, too," said Blake, thinking, no doubt, of his own branch of the trade and "Ixion."

"And papa said he would never force me one way or another about reading—this was when Miss Collinson was angry once about my reading some book—'Rasselas'—no, 'Amelia,' I think it must have been. He took care, he said, never to have any trash in his own house—nothing but the standard editions—and I might please myself as to which of them I read. So long as a book was well bound and one of the standard editions, papa didn't trouble himself much about the inside."

"A wise man!" said Blake. "Susan, you teach me something new every minute. I feel as I never did before; how much better a thing it is to sell books than to write them!"

"Now, are you telling the truth?"

"Susan!"

"Oh, I beg your pardon, but I never am quite sure. You speak like earnest, and yet—its the same with Portia—I'm never sure you are not laughing at me! Now would you really not be above selling books?"

"Its the very occupation I've been long trying," answered Blake, with a laugh, "and in vain. The public won't come to my shop! I have put verses, story-books—just the wares you are fondest of, Susan—upon my counter; all without effect. No one will buy. Don't let us talk of books, child; 'tis a sore subject to us who are in the trade. Suppose we go for a twilight walk instead." As he said this, he rose and turned down an over-arched pathway toward the canal, Susan following. "You have told me about your studies; now talk to me about yourself—a pleasanter theme, my dear, than all the novels and poems that were ever written."

CHAPTER VI.

YES, books were a sore subject just then to George Blake, the books called novels sorest of all. And here probably, was fatalest sign that nature had not destined him to be a master—he was cast down by failure; he believed in his critics! Worse books than "Ixion" have proved the basis of a great fame before now. Why? Their writers have had faith in themselves—no sign of genius, perhaps, this faith; who shall define for us what genius is? but an excellent prognostic of the faculty of success. But George Blake felt in his inmost soul that, as far as novel-writing went, he could never rally after "Ixion." He had written verses, a thin volume of boyish fancies, crude, not wholly contemptible, already. "Poems," by "G. B.," no critic had stooped even to annihilate; and all the young author's poetic fire had gone out under the cold shade of this neglect. Poetry was not what he was born for, he acknowledged; still, most great men try their 'prentice hand on verse; defeat in verse-making, however complete, is not shameful. He was born to write prose—and he wrote it—wrote "Ixion." And "Ixion" was cut to shreds by such critics as noticed it at all, and left alone by the public; it was also a dead loss to the publishers. "You may succeed in some other line, very possibly, but you will never write a story," said these gentlemen. "You have not the knack. There are authors and authoresses, Mr. Blake, with no genius or pretence to genius, who sell their so many hundred copies, certain. But you, my dear sir, *would* you step round to the warehouse and see the numbers of "Ixion" we have still got upon our hands?"

And then Blake began to see he was not born to write prose—prose fiction, at all events. What was he born for? To go diligently through the plain duties of his calling, the daily red-tape routine of work as clerk in a public office, and leave art and literature to other men? If Blake could have felt this, the failure of "Ixion" had not chafed him so sorely. But he could not feel it. He belonged to the class of men who, without any marked creative power themselves, have ineradicably strong art proclivities; and it frequently takes a lifetime of dilettante trial to teach such men what they cannot do. "Ixion" was a failure. He was not a poet; he was not a novelist! Grimly reading his book over in cold blood, and with his eyes opened by the wisdom of reviewers, he perceived that the sentiment of his story was sham, the cynicism sham (Blake was the most kindly, happy-natured of creatures, and only wrote bitterly because A, B and C had written bitterly before him), that his plot was impossible; that every one of his puppet characters uttered the same falsetto opinions, in the same falsetto voice. All this he acknowledged; and still he could not but feel that some other road *must* yet conduct him to success. What if he should try a play? He was intimate with half the theatrical people in London, and when

you know actors, personally, few things seem easier, on the surface, than to supply them with fitting parts. Or turn musical composer? he had a pretty taste for weaving other men's thoughts into reveries and nocturnes of his own; had some acquaintance, too, with thorough bass. Or give up his clerkship in the treasury and study as a painter in earnest? His talent as a draughtsman was the most positive talent Blake possessed. As many drawings on wood as he chose to execute he could sell, and sell well; proof that they were at least up to the market standard of sentiment and perspective. A young lady, ten feet high, jumping into the arms of a young gentleman, half a mile distant, from a rock; a dislocated young gentleman stooping, with his card, over a young lady (dislocated also) in a ball-room; a young lady and gentleman, impossible as to anatomy, but with beautiful eyes and small mouths, looking at the moon from a balcony. In the exercise of art like this he might really have made an income; if he had possessed worldly sense enough for income ever to be a point of importance in George Blake's schemes! Well, he was just in this undecided frame of mind when he met Portia Ffrench; and the difficulty, for the time-being, was solved by his falling in love.

The property of love, we hear, is to act as a stimulant upon artistic faculty; to quicken the poet or the painter into nobler effort. Love did this for Blake; took up his time, wasted his money, incapacitated him more than ever from serious work, nay, as his infatuation progressed, put the thought of work altogether out of his head. Who would write a play when he might act the first part in one? paint a picture when he might gaze at one? rack his brain over form or simile when, without exertion, he might hear the praise of beautiful lips, feel the sympathizing pressure of a beautiful hand upon his arm? A man must have herculean strength who can bring the life of ball-rooms and the great world to alternate with the strenuous work that all honest art demands. Play, under the laborious guise of white gloves and the London season, is not the kind of play for ordinary workers; and so George Blake discovered. He had been Portia's slave now for a good many weeks; had gone where she bade him go, held her fan in ball-rooms, watched her as she danced with other men, watched the back of her head as she talked (to other men) in theatre-boxes, spent his days, after office hours, in waiting to catch a glimpse of her in the park—and what was his reward? Portia had engaged herself to Teddy Josselin! Well, he had anticipated some kind of tragic ending to his love from the first; how could a poor wretch, with a treasury clerkship and a hundred a year of private means, offer this divinity the affront of proposing that he should support her? The hope of winning Portia was irrevocably gone—his happiness with it. But, as regarded art, what inspiration, what single influence for good had she proved to him?

Once or twice, after a ball or opera, he had essayed verses to her, and had invariably lit his pipe with them next morning. Her face, with its faultless line of profile, its sweet, cold smile, its dark, unchanging eyes, he had drawn in every conceivable change of attitude, yet had never made of it aught save a catalogue, from right to left, or from left to right, of lips and brow and chin—a catalogue informed with no more soul than he could have found in the first plaster cast he had chosen to copy. He had composed a nocturne and an addio, both inscribed to Portia; and these had certainly more merit in them than the verses—perhaps than the drawings—yet were not a whit more original than the countless nocturnes and addios that he had dedicated, in old days, to the Violets and Claribels of his imagination. His senses, in a word, were enthralled—noth-

ing more. He himself, George Blake, was George Blake still—a good deal the poorer, in spirit and purse, for the little dance he had been led, and as far from “inspiration” as on the first day when Portia met him and decided that the holding captive a man who was neither marriageable, dandy, nor fool, would be a new stimulus, a new emotion to herself.

Their acquaintance began thus: Portia, who really liked pictures, or really liked to be able to talk about her liking for them, had gone up to town for a day’s exhibition-seeing. The exhibitions were very convenient institutions, during the whole season of spring, to Portia Ffrench. To tell Miss Jemima she must go up to town for shopping, or to see any of her London friends, was, as a rule, to enlist Miss Jemima, in her village dress and sensible bonnet, as an escort. Portia, with her extravagant ideas, could no more be trusted alone in shops than a child; and as to her acquaintance—“Of the two I would sooner you should go and half ruin us all at the milliner’s,” Miss Jemima would say, “than spend a couple of hours in the society of any of these women of fashion whom you call your friends. When you stay with your grandmother, the responsibility is hers. You are a Dysart then, and must have Dysart associates. As long as you live at Halfont you are a French.” But at the word “exhibition” Miss Jemima was silenced. Once, long ago, she had consented, at Portia’s instigation, to have a bout of picture-seeing; had been ruthlessly dragged through Royal Academy, Water-colors, young and old, Suffolk street, National portraits—all in the course of one very sultry summer’s day. And on that day Miss Jemima had inwardly sworn that no temptation should ever lead her into the regions of art again. She hid her sufferings like a Spartan; enlarged, to Colonel Ffrench, at home, upon the delightful treat they had had; and ascribed the pain in the nape of the neck, that lasted her for a week afterward, to the chill evening breeze that met them as they were driving back across Hounslow Heath. But she never broke her resolution—she never set her foot within the doors of another picture-gallery. It was good, doubtless, for young people to see everything that was going on; good for them to enlarge their minds, to take an interest in any subject unconnected with expensive dresses and frivolity; and, as the girl always chose the name of her very soberest acquaintance as her art chaperon, it grew in time to be a settled thing that Miss Jemima should not say nay whenever these opportunities of intellectual improvement offered themselves. Thus, as I remarked, the ordinance of picture-seeing was an ordinance of whose manifold resources Portia, during the whole London season, availed herself pretty freely.

Upon the day on which George Blake met his fate, she really had gone to an exhibition—the one in Suffolk street—her cousin Teddy with her; perhaps some more lawful chaperon (Blake saw none). But in these days who can say of two ladies which is married and protecting, which spinster and protected? Both of the cousins were a great deal bored—Teddy the least so, perhaps, for Portia did really conscientiously look at every picture which the fashionable art critic of that season had pointed out as noteworthy. Indeed, when Blake first came upon them, the poor little fellow was sitting down, placidly asleep, while Portia, some yards distant, stood in a proper attitude of admiration before one of the pictures of the year.

The young men had been at school together—were friends still, as far as their different means, their different habits of life allowed—so Blake went up, and, after waking Teddy Josselin from his nap, asked him what he thought of the pictures. Teddy possessed no more knowledge of art than of Arabic (it

would be hard to say on what subject Teddy did possess knowledge); still, he was just one of those sketchy, inconsequential, shallow rather than empty human creatures, to whom you will so often find that people with brains in their own heads delight to listen. Wittier men, wiser men, better men than Teddy jostle one at every turn. But Teddy had the rare gift of being absolutely natural—unconsciously suggestive as a child in every word he said. Lazily rousing himself, he cast his blue eyes round—Blake having further explained that his own business was to make picture-notes for a newspaper—and for five minutes or so gave utterance to whatever opinions came uppermost in his nutshell of a head respecting the score or so of pictures that he could see without moving. “And though, thank God! I know nothing about high art or high criticism,” he finished, “I believe I have eyes, and a grain or two of common sense, and, my dear fellow, you are welcome to make professional use of all I have said.” Then he he rose and sauntered away after Portia, whose graceful figure Blake, meanwhile, had been furtively watching.

She asked, before Teddy could open his lips, who that person was to whom he had been talking—the person with the sallow face and black moustache, like a singer. No one?—that was nonsense. Was he one of the men who sold the pictures, or the catalogues, or what? “Now, I insist upon knowing, Teddy. He is writing a book, and must be something dreadful of the kind. Who is he?”

“In the language you talk, no one at all,” answered Teddy. “He is a clerk in the Treasury. He has about ninety pounds a year of private means. He won’t even dance. He is non-existent.”

“Go on, Teddy, dear.”

“He writes novels and verses, and things for the newspapers. He doesn’t care for ladies.”

“Bring him and introduce him to me this moment.”

“Haven’t I said he does not care for ladies? There is Liddell just coming in, I see; and there’s Brett, somewhere about, and me. Why should you want to plague this poor fellow? He has never hurt you.”

“Have Colonel Liddell and Johnnie Brett?”

“No; and you can’t hurt them,” said Teddy, with his small laugh. “Now, Blake—well, you see, Cousin Portia, you could hurt a poor fellow like Blake immensely.”

“Will you bring him here at once, little Teddy?”

“With the thermometer at ninety, I will do anything rather than argue,” said Teddy Josselin; then went away after his friend, who was busy again with his note-book at the other side of the room. Blake looked round horrified on being told he was to be introduced to a young lady—Was in a morning coat, had come for work, must beg to be excused, and—and which was the lady? He would like to see her first.

“She stands over there, in a black silk dress and a white muslin scarf,” said Teddy. “No, not the sphynx of sixteen stone, heaped over with pink roses—the slender, dark young woman, who carries her head on one side, and at this moment shows us her profile. She is my cousin, and thought rather good-looking, and—oh, you are coming, then, after all?”

Blake came, was introduced, and wrote no more notes that day. Portia was afraid, although she had the celebrated Mr. Blanque’s guide in her hand, that she had been admiring everything she oughtn’t. Could it be possible there were only eight pictures worthy to be called pictures in the rooms? *Would* Mr.

Blake mind the trouble of taking her once round with him? She was utterly ignorant, but loved pictures from her heart. Oh, how different looking an exhibition was with some one who really cared for art to direct one's admiration! "I have heard enough of faults," she said, making a shrewd guess at George Blake's turn of mind. "What I wanted was to enjoy, and you have taught me how to do so."

She gave him a beautiful hand at parting—or a hand clothed in so perfect a glove as to look beautiful; Portia's gloves were always miracles of good taste, indefinite of hue, symmetrical of cut, firm of texture—gave him a hearty pressure, too! and no woman living had a pleasanter way of shaking hands than Portia Ffrench, when she liked. Next week she came up to pay her yearly visit to her grandmother, and through Teddy's agency, at once had George Blake brought to Lady Erroll's house in Eaton square. She had no need long to keep up the intellectual strain in which the acquaintance began. The trouble of reading Mr. Blake's poems had to be gone through; the exertion of forming an opinion differing from that of the reviewers, on "Ixion;" after this Mr. Blake himself took all further difficulty off her hands by falling in love. Now there was no very novel amusement to Portia Ffrench in having a man so circumstanced at her side; but there was wonderful novelty in the type of man she had at length had the good fortune to conquer! As a companion to spend her life with, Teddy Josselin was, and continued to be the girl's ideal. Teddy held the same beliefs, on all momentous questions, as herself, namely, that pleasure is pleasant, and trouble troublesome; that after them would come the deluge; and that excitement, bought no matter at what cost, is the end-all and be-all of an otherwise worthless existence. And then he had a handsome person, and the air of a man of the world, and did whatever he was bidden, and altogether—altogether as much as it was in Portia Ffrench's nature to love, she loved him. She never asked herself whether it would be possible to fall in love with George Blake. She cut him short whenever he began to talk sentiment—sentiment, no audience by to listen, wearied her to death. All she cared for was that the world, from cynical old Lady Erroll down to Aunt Jemima at home, should see that a man of genius (throughout his aberration so she loved to call poor Blake) did not find her so frivolous but that he could take delight in her society. She was like a child who, angling for minnows, unexpectedly brings a magnificent perch—three or four inches long—to land. Such a prey would probably never come to her little hook again; and she wanted every one to look at him as he lay gasping on the bank. As to the perch's sufferings—ah, that was his concern. There he stood in the same plight as the minnows. Her own small momentary triumph was all with which Portia troubled herself; and of this she certainly made the most.

Mr. Blake must come to dinner; "a quiet dinner, with one or two appreciative people to meet him, and with sensible conversation, grandmamma, and a little music afterward." Next he must follow her to balls. "You don't dance, I know, Mr. Blake, but it will be profitable to you to stand out and moralize on us foolish people who do!" After this, to operas and to the drive of an afternoon, and the Zoological on Sunday. Finally, when her own London visit was over, nothing would content her but the poor fellow must be invited to come down and dine with Colonel Ffrench at Halfont.

The pleasure of showing off her conquest at home proved limited. Miss Jemima looked carefully through her spectacles at Blake—the only author, besides Rosamunda, she had ever known—during dinner, and, when he was gone,

remarked that, for her part, she couldn't see that writers talked cleverer than other people. Colonel Ffrench said he must really request Portia not to encourage the young man too far. Mr. Blake might be a gentleman by birth—very possibly; still he was connected with the press—with painters, too. Art and literature—ah, ah, all very well in their proper place, but Colonel Ffrench must confess he had never seen persons of that description at his table before. What a change after London, after liberal, art-patronizing London! Portia saw plainly that, with no audience save these two prejudiced old people, very little pleasure was to be got out of George Blake's Halfont visits; so the next time he was asked, bade Teddy Josselin come, too; and, as we have seen, invited Susan Fielding in the evening.

Teddy, whom nothing could make jealous, and poor little, shy, ignorant Susan were not much; still they formed a gallery, and without a gallery Portia could seldom bring herself to feel real interest in any game. The subjugation, alone and unseen, of the cleverest, bravest man in Europe would, I verily believe, have yielded her pleasure less acute than the subjugation of some well-looking fop, chosen at random from her London partners, the world or any small section of the world looking on.

An inborn coquette would as soon make a conquest in the midst of Salisbury Plain as elsewhere; her zest being in the conquest, not the mere glory of it. To Portia the glory was all in all. She had not the effervescence of spirit, the quick pulse, the enjoyment-power, which characterize the real coquette—as I understand the term. Constitutional melancholy, constitutional inertia lay at the bottom of all her brightness, of all her restless activity in the pursuit of excitement.

Unless life could be forever dramatized to her, she sank oppressed under its burden. And George Blake, no mean reader of character, although he could not write novels, already divined that it was so. He was not a whit cured of his passion by the discovery of this or any other weakness in Portia's character; nay, it seemed to him that he was but attracted toward her more, now that he knew what weary lip-laughter half her lightness was! But he did often speculate—had speculated half an hour ago, as he wandered with her through the silent garden—what sort of lot that man's would be, who, without money and all that money brings, should become Portia's husband? So very little of the married life of poor people is spent before the foot-lights; the hours of excitement are so few; the hours of dual solitude so many! Why this little village girl, this little shy Susan Fielding would be a better every-day companion, in very fact, than Portia Ffrench, with all her cultivation, with all her brilliancy!

Before three or four people, Portia's powers of conversation never flagged. Alone—positive love-making interdicted—and it was wonderful how little you found to say to her, or she to you. You got a reply never void of intelligence; often a caustic—even a witty little aphorism in answer to whatever you advanced; and then—then you must think of what you would say next. No remark seemed in Portia's presence to open out to graver interests. You never got an inch nearer to Portia's soul! The beautiful face, the graceful attitudes filled up all absolute blanks delightfully, still the blanks existed; while with Susan—

CHAPTER VII.

"SUSAN," said Blake, taking out his watch and trying, as well as the fading light would permit, to make out the time; "you are certainly a witch. I was

quite right in my estimate of your character. Here we have been out an hour and a half together, and you have made it pass like five minutes."

Susan's heart gave a flutter of pleasure at the speech.

"An hour and a half? I never thought it was so late—time goes so quick out of doors—and—and if you are tired we had better go in at once," she added, demurely.

"Go in?" said Blake; "no. It is much pleasanter here than in the house, and Josselin and Miss Ffrench haven't finished seeing the powder-mills yet—rather dark, by the way, for seeing anything. This is the best hour of the twenty-four."

"It is the best for me," said Susan. "What other people call dusk is my day. At this minute I can actually make out the bank the other side the river."

They had walked as far as the long-disputed willow fence—the extreme boundary line of Colonel Ffrench's property. The light had died into one dull crimson streak above the flat horizon, but sufficient after-glow yet lingered to show the forms of near-at-hand objects; of the water-flags with their pale broad blossoms; of the narrow canal path, of the canal itself, as, brimming and level with its banks, it floated past, with its low, scarce audible murmur, toward the powder-mills.

"Poor little Susan!" said Blake, kindly—to him with his keen-strung, artist's delight in every object of the external world, this fact of Susan's near sight seemed an affliction very little short of actual blindness—"you must take comfort in one thing, remember; as you grow older, as you approach the age when the rest of us get mole-like, you will begin to see better. When you are ninety, what sight will you have, my dear!"

"I am not quite sure that I want to see better," said Susan, diffidently, for she had a consciousness that there might be an implied slight to the rest of the world in her contentment. "At least when I look through my glasses and see everything so plain, I don't feel half as much at my ease as before. The world seems all at once too big for me, you know; and whenever I have a bad dream, a nightmare, this is what I dream: I can see as every one else sees, and there are trees and houses ready to fall and crush me, and crowds of people, with their faces distinct, as I never see faces really, looking at me. No. I am sure I don't want to be different."

"But then your short sight makes you helpless?" said Blake. "You always need some one close at hand, as I am now, to keep you out of mischief?"

"Not a bit," Susan answered. "When once I know a place I can find my way everywhere—not with my hands, but by feeling, you understand. Papa might send me for any book he liked, in the dark, and I never brought the wrong one, and Miss Collinson says she never saw such eyes as mine for fine needle-work; and then they never get tired, however many hours I sew, even by lamp-light."

"And you are fond of needle-work, I'll answer for it," said Blake. "I think I see you with a needle and thread in those prim small hands! like the heroine of one of your favorite novels. You are great at pies and plain sewing, are you not, Susan?"

"I don't know about pies, sir, but I can do every kind of needle-work well, and I like it. Portia never sews; she says it is a slave's employment to sit and drag a needle to and fro, to and fro, through a bit of cambric or muslin all day long. If that is true, I suppose I was born to be a slave! I like to work—work

always takes?—half a tumbler of beer at lunch, one glass of port at dinner, ditto of water at night. It is only we washed-out younger generation who cannot live without the wicked help of stimulants. What, you take nothing, either, Susan?" Susan had tasted wine about six times in her life, and then a third of a glass at a time. "What sober people you all are!"

Teddy poured out some madeira into a tumbler and handed it to Portia; then helped himself generously to brandy and seltzer water—very little seltzer water. And, after a time, nature recruited by these kindly aids, the powers of both seemed gradually to revive.

"Did we see the powder-mills, I wonder?" remarked Teddy, after a silence. "There was a great deal of canal, and bull-rushes, and all that; but did we see the powder-mills? I can't, for the life of me, recollect."

Portia looked up at the ceiling, her eyebrows elevated; Miss Jemima, who held imbecile questions of all kinds as Teddy Josselin's special prerogative, resumed her knitting. "There *are* powder-mills, the worse for us, within a stone's throw of the house," she observed; "Portia, I suppose that is what your cousin means!"

"I suppose so, Aunt Jemima," said Portia, sententiously!"

Teddy Josselin rose and again helped himself to seltzer and brandy—the seltzer still perceptibly decreasing; after this his brain seemed to grow clearer. "How could we have seen powder-mills, or any mills, when we have been playing billiards!" he said, smiling a little smile to himself over his own perspicuity. "I know as well as possible what I meant, now. We were all of us to have seen the powder-mills, you know, Portia, only Blake and Miss Fielding roamed away and prevented us." Teddy Josselin called it "woamed away and prevented us."

"Susan, my dear," said Miss Jemima, seriously, "I hope, if you went out, that you put something worsted over your head?" The good old soldier never troubled herself about other dangers than physical ones. "I knew a young lady just about your age, oddly enough, her name was Felton—it was in 'forty-six, we were at Gibraltar—poor thing, she married into the Sixtieth rifles, and led a most unhappy life, and she had entirely lost her hearing in the left ear through going out bare-headed in the damp. Since then I always say to young people, 'walk about at midnight, if it gives you any pleasure, but put something worsted over the head.' Now, I knit very nice little *capooshaws*"—Miss Jemima's French pronunciation had not been acquired on French soil—"they come down well all round, and protect not only the ears but the throat. I always wear one myself when I go out at night. I'll make you a capooshaw, Susan."

"Thank you, ma'am."

"You may well say 'thank you, ma'am' in that devout tone, Susan!" As she spoke, Portia rose and loitered across to the piano. "Considering that if you don't wear a capooshaw you'll lose your hearing in your left ear, marry into the Sixtieth rifles, and lead a most unhappy life forever after! Aunt, you logical old philosopher, what shall I play?"

"Anything you choose, my dear," said Miss Jemima, turning round her placid old face so that she could better watch the girl's graceful figure at the instrument. "All the music I hear now-a-days sounds much the same to me."

George Blake, who ever since they returned to the drawing-room, had been silently watching his opportunity for making peace with Portia, now came across to her side, and, in a low voice, duly humble and penitent, petitioned her for something out of "Faust." They had listened to "Faust" together, one even-

ing when the poor fellow had talked especially great nonsense, and Portia had not taken the trouble to check him, an evening or two before he knew of her engagement to Teddy.

"'Faust?' I'm not sure I know anything out of 'Faust,'" answered Portia, indifferently. "Ah, yes, I do though—just *one* thing." And then, of course, played the very chorus which Blake, which both of them, remembered so well!

She had been excellently taught; played, as she did everything, with real good taste; and, on an imperfect instrument, like the piano, natural faculty for music is a gift, the want of which good teaching can almost hide. After the Faust chorus she glided into a nocturne, then an addio; both extremely like thousands of addios and nocturnes written by greater composers than Mr. George Blake; then stopped tired, the momentary amusement of putting back the truant mouse over, and proposed that they should play *écarté*.

Cards, played for money and good high stakes, be it understood, were a genuine amusement, very nearly a passion, with Portia Ffrench; another point of sympathy between her and Teddy. Winning or losing, Portia's interest over a card-table never flagged; and the time of all others when Blake came nearest to disenchantment, was when he stood and watched her face growing keen and flushed—wonderfully like her grandfather she looked at such times—over the triumph of turning kings, and scoring tricks. "Let us have more music," he pleaded, quickly, "Let us have a song or two. Cards are for short days and Christmas, not for summer."

"That is my opinion, Mr. Blake," said Miss Jemima. "But nothing will cure Portia of being a gambler. The other day I found her and Mr. Josselin gravely playing piquet, for I don't know what a game, at four o'clock in the afternoon."

"And the daylight constitutes the sin!" said Portia. "Every game but chess is sinful, so long as you play it by daylight. How can I alter myself, Aunt Jem? I'm a Dysart. Its part of my maternal inheritance—none of the Ffrenches having ever touched a card to gamble!"

"But not to-night," said George Blake. "Let us have music, not cards, to-night?"

"Oh, as you like. The thing is to find performers. Teddy, will you sing? No, you shall not. I *abhor* comic songs, and it makes me abhor you when you sing them. Susan, will you?"

Susan jumped up instantly and ran over to the piano. She had not the faintest idea that a young lady who is asked for music should look modest. Music had been the one keen enjoyment, the daily sweetest solace of Mr. Fielding's life, and Susan was as simply ready to sing as she would have been to carry a foot-stool or pick up Miss Jemima's knitting-needles had she been so bidden. "The songs I know best are duets," she said, looking up at Portia, who had given her her place before the piano, "but I will sing whatever is wished."

"Tell me the name of your duets," said Blake, "and I will see if I know any of them." Susan's fingers had already touched the keys, and something in the touch, something in the way her large eyes lighted up, made him augur well for what was coming. "I have just enough voice to sing a tolerably inoffensive second, no more."

Susan went through the names of five or six English songs, time-flavored and sterling as her novels.

"Sing that," cried Miss Jemima, looking up suddenly from her knitting. "I have not heard 'Drink to me only' for five-and-forty years." And, a minute later, George Blake professing sufficient knowledge of the air to take a modest second, the duet began.

Never, perhaps, by two non-professional people, were rare old Ben's love-words married to truer melody. Susan Fielding's voice was exquisite. You wanted nothing finer or more cultivated when you listened to her, the piercing sweetness of that fresh soprano contented your sense so utterly. Very likely in Italian opera she would have failed, for the order of her voice was sustained rather than flexible; but it was a voice that suited such music as this to perfection. And then Susan sang out bravely—sang, as so few drawing-room singers do, with her whole heart, with frankest delight in her own singing. "The thirst that from the soul doth flow doth need a draught divine." What a volume of feeling the little girl threw into those words! What subdued, lingering emphasis into the next couplet—"But might I of Jove's nectar sip, I would not ask for wine." George Blake's "inoffensive second" proved an admirable one. He possessed a tenor voice, moderate of compass, but full, every note of it, of honest music—and then, was not Portia's beautiful face before him? Were not Portia's dark eyes—more expression in them than their wont—drinking to his? Of his fellow-singer, all whose ignorant, passionate soul was shaken by new feeling as their voices flowed forth together, he thought no more than of the piano. Luckily for the execution of the duet, however, there was no glass window to inform Susan of this.

When it was over, Portia and Teddy Josselin applauded loudly. Miss Jemima was silent. Her knitting had fallen in her lap, her spectacles were pushed up on her forehead; she sat listening, listening, with a sad, far-away look on her old face.

"You are very ungrateful, Aunt Jemima," cried Portia. "The song was sung for your pleasure, and now you don't offer the performers a single compliment."

"I hadn't heard it for five-and-forty years," said Miss Jemima, absently. "How you startled me, child!"

And then she bent down her face again, and, with a flurried little gesture, took up her knitting. No one had ever heard any whisper of romance connected with Jemima French. She said, herself, that she had never been pretty—had never had a lover. Yet in this old heart, that had so long beat for others only, *some* remembrance of youth—the one supreme romance of every human life—must still have flickered, and the song, unheard for five-and-forty years, had power to rekindle it.

"That was real music," she said, after a minute or two; "not like what you hear now-a-days."

"Yes, if I could sing—if I could move people like that!" exclaimed Portia, looking across at Susan. "I think to have no voice is really to be dumb. When others sing I always feel what I, too, could have said, if the same power of expression had only been given me!"

Few accidents of human speech sound more graceful than the praises accorded by one young and pretty woman to another; and Portia paid this little homage to Susan's superior gift in the prettiest tone conceivable, and with a genuine look of self-depreciation on her handsome face. The tone, the expression went straight, as they were meant to go, to George Blake's heart. All the fire of his quickly-wrought nature had been stirred by poor little Susan's voice,

and now an adroit word, an adroit expression, had already turned aside the current of his feelings toward Portia. To appropriate, in this cool kind of fashion, emotions caused by the gifts of others, is a faculty, I think, that exceptionally-handsome people nearly all of them possess. Your senses are carried away by a piece of admirable acting, by a strain of touching music; and if a beautiful face chance to be near, ten to one but you will transfer to its owner a good half of what you feel. The poor little man or woman, with sallow complexion and snub features, beside you, may have a brain to understand, a heart to sympathize with yours—in vain. At such times, all you need, if you are the kind of foolishly-susceptible creature George Blake was, is a faultless lay figure to clothe in the purple and fine linen of your own imagination. And Portia was this, and more than this. He forgot to ask Susan to sing again—forgot Susan's existence. All he saw, all he wanted to see, was Portia's face glowing with this flush of new and softened expression; and when, presently, she moved away into a window, still declaring herself "under the delicious influences of that duet," drew aside a curtain and began to whisper about the beauty of the night (as it chanced, it was pitch dark, and beginning to rain a little), the young man, his pulse beating almost as it used to beat in the first days of his infatuation, kept at her side.

The sociability of the little party was hopelessly broken up. Teddy Josselin sat quietly asleep in his easy chair; Miss Jemima held silent counsel with her own thoughts over her knitting; Portia and George Blake continued to murmur in indistinguishable tones at the window. When some minutes had gone by like this, a timepiece struck eleven, and Susan rose from the piano, and, crossing over to Portia, wished her good-night—did not, however, hold up her lips as usual to be kissed. The whole world had deepened, grown into new significance to Susan during the last two hours. Even her sentimental worship of her friend was modified.

"What! going so soon?" cried Portia, with innocent surprise. "Aunt Jem, Susan says she is going. Has any one come for you, my dear?"

"Oh no, I can run home quite well by myself; I told old Nancy I would not be late. Good-night, Portia. I shall not forget my birthday treat. I have enjoyed myself very much!"

"And Jekyll shall see you home," said Miss Jemima, stretching out her hand toward the bell. "Yes, indeed, child, I hear rain on the windows, and Jekyll shall carry an umbrella and see you home. Very likely indeed that I would allow you to run along the highway alone at this time of night!"

Susan began to beg and entreat. The idea of Mr. Jekyll condescending to hold an umbrella over her unimportant head was too overwhelming.

"Better wait till our carriage comes," suggested Teddy, whom all this talking had aroused. "We ordered it somewhere about midnight—didn't we, Blake?"

"Better let me take you home, Susan," said Blake, who would at all times have foregone pleasure of his own to humor a child, and who read aright the terror of the little girl's face at the proposal of Mr. Jekyll's escort.

"It rains in torrents!" remarked Portia, laconically.

"Then Susan must put her cloak over her head, and wear my galoshes, if she can keep them on," said Miss Jemima. "Now mind, Mr. Blake, I trust to your getting her home dry and safe."

And then the old lady came across to Susan, and, as she kissed her cheek, thanked her in a whisper for the song, and bade the girl come and sing to her, alone, another day.

Susan could never help loving old Miss Ffrench a little better than she loved Portia, after that night.

The rain, as it turned out, did not pour in torrents yet, only an occasional big drop splashed down through the thick cover of the avenue ; the trees and grass smelt dewy sweet ; the frogs were croaking a vociferous chorus of joy over the approaching shower—not a romantic sound, but I try to be truthful, not romantic, and about Halfont, wherever you did not walk by a canal, you walked by a ditch, and the ditches were deep and green scummed, and full in the summer season of frogs. Rain or no rain, Susan would have liked that walk to last forever.

When they were half-way or so down the avenue, George Blake turned and looked back at the house. He could see the lighted bay-window within which he had stood five minutes ago with Portia ; she stood there still—alas, with her rightful lover at her side now ! and Blake heaved a despairing sigh. He was apt, in perfect sincerity, to be just a little bit melodramatic at times ; saw, as most imaginative people do, the picturesque capabilities of a situation at a glance, that is to say, and could not refrain from throwing himself with spirit into the fitting attitude as hero.

“ ‘The thirst that from the soul doth flow,’ ” under his voice he hummed the line. “Oh, Susan, little Susan, how I envy you ! You who have never felt a thirst that a cup of cold water wouldn’t slake. How can you sing so well about feelings of which you know nothing, child ?”

“I sing *what* I feel, Mr. Blake,” answered Susan, simply, then walked on by his side again in silence. She was not jealous, consciously, of Portia ; not vexed at Mr. Blake’s treatment of herself ; the grass smelt sweet, the rain-charged air blew soft ; there was a walk of a hundred yards by Mr. Blake’s side before her still. Susan was satisfied.

The old village woman who was at present the solitary guardian of Addison Lodge, came to the door in answer to Blake’s knock, the loud London knock which echoed and re-echoed through the silent garden. At sight of a gentleman, tall, moustached, not of the Halfont world, standing beside “little Miss,” the good old soul set down her candle and fled.

“And now indeed, good-night !” said Blake, holding out his hand. “Susan, what are you going to give me for all the care I have taken of you ?”

“I should like you to come in just for a minute, Mr. Blake,” said Susan, hesitating as she made the request. “I have nothing to give you, but I should like you to see something I hold very dear—something that I may never have a chance to show you again after to-night.”

She took up the candle, and threw open a door on the right, about a yard and a half distant from the entrance—there was no space lost within the small area of Addison Lodge. “This was our sitting-room. The auctioneer says the furniture will all have to be arranged differently before the sale, but you see it now exactly as it was when we—when papa and I lived in it. There is his violin.” She walked across the room, and tenderly rested her hand on a very old, very shabby violin case ; “he played it, Miss Collinson said, as if he had been a master—and there are the books, all he was fondest of, in the Russia backs ; and there—Mr. Blake, I asked you to come in and see this—there, above the mantel-shelf, is papa himself. Of course the portrait will not be sold, but I like you to see it to-night among the old furniture and in the old room, just as it all was when he was alive.”

The portrait was in oil, and a fair one, had at least the merit of being strik-

ingly like the face from which it was painted ; a thin, pale face, insignificant of feature, broad of brow, and with prominent grey eyes, like Susan's, which seemed at this moment to look down half with kindness, half mistrust on the man who stood by Susan's side. George Blake never forgot either the picture or the room—the room with its smell of Russian leather, its silent instruments—a meerschaum pipe left piously as Fielding's hand had laid it on the mantel-piece ; in the branched sockets of the music-stand two ends of wax-candle, never lit since the night when Fielding and his girl played their last duet together.

"I'm glad you asked me to come in, my dear ; I feel now as if I had known your father, as if I had smoked my pipe with him scores of times, and heard him play, and heard you sing together, in the winter evenings."

The color faded in Susan's face ; her eyes filled. "We shall never sing again," said she ; then turned away abruptly and lighted George Blake without a word to the front door.

He took her hand, held it a little space in his, then, with loyalty as absolute as if the girl had been seven, not seventeen, raised it for a moment to his lips, and left her.

In that moment was shut the last white page of Susan's childhood.

A MESSAGE.

FOR one to bear my message I looked out
In haste at noon. The bee and the swallow passed,
Bound south. My message was to south ; I cast
It, trusting as a mariner ; no doubt,
Sweet bee, sweet swallow, in my heart, about
Your fellowship.

The stealthy night came fast ;
"Oh chilly night," I said, "no friend thou hast
For me, and morn is far." When, lo, a shout
Of joy, and riding up, as one rides late,
My friend fell on my neck, just in the gate.
"You got my message then?"

"No message, sweet,
Save my own eyes desire your eyes to meet."
"You saw no swallow, and no bee, before
You came?"

"I do remember, past my door,
There brushed a bird and bee, oh, sweeter presage
Than I had dreamed ! You sent me then, a message?"

QUEEN VICTORIA AND HER SUBJECTS.

“AND when you hear historians tell of thrones, and those who sat upon them, let it be as men now gaze upon the mammoth's bones, and wonder what old world such things could see.”

So sang Byron half a century ago, and great critics condemned his verse, and called him a “surlly Democrat” because he ventured to put such sentiments and hopes into rhyme. The thrones of Europe have not diminished in number since Byron's day, although they have changed and rechanged their occupants ; and the one only grand effort at the establishment of a new Republic—that of France in 1848—went down into dust and ashes. Naturally, therefore, the tendency in Europe is to regard the monarchical principle as having received a new lease and charter of life, and to talk of the republican principle as an exotic forced for a moment into a premature and morbid blossom upon European soil, but as completely unsuited to the climate and the people as the banyan or the cocoa tree.

I do not, for myself, quite agree in this view of the aspect of affairs. Of course, if one were inclined to discuss the question fairly, he must begin by asking what people mean when they talk of the republican principle. What is the republican principle? When you talk of a Republic, do you mean an aggressive, conquering, domineering State, ruled by faction and living on war, like the Commonwealth of Rome? or a Republic like that planned by Washington, which should repudiate all concern in foreign politics or foreign conquest? Do you mean a Federal Republic, like that of the United States, or one with a centralized power, like the French Republic of 1848? Do you mean a Republic like that of Florence, in which the people were omnipotent, or a Republic like that of Venice, in which the people had no power at all? Do you mean a Republic like that of Switzerland, in which the President is next to nobody, or a Republic like that of Poland, which was ornamented by a King? In truth, the phrase “republican principle” has no set meaning. It means just what the man who uses it wishes to express. If, however, we understand it to mean, in this instance, the principle of popular self-government, then it is obvious that Europe has made immense progress in that direction since Byron raged against the crimes of Kings. If it means the opposite to the principle of Divine Right or Legitimacy, or even personal loyalty—loyalty of the old-time, chivalric, enthusiastic fashion—then it must be owned that it shows all over Europe the mark of equal progress. The ancient, romantic, sentimental loyalty ; the loyalty which revered the Sovereign and was proud to abase itself before him ; the loyalty of the Cavaliers ; the loyalty which went wild over “Oh, Richard! Oh, mon Roi!” is dead and gone—its relics a thing to be stared at, and wondered over, and preserved for a landmark in the progress of the world—just like the mammoth's bones.

The model Monarchy of Europe is, beyond dispute, that of Great Britain. In England there is an almost absolute self-government ; the English people can have anything whatever which they may want by insisting on it and agitating a little for it. The Sovereign has long ceased to interfere in the progress of national affairs. I can only recollect one instance, during my observation, in which Queen Victoria put her veto on a bill passed by Parliament, and that was on an occasion when it was discovered, at the last moment, that the Lords and

Commons had passed a bill which had a dreadful technical blunder in it, and the only way out of the difficulty was to beg of the Queen to refuse it her sanction, which her Majesty did accordingly, and the blunder was set right in the following session. If a Prime Minister were to announce to the House of Commons, to-morrow, that the Queen had boxed his ears, it would not create a whit more amazement than if he were to say, no matter in what graceful and diplomatic periphrasis, that her Majesty was unwilling to agree to some measure which her faithful Commons desired to see passed into law.

Nothing did Mr. Disraeli more harm, nothing brought greater contempt on him than his silly attempts last session to induce the Commons to believe, by vague insinuations and covert allusions, that the Queen had a personal leaning toward his policy and himself. So long ago as the time of the free trade struggle, the Tories, for all their hereditary loyalty, complained of and protested against the silent presence of Prince Albert in the Peers' gallery of the House of Commons, on the ground that it was an attempt to influence the Parliament improperly, and to interfere with the freedom of debate. No one has anything to say against the Queen which carries any weight or is worth listening to. She is undoubtedly a woman of virtue and good sense. So good a woman, I venture to think, never before reigned over any people, and that she is not a great woman, an Elizabeth, a Catherine of Russia, or even an Isabella of Castile, is surely rather to the advantage than otherwise of the monarchical institution in its present stage of existence. Here, then, one might think, if anywhere and ever, the principle of personal loyalty has a fair chance and a full justification. A man might vindicate his loyalty to Queen Victoria in the name of liberty itself; nay, he might justify it by an appeal to the very principle of democracy. Yet one must be blind, who, living in England and willing to observe, does not see that the old, devoted spirit of personal loyalty is dead and buried. It is gone! it is a memory! You may sing a poetic lament for it if you will, as Schiller did for the gods of Hellas; you may break into passionate rhetoric, if you can, over its extinction, as Burke did for the death of the age of Chivalry. It is gone, and I firmly believe it can never be revived or restored.

I do not mean to say that there are many persons in England who feel any strong objection to the Monarchy, or warmly desire to see a Republic substituted for it. I know in England several theoretical republicans—they are to be met with in almost any company. I have never met with any one Englishman living in England, who showed any anxious, active interest in the abolition of the Monarchy. I do not know any one who objects to drink the usual loyal toasts at a public dinner, or betrays any conscientious reluctance to listen to the unmeaning eulogy which it is the stereotyped fashion for the chairman of every such banquet to heap on "Her Majesty and the rest of the Royal Family." But this sort of thing, if it ever had any practical meaning, has now none. It has reached that stage at which profession and practice are always understood to be quite different things. Every one says at church that he is a miserable sinner; no one is supposed really to believe anything of the sort. Every one has some time or other likened women to angels, but we are not therefore supposed seriously to ignore the fact that women wear flannel petticoats, and have their faults, and are mortal. So of loyal professions in England now. They are understood to be phrases, like "Your obedient servant," at the bottom of a letter. They do not suggest hypocrisy or pretence of any kind. There is apparently no more inconsistency now in a man's loyally drinking the health of the Queen, and proceeding immediately after (in private conversation) to abuse or ridicule

her and her family, than there would be in the same man beginning with "Dear Sir," a missive to one whom he notoriously dislikes. Every one who has been lately in London must have heard an immense amount of scandal, or at all events of flippant joking at the expense of the Queen herself; and of more serious complaint and distrust as regards the Prince of Wales. Yet the virtues of the Queen, and the noble qualities of the Prince of Wales are panegyricized and toasted, and hurrah'd at every public dinner where Englishmen gather together.

The very virtues of Queen Victoria have contributed materially toward the extinction of the old-fashioned sentiment of living, active loyalty. The English people had from the time at least of Anne to our own day a succession of bad princes. Only a race patient as Issachar could have endured such a line of sovereigns as George II., George III., and George IV. Then came William IV., who being a little less stupidly obstinate than George III., and not so grossly corrupt as George IV., was hailed for a while as the Patriot King by a people who were only too anxious not to lose all their hereditary and traditional veneration. Do what they would, however, the English nation could not get into any sincere transports of admiration about the Patriot King; and they soon found that any popular reform worth having was to be got rather in spite of the Patriot King, than by virtue of any wisdom or patriotism in the monarch. Great popular demonstrations and tumults, and threats of marching on London; and O'Connell meetings at Charing Cross, with significant allusion by the great demagogue to the King who lost his head at Whitehall hard by; the hanging out of the black flag at Manchester, and a general movement of brickbats everywhere—these seem to have been justly regarded as the persuasive influences which converted a Sovereign into the Patriot King and a Reformer. Loyalty did not gain much by the reforms of that reign. Then followed the young Victoria; and enthusiasm for a while wakened up fresh and genuine over the ascension of the comely and simple-hearted girl, who was so frank and winning; who ran down stairs in her night-dress, rather than keep her venerable councillors waiting when they sought her out at midnight; who openly acknowledged her true love for her cousin, and offered him her hand; who was at once queenly and maidenly, innocent and fearless.

But this sort of thing did not last very long. Prince Albert was never popular. He was cold; people said he was stingy; his very virtues, and they were genuine, were not such as anybody, except his wife and family, warmly admires in a man; he was indeed misunderstood, or at all events misprized in England, up to the close of his life. Then the gates of the convent, so to speak, closed over the Queen, and royalty ceased to be an animating presence in England.

The young men and women of to-day—persons who have not passed the age of twenty-one—can hardly remember to have ever seen the Sovereign. She is to them what the Mikado is to his people. Seven years of absolute seclusion on the part of a monarch must in any case be a sad trial to personal loyalty, at least in the royal capital. A considerable and an influential section of Queen Victoria's subjects in the metropolis have long been very angry with their Sovereign. The tailors, the milliners, the dressmakers, the jewellers, the perfumers, all the shopkeepers of the West End who make profit out of court dinners and balls and presentations, are furious at the royal seclusion which they believe has injured their business. So, too, are the aristocratic residents of the West End, who do not care much about a court which no longer contributes to their season's gayety. So, too, are all the flunkey class generally. Now, I am

sure there are no three sections of the population of London more influential in the spreading of scandal and the nursing of this discontent than the shopkeepers, the aristocrats, and the flunkeys of the West End. These are actively and demonstratively dissatisfied with the Queen. These it is who spread dirty scandals about her, and laugh over vile lampoons and caricatures of which she is the object.

Every one knows that there is a low, mean scandal afloat about the Queen—and it is spread by the clubs, the drawing-rooms, the shops, and the servants'—halls of the West End. I am convinced that not one of those who spread the scandal really believes it; but they like to spread it because they dislike the Queen. There can be no doubt, however, that much dissatisfaction at the Queen's long seclusion is felt by persons who are incapable of harboring any motives so mean or spreading any calumnies so unworthy. Most of the London papers have always found fault rather sharply and not over decently with the royal retirement. Mr. Ayrton, representative of the Tower Hamlets—the largest constituency in England—openly expressed this sentiment at a public meeting; and though his remarks were at once replied to and condemned by Mr. Bright, they met with a more or less cordial response from most of his audience.

There is or was in the House of Commons (the general election has got happily rid of him), a foolish person named Reardon, a Piccadilly auctioneer, who became, by what we call in England "a fluke," a member of the House of Commons. This person moved last session a resolution, or something of the kind, calling on the Queen to abdicate. The thing was laughed down—poor Mr. Reardon's previous career had been so absurd that anything coming from him would have been hooted; and the House of Commons is fiercely intolerant of "bores" and men with crochets. But I have reason to believe that Mr. Reardon's luckless project was concocted by a delegation of London tradesmen, and had the sympathy of the whole class; and I know that many members of the House which hooted and laughed him down had in private over and over again grumbled at the Queen's retirement, and declared that she ought to abdicate.

"What on earth does it matter," I asked of a member of Parliament—one of the most accomplished scholars and sharp logicians in the House—"What on earth does it matter whether or not the Queen gives a few balls to a few thousand West End people in the season? How can rational people care, one way or the other?" "My dear fellow," was the answer, "I don't care; but all that sort of thing is her business, and she is paid to do it, and she ought to do it. If she were a washerwoman with a family, she would have to do her work, no matter what her grief." Now this gentleman—who is utterly above any sympathy with scandal or with the lackey-like grumblings of the West End—did, undoubtedly, express fairly enough a growing mood of the public dissatisfaction.

Beyond all this, however, is the fact that people—the working-class especially—are beginning to ask whether we really want a Sovereign at all, seeing that we get on just as well during the eclipse of royalty as in its brightest meridian splendor. This question is being very often put; and it is probably more often thought over than put into words. Now I think nothing worse could possibly happen to royalty in England than that people should begin quietly to ask whether there really is any use in it. If there is a bad King or Queen, people can get or look for, or hope and pray for a good one; and the abuse of the throne will not be accounted a sufficient argument against the use of it. But how will it be when the subjects begin to find that during the reign of one of

the best sovereigns possible to have, they can get on perfectly well although the monarch is in absolute seclusion ?

George IV. was an argument against bad kings only—Queen Victoria may come to be accepted as an illustration of the uselessness of the very best kind of Sovereign. I think King Log was much better calculated to do harm to the institution of royalty than King Stork, although the frogs might have regretted the placid reign of the former when the latter was gobbling up their best and fattest.

Decidedly the people of England are learning of the Queen how to do without royalty. A small section of her subjects are angry with her and bitter of heart against her ; a much larger number find they can do perfectly well without her ; a larger number still have forgotten her. On a memorable occasion Prince Albert declared that constitutional government was on its trial in England. The phrase, like many that came from the same well-meaning lips, was unlucky. Constitutional government was not upon its trial then ; but Monarchy is upon its trial now.

Do I mean to say that Great Britain is on the verge of a revolution ; that the dynasty is about to be overthrown ; that a new Cromwell is to make his appearance ? By no means. It does not follow that even if the English people were to be convinced to-morrow of the absolute uselessness of a throne, and a sovereignty, they would therefore proceed to establish a republic. No people under the sun are more strongly governed by tradition and "the majesty of custom" than the English. Cobden used to say that they had a Chinese objection to change of any kind. The Lord Mayor's show, long threatened, and for a while partially obscured, has come out again in full gingerbread. There is a functionary who appears every night at the door of the House of Commons just at the moment when the sitting is formally declared to be over, and bawls out to the emptying benches the resonant question, "Who's for home ?" I believe the practice originated at a time when Westminster was unpeopled, and midnight roads were dangerous, and members were glad to make up parties to travel home together ; and, so a functionary was appointed to issue stentorian appeal to all who were thus willing to combine their strength and journey safely in company. The need of such an arrangement has, I need hardly say, passed away these many generations ; but the usage exists. It oppresses no one to have the formal call thundered out ; the thing has got to be a regular performance ; it is part of the whole business and system ; nobody wants it, but nobody heeds it or objects to it, and the functionary appears every night of every session and shouts his invitation to companionship as regularly as if the Mohocks were in possession of Charing Cross, and Claude Duval were coming full trot along Piccadilly.

Now, this may be taken as a sort of illustration of the manner in which the English people are naturally inclined to deal with any institutions which are merely useless, and have the recommendation of old age and long descent. The ordinary Englishman to-day would find it hard to bring up before his mind's eye a picture of an England without a Sovereign. If it were made fully plain to him, and thoroughly impressed upon his mind that he could do just as well without a Sovereign as with, and even that Monarchy never could possibly be of use to him any more, I think he would endure it and pay its cost, and drink its health loyally for all time, providing Monarchy did nothing outrageously wrong ; or provided—which is more to my present purpose—that no other changes of a remarkable nature occurred in the meantime to remove ancient landmarks, to

disturb the basis of his old institutions and to prepare him for a new order of things. This is indeed the point I wish to discuss just now. I have explained what I believe to be the depth and strength and meaning of the average Englishman's loyal feelings to his Sovereign at the present moment. I should like to consider next how that feeling will, in all probability, be affected by the changes in the English political system, which seem inevitable, and by the accession, or expected accession, of a new Sovereign to the throne.

England has, just now, something very nearly approaching to manhood suffrage; and to manhood suffrage it will probably come before long. The ballot will, doubtless, be introduced. The Irish Church is as good as dead. I cannot doubt that the English State Church will, ultimately, and before very long, succumb to the same fate. Not that this logically or politically follows as a matter of necessity; and nothing could be more unwise in the interest of their own cause than the persistency with which the Tories keep insisting that the doom of the one is involved in the doom of the other. The Irish Church is the foreign church of a miserably small minority; the English Establishment is the Church of the majority, and is an institution belonging to the soil. The very principle which maintains the English Church ought of right to condemn the Irish Church. But it is the fact that an agitation more influential than it seemed to the careless spectator, has long been going on in England for the abolition of the State Church system altogether; and there can be no doubt that the fate of the Irish Establishment will lend immense courage and force to that agitation. Revolutionary movements are always contagious in their nature, and the movement against the Irish Church is in the strictest sense revolutionary. The Dutch or the Scotch would have carried such a movement to triumph across rivers of blood if it were needful; and no man of spirit could say that the end would not be worth the cost. I assume, then, that the overthrow of the Irish Church will inflame to iconoclastic fervor the movement of the English Dissenters against all Church establishments. I do not stop just now to inquire whether the movement is likely to be successful or how long it may take to accomplish the object. To me, it seems beyond doubt that it must succeed; but I do not care to assume even that for the purpose of my present argument. I only ask my readers to consider the condition of things which will exist in England when a movement resting on a suffrage which is almost universal, a movement which will have already overthrown one State Church within Great Britain, proceeds openly and exultingly to attack the English Church itself, within its own dominions. I ask whether it is likely that the institution which is supposed to be bound up inseparably with that Church, the Monarchy which is based upon, and exists by virtue of religious ascendancy, is likely to escape all question during such a struggle, and after it? The State Church and the Aristocracy, if they cannot always be called bulwarks of the throne, are yet so completely associated with it in the public mind that it is hard even to think of the one without the others, and yet harder to think of the one as existing serene and uninjured after the decay or demolition of the others.

Now, the Aristocracy have, as Mr. Bright put it so truly and so effectively the other day, already capitulated. They have given up all notion of any longer making the laws of the country in the interest of their own class. One of the first things the Reformed Parliament will do, when it has breathing-time to think about such matters, will be to abolish the purchase system in the army, and throw open promotion to merit, without reference to class. The diplomatic service, that other great stronghold of the Aristocracy, will be thoroughly reor-

ganized and made a real, useful department, doing solid work, and open to talent of whatever caste ; or it will be abolished altogether. Something will have to be done with the House of Lords. It, too, must be made a reality, or dismissed into the land of shadows and the past. Efforts at reforming it, while it stands on its present basis, are futile. Its existence is, in its present form, the one great objection to it.

The good-natured, officious Lord Shaftesbury went to work, a few months ago, to prepare a scheme of reform for the House of Lords, in order to anticipate and conciliate the popular movement which he expected. He could think of nothing better than a recommendation that the House should meet an hour earlier every evening, in order, by throwing more time on their hands, to induce the younger Peers to get up debates and take part in them. This, however, is not precisely the kind of reform the country will ask for when it has leisure to turn its attention to the subject. It will ask for some reorganization which shall either abolish or reduce to a comparative nothing the hereditary legislating principle on which the House of Lords now rests. A set of law-makers or law-marrers intrusted with power only because they are born to titles, is an absurd anomaly, which never could exist in company with popular suffrage. "Hereditary law-makers !" exclaimed Franklin. "You might as well talk of hereditary mathematicians !" Franklin expressed exactly what the feeling of the common sense of England is likely to be when the question comes to be raised. I expect then, not that the House of Lords will be abolished, but that the rule of the hereditary principle will be brought to an end—that the Aristocracy there, too, will have to capitulate.

Now, I doubt whether an American reader can have any accurate idea, unless he has specially studied the matter and watched its practical operation in England, of the manner in which the influence of the Peers makes itself felt through the political life of Great Britain. Americans often have some kind of notion that the Aristocracy govern the country directly and despotically, with the high hand of imperious feudalism. There is nothing of the kind in reality. The House of Lords is, as a piece of political machinery, almost inoperative—as nearly as possible harmless. No English Peer, Lord Derby alone excepted, has anything like the political authority and direct influence of Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Disraeli, or Mr. Bright. There are very few Peers, indeed, about whose political utterances anybody in the country cares three straws. But, on the other hand, the traditional *prestige* of the Peers, the tacit, time-honored, generally-conceded doctrine that a Peer has first right to everything—the mediæval superstition tolerated largely in our own time, which allows a sort of divinity to hedge a Peer—all this has an indirect, immense, pervading, almost universal influence in the practical working of English politics. The Peers have, in fact, a political *droit du seigneur* in England. They have first taste of every privilege, first choice of every appointment. Political office is their pasture, where they are privileged to feed at will. There does not now exist a man in England likely to receive high office, who would be bold enough to suggest the forming of a Cabinet without Peers in it, even though there were no Peers to be had who possessed the slightest qualification for any ministerial position. The Peers must have a certain number of places, because they are Peers. The House of Commons swarms with the sons and nephews of Peers. The household appointments, the ministerial offices, the good places in the army and the church are theirs when they choose—and they generally do choose—to have them. The son of a Peer, if in the House of Commons, may be raised at one step

from his place in the back benches to a seat in the Cabinet, simply because of his rank. When Earl Russell, two or three years ago, raised Mr. Goschen, one of the representatives of the city of London and a partner in a great London banking-house, to a place in the Cabinet, the whole country wondered; a very few, who were not frightened out of their propriety, admired; some thought the world must be coming to an end. But when the Marquis of Hartington was suddenly picked out of West End dissipation and made War Secretary, nobody expressed the least wonder, for he was the heir of the House of Devonshire. Indeed, it was perfectly notorious that the young Marquis was presented to office, in the first instance, because it was hoped by his friends that official duties might wean him from the follies and frivolities of a more than ordinarily heedless youth. Sir Robert Peel the present, the *magnum nominis umbra*, is not, of course, in the strict sense, an aristocrat; but he is mixed up with aristocrats, and is the son of a Peer-maker, and may be regarded as claiming and having the privileges of the class. Sir Robert Peel was presented with the First Secretaryship as something to play with, because his aristocratic friends, the ladies especially, thought he would be more likely to sow his wild oats if he were beguiled by the semblance of official business. A Commoner must, in fact, be supposed to have some qualification for office before he is invited to fill a ministerial place. No qualification is believed necessary for the near relative or connection of a Peer. Even in the most favorable examples of Peers who are regular occupants of office, no special fitness is assumed or pretended. No one supposes or says that Lord Clarendon, or Lord Granville, or Lord Malmesbury has any particular qualification which entitles him, above all other men, to this or that ministerial place. Yet it must be a man of bold imagination, indeed, who could now conceive the possibility of a British Cabinet without one of these noblemen having a place in it.

All this comes, as I have said, out of a lingering superstition—the faith in the divine right of Peers. Now, a reform in the constitution of the Upper House, which should purge it of the hereditary principle, would be the first great blow to this superstition. Julius Cæsar, in one of his voyages of conquest, was much perplexed by the priests, who insisted that he had better go back because the sacred chickens would not eat. At last he thought the time had come to prove his independence of the sacred chickens, “If they will not eat,” he said, “then let them drink”—and he flung the consecrated fowls into the sea; and the expedition went on triumphantly, and the Roman soldiers learned that they could do without the sacred chickens. I think a somewhat similar sensation will come over all classes of the English people when they find that the hereditary right to make laws is taken from the English Peerage. I do not doubt that the whole fabric of superstition will presently collapse, and that the privilege of the Peer will cease to be anything more than that degree of superior influence which wealth and social rank can generally command, even in the most democratic communities. The law which gives impulse and support to the custom of primogeniture is certain to go, and with it another prop of the mediæval superstition. The Peerage capitulates, in fact—no more expressive word can be found to describe the situation.

Now, in all this, I have been foreshadowing no scheme of wild, vague, far-distant reform. I appeal to any one, Liberal or Tory, who is practically acquainted with English politics, to say whether these are not changes he confidently or timidly looks to see accomplished before long in England. I have not spoken of any reform which is not part of the actual accepted programme of the

Radical party. To the reform of the House of Lords, of the military and diplomatic service ; to abolition of the law of primogeniture, the whole body of the Liberals stands pledged ; and Mr. Bright very recently renewed the pledges in a manner and with an emphasis which showed that change of circumstances has made no change in his opinions, brought no faltering in his resolution. The abolition of the English Church is not, indeed, thus openly sought by so powerful a party ; but it is ostentatiously aimed at by that solid, compact, pertinacious body of Dissenters who, after so long a struggle, succeeded at last in getting rid of Church rates ; and the movement will go on with a rush after the fall of the Irish establishment. Here then we have, in the not distant future, a prospect of an England without a privileged Aristocracy, and with the State Church principle called into final question. I return to my first consideration—the consideration which is the subject of this paper—how will this affect the great aristocratic, feudal and hierarchical institution of England, the Throne of the Monarch ?

The Throne then will stand naked and alone, stripped of its old-time and traditional surroundings and associations. It cannot be like that of France, the throne of a Cæsar, a despotic institution claiming to exercise its despotism over the people by virtue of the will and delegated power of the people. The English Crown never can be an active governing power. It will be the last idol in the invaded sanctuary. It will stand alone, among the pedestals from which popular reform has swept the embodied superstitions which were its long companions. It must live, if at all, on the old affection or the toleration which springs out of custom and habit. This affection, or at least this toleration, may always be looked upon as a powerful influence in England. One can hardly imagine, for instance, anything occurring in our day to dethrone the Queen. However one class may grumble and another class may gibe, the force of habit and old affection would, in this instance, prove omnipotent. But, suppose the Prince of Wales should turn out an unpopular and ill-conditioned ruler ? Suppose he should prove to be a man of low tastes, of vulgar and spendthrift habits, a mala-droit and intermeddling king ? He is not very popular in England, even now, and he is either one of the most unjustly entreated men living, or he has defects which even the excuse of youth can scarcely gloss over.

An illustrated weekly paper in London forced itself lately into a sudden notoriety by publishing a finely-drawn cartoon, in which the Prince of Wales, dressed as Hamlet, was represented as breaking away from the restraining arms of John Bull as Horatio, and public opinion as Marcellus, and rushing after a ghost which bore the form and features of George IV., while underneath were inscribed the words, "Lead on ; I'll follow thee !" This was a bold and bitter lampoon ; I am far from saying that it was not unjust, but I believe it can hardly be doubted that the Prince of Wales has, as yet, shown little inclination to imitate the example or cultivate the tastes of his pure-minded and intellectual father. Now suppose, for the sake of argument, that the Prince of Wales should turn out a George IV., or suppose, and which would be far worse from a national point of view, he or his son should turn out a George III. And suppose further that, about the same time any great crisis should arise in England—suppose the country entangled in a great foreign war, or disturbed by some momentous domestic agitation—can any one doubt that the Crown, in its then isolated condition, would be really in danger ?

We must remember, when the strength of English institutions is boasted, that they have not, since 1815, stood any strain which could fairly be called criti-

cal. England has never had her national strength, her political position, or even her *prestige* seriously imperilled since that time. Even the Indian war could not be called a great supreme trial, such as other nations have lately had to bear. No one, even for a moment, could have doubted how that struggle would end. It was bitter, it was bloody; but the life of the nation was not staked upon it, even had its issue been uncertain; and its issue never was uncertain. It would be superfluous to say that England has passed through no ordeal like that to which the United States were lately subjected. She has not even had to confront anything like the crisis which Prussia voluntarily invited, which Austria had to meet, in 1866. It will be time to consider English feudal institutions, or what may remain of them, safe and firmly-rooted, when they have stood the worst result of such a crisis as that, and not been shaken down.

What I contend is that there is nothing in the present condition of the English public mind, and nothing in the prospect of the immediate future to warrant the almost universal assumption that the throne of England is founded on a rock. The stupidity of loyalty, the devotion as of the spaniel to his master, of the idolator to his god, is gone. I doubt if there exists one man in England who feels the sentiment of loyalty as his grandfather would have felt it. The mass of the people have learned satisfactorily that a sovereign is not a part of the necessary machinery of the government. The great problem which the Duke of Wellington used to present for solution—"How is the Queen's Government to be carried on?" has been solved in one and an unexpected sense. It can be carried on without a queen. Here then we have the institution proving itself superfluous, and falling into public indifference at the very same moment that some other institutions which seemed always involved with it as its natural and necessary companions, are about to be broken to pieces and thrown away. He must, indeed, be full of a verily transcendental faith in the destinies and divinity of royalty who does not admit that at least there is a time of ordeal awaiting it in England, such as it has not encountered before during this century.

To me it seems that the royal principle in England is threatened, not with sudden and violent extinction, but with death by decay. I do not expect any change of any kind to-morrow or the day after, or even the week after next. I do not care to dogmatize, or predict, or make guesses of any kind. I quite agree with my friend Professor Thorold Rogers, that an uninspired prophet is a fool. But I contend that as the evident signs of the times now show themselves, the monarchical principle in England does seem to be decaying; that the national faith which bore it up is sorely shaken and almost gone, and that some of the political props which most nearly supported it are already being cut away. There may, indeed, be some hidden virtue in the principle, which shall develop itself unexpectedly in the hour of danger, and give to the institution that seemed moribund a new and splendid vitality. Such a phenomenon has been manifested in the case of more than one institution that seemed on the verge of ruin—it may be the fortunate destiny of British royalty. But unless in the sudden and timely development of some such occult and unlooked-for virtue, I do not see what is to preserve the monarchical principle in England through the trials of the future.

Let it be remembered, too, that the one great plea hitherto always made in England for monarchy, is that it alone will work on a large scale. "We admit," it was said, "that your republican theory looks better and admits of more logical argument in its favor. But we are practical men, and we find that our

system, with all its theoretical disadvantages, will work and stand a strain ; and your republican theory, with all its apparent advantages in logic, is not suited for this rough world. Our machinery will stand the hardest trial ; yours never did and never will. Don't tell us about Switzerland. Switzerland is a little country. Kept out of the stress and danger of European commotions, and protected by a guarantee of the great powers, any constitution ought to work under such advantages. But a great independent republic never did last ; never did stand a sudden strain, and never will." So people thought and argued in England—even very intelligent people, until at last it became one of the British Philistine's articles of faith, that the republican principle never will work on a large scale. When Sir John Ramsden declared in the House of Commons at the beginning of the American civil war, that the republican bubble had burst, and all Philistinism in Britain applauded the declaration, the plaudits were given not so much because of any settled dislike Philistinism had to the United States, as because Philistinism beheld what it believed to be a providential testimony to its own wisdom and foresight. Since then Philistinism has found that after all republicanism is able to bear a strain as great as monarchy has ever yet borne, and can come out of the trial unharmed and victorious.

The lesson has sunk deeply. The mind of something better than Philistinism has learned that republics can be made to work on a large scale. I believe Mr. Gladstone is one of the eminent Englishmen who now openly admit that they have learned from the American war something which they did not know before, of the cohesiveness and durability of the republican system. Up to the time of that war in fact, most Englishmen, when they talked of republican principles, thought only of French republicanism, and honestly regarded such a system as a brilliant empty bubble, doomed to soar a little, and float, and dazzle, and then to burst.

That idea, it is quite safe to say, no longer exists in the English mind. The fundamental, radical objection to republicanism—the objection which, partly out of mere reaction and partly for more substantial reasons, followed the brief and romantic enthusiasm of the days of Fox—is gone. The practical Englishman admits that a republic is practicable. Only those who know England can know what a change in public opinion this is. It is, in fact, something like a revolution. I think the most devoted monarchist will hardly deny that if some extraordinary combination of chances (after all, even the British Throne is but a human institution) were to disturb the succession of the house of Brunswick, Englishmen would be more likely to try the republican system than to hunt about for a new royal family, or endeavor to invent a new scheme of monarchy. Here, then, I leave the subject. Take all this into account, in considering the probabilities of the future, and then say whether, even in the case of England, it is quite certain that Byron's prediction is only the dream of a cynical poet, destined never to be fulfilled among human realities.

JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

COFFEE AND ITS ADULTERATION IN NEW YORK.

“SIRUP of soot or essence of old shoes,” cries a writer against the introduction of coffee, in 1663.

Alas ! his description is but too applicable to the execrable mixture one so frequently meets in our own city, under the guise of coffee. Many drink and appear to enjoy it, though it be even worse than an essence of old shoes ; while others prefer the so-called rye coffee to the ordinary coffee of the shops. No wonder, when, as we shall find, every kind of refuse often enters into the composition of the article put up in attractive packages, and seductively labelled “family coffee,” “pure extract of coffee,” etc. Compared with such abominations, roasted rye indeed forms a beverage fit for a king.

Bruce informs us that coffee is a native of Abyssinia, where a variety that bears a longer and larger berry than ours has been cultivated from the earliest times. He also adds that the Gallae, a wandering African tribe, in their incursions into Abyssinia, carried as provision nothing but balls formed of roasted ground coffee and butter, one of which, of the size of an egg, was an allowance for one day. By some it is supposed that the *Νηπιεθής* of Homer was nothing more or less than coffee, while others deny that it was known either to the Greeks or Romans. In his “Anatomy of Melancholy” Burton says : “The Turks have a drink called coffee, so named of a berry as black as soot and as bitter (like that black drink which was in use among the Lacedemonians, and perhaps the same), which they sip still of, and sup as warm as they can suffer. They spend much time in coffee-houses, which are somewhat like our ale-houses or taverns ; and there they sit, chatting and drinking, to drive away the time and to be merry together, because they find by experience that kind of drink, so used, helpeth digestion and procureth alacrity.”

The first trustworthy account of its introduction into the East is furnished by Schehabeddin Ben, an Arabian writer of the fifteenth century. He tells us that Gemaleddin, the Mufti of Aden, learned the use of coffee while travelling in Persia, and, on his return to Arabia, recommended it to the dervises as an excellent means of preventing drowsiness and keeping them awake during their religious exercises—a suggestion not without value in these times. From this it would appear that, though the coffee plant (*coffea Arabica*) was a native of Arabia, its properties were not known there until Gemaleddin taught his people how to prepare its seeds as a beverage. It then rapidly made its way, and, from being a religious drink, it became a favorite among all classes. From Aden it was introduced into Mecca ; thence it passed to Grand Cairo, where it was long opposed, on the ground that it possessed an inebriating power and produced inclinations contrary to the spirit and teachings of the Koran. Sermons were consequently preached against it, which inflamed the passions of the people to such an extent that the Sheik then in command of the city assembled the leaders, and, after listening patiently for some time to their arguments, ordered a cup of coffee to be served to each of his guests, when, emptying one himself, they were obliged to follow his example, and the assembly was dismissed in silence and the commotion quelled.

From Grand Cairo it next found its way to Damascus and Aleppo, and, in 1554 Schems and Hekim, natives of the last-named cities, opened coffee-houses

in Constantinople. These multiplied with such rapidity that the mosques were deserted, and, in their alarm, the priests inaugurated a crusade against their enemy, on the ground that the roasted berry was a kind of coal, and that the use of coal as food was prohibited by the Prophet. The Mufti of the day decided that it was coal, and laws were forthwith promulgated against the alluring beverage; but, in spite of all opposition, the people continued to drink it in secret, until a new Mufti declared that it was not coal, when it again came into general public usage, and the government, ever on the alert to fill its coffers, sold permits to the keepers of coffee-houses. Under this system it was so extensively employed that beggars besought money to purchase it, and the failure to supply a wife with coffee was regarded as a sufficient cause for granting a divorce.

The first European writer who mentions coffee is Rauwolf. He visited Constantinople in 1573, and, on his return, published an account of the plant and its fruit, in his travels; but it did not appear in Paris until 1657, in which year Mr. Thevenot brought it to the notice of his friends in that city, and public coffee-houses were generally introduced a few years afterward. About the same time Mr. Daniel Edwards, a Turkish merchant, returned to London from a visit to the East, and brought his servant, Pasqua Roseè, with him. Pasqua was an adept in the preparation of the new beverage, and his success was such that Mr. Edwards was completely overrun by his friends, and, in self-defence, established Pasqua in the first London coffee-house, in St. Michael's alley, Cornhill.

At its first introduction into England, coffee was sold under the title of the sirup of Indian mulberries, and it was advertised as possessing wonderful and novel virtues. So soon did it become a public favorite, that the ale-sellers endeavored to obtain an injunction against it, but were defeated by the influence of one of the aldermen, whose daughter was married to Mr. Edwards. As in the East, so in London, the priesthood set its face against the new comer, and many sermons were preached against it and its fellow-traveller, tobacco. In one of these the zealot exclaims, in fierce invective against those who embraced the new fashions: "They cannot wait until the smoke of the infernal regions surrounds them, but encompass themselves with smoke of their own accord, and drink a poison which God made black, that it might bear the devil's color."

The rapid increase of the number of coffee-houses was largely due to the proclamation issued against them in 1675, by Charles II., in which they are called seminaries of sedition. The press also had its share in bringing the new beverage into notice, and many pamphlets were published in favor of and against it. One of the latter with fervor cries:

Bold Asian brat! with speed our confines flee;
Water, though common, is too good for thee.

And then, a little later on, admits the hopelessness of the conflict:

But now, alas! the drench has credit got,
And he's no gentleman that drinks it not.

Though the use of coffee was so general in 1688 that Mr. Ray states that London rivalled Grand Cairo in the number of its coffee-houses, the plant was as yet unknown in the gardens of Europe. because, as Mr. Ray says, the Arabs destroyed the life of the seed in order to keep so profitable a trade in their own hands; and he also wonders that their neighbors did not manage to secure plants. This was done in 1690, by Van Horn, Governor of Batavia, who sent some to the garden at Amsterdam, from which the East Indies and most of the botanical gardens in Europe were supplied.

The plant is described by Mr. Ellis as a shrub or tree, which attains a height not exceeding eight or ten feet in some countries, but in others from fifteen to twenty feet. Its bark is grey, and it is covered with a dark, smooth, shining, and evergreen foliage, the leaves being four or five inches long, of an oblong, ovate form, and set opposite each other. It is sown in nurseries, transplanted when about six months old, and the growth checked by topping, to facilitate the collection of the fruit. In three months it comes into full bearing, and, in favorable circumstances, will continue to bear for twenty years. It flourishes best in a dry soil and a warm location. Its flowers are pale, white, fragrant, hardly ever absent, and fade rapidly—its fruit like that of the cherry-tree, but it grows in clusters. The fleshy part is very palatable, and in the interior the seeds are found, each of which forms two of the grains of commerce. On dry and elevated parts the seeds are smaller, and have a better flavor. But seeds of all sizes improve in flavor, or ripen, by keeping. The small grains of Arabia ripen in three years, but the worst coffee of America will, in not more than ten or fourteen years, become as good and acquire as high a flavor as the best from Turkey. The superiority of the Arabian seed is doubtless due, in part, to the fact that the planters in the region where it is cultivated use a system of irrigation, and turn off the water from the roots when there is a large quantity of fruit nearly ripe, and do not pluck the fruit, but, to insure its ripeness, shake the trees and collect the berries on cloths spread to receive them.

From Europe coffee was introduced into America in 1717, when a number of plants were sent to the French West Indies under the charge of M. de Clieux. The voyage was unusually protracted, and at last only one plant survived. The unfavorable weather still continuing and the supply of water being very small, the crew was placed on short allowance, but so determined was M. de Clieux to bring his trust safely to port that he shared his diminished allowance with the survivor, and finally had the satisfaction of landing it in good condition at Martinico, where it became the parent of the innumerable shrubs that now clothe the fields of the West Indies and Central America.

Though the seed is so universally employed for the preparation of coffee, it is not generally known that other portions of the tree possess similar properties. It is stated by Mr. Ward, that the natives of Sumatra universally prefer the leaf to the seed, giving as a reason, that it contains more of the bitter principle, and is more nutritious. In the lowlands, also, coffee is not cultivated for the berry, not being sufficiently productive, but for the leaf, the people planting it around their houses for their own consumption. The fleshy portion of the fruit is likewise used in some parts of Turkey, where it is sold as Sultan's coffee, and is said to make a solution fully equal to that obtained from the seeds; unfortunately it does not bear a sea voyage well, and will therefor remain a stranger to us, unless some one equal in enterprise to M. de Clieux, should attempt its transportation in air-tight canisters; or by previously submitting the dried fruit to the action of sulphurous acid, as is done with hops.

From the above sketch of the history of the introduction of coffee, it is evident that it must possess singular and peculiar properties, to have enabled it, in spite of perils by sea and land, and regardless of the opposition of Mufti, Cadi, Priest and King, to triumph over all obstacles, and become, as it now is, one of the chief elements in the diet of a considerable portion of the human race. Only articles which meet urgent and absolute wants of the system can thus push their way against religion, law, and prejudice. What then was the fascination? what the properties? that enabled a small berry, in the course of three cen-

turies, to make its conquering circuit of the globe and leave both civilized and savage nations votaries of its charms.

Those who have made it a subject of study and examination tell us, that when prepared as a strong infusion without milk, coffee acts powerfully on the sympathetic nervous system and the organs supplied by it, quickening their action and increasing their vitality. That it renders the contractions of the heart and other muscles more powerful ; enables the body to resist cold, moisture, and the deadly poison of miasmatic districts ; counteracts the languor of torrid climes ; prevents or ameliorates attacks of spasmodic asthma ; alleviates laxity of the kidney and bladder ; and it is even said that calculus is not as common since it has been generally used. It also acts with energy on the brain, removing the sensation of fatigue and disposition to sleep, which has always made it a favorite with students. It obviates the effects of the excessive indulgence in the use of wine and spirits ; is an antidote to opium, belladonna, and the vegetable poisons that act on the brain ; and relieves the nervous headache to which many are subject.

In brief, it is not merely a fashionable potation, it is one of the great civilizing agents ; for, by increasing his power of accomplishing brain and muscle work, it has increased the power and influence of man ; and the unjustifiable and unlimited adulteration to which it is subjected at present, is a gross outrage against society, which we may hope in part to correct, by pointing out the proper method of selecting and preparing coffee, and indicating the materials employed in its adulteration and the means by which they may be detected.

The first step in the preparation of the seeds for use, is to roast them in such a manner as to develop the aroma without volatilizing it. This is best accomplished by heating them in an open vessel to expel the water, and then completing the operation in a closed rotating roaster, in which the coffee is submitted to a brisk fire, and kept in continual movement, so that the seeds are all acted on to the same extent ; it should be continued until the grains are of a chestnut-brown color, and sufficiently brittle to be cracked without difficulty, but the stage of carbonization or scorching should be carefully avoided. During the roasting there is a loss in weight of about twenty per cent., but the bulk increases nearly fifty per cent. When it is completed, the seeds should remain in the heater and cool slowly, to absorb the aroma ; which may be afterward retained without much loss by keeping the coffee in a well-closed vessel, from which it may, from time to time, be removed for use, and the solution prepared immediately after the seeds are ground.

Many methods are resorted to by domestic and amateur coffee-makers in the final preparation of the solution. Some boil the grounds with water in a can of peculiar shape ; others use the percolator with or without the action of steam, but all fancy that their own method is the best, and since there is but little satisfaction in attempting to combat habits and prejudices that have been long established, we shall pass at once to the consideration of the adulterations of coffee, to which the attention of the writer was first drawn a few years ago, when, while absent from his home, he had the misfortune to drink for some days a black looking mixture that was served at breakfast as coffee ; he quickly noticed that he became more easily fatigued by mental labor, owing to the want of the stimulating effect of good coffee ; and unpleasant abdominal symptoms soon after appeared, which ceased when the mixture in question was no longer used. A series of examinations of the coffee usually sold in our shops was shortly after instituted, the results of which we now propose to give, and to describe a few simple tests which the reader may employ for his own satisfaction.

If a few freshly-roasted coffee seeds are pulverized either in an ordinary coffee-mill or by beating them in a mortar, as they do in the East, a powder is obtained which is known to be pure coffee, and which may be submitted to the following tests. The first is to take about a tea-spoonful of the powder, add a little water, and attempt to knead the mixture into a coherent mass; it is soon found that no matter what proportions are used, the resulting mass is always friable, and when dry will almost fall to pieces of itself. The second is to agitate a small quantity of the powder with some cold water in a vial; a pale clear amber is imparted to the fluid, and the solution has a faint aromatic coffee-like odor. The third test is to fill a tall narrow champagne glass or solitaire flower glass with cold water, then drop in the fluid half a small thimble-full of the pulverized coffee; it floats on the surface of the liquid for a long time, and if it is a good variety and properly roasted will remain suspended for hours, and when it does sink expands but little in bulk. The last test is the most useful, and to render the results obtained by it as satisfactory as possible, the author has contrived an instrument which is described at length in the "London Philosophical Magazine" for 1867, and in the transactions of the New York Academy of Medicine for the same year.

Having thus familiarized himself with the action of coffee by these tests, the experimenter is invited to obtain one or more specimens of ground coffee from his grocer, or from one of those establishments that employ a large amount of red paint in their exterior decorations, and which sell pure ground coffee for less than the wholesale price of the raw berry. He will probably find that with the first test, he can, without difficulty, especially if chicory is present, obtain at once a coherent mass; and at the same time a gummy feeling is imparted to the fingers. With the second a dark-colored solution is formed, which frequently has a very disagreeable odor; and with the third, a large portion or nearly the whole of the powder falls in a minute or so to the bottom of the glass, and there is a very sensible increase in its bulk. The rapidity of the fall, the amount that falls in a given time, and the increase in bulk, afford evidence of the proportion of adulteration to coffee; for the latter generally remains suspended for some time, though, a small portion may be dragged down by the descending impurity.

The proportion of adulteration being thus determined, the next step is to ascertain its character. This can only be done satisfactorily by a microscopic examination; but as this implies a knowledge of the appearances afforded by the substances employed for the purpose, it is necessary that we should first state what they are, so that the amateur experimenter may familiarize himself with their microscopic characteristics.

In a series of examinations made about a year ago, I found that the manipulation of ground coffee is carried to such an extent that very few specimens were pure, and even in these there was often an admixture of inferior with superior varieties. It is necessary, therefore, to deal with two forms of adulteration, first, of superior with inferior varieties, or with damaged or exhausted coffee; and, second, the addition of various foreign articles having none of the properties of coffee.

The varieties offered for sale in our market are: First, Mocha, which is distinguished by the smallness of its seed, and its bright yellow color; it is the most valuable. Second, Java and Ceylon, or East Indian, of a pure yellow tint, large size, and next in value to the Mocha. Third, Maracaibo, La Guayra, or West Indian, of intermediate size and a greenish grey, or bluish grey color, and

of the least value. So long as the seed is not roasted, there is but little difficulty in distinguishing between these three classes, and even after roasting, the aroma will enable an adept to determine with considerable accuracy between them ; but if a small portion of Mocha is ground up with the inferior kinds it is very difficult to determine the sophistication, though there are some who can detect it when the solution is made. Not only are there inferior varieties, but seeds of any variety may themselves be inferior ; such may be distinguished by the fact that those of good quality are hard, and so heavy that they sink at once when thrown on water ; they have a faint coffee-like odor, are free from any smell of dampness or mouldiness, and possess a sweetish taste. When the seeds have not been properly cured, or where they have been subjected to the action of water during transportation by sea or land, these qualities are lost in a greater or less degree ; and the opposite conditions prevail. At the same time the real value of the berry is injured, since it can longer produce, to an equal extent, the physiological and therapeutical effects which render it desirable.

Coffee may also be injured by the absorption of odors evolved from other articles of the cargo, as onions, garlic, etc., and so tenacious is the seed of such foreign odors that they are not driven off entirely, even in the process of roasting. The French take great pains to avoid this source of deterioration, and only import odorless material in the vessels that are used in the transportation of coffee. The addition of grounds that have already been employed in the preparation of coffee is not common, owing to the difficulty of obtaining them. It is said, however, that this constitutes quite a branch of business in some old world cities, and I have seen specimens here in which the ground coffee sank rapidly, and made a solution devoid of aroma, and yet under the microscope was found to be almost entirely composed of structures belonging to the coffee seed. These conditions can only be explained on the ground that the specimens in question consisted of coffee which had already been used in the preparation of a solution.

The foreign substances used in the adulteration of coffee are very numerous, but that generally employed is chiccory, succory, or wild endive, which may be seen growing wild in the vacant lots in various parts of New York island, and in the fields in its vicinity. It may be recognized by its flower, which is of a blue color ; it generally opens at about eight in the morning, and closes at four in the afternoon. The root is perennial, yellow on the outside, and about the thickness of the finger ; chiccory was formerly, and is still regarded by many as a weed, but, nevertheless, it is used in some countries as food for cattle ; it is said to increase the yield of milk. When blanched it makes an excellent salad, and is very generally employed for this purpose in the spring. The root is the part used in the adulteration of coffee, and the plant is extensively cultivated for this purpose in Belgium, Germany, England, and for our home market on Long Island. It is taken up in September, scraped and carefully washed, then split and cut into lengths of two or three inches, dried in an oven, and sent into the market in bags. For the purposes of the coffee adulteration it is afterward cut into small pieces, roasted, and ground to a coarse powder, resembling ordinary coffee ; and in this state sold for about fifteen cents a pound, good coffee being worth forty-five or fifty cents.

The decoction of the unroasted root is bitter, and was formerly given as an aperient and attenuating medicine ; that of the roasted powder has a mawkish taste, between molasses and liquorice. It is hardly necessary to say that the market value arises solely from its employment for the purpose of adulterating

coffee. It has none of the valuable properties of that berry, and is virtually a mixture of woody fibre, gum, and sugar. As regards its physiological properties nothing can be said in its favor; but, on the contrary, it is very apt to produce nausea and dyspepsia. It is not, therefore, the harmless substance that some would have us think, but to many it is positively hurtful, and should be avoided by all, and especially by those who are liable to attacks of indigestion.

If the buyer of ground coffee could feel assured that the article he purchased was only adulterated with chiccory, he might perhaps continue to use, and in the course of time even become accustomed to it, without having his appetite for the beverage disturbed; but while the coffee adulterator is chuckling at the cheat he practises on the consumer, he is in his turn the victim of the tricks of the chiccory dealer, who, profiting by the example of his customer, adds to his chiccory refuse carrots, parsnips, turnips, spoiled biscuit, corn, peas and beans, acorns, burnt sugar, sawdust, red earth, burnt rags, oakum or rope yarn, exhausted tan or oak bark, tar residue, and other similar appetizing substances. It is not, therefore, wise to take the advice given by some that we add chicory to the coffee we have ourselves roasted and ground; for, in the first place, it is of no use whatever, except to deepen the color, which may be done just as well by a little burnt sugar, and secondly, we may be adding some of the very suggestive substances mentioned above.

The samples of adulterated coffee that I have examined have generally contained large quantities of bread, which is probably as harmless as anything that could be used for the purpose, and perhaps the cleanest, if we could only feel sure that it had not passed through the garbage pail on its journey to the coffee dealer. Another very common adulteration is by roasted rye, which if of good quality would also be perfectly harmless, but it is evident that as the object of the sophisticator is to swindle his customer, he will certainly purchase the cheapest article he can find, and since good rye commands a good price, he will use an article that is either spoiled, or perhaps spurred or ergot rye, the properties of which are so well known that it is not necessary to mention them here, except to state that often they are not entirely destroyed by the heat to which the grain is subjected in roasting; and this may be sometimes the cause of those serious accidents or troubles that result in the breaking down of the health of married women. Ergot or spurred rye was also at one time generally supposed to produce mortification of the extremities, and though this is now denied, it is not absolutely proved in the face of the experience of the past, that there may not be some variety of diseased rye that is capable of producing this result. In view of these probabilities, it would at least be wise to avoid the purchase of the so-called rye coffee, or of the adulterated coffee that might contain diseased rye.

In addition to the substances we have mentioned, Hassall states that in various parts of London, but more especially in the east, liver bakers are to be found, who take the livers of cattle and of horses that have died, bake them, and grind them into a powder, which they sell to the keepers of low-priced coffee houses for a few pence a pound; he also adds that the horse liver coffee commands the highest price. The coffee prepared from such material may be known by allowing it to stand till cold, when a thick shining pellicle forms on the surface, an appearance, doubtless, familiar to many of the readers of this article.

Having thus indicated the substances employed in the sophistication of coffee, it remains for those who may take an interest in the matter to make them-

selves familiar with their microscopic appearances ; they will then be able to detect at once the nature of the coffee purchased at different establishments, and though they may exclaim with the buyer of King Solomon, "It is naught, it is naught," they will not be able afterward to boast of their bargains, for as far as my experience goes, it is not an easy matter to find pure ground coffee for sale in any city. If the genuine article is wanted, it must be purchased as the green berry, or seed, for it is said that even the roasted seed has been counterfeited by pressing chiccory paste into moulds of the shape of the coffee seed, an operation which we must regard as the highest development of the adulterators' art, and only to be rivalled by the wooden nutmegs of our Connecticut neighbors.

We cannot close this article without alluding to the custom of adding chiccory to coffee, with the idea that it is an improvement ; and for the edification of those who advocate such a practice, we quote the remarks of Hassall, who has made it a subject of investigation. He says, "It has been loudly and repeatedly urged in extenuation of this adulteration, *especially by grocers*, that the addition of chiccory to coffee is a great improvement. There are undoubtedly some few persons who consider that it does improve the flavor by making the infusion more bitter, although that is not our opinion, or that of the great majority of persons. We believe, moreover, that the taste of those persons who really prefer the mixture, has been vitiated, and that had they the opportunity of partaking of well prepared and unadulterated coffee, they would not be long before they acknowledged the infinite superiority of the genuine beverage, even as a matter of taste." Again, it has been asserted that in France and other continental countries, the use of chiccory is almost universal. We have taken considerable pains to ascertain how far this statement is correct, and we will now state with what results. We found that in all the good hotels in France and Germany, the coffee served up was genuine, and did not contain a particle of chiccory ; also that chiccory was not mixed with coffee in the houses of the wealthy, but that it was largely employed, either separately or mixed with coffee, by poor persons, and among the domestics, not because it was considered to be an improvement, but on the score of economy, chiccory costing twopence or threepence per pound, and coffee four or five times as much. This is the real secret of the use of chiccory abroad, and not because of any preference, or that it improves the flavor of coffee. Where money is not an object, and where the best coffee is required, chiccory is but seldom had recourse to. The practice, then, abroad, is the very reverse of what has been asserted, and it affords no countenance to the statement that coffee is improved by the use of chiccory.

JOHN C. DRAPER, M. D.

\$ 20,000.

I.

PRENT.

“WILL you ever be done collecting, Prent?”
“Oh, I hope so, Nell. I think I’ll get through the best of it to-day. I expect to bring you home twenty thousand to-night.”

“Hush!” she said. “You’re foolish to talk so. I wish you were well out of the business, Prent.”

“Pshaw, Nell!” he answered, “there’s no danger. I’d like to leave it in Bath and Westbury’s safe in Caramore, but Bath told me, yesterday, they wouldn’t have any more. There’s been a safe robbery down west, and they’re afraid. I don’t blame ’em, though.”

“Where are you going to-day?”

“I’m going south, through Dixon and Camthorp to Shore, and then west by the South Country road to Seaville and Plumley, and then home by Caramore. It is a long pull, but I haven’t much work to do, and I guess Driver ’ll do it by dark.”

He got up from the breakfast table and prepared to go out.

“Well, don’t be rash, Prent.”

“Oh, I’ll look out. Don’t you fear. Good-by, Nell.”

She saw him ride brown Driver through the gate and trot away down the south road.

At twelve Prent rode out of Shore, and held on east along the wide South Pike; at two he was in Seaville Centre. In Plumley he was delayed. To get home by dark, he should have been at Caramore by half-past four. The sun was low on Three Pine Hills when he rode up to Bath and Westbury’s general country store. He hitched Driver to a post, went in and warmed his hands at the stove.

“—evinin’, Broom,” said Bath.

He beckoned and passed through to the back-store. Prent followed and shut the door behind him.

“Broom,” says Bath, “you’ve got to take that money along with you, an’ all I got to say is the sooner you get shet of it, the better for you.”

“Why, what’s to pay now, Bath?” asked Prent.

“There was two regular sporters stopped at Jim Crickett’s last night. They come by different trains, didn’t know each other at all, at first, but got very thick afore the night was out. The first one give his name William Paddlebox, and when the other fellow saw it on the book, he put his’n down, James M. Walkingbeam. Last week, too, there was a fellow in here pretended he was agent for a Bellamy tobacco company. I asked him some quizzing questions that showed he wasn’t up to the tobacco trade at all, I’d be swore. I saw him examine the lock of the north door, and walk all round the building when he went out. I’m mighty mistaken if somebody ain’t broke into before long. Leastways, you must take that package out of our safe to-night. I’ve changed off the small money for you and got it into as small bulk as I could. And, look here, Broom,” he added, “this money being in our safe’s been talked of

over to Wimble's, and it's no more'n right you to drop in there and happen to mention its been took out."

"Well," said Broom, "if you say so. I don't want you to run any risk by me."

There were one or two persons in the store as he passed through, took the package from Bath, and buttoned it under his coat.

"You ought to be armed, Broom," Bath whispered.

Prent opened his coat a little way; the butt of a pistol showed on his left breast. He stepped over to Wimble's Hotel, bought a cigar at the bar. Wimble came up.

"How do, Broom? Comin' over t' the raffle to-morrow? Lem me git you a ticket, only a dollar?"

"No, guess not," says Prent. "Got to go t' the city."

"Going take them ten thousan' Ben Bath's got in his safe o' your'n?"

"Bath hasn't no ten thousand nor ten cents of mine," said Broom.

He went out, and started on. The sun was set. He had nineteen miles to do yet. He kept Driver going smartly, though he began to lag a little with his long day's tramp. The road lay north through level, waste plain lands, covered with stunted pines, scrub oaks, and smaller matted undergrowth. The road is a single wagon track cut down through the thin surface soil into the white, fetlock-deep sand underneath. It was a dreary ride enough. Broom kept his horse at a steady pace, urging him now and then a little faster. Nell would be looking for him now, and eighteen miles with a tired horse between them yet. Four miles of the same monotonous waste; then, far away across the level, he caught sight of the buildings of Camarack Station on the line of the railway. He heard the whistle of a train coming west, and presently saw it roll in and stop. It moved off, hissing and clanging, just as he came up. Crossing the track, he was hailed by a man he knew.

"Hello, Broom! hold on."

He stopped and the man came out.

"Look here, Broom," he said. "Half an hour ago I got this telegram. What the deuce does it mean?" It was dated, "Half-past six, Brammerley," ten miles west on the line. It was addressed to Henry Tarlow, and read thus:

"Prentiss Broom will pass through C. about seven. Tell him this: *Don't go beyond Brame's to-night.*"

It was signed—"A Friend."

"I don't know what it means. Good-night, Tarlow, I've got fourteen miles before me."

He rode on, keeping Driver well up to his work. It was five miles to Squire Brame's tavern; five miles of the same dreary waste around, and the same clogging sand under foot. The road bent more to the west now; it was fast growing dark.

Two miles short of Brame's, he caught sight of a wagon also going north. He pushed the brown ahead to overtake it, and, coming up, recognized the sturdy person and grey hair of the stout old Squire himself. The Squire was a fast friend of Prent's, and he was glad enough to see him jogging home.

"Hold up, Square," he called. "What's your hurry?"

"Whoa, Bill," answered the Squire, in his hearty voice. "Well, now, if it ain't Prent Broom."

"Give 's a ride, Square. I been in the saddle all day."

He dropped off Driver, and got in with the Squire.

"I want some advice, Square," he said. "Look here—or hold on; you can't see it now, but I'll tell you what's in't."

He read and explained the message.

"Don't go beyond Brame's to-night," the Squire repeated. "Well, that's good advice anyway, Prent. How much have you got on you?"

"Nineteen thousand dollars and odd."

"Whew!" the old man whistled. "You better take A Friend's advice. Don't go beyond Brame's to-night. Your horse is tired, too. Look how he hangs back."

"But I've got to go home. Nell's all alone."

"Then you better leave the money with me."

"No, no, Square, I ain't going to get you into any trouble like that. And, besides, I'm going to town with it in the morning. I won't lose sight of it anyway."

"Well, Prent, if you won't do that, I'll tell you what. Put up Driver at my house. I'll put your saddle on to my roan mare, Skylark, and she'll take you that nine miles in forty-five minutes easy. Slip that package under the seat here. You get on to Driver, and ride in slow. I'll cut round by Big Pines, and come in on the other road. I'll stow the money under the saddle for you; it'll be safer there. Come, tumble out. Whoa, Bill."

"Good, Square, I'll do it, and thankful. I'm blest if you ain't the cleverest old trump that's going."

"Oh, sof' soap's cheap, Prent. None o' that sort."

He whipped up his horse, and skurried away through the sand. Prent came among the hills now; the land was much better; the sand and scrub pines and oaks dropped behind. There were cultivated fields on either hand, here and there a house. He came to the Big Pines cross-road, and could dimly see Bill's fresh tracks turning off to the left. He held straight on a mile, over the Mad-don Hills, and so down to where the road ends at the broad middle pike. Then west half a mile to the little hamlet of Filmore, with Brame's tavern in the centre. As he rode up to the door, old Brame came out of the courtyard at the left. He came up.

"How do, Prent?" he called, in his loud, cheery voice. "Glad to see ye. Where y' bound now. Been rather givin' it to Driver, ain't ye? Have him rubbed down and eat some oats 'fore y' go on."

There were several idlers hanging about. Broom took his cue. He said nothing about the roan mare.

"Well, Square, guess I will come in a bit," he said.

The hostler took away Driver to the stable. They went in.

"Come inside and have a bite," says the Squire.

And Prent followed him through the bar into an inner room.

"Prent," said the Squire, "I don't like the looks of things at all. There's been a stranger here to-night in a buggy. He was dressed in the best; had a beaver on, and leg-o'-mutton whiskers, and long hair. Looks amazin' like a swell parson, only parsons don't gin'ally sit in hotel parlors, and smoke cigars with their legs on to the table, and drink no end of brandy hot and hot. He went off just now. I say I don't like it, Prent."

"Can't help it, Square," I said. "I must go on."

(There—it's out at last. So, gentles, by your leave, we'll drop this round-about third person for the downright first. My name is Prentiss Broom).

"Well, if you must," he said, "look here."

He showed me a pad of tow-cloth, made up to fit under a saddle. It was stuffed with wool; he ripped one side with his knife and showed me.

"Now, I'll put the money in place of this wool. Don't fear. No one can hear or see us here. Your saddle is worn thin; this will fit under it prime. I'll fix it myself. Let me see your arms."

"I showed him my pistol, Colt's make, six barrels.

"All charged?" he asked.

I nodded.

He examined it carefully, nipple and trigger.

"You'll do, I guess," he said. "Prent Broom," he asked, seriously, "there's one word I want to say to you. It's one thing to be brave, and another to be rash. When you turn off the pike to-night, put Skylark into a run, and give her her head. Don't stop her for man or devil, till you're safe home. If any one tries to stop you, drive her at him and fire. If anything serious happens, let the mare go, and give in. She'll bring the money to me if she can.

"Now, sit down and eat; I'll have the mare round in five minutes.

I mounted her at the door. Old Brame whispered:

"Take care, Prent; and remember Nell."

"Good-night, Square," I called, and started down the pike. It was a mile to the fork where our Hilbury road turns north. Skylark is a fiery beast; powerful in breast and quarter, lithe of limb and flank, a long small head and ears, quick, bright eyes, and a very deer to run. I trotted her sharply down the pike, she pulling hard. Coming to the fork, we turned it sharply. I chirruped to her, broke her up, and gave her her head. She shot away north like a flight. I just guided her, kept the bit in her mouth, and let her run. Soon she settled down to a long, low, regular lope that was very easy riding, and dropped the miles behind like a swift-gliding panorama of night in the lonely hills. Up hill, along the level, down the long decline, through the level meadows and pasture lands, up again breezily, striding, striding—ever the same long, easy, bounding lope.

There was Jason's place now, up on the slope of Kinnel Hill—seven miles more to Nell at Sicklesfield. I thought of her watching for me, anxious enough, I knew. I whistled to the mare. She leaped to it gayly, and we whirled along, down the long mile that skirts round Kinnel Hill and the Elder swamps, on again north over Harmony Flats, till we struck the hills again at Nine Mile Rock, on the Joram road.

So we held on through the Brandon Hills, keeping the long, low, flying lope.

Leaving the hills, the road dips down into Treacle Hollow, and runs a straight, smooth mile, through thick, dark woods of hickory and oak. I felt a little anxious about this mile of gloom ahead. It was not just the road one would choose to ride on a dark night, with twenty thousand dollars in notes and bonds. I tapped up the mare, and we dashed down the slope and into the wood's black shade. She was a brave horse as ever trod or tramped, that fiery roan mare, Skylark. I let the rein hang loose. She doubled her neck, sprang out, and galloped fierce as fire. I kept a keen lookout; though I might have saved my pains. It was dark as the pit in that close-grown tunnel of shade. Once out of this gloomy hollow, I should not fear. There were only two miles of the open high road beyond, with houses scattered every little way. We tramped along through the hollow; I kept the mare up to her best. The long level slipped behind. The woods began to thin and lighten a little. A little

further on we struck a slight ascent—the foot of our Hilbury hills. A minute more and we should be clear of the woods, and safe. I felt the ground steepen under us. Skylark slackened her pace. The road was steep before us; I had ridden her hard, up-hill and down. I felt safe now. I didn't care to urge her. She labored up the ascent, breathing quick and hard.

A bright glare flashed in my eyes! A crash in the bushes—the mare shied and plunged. A man's form, dimly seen, was hanging by her bits. I struck my heels in her flanks, drew my pistol—fired. The mare was plunging wildly; I was blind with the glare in my eyes—I missed. I felt myself grasped from behind, drawn heavily backward. I felt the mare going from under me. I kicked at her furiously—flung the pistol at her head as I fell. She snorted and plunged, made one great, frightened leap high in the air, flung the fellow that held her heavily into the fence, and shot away up the hill.

As I fell, the light glanced one side from my face, and showed me the man who held me, full and plain. Tall and light-made, with small, white hands, pale face, black, silky side-beard and moustache, keen grey eyes, thin lips, and perfect teeth, long hair, glossy and jet black. He was dressed in fine black cloth, linen spotless and unruffled, and a high silk hat. I saw the light glance from his polished boots, from a diamond ring on his hand. He had a cigar in his mouth. There was no passion or excitement in his face. He looked as cool, as fearless, as devilish as ever I hope to see the face of man, as he dragged me back and threw me on the ground—held me down by the throat.

"Jiber!" he called. "Quick, will you!"

I did not fight. The mare was off with the money. I knew there were other two at hand. I was unarmed. I knew they could quiet me quickly enough. I knew that that cold, white, cruel face above me would kill me without remorse, if it came to need. I thought of Nell, and lay still. The man called Jiber came crashing out with his dark lantern in his hand. He wore a slouched black hat, was roughly dressed—altogether a commoner, rougher man than the other, with a cunning, sneaking face, written all over in straggling characters with his proper name of thief. He lighted an open lantern and set it on a stone. The third robber crawled up out of the bushes and stones where the mare had thrown him. The others called him Chisel. He wore a cap and a suit of dark grey coarse cloth. I did not see his face. He plainly studied to hide it—kept it in the shadow, or turned away. He seemed younger than either of the others—not stout, but lithe and quick as a cat.

It was only a minute's time from the first flash till I was lying quiet on my back in the road, with that white-faced, jewelled devil holding me down, and the others kneeling by us. They called him the Parson. They called the rough one, with the brutal face and slouched hat, Jiber, and the other Chisel, as I said.

"Chisel," he said—his voice was clear and calm—"Chisel, hold the lantern. Jiber, cock your pistol. Put it to his head. Are you ready?"

"We're ready, Parson."

It was Jiber who spoke. The other held the lantern between my face and his. Jiber cocked his pistol, examined the cap, and put the muzzle close to my head. I felt the cold iron touch my skull. A strong, convulsive shiver went through me, shook me from head to foot. I knew there was little danger—that it was not to their interest to peril their precious necks. But I saw the ruffian's villainous face, and I knew that a single twitch of the brutal fellow's hand was all that stood between me and the awful mystery beyond. In broad day, when there is no present danger, when life swells strong in pulse and limb, when the

pale horse gallops far-off beyond the sunset hills of hope, I take as calm a view of that certain but shadowy consummation as the rest, I suppose. But when the grisly phantom comes quite close—when you feel his terrible numbing touch and his blasting breath on your cheek—well, “not all the preaching since Adam has made death aught but death.”

“If he makes any trouble, Jiber,” the Parson said, “blow out his brains.”

He loosened his hold. The tramp of the flying mare had died away over the hills. I had not five dollars about me. I lay quite still. The Parson searched me thoroughly. He took my pocket-book, took out the money, and threw away the book. His face grew terrible to see when he began to be convinced that I had not the bonds about me. He pulled off my boots, examined the lining of my cap. He gave up the search. He turned to Jiber.

“Could he have thrown away the package?”

“Didn’t throw away nothin’ arter I blinked him, ’cept it was his shooter,” answered Jiber, doggedly.

The Parson turned to me.

“Get up,” he said.

He spoke as he might to a dog he had kicked. That woke the devil in me. I lay still and glared back at him. I saw his perfect teeth set hard between his thin white lips.

He took out a pistol, cocked it.

“Look here!” he said, “where is the money?”

I sat up and gave him stare for stare.

“What’s that to you?”

One second I thought he would kill me. Then he governed himself and turned away. He spoke to Chisel apart; then he turned back to me.

“Look here, you what’s-his-name,” he said, “three miles from here there’s a little house, at the fork of Carrom lane and the south road. There’s a little woman in that house to-night; and she’s a handsome little woman, and she’s all alone.”

He saw me shudder. I had forgotten Nell for one moment. He went on:

“I’m going to ask you some questions. If you answer square, all right. If not, we tie you up, carry you into the woods, and make her a visit. Do you understand?”

“I understand,” I said. He went on:

“Last Friday night you put ten thousand dollars in Bath & Westbury’s safe, in Caramore. You put in more on Monday. You was to have taken it out to-night. Where is it?”

“I haven’t seen a dollar of it since Bath put it into the safe,” I answered.

I had not. I counted it over to Bath when I left it. He made a package of it for me. I saw only the wrapper. Was it, morally, a lie? Well, as you will. Dr. Johnson held that one might be justified in denying the authorship of Junius, whether he wrote the letters or not.

“You say you did not take it out of their safe to-night!”

“Yes.”

I did not. I took it out of Bath’s hand.

He turned to the others—talked hurriedly apart. I made out that they did not know the roads across the plains. They had, without doubt, come out from the city on the middle turnpike. The Parson turned to me.

“I have a wagon close by. You must drive me to Caramore. Will you promise?”

"I'll drive you," I said.

I did not say where or how.

"How far is it?"

"Seventeen miles."

He turned to the others.

"Bring out the horses."

He held the lantern—stood by me carelessly, turning his pistol in his hand. They led the horses out of the wood through a length of fence thrown down. Jiber brought out a buggy with a fine black mare before it. Chisel led out a stout bay cob and leaped lightly into the saddle.

"Get in," said the Parson.

I stepped in—took the reins.

He whispered to Jiber, then he jumped in.

"Drive on," he said.

"Not if that man stops behind."

"What do you mean? Look here, young man, I'll have no trifling. How can he go when you have his place? Jiber, make straight for the castle. Tell the king. If we're not in by seven, come to the cave. The word's 'Mavourneen.' Now, sir, drive on, or I'll drive you home."

"Get up," I said.

I knew what I had to do. I made my plan. I sent the black mare down the road at a swinging gait. She was a beautiful mare, coal black, graceful, spirited, yet nowise nervous or flighty. I never saw a better to trot and endure. She took a long, smooth, rolling stride, without jerk or break, never spurting or flurrying, except at any steep rising ground, which she always took with a short, quick charge below, and passed with a strong swing. After a mile or two he spoke:

"How quick can she make it?"

"Seventeen miles—two hours."

I knew she could do it in half an hour less.

He looked round—a sneering, scornful glance.

"I've driven her nine miles in half an hour. Shake her out."

I quickened her pace. We made a four-minute gait on the levels. He leaned back and smoked his cigar. I watched him askance. You could read no more in his face than in this blank page before I scrawl it over. Chisel galloped the bay close behind.

"Can you strike the Caramore road without passing Brame's tavern?"

"I can."

"How much farther?"

"Half a mile longer to the Ocean road."

"Do it, then."

I couldn't have asked for a better chance. The straight road to Caramore runs past Brame's door. You would strike the Ocean road at Bradley's, four miles north of Caramore. By turning off to avoid the Squire's, you must take the Lindesley road, which is half a mile longer to the Ocean road, but strikes it ten miles north-east of Bradley's at Lookout Hill.

We took the Lindesley road, swept away east, the black mare trotting smooth and square, the bay horse galloping close behind. We had the wagon cover up; the parson leaned back in his corner and smoked. When one cigar burned short, he lighted another and smoked on. I did not turn my head or eyes, but I watched him all the while. Though he appeared so careless, I felt that he

watched my every motion. I saw that he knew nothing of the roads. I made up my mind how I should drive, and drove on steadily. I knew that any hesitation would betray me. I took every turn and corner as certainly as if I had been driving my own brown Driver home, instead of this wild robber's race across country, with that lie-faced, fine-clothed villain for my companion, and the end of the journey less than an hour off, but God alone knew what or where!

We sat and whirled on in silence. I kept the mare at a steady, rolling pace, never slackened for rise or descent. As we skirted round the base of Lookout Hill, and turned south at Kerrimain Mill, he took out his watch, knocked the ashes off his cigar, and held the spark close to the crystal. It was half-past eleven. We curved round to the east and turned the corner sharply to the right.

"Is this the Ocean road?"

"Yes."

We bowled away down it. I had my mind made up. At Browner's Fork the Shore road splits off and bends west. The angle at the junction is so sharp, the two roads so nearly alike, that no stranger could say which was the straight road and which the branch. When we came to the fork I held the mare's head west and took the road to Shore. He seemed to doubt me here. He put his head out and looked down the other road. Turning again, he eyed me keenly. I chirruped to the mare and we swept ahead.

"Is this the right road?" he said, his eyes upon my face.

"This is the right road."

Right, yes—but hardly for Caramore.

"Where does the other lead?"

I felt that defiance was my only course now. I pulled up the mare, faced him full and square.

"I'll drive the other road, if you like."

"Get up!" he called to the mare. "Let her go, do you hear?"

He glared at me fiercely; his hand leaped up to his breast, lifted the flap of his coat. Dimly I saw the hilt of a sheath-knife under the fold.

"Young man," he said, "if you play me false I'll put my knife through your heart."

I gave him no answer. I gave him glance for glance, turned my face and drove on. I understood him. He had made sure of finding the money upon me. Failing that, he had thought that I might possibly drive him right. There was little danger to him at least, and it was his only chance. He knew that the money would be put beyond reach to-morrow, if he should not get his hands upon it that night. But he was a fool for his pains for all that.

I knew I could not deceive him much longer. He was plainly suspicious now. The mare was beginning to fag a little. She kept her long, rolling gait well up on the levels yet. But she had not the same grit at taking the hills, and she shambled a good deal going down. I saw that she was tired, that only her tireless mettle kept her legs up to the pace, and I hated to force her on. But I saw no way out of it yet; so I kept her up to her work. I struck in for Burrow Flat. If you have ever driven through that region, you know what a labyrinth of roads and lanes centres and diverges at Burrow's. They cross and wind and interlace in every way, and at all sorts of curves and angles. I struck for this point, in through Bracken Hollow, and then south-west by Poulter's blacksmith shop. I knew every turn and lane, and I used them with all my skill. I curved this way and that, wound and crossed till I had twisted him out

of all sense of direction, edging round all the while farther and farther west and north. At half-past twelve we struck the Caramore road at last, and rolled along it, *heading for home*.

The parson was plainly uneasy; I heard the bay horse still galloping behind. The mare was getting much distressed; her breathing sounded plainly, quick and hard. "Is this the Caramore road?" His face had a baffled, murderous look.

"This is the Caramore road."

"How far is it now?"

"Four miles and a half."

Four miles and a half *behind!*

He leaned forward and looked in my face. I gave him back as good. Again his hand stole back to his breast.

"You said it was seventeen miles. We've come twenty and more. What do you mean?"

"I mean it's five miles to Caramore."

I looked him straight in the eyes—straight and defiant. I never saw such a look in another face as he gave me then. His hand was in his breast.

"If we're not in Caramore in half an hour"—his words came slow and wickedly calm—"I'll put you out of trouble."

He leaned back and I drove on. I never wanted to kill but one man. I think I know how a murderer feels who beats and tramples a man's life out in a sudden fury of hate. I hated that white-faced villain with a murderous hate. I longed to have him alone in some wild place, with only my hands and his for armor, and none between us two.

The end was near. But it was not yet.

II.

NELL.

THE dusk drew on. She came out to the door and listened. There came no sound of horses' feet. She went in, laid the cloth and set the table for tea. The clock moved on to eight. She grew anxious. She listened at the window, at the door, out in the road. She went in again. No sign or sound of Prent. She sat at the window and watched. I need not tell you how she fretted and feared. The hands of the clock moved slowly round. It struck nine at last. Still no sign or sound. She got up, took the spoons and forks, unlocked the iron safe and put them in. (The safe was Uncle Clifton's when he had the old store at Lindsley). She meant to start south if Prent did not come before long. She saw that the doors were fast, shut the blinds, straightened things up a little, put on her shawl and went out. She leaned over the gate and listened.

She had stood there a long time. She turned to lock the front door; she could not wait longer. But she stopped. What was that? It's gone now. No—there it is again. It dies away; then bursts out again with a clearer clamor. Trample, trample, trample, trample. Louder and nearer every moment—the regular, clattering, skurrying tramp of a horse at a wild, free run. A quick pain shot through Nell's heart. She knew that was not the tramp of a horse under guidance of man. She knew that he carried an empty saddle as certainly as if she had heard the flying stirrups rattle and clank. She ran along to the barn-yard gate, threw it wide open, caught up a long pole, and stood across the road.

The flying horse came on, trample, trample, trample. Round the bend now, along the orchard fence, past the house, and close upon her, head down, and

running wild. She shouted, flourished her pole, struck at the horse's head. It swerved and leaped through the gate.

She knew it was not Driver. She shut the gate. The horse ran round the yard, then slower, then trotted, head up, snorting, and stepping high. Then she stopped at the barn and looked around. Nell went up. The mare drew off at first, but Nell coaxed her, and got her hand on the bridle after a minute or two. She patted the mare's smooth neck and head, talked to her: "So-o, Nancy."

Nell led her up to the house, where the light shone out from the window. She knew the mare—Brame's roan, Skylark. The Squire had driven her over only last week. Saddle and bridle she knew, too; knew them and trembled with a horrible fear. They were Prent's! There was the rent in the skirt that she darned two days ago. There was the new stirrup-strap on the near side and the new ring-bit in the bridle!

She hitched the mare to the gate, went in, put out the light and locked the door. She opened the gate, flung over the off stirrup, stepped up on the gate, and leaped on.

Past the house and the garden. Under the shadow of the orchard trees, trotting faster and faster. She has the mare well in hand. There is only one thought in her mind—to get to Brame's. She calls to the mare, and breaks her into a run. From that it is one long hurling flight all the nine clattering miles. Along the clear high road, by fields and orchards, level and slope. Down through Treacle Hollow, mile-long tunnel of gloom, through over-arching trees. Up again—out through the hills—out with a rush, and away. Hill and level, dip and rise, straight stretch and winding curve, no break or halt, horse and rider as one, flying, flying, flying. The panting mare stopped at the tavern door.

"Halloa!" she called. "Quick there—halloa!"

The Squire came out with a frightened face. He knew the voice. He saw his mare, Skylark. He looked in Nell's face. He knew what it was.

"Ain't you seen him, Nell?"

She shook her head. She stepped upon the piazza. "What shall I do?"

He slipped his hand under the saddle. He came close to her, and whispered: "The money's here—under the saddle. They can't have hurt him. He wouldn't fight when he knew the bonds were safe. Don't fear, girl."

"I must find him, Squire Brame," she said. "You will help me, won't you?"

"Wait a bit," he said. "We'll go together."

He led the mare round to the barn, took off the saddle and the precious pad. He shut the doors, dug out a hollow in the side of the mow, stuffed the pad in, and covered it over. Nell was waiting outside. He came out.

"I'll call up Pont," he said. "He's three-quarters Inglin, and tracks like a hound."

He ran in, and came back after a minute. Nell went into the barn. Driver stood at the rack, quite fresh and rested now. They saddled three horses, side-saddle on Driver.

They mounted and rode away. West down the pike to the turn north. Pont got down with his lantern, and the Squire followed. Pont crossed the road from fence to fence, searching the ground at the turn.

"Track ob Massa Prent and Skylark, goin' out. Missy Nelly an' Skylark comin' in. Sporter's black mare goin' nord. Two strangers come from west and gone nord."

At every turn-off they stopped. At the Lindsley road they saw the tracks

of a buggy and two horses bound east. They kept on north. At every turn the tracks were the same. There is no turn-off in Treacle Hollow. At the Hil-bury road they got down. Pont crossed the road, bent low.

"Skylark goin' and comin'." None more but one gone nord."

"Trickle Holler!" said the Squire. "Jest what I thought."

They started back, leading the horses, searching the road for tracks.

"Squire," said Nell, "I'll ride home. He may have gone there. I'll come back."

She headed Driver north, struck into a gallop, and was off. Ten minutes later she turned the bend half a mile from home. She started and gave a joyful cry. Out of the east window a bright light shone. A little farther on she heard a sudden sound that drove the hope out of her heart—the whinny of a horse in a wood to the right! She got down, tied Driver to a tree, and ran on. She crept in softly through the open gate, and round to the east side.

She looked in, but she did not see Prent. By the safe in the corner a man was kneeling, with a slouched black hat and a suit of rough, worn clothes. His back was toward her. Her own lamp stood lighted on the top of the safe. With a drill and a heavy mallet, padded at the end, he was picking a hole in the iron door, just above the lock. Into that safe Prent had put, only the night before, three thousand dollars and odd, of taxes taken at Carrom.

On the table just behind him lay his pistol. She saw the copper gleam of the cap under the hammer. As she looked the man stood up, threw off his coat, and raised the window. He took a red handkerchief out of his hat, wiped his forehead, and got down again to his work. The pistol lay close by the open window now.

She crept round to the window and peered in. The burglar was picking away at the iron plate. Moving very cautiously, she raised her arm, and then, timing the motion by his regular stroke, and holding her breath, she thrust in her arm, lifted the pistol, and drew it out. She aimed it at his head, expecting to see him turn; but he did not hear—picked away at the plate.

She came back to the front and watched him. His drill went through the plate as she looked. He worked it back and forth—probed the opening inside. It was just above the chamber of the lock. He picked out the hole a little larger. Then he got up and took from the pocket of his coat a flask and a length of fuse. She saw him put the flask to the opening and pour the chamber full of powder. He inserted the fuse and let the end hang down. Taking a match from his pocket, he struck it. It was time to act, Nell thought. The match flashed and went out.

She ran round to the back. The kitchen door stood ajar. She passed in, silent as death, caught a match from the shelf, lit a candle, and stepped through the passage to the door of the east room. The door was open. She held the candle outside in her left hand, stood in the doorway, and pointed the pistol.

He had not heard her. More matches had missed. He struck one now and held the flame down. It caught and flared up bright. He put it to the end of the fuse, threw it down, and stood up.

He faced round and stared one instant. A girl stood fronting him, with as brave, calm face, white and set, as ever looked out on peril. He saw his pistol in her hand, aimed steady and true. He stared one moment, then leaned quickly and blew out the lamp. She saw the spark glowing slowly but steadily up the fuse. She brought the candle forward and threw the light upon him. She stepped forward into the room.

"Go back," she said; "step backward to the wall. If you turn or lift your hand I will kill you!"

He knew that she would. He backed away. She advanced step by step. She set the candle down upon the safe. She did not move her eyes from his face. She kept the pistol steadily aimed, her finger on the trigger. The spark had climbed half-way along the fuse. She bent down, drew out the fuse with her left hand. With a quick backward motion she threw it through the open sash. Then she spoke, calm and deliberate, her eyes never leaving his face, the pistol pointing straight at his breast. "Take off your hat."

As he stood against the wall, the slouched brim shaded his face. She wanted to see his face when he answered her. He put up his hand and took it off.

"Look in my face," she said.

He lifted his eyes and looked at her with a sullen, sheepish, villainous face.

"You are in my power," she went on. "I will have two men here in fifteen minutes, at most. You know the penalty of this night's work—ten years in a prison cell. If you answer me truly, I'll let you go your way. If you try to get away, I'll fire, and I shall not miss." She paused a minute, then went on: "Where is the man you waylaid?" She never doubted that he knew.

"Parson's got him," he said, in a low, hoarse voice.

"What do you mean? Speak plain—I'll have no shamming."

"I ain't a shammin'. Parson's got him."

"Who's the Parson?" "Parson's our cap." "Where is he now?" "I dun' know." "Where did he go?" "Said he was goin' t' Caramore."

She saw it all at a flash. "To Bath & Westbury's store?" "Yes." "He did not know the road?" "No." "He took him to show it?" "Yes." "Are there any more?" "One more." "Did they take him on horseback?" "No." "How?" "In the buggy, along of the Parson."

She felt sure he spoke the truth. A man can lie with a bold face, may lie with a face more brazen than one who speaks the truth. But he cannot look in your eyes and lie, however boldly, exactly as he would tell true. Nine times out of ten, the lie will show through, one way or other. I should like to see the man who could look my Nell straight in the eyes, and lie without some sign. I should *not* like to see him.

"I believe you," she said. "Pass out, unlock the door to the right, open it, go out." She followed him out through the gate, pistol in hand. "Get your horse," she said.

She followed him up the road; he might find Driver. He turned off into the wood, brought out the horse, got up and started west. She heard him gallop down the Packerton road till his horse's tramp died away. Then she got Driver and rode away south. The Squire and Pont were riding north to meet her. She waved them back, came up and galloped past.

"To Caramore," she cried, "come on, come on." She led the way. They followed. They swept away south through the night.

I and the parson turned into the Caramore road, and rolled on north.

"If we're not there in half an hour," he had said, "I'll put you out of pain." The mare was suffering severely now. I had driven her twenty-five miles across country, hill and sand and mud. I had kept her well up to her speed every rod of the way, and she had held out nobly. It went against me to keep her up, but it was life and death to me, and we were headed home. The pace was plainly much slower, though.

"Can't you work her up?" he said, with a fierce, impatient glance.

"Don't you see the mare's dead fagged?" I answered.

He put his head out and called:

"Ride ahead, Chisel. The mare's playing out. She'll follow better."

He came up and went by. "Straight on?" he called. "Straight ahead," I answered.

He rode on. We followed. The mare went slower and slower. I knew the end was near!

"Whip her," he said. I looked him in the face. "Do you think I'm a brute?"

He caught up the whip and struck her sharply. She leaped out wildly and went on faster, gasping, now, every breath.

I turned upon him with set teeth. It must come to that at last; it might as well come now.

"If you strike her again," I said, "I'll—" He struck her quick and sharp. I threw down the reins. "You may drive yourself."

He threw down the whip. His hand leaped up to his breast. His face was deadly white. A gleam of devilish hate glared out of his keen grey eyes.

"Take them up," he said, through his teeth.

He drew out his hand. I saw the bright steel glitter from the sheath.

Then I leaped upon him, I grasped the hand that held the knife, pressed his head back with my left, with all my might. I turned the point in toward him pricked it sharply into his breast.

"Let go," I cried, "let go or I'll drive it through you!" I dug my nails into his hand. I tore the knife away, flung it away, behind. Then we grappled close.

The mare swerved out one side; the wagon tipped on a stone. We rolled out locked together, fell heavily on the ground. He was underneath, I upon him. He was stunned one instant, I got my hand in his breast and drew his pistol out. I put the barrel close to his face. "Yield, or I fire!"

He was no coward at least. He glared up at me fierce as a tiger.

"Shoot and —," he hissed.

I flung the pistol back. It struck the fence, and went off. I felt that I could kill him; but I wanted no coward's advantage. I ground his head into the sand; I gripped my hand in his collar, and tore out the spotless shirt-front. I wanted to soil, tear, smash, blacken, bruise, disfigure his fine, smooth dress his hateful, lying face, his glossy hair and beard.

He twined his arms round my neck, and choked me down. I got my hand on his face, and pressed it into the ground till he loosened his hold. I struck at his glittering mouth; he caught my hand in his teeth, and bit it through. I clutched my fingers in his silky beard, beat his head on the ground with all my might, tore and pounded him I knew not how.

I heard the tramp of a horse close by, felt myself grasped behind, lifted, and thrown down heavily. I was under now, and there were two of them!

I heard the rush of a dozen tramping hoofs; saw gleaming lanterns flash; heard shouts and curses and oaths, and a pistol's report.

Then I was lying looking into loving eyes, my head upon Nell's breast.

Chisel is in Lindesley jail with a broken arm. The Parson has never been seen or heard of.

JAMES T. MCKAY.



CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.—See "One Woman's Work."

From a Photograph by Sarony.

ONE WOMAN'S WORK.

FEW will now assert that work is not a blessed thing. But how to work, what to work at, is, and must ever be, to each individual man and woman, an important and complicated question. Few, while young, know what they can do, and fewer still are able to set themselves about the work they believe they can and ought to do. Few, very few, have fathers or mothers who are capable of advising or sustaining the anxious neophyte in his or her endeavors after a useful life; and of the few who can advise wisely and well, but a small number have the power to make their advice practicable in life. Therefore it happens that most of us are the sport of accident; most of us are ships sailing without rudders on a shoreless sea.

And yet no human life was ever what it ought to be, unless the individual felt that he (or she) had done his best—or nearly so. To do our best, much is necessary; first, an occupation which is not distasteful; second, to find and grasp this early in life when the forces are all fresh and confident; third, to work at it persistently and faithfully until you can do it to perfection; and lastly, that it shall be an occupation which the world values, and will give praise and pay for doing well.

It is permitted to few, either men or women, to live in an occupation which gives both praise and pay, fame and fortune. Few get either—most live a life of mediocrity and reasonable success. Therefore let us not curse God and die because the great prizes are not permitted to all mankind.

The story I have to tell teaches, if it teaches anything forcibly, that work will pay; but it must, of course, be work well directed. Work inspired by genius and well directed is sure of success. But even then it does not come quickly. The great painters, architects, shipbuilders, lawyers, poets, writers, merchants, have become such in public esteem after long years of patient and persistent work. Then we come to another aphorism. Do not be discouraged if the world is slow to give you praise and pay—these you must have if you deserve them and will work on.

But it is a shabby thing, the tendency of human nature to criticise and disparage at the start, to bespatter and bepraise at the end; human nature has a very mean streak in it, and sometimes one is disposed to say, "quite true" to the statement of the sardonic French philosopher,

"I tell you, sir, the experiment of mankind is a total failure."

Blessed is the boy or girl who has parents and friends to say hopeful and encouraging words; blessed are they who suck in with their mother's milk "you can," rather than "you can't."

In these days, when women are perplexed as to what work they can and ought to do, when marriage is becoming more rare and more difficult, and all are seeking for the means of subsistence, and a way to do their share outside their easy and ordinary sphere, it may be interesting to know how one woman has worked—through what trouble, trial, perplexity, and darkness—up to the high table-lands of success, where friends and fortune smile.

A little girl was born in Boston, in this century, one of four children. Forty years ago—even thirty—nearly all New England people were poor, and were not unhappy because they were. This little girl was not swathed in laces; she had

no silver cups ; she was baptized without gold or amber beads. But she grew as well without these things as with them, and, in due time, had a brown calico frock and a "Vandyck," and went to a district school to learn to read, to write, and to cipher. And she did learn ; because, in this pale little body was a half-conscious little soul, which whispered in half-intelligible words,

Whatever you do, do with your might,
Things done by halves are never done right.

By the time she was twelve years old, trouble began to come.

Failure—it is a wretched word, and yet it was one that this girl then began to hear ; it was one which she was to know and feel, and it was one which she was to triumph over. Some one had failed ; and that one was her father. Just what it meant was not clear, but gradually, all too swiftly, it came to her, that it meant poverty and suffering. Then the struggle became serious and the burdens heavy. The quiet mother then began to show her staunch New England nature. She did not flinch from her work, but quietly—sadly, perhaps, and yet "manfully"—she put her shoulder to the wheel which bore her ark of the covenant, whose holy treasures were little children. She steadied this ark with her woman's hand, and was not struck down. No, she lived to see one at least of this brood arrive at wealth and fame, aided by those good angels Patience and Labor ; and we can well believe that she died the happier for it.

The struggle first was to live, and next to get these children up so that they should be strong, able, self-supporting. They lived on in small ways, and earned in small ways ; they had a boarder or two ; they spent almost nothing ; and this girl Charlotte, young as she was, was the eldest, and to her it fell to divide the work, to share the troubles of the mother. "Many a night," she said, "I have lain awake, watching my mother walking the room, nigh distracted, she not knowing which way to turn or what to do—I fearing that she would rush from the house to drown herself in the sea."

But she was kept back, for four strings from four little hearts were fastened round her heart, and she could not tear them away. And she began to scheme and to plan—to make a future for these children. What could this girl do—what was possible ? It was not in the programme that she was to be idle—to wait sitting on the steps of her small castle, holding her lily hands, until some knight should come to fall at her feet and make her master of his heart and court. No ; she was to do something—to work.

In her child's way, she sang ; and the eager mother said : "Might she not do it—might she not learn so that she can teach others, and so live ?" She had some little acquaintance with Captain Mackay, in those days the founder of "Chickering's"—they were then beginning their own fame and fortune. She went to him. He said : "Bring her here ; we have a young teacher who comes to play upon our pianos, and I will arrange it that he shall give her lessons."

The girl came. She worked, she played, she sang ; she did what she could, determined to deserve success. She had strange tones in that voice of hers, unlike other girls' voices. Whether they were fine or musical, no one was sure. But they were deep, rich, strange. The girl, too, did not know ; but she worked on.

In due course she found a friend who sang in a Boston church ; and there, in the organ loft, she began to sing the songs of Israel ; and the first appearance she ever made was to sing in a chorus of the Handel and Haydn Society, when, with childish eyes, she looked fearfully out upon a sea of upturned faces. The last appearance she made was to pronounce an ode before the same society, in the great Music Hall at Boston.

By-and-by there drifted to these shores Mr. and Mrs. Wood. They were artists—singers; in their way they were great and glorious. What should they have to do with this slip of a girl, who was groping on blindly in Chickerings' piano-room? My dears, no one knows where her work is, or how it will come, or who will offer it. What we have to do is to put ourselves to work, to know how to do it well, and then the work will be apt to come to us. It was not likely that this Mrs. Wood, this prima donna from the operas, should ever know this little Charlotte, or care for her. A woman of the world, swimming along the rivet of success and fame—that she should need the aid of this child, come from old Puritan, "Mayflower" stock, was not likely. And yet she did need her, and this chance shaped a life.

On Saturday evenings, in those days of Puritan Boston, the opera was not patronized. But a concert might do. Now, Mrs. Wood wanted a strong contralto voice to match hers for a duet; and she heard of the girl at Chickerings'. She came and heard the voice, and it impressed her; she brought Wood to hear it. The result was that the girl, now seventeen, was engaged to sing in a duet before a Boston audience, with Mrs. Wood, the great prima donna.

Now, then, came the next step in her life. Mrs. Wood asked her to sing with her a part in the "Marriage of Figaro"—an opera!

She did not flinch, but practised her part and spared no pains. But what was she to do for a dress? Neither her purse nor her mother's permitted it. But that mother's love, and hope, and earnestness magnetized a merchant, who granted her a credit, small but sufficient. A debt then seemed a fearful thing, but it must be dared.

She sang, and it was a success; small, to be sure, but still a success. Now then, the way was open to fame and wealth. No! There was still before her a long, a painful, a toilsome steep. Did she dare attempt it? Mrs. Wood was friendly, she had in her company a conductor named Maeder; she said to him:

"Teach this girl and make her a singer."

"Yes," said he, "but she must be articulated to me for three years."

That is, she was to be taught by him, to go where he wished, to sing as he wished, to appear in what parts he chose, and for this she was to have one-half of all she might be able to earn. But she was to pay her own way out of her own earnings, and to supply her own wardrobe. This she gladly accepted, feeling that she had the work in her, and the power to do it. She worked on, four, five, six hours a day, practising as he taught her. But it came to pass that he married, and married a voice, and it was a contralto voice; so it became desirable for him that Charlotte should sing soprano parts, which she was not meant by nature to sing; so he steadily trained a high head voice, and forced her to sing a soprano. She did it, for she could do it, and she always did what work she was set to do, if she could. In due time her master was engaged in an opera company for New Orleans, where Caldwell was their great theatrical manager. Thither she went upon a salary of twenty-five dollars a week, of which she was to have one-half. Out of this twelve dollars and a half, she was to eat, to dress, and to ride, if she ever did ride. Of course she could not do it, and for gloves and some small expenses her master was obliged to advance money, or she could not have made a decent appearance. But he charged it on account, and by-and-by, when she succeeded in earning more, she was to pay it. She did pay it, years after, to the penny. Here, then, she came before the world as a singer, in such operas as "The Marriage of Figaro," "Cinderella," "Rob Roy," "Barber of Seville," etc. But here came a catastrophe.

Work will do wonders, it will remove mountains, it will accomplish miracles, it will secure fame and fortune ; but it must be work well directed. You, who have a cunning hand to fashion wood and to mould brass, must not attempt to make an epic, or to thunder from the rostrum. You, who can hew down trees and make wheat, must not become a lady's-maid. You, who can sing bass, must not sing treble. Work, then, well directed work which one can do well, is the work to attempt. Charlotte, who could sing bass, was put to sing treble ; she was being forced to do that which violated all the laws of her being. But she did not know it. She knew only that to sing the parts she was put to sing tasked her utmost strength, forced her to clasp her hands in agony, filled her with a nervous dread lest she should fail. And yet she did it, until she broke down and failed utterly. Her voice left her—she could not sing a note. She was useless, she was in despair. Her salary, small as it was, would cease ; she would be no longer of use to her master, and he would need her no more. What could she do, to whom should she go ? A girl, hardly out of the gristle, stranded on a strange shore, her only occupation gone ! But she was not the kind that lies down to die ! She went to Caldwell and laid her case before him. He knew her better than she knew herself ; he had watched her as she sang her parts.

"My child," said he, "you are not a singer, you are an actress. You have mistaken your part ; you will not succeed as a singer, as an actress you may."

Not a singer ! This, then, to which she had devoted herself so long, was all a mistake and a disastrous failure. But still, in this man's words there was hope—"you are an actress." Despair vanishes, light breaks in. She is familiar with the stage ; she has grown tall and stately ; she studies ; and Caldwell promises to give her a chance. In those days, in New Orleans, they wanted the deepest tragedy or the broadest farce. In due time Charlotte's name was announced to play Lady Macbeth, in Shakespeare's wonderful tragedy. But, at the last moment, she had no dress, and no money to buy one ; she had not dared to tell Caldwell, fearing postponement or some other thing. After her name was announced, then she stated her dilemma.

"Bless me," said the manager, "why, what's to be done ? Look in the wardrobe, is there nothing ?"

Nothing was there that would in any way answer, and she took a note from Caldwell to the leading *tragédienne* of the French theatre, to borrow a dress, if it be possible. But how was the dress of the short and fat actress to be made to cover the tall and thin one ? She borrowed two skirts, and, piecing them together, made one ; and thus, in such borrowed plumage, she trod the stage for the first time, as the daring, desperate queen of the bold and aspiring Thane. She did her best ; and energy and determination carried her through. This was followed by other parts, so that she began to taste a sense of power—of a power to do—the first and greatest of all earthly satisfactions.

But seasons change and seasons end ; and, in those days, it was not thought possible to play anything a hundred nights—novelty must succeed novelty. And now came a return to New York—all the old life changed. Was she to find work there ? So far, there had been little fame and little money for her. But there were two managers in New York to whom all aspirants looked—Hamblin, master of the Bowery Theatre, and Simpson, of the "Old Park." The Park was the "West End"—the great metropolitan theatre ; and, at that day, it shone with many lights. Belonging to it were Mrs. Wheatley and her two daughters, John Mason, Fredericks, Peter Richings, Chippindale, Mrs. Vernon, Mrs. Hilson, and others, whose names still live in the memories of old New Yorkers.

Charlotte, of course, wished to play at the Park ; but Mr. Simpson said, frankly, " There is no place—I am full." She applied to Hamblin. He tried her—had her to rehearse various parts to him in his private room. He found there was energy, at least, and a great desire. He finally engaged her at a salary of twenty-five dollars a week for the first year, thirty for the second, and thirty-five for the third.

But he said to her : " Now, I can give you but four weeks to appear in such parts as you are able to fill."

She bent her energies to the preparing for this, and not only was she to study and practise her parts, but she was, in some way, to provide a wardrobe. There was no way to do it but to incur a debt amounting to three hundred dollars, which then seemed portentous. But work and energy must pay the debt. Now came a second catastrophe. Just before the time for her appearance she was laid down with a rheumatic fever. She could not move—could not lift a finger—could not be touched. It was agony. Overwork, anxiety, doubt, fear, had prostrated her physical strength. She must lie still and wait. But how could she lie still and wait ? Everything depended upon life, action, work, at this very moment. One week passed, two weeks passed, and Hamblin said : " My child, what can we do—half of your time is gone ?"

Something she must do ; she appealed to her doctor, implored him to help her. He knew that she needed rest and ease, but he tried sulphur baths. Energy and sulphur got her up ; she moved about, and prepared for her work. She went on the stage and played, and was received well ; it was only for one week. But in that week she had made an impression, and her engagement with Hamblin was her great opportunity.

Here again was life and hope and prosperity. She wrote to her mother, who was keeping a small boarding-house in Boston, to come to her ; she wanted her, could give her a home, and could secure her against want. Happiness was nigh. In her little rooms on the upper floor of a house in —— street, mother and daughter met, and tasted once more the security of home—bread not made bitter by anxiety. With the mother came a little boy, the youngest of all. He was bright and gay, the joy of their eyes ; to him the future might be made safe, and perhaps golden. Here was love ; here they were to live together and taste of happiness.

Charlotte had played her week with satisfaction, and her little wardrobe—great to her—was left in the clothes-room of the theatre. Then the Bowery was burned to the ground ! With it vanished in smoke that wardrobe for which she still owed a debt ; with it vanished her engagement with Hamblin. All was ruin. There was neither work nor home nor credit left. Misfortune seems to pursue us, to test us, to prove that we are true metal ; it too often bears us down. She stood up ; she rushed to the proprietor of a little theatre in Chatham street ; poor and contemptible it was, enough to destroy her chances for success in any higher walk, for whoever was fit to play in such a place, could hardly be fit to play in a good theatre. But she dared it ; she told her story—it was work or starvation. He sent her to Albany to play in a little provincial theatre, then managed by Blake, since so well known and so well liked. He found her valuable and useful. She played with spirit and courage ; she played any part, all parts, nothing was refused. She made friends among the country legislators, and began once more to creep upward. It was a small life, but it was life. In the midst of this came a blow. The little brother had gone with his teacher into Vermont to spend his holidays. He was riding an old country horse ; he

fell, and was killed. And now there came to Charlotte a box bearing the body of the dear little boy ; he for whom the mother and the sister had hoped so much. To Charlotte it was like having the first-born, a man child, torn away. She could not eat, or sleep, or work. He was laid in his grave, and then she said to Mr. Blake, "I am useless ; I can do nothing ; I must go away."

She went, and for a time it seemed as if the heavens were darkened, and there was no more light for her. Then it came to her as to all strong natures—"This is folly. I must go to work at something, at anything." So she went to Mr. Simpson, and said to him, "I want work, and I will do anything ; will take any part you put me to, and will do it as well as I can."

She became a part of the stock company at the Park Theatre, and during that time did anything, everything ; she played old women and young boys, soldiers and beggars, barmaid and travelling lady. She sang in chorus, and did whatever work was put upon her, without complaint, without praise ; and earned some twenty-two dollars a week by doing it. It was a pittance, but she could live. During this time came to her her married sister, still very young. She, too, was now bowed down by a strong grief, for she had had an arrow in her heart, and life seemed hopeless. This young woman, too, must be sustained, must be lifted out of her slough. How ? Perhaps she could be set to work, could be got to play a part, and so might forget her own woes. She tried ; succeeded, and at last the two sisters appeared in the same play. The stronger sustaining the weaker, who otherwise must have gone to the wall.

Not yet twenty-one, Charlotte had shown, if not genius, at least industry, perseverance, and courage. She was making her way, but slowly. How could she increase her income now that her expenses were increased ? That was an important question. She laid the matter before Mr. Simpson, urging twenty-five dollars a week for herself, and twelve for her sister—it does not seem exorbitant, but Simpson said, "I can pay no more than I do pay." So he allowed her to go, and for a time she played as a stock actress in Burton's Theatre at Philadelphia. But the Park manager found, and he afterward said it, that he was obliged to engage four persons to do the work of this one ; and so she was brought back to the Park.

Charlotte now was working for herself and for her sister, too ; she had to see to the interests of both.

A new actress appeared, a friend of a leading journalist of New York, and she was put into the good parts which this sister had played. The sister was lowered. Charlotte protested, but Mr. Simpson said he was powerless. Charlotte threatened to give up her place.

Everywhere is a struggle for life—in the green room of a theatre as elsewhere. This brought a letter from the journalist saying "that if Miss C. did not tread carefully she should be driven from the stage, if there was any virtue in a New York audience or strength in the New York press." What should she do ? Must she submit and swallow her slights ? She went to one of the strongest and most powerful of the New York editors for advice. What ought she to do ? Without telling her what he would do, he prepared an article and printed it, in which he laid before the New York public the threat which had been made against this girl. The next night she was to appear as Lady Gay Spanker. The theatre was crowded with men, for might there not be a sensation, a "row ?"

When the actor cried, "Look ! look ! here comes Lady Gay Spanker across the lawn at a hand gallop," she was greeted with a surge of applause which silenced her antagonist, and confirmed her position before a New York audience.

It was a fearful but a delicious moment. She was not powerless, then; she had friends, and they were ready to stand by her. Her years of toil and anxiety and painstaking had not been thrown away! By no means; they had *made* her and had created friends.

The next step was to Philadelphia, where she became manager. The chances, too, are coming. Across the Atlantic came a bit of news, then of some importance. Macready, the great English tragedian, was coming to America. Is it not possible that Charlotte may find an opportunity to appear with him, and under the influence and inspiration of the best masculine actor, gather experience and knowledge? She was yet a learner. She has always been a learner. She gave up her theatre, set herself to studying the parts in the great plays, such as Lady Macbeth, the Queen in Hamlet, Emilia, Mrs. Haller, etc. The great actor came, proud, confident, capable, expecting to find our stage raw, weak, untrained. Charlotte awaited him; and now, firm, strong and capable, Macready found in her one willing to be taught, quick, responsive, observant, ambitious, determined. She impressed him from the start.

She said to him, "I will try to play as you wish, only tell me frankly what you wish."

He said frankly, "You play to my entire satisfaction. I would not have you different. You fully appreciate what I wish to accomplish."

Both were satisfied, and no mean spirit of rivalry marred then, or ever, their active co-operation. Macready was the "star," of course, and Charlotte was the "stock" actress, but she, too, received a meed of applause and honor.

Macready inspired her with a still greater desire for excellence; for whatever other faults he may have had, he was a man with a high and conscientious ambition. Together they played in Philadelphia, New York, Boston, and elsewhere. Charlotte was now some twenty-seven years old, had been some ten years at this work, but so far was only a stock actress, hardly able to command her place. But she had arrived at the point—a very great one—of being able to save money. She had saved what then seemed to her a great sum—six hundred dollars!

With this might she not go to England and see with her own eyes what was best in her own profession—and might she not get an opportunity to appear, and test her powers there, where success would insure fame and fortune?

She must go, and alone, only attended by a small maid; with two letters in her pocket, to Mr. Everett and Mrs. Hall, she went to Liverpool. She was as stingy of her little money as a miser could be, for that little was the fund which would enable her to wait her opportunity, if it should come.

At Liverpool she found a letter from Macready, who was in Paris with Miss Faucit, the then great English actress, playing an engagement. He urged her to come to him, and promised she should have an opportunity to appear, but it was only in second parts; always she was to be second. She replied, asking to be allowed to appear as Lady Macbeth once—only once—and she would do all the rest. It could not be granted, for Miss Faucit was a power, and she wanted no rival. Charlotte decided not to go; she would wait and see. The Liverpool manager invited her to appear, but she said "No, I will wait."

Then cheaply, carefully, she went to Glasgow, Edinburgh, York, Leeds, and other towns, to see what the acting in those places was, to measure herself by that. She took courage, and proceeded to London; where, with her little maid, she got two small dark rooms near Covent Garden, when she could safely visit that theatre and see what the world was like. It was November; it was dark,

cold, rainy, lonely. She was homesick and wretched. Her letters did her no good, but a letter from the Liverpool manager brought her into acquaintance with one of the London critics, who interested himself to get her free admission to the theatre, and brought her into some connection with theatrical people. But Buckstone had no place for her; Webster of the Haymarket none; Maddox of the Princess's tried to give her a chance, but it was not one that she thought she could accept. She refused—it was her only offer.

What next? Homesick, alone; frugal to an extreme lest her money should be exhausted, she lived on, until two chance friends, kind and good, came to ask her to go to Paris with them. There was Macready. She counted her coin, carefully considered the cost, and decided to go for a fortnight. Macready was glad to see her, asked carefully as to her plans. She hardly had any—how could she have any—she who was waiting upon fortune, who is said to be blind? She still had hope and determination. Macready urged her to appear with him in Paris; but he could give her only a second part.

No, she would wait.

Macready was touched—perhaps offended; but it was only for a moment. He said:

“Fortune presents you a flowing bowl, and you rudely push it away.”

She sees Miss Faucit, and finds her totally, radically different from herself. The first was all grace and suppleness—the last all force and intensity. They could never be competitors or rivals. It is to be confessed here, that a great tragedian, man or woman, may sometimes be positive, wilful, arrogant, difficult to deal with. And then the life of a manager is tried to the utmost. Something of this kind had been experienced by Mitchell, the manager of the company at Paris. We can well believe that he looked about to see if any substitute could be found for the Queen of the Stage. We can easily believe that Macready had said:

“Why not try this American actress? I know her to be ready and capable.”

The manager came, talked, suggested, proposed, and finally promised that she should appear in the parts she herself wished to play.

Now, then, comes the great opportunity! Not yet. It had been made plain to Charlotte that the manager wished to use her as a whip to bring the refractory Faucit to the traces—to make her pull as he wanted her to pull. Now, the woman's instinct whispered to Charlotte:

“Would you like it, to have some other woman used to whip you?”

The season at Paris, too, was nearly over. It had not been very successful. Might it not be a bad move to appear there and then, and so lose a better chance in London, if ever one should come? She hesitated, telling the manager she cannot decide it at once; she will sleep on it.

He left, promising to send Macready to see her the next day. The two kind friends with whom she came to Paris were totally ignorant of theatres and of all that pertains thereto, and they could not understand why she did not eagerly seize this chance. But more and more it was “borne in upon her” that if she allowed them to use her in a sort of quarrel, it would be disastrous. She knew that Macready would come; that he would insist—that he would dominate her, and that she must quarrel with him if she resisted him.

She packed her trunk and fled at daylight from Paris, back to her dark and lonely quarters at London.

Nothing, then, was accomplished. Who can tell?

Many will remember the fierce rivalry which for a time existed between Forrest and Macready, the two great tragedians of the day ; how it broke out in a riot in New York ; how Forrest everywhere dared a comparison with the great Englishman ; how they played the same characters the same nights in the same towns ; and how Forrest came to Paris and applied to manager Mitchell to appear in the same characters which had been performed by Macready. Mitchell declined, because there was little promise of profit in Paris.

At this moment, after Charlotte had fled, Maddox, the London manager, met Forrest in Paris. They talked, both were ready to do something, and Maddox suggested London.

"But," said Forrest, "who have you got to play with me?"

Maddox told over his working company—all very well, but no lady among them met Forrest's requirements. He declined. Then Maddox says :

"There is Miss C——."

"Ah," said Forrest, "she will do. Get her, and I will do it."

So they made an engagement for twelve nights upon these conditions. Maddox then hastened back to London.

Before Miss C. was up, a ring at her door, on a Tuesday morning, brought in the card of Mr. Maddox. She would see him, of course, in half an hour. Would he wait, or would he come again ? He would come again.

"Go to the window," said Miss C. to her little maid, "and see where he goes."

He walked up and down before the door.

"Aha !" said she to herself. "He wants me !" She was shrewd, too.

In an hour he appeared—not over-anxious, to be sure, for managers must use craft. He told her what he wanted—that he wished her to appear in London with Mr. Forrest. Of course this was what she wanted.

"But in what play will you open?"

"Othello."

"But I cannot begin with Emilia," she replied.

He urged, she declined. So matters stood.

"No," she said, "I have sworn to my own soul that I will appear in London in a part which shall give me my opportunity, or I will not appear at all. Give me a night before Forrest comes, and let me play Bianca, and then I will do whatever you wish."

It seemed impossible, but yet it was at last agreed to, and Thursday night should be hers. It was now Tuesday—short time for a stranger to know the new stage and the new players—short time for rehearsals. And would not these new players be hostile or indifferent ?

For two days she neither ate nor slept, so overpowering was this coming event. She found her actors at least indifferent, not familiar with their parts, her Fazio quite willing to cut his work down to the last possible word—why should he bother himself with these red Indians from across the sea, who probably knew how to act like red Indians, and no more ?

But she held to her purpose with tenacity and force. There was almost no time to announce the appearance of a new actress, none to trumpet her fame, if she had any. Besides, she was only to be a support to Forrest, of little value herself. But she valued herself ; and now, knowing she was wanted, she had brought Maddox to her terms, ten pounds a night. He resisted, but he did it. Thursday night came and the curtain rose upon an indifferent house. She was anxious, watchful. The first act was gone through with, and her Fazio was a

most unpromising one ; the curtain dropped and there was no sound of applause. The whole thing was dead, and things looked serious. But the little maid was waiting for her with cheering words—"never fear, you will bring them in the next act."

In the second act she had more to do, and she did it with her strength ; but yet she had not won her place ; the curtain fell and there was a hum of applause, yet it was not strong and assured.

In the third act she must do or die. The slight applause had given her assurance and new life, and into the third and fourth acts she went, no longer Charlotte, but Bianca herself ; she was Bianca in all her intensity and agony, and at last when she threw herself at the feet of Aldabella, pleading for her to save Fazio with her whole soul, she fell there exhausted, not only with the excitement of the part, but prostrate with physical exhaustion ! It was not acting ; it was life itself.

Then the whole audience rose to their feet and a wild shout of approbation shook the theatre. It was irresistible, irrepressible, unmistakable. Thenceforth there was no doubt. She staggered to her feet ; and when the curtain fell, she was too weak to go before it, in answer to the cries and shouts of the audience. She stood supported by the manager behind the curtain, and bowed her head in response to the hearty recognition of her power.

But the great work was done. The stubborn and tangled forest had been cleared, the soil had been grubbed up and ploughed, the seed had been sown and covered, and patiently had it lain through the storms of winter. Now the seed was up and growing, and the harvest was at hand. For ten years this work had been going forward ; and you, who suppose that glory and success may be grasped by him who dares, in a day, need remember it. Ten years of hard, faithful, patient work and watching were needed to secure these great results. Thenceforth the work to be done is to reap the harvest and to gather it into barns for the future use of man.

The work was done, and the harvest was ready.

Our story might almost end here, because here is plain what I have endeavored to make plain, that work will pay—work well directed and patiently and persistently followed is sure of success.

For eighty-eight successive nights our little, pale New England girl—now grown to be a tall and stately and noble woman—delighted the best audiences of London and of all England.

Thenceforth, from that day she was not friendless or solitary. Then, her two letters, which she had sent on her arrival in London, brought a response ; for, not only was she a successful actress, she was also a person much to be desired by those who loved and valued talent and worth. Then Rogers, the poet and banker, came to see her, and placed his house and himself at her disposal ; and at his house she met and knew some of the first and best in England, and they are second to none in the world.

Five years now passed, in which was work well done and well paid. All over England she went. Everywhere welcomed, everywhere commanding, not begging attention. She had that to give which all wanted, for what she had to bestow was the finest ore of genius wrought into perfectness by labor. Fame, praise, and money now flowed in upon her. To her then came from America, mother, brother, sister, leaving behind them hardship, fear, anxiety ; they came to partake with her the bounties of success, the smiles of favor. There was no fibre of meanness or greed in this strong and generous nature ; she was ready

to do, willing to give, quick to see, swift to act. And henceforth she was to have the ability to do that which her heart greatly desired, which is the great blessedness of earth.

But while she has found her work and her place to do it, she has a sister who also wants work and needs success. Then she consents to lay aside the robes of Lady Macbeth, the trailing garments of the Queen, to put off from her her womanhood—for a time—that she might be Romeo to that sister's Juliet. It was a risk, a dangerous one; for a great woman is always greatest as woman; and never can she ape the step and grip of man. But she dared the risk for the end to be gained; and for thirty nights the two appeared as the fondest of lovers, most tender, most unfortunate.

For a hundred and eighty nights she played in various parts of England, Scotland, and Ireland, not thinking that that splendid physical nature was not made of steel and catgut. But it was not. She broke down, and for nigh a year was useless; not all the strength of will or the aspiration of the soul availed aught. The body must be fairly treated, or it breaks up in mutiny and calamitous rebellion. She was useless, would she ever be anything better? Time and patience can repair many damages, if they do not restore to wholeness the broken branch; and when the return of health and strength sent the good red blood coursing through those veins to that brain, it said,

"Your work is not done—go home and do for your own people what you have been doing for strangers so long and so well."

She came, and through some years enjoyed the satisfaction of interpreting to us the great masters of the dramatic art as they had never been interpreted before.

This is no place for criticism or comparison; but let me say, that if ever there appeared to us a great actress, who was true to nature and the impulses of her own soul, it was this one. While she had seen and studied others, she had studied not to imitate, but to excel; and always her models have been the inspirations of her own genius.

As this is not a biography, but only a little sermon about work, with a few more words I will bring it to a close.

Those of my readers who know Charlotte Cushman, know well that now, in the prime of life, she rests, in some degree, from her labors, the centre and the helper of a charming circle in the old and time-worn city of Rome. They know, however, that she is not supine and idle; they know that her life is one of helpfulness and encouragement to those who come in her way, of whatever sex or kingdom.

The story I have so rapidly told has been told because, in these latter days, woman has begun to cry aloud:

"What can I do? Where shall I find work?"

It has been told to show that work must be faithful, patient, persistent, thorough, and well-directed; and such work, whether of woman or man, is sure of success.

C. W. ELLIOTT.

NEW YORK JOURNALISTS.

II.

PARKE GODWIN, OF THE EVENING POST.

MR. PARKE GODWIN, associated with Mr. Bryant as editor of the New York "Evening Post," made that journal for many years, and especially during the great test of our institutions—our recent war—the organ of earnest and enlightened devotion to the national cause. They maintained the journal serious and fervid, yet without violence or fanaticism of spirit; they made it speak to thinking, democratic, and cultivated minds, as the foe of the arbitrary and restrictive, and as the tireless advocate of all liberating and refining things.

Mr. Bryant's delicate and dispassionate intellect and Mr. Godwin's profound understanding of the principles of democratic society, made, not so much the fame as the dignity and honor of New York journalism. If Mr. Godwin seemed to fall behind the once-execrated but now extolled anti-slavery agitators, it was, perhaps, not so much owing to a want of sympathy with their object as to his wide and varied studies of philosophy and history, which, to his unheated mind, forbade abrupt and violent measures of reform in a society constituted, as is our own, to favor every rational development and embody the highest political wisdom.

Mr. Godwin's mind is not intense—it is philosophical; for which cause, it seems to me, he was not so aggressive as Theodore Parker and Wendell Phillips, but maintained himself in sympathy with their objects. He did not give himself to anything irritating and violent, but discussed, in noble language and with a sincere and disinterested spirit, the testing and trying issues of our democratic society. As a journalist he has always been just, breathing into his work a large and comprehensive spirit. He has never exposed himself to the charge which J. Stuart Mill makes against men of narrow capacity, who "assert and inculcate the truth, as they understand it, as if no other truth existed in the world—or, at all events, none that could limit and qualify the first." If any man in our country has discussed the agitating and vital questions of our political life with the temper of a lover of liberty, and in accordance with the dictates of that unsectarian and unpartisan spirit which is the privilege of only a few minds, that man is Parke Godwin. He has been as free from violence and as just as Mill, but with something of Burke's beautiful mind—something of his noble diction.

The judicial mind, or that habit of grave and temperate consideration and discussion of agitating questions, so much admired and so happily exemplified by some modern writers, is oftenest associated with cold or sluggish sympathies and the meaner virtues. When it is allied with warm and deep sympathies, as in Mr. Parke Godwin, I have the disposition to swing the incense of my humble praise, like a fervid acolyte, before a high priest of the religion of humanity; I have the wish to ascribe to him the glory and honor which is given unquestioned to the illustrious dead only, or to great principles.

Theodore Parker's lectures and sermons abound in vigorous and emphatic statements; Wendell Phillips's speeches are full of intense and alarming

sentences, which are shot forth like minie balls, mortal messengers of his indignant and questioning spirit; but nothing of Parker's hammering phrases, or of Phillips's caustic epigrams, is in Mr. Godwin's leading articles. They are reasoned and persuasive, temperate without coldness, firm without prejudice. I may say they are pre-eminently philosophical; but in them the philosophic mind is warmed by the most generous emotions of the heart. It may be that Mr. Godwin's affinities in French literature have done most to encourage the expression of the whole being of the man, which issues in literature in what is called the noble style—a style quite foreign to the masters and models of modern journalists, who have the gravity, and sometimes exhibit the carefulness of expression of Mill, or attain the terse and realistic style of Swift, but seldom reach what I understand as a noble style, which is the expression of the most generous and flexible minds. This style is characterized by largeness, harmony, and fluency. It never holds the trivial, it is never dull, and it must never be without some indication of what the French call *fougue*—that is, great natural force, which pushes the expression into full and impassioned phrases. It has been the presence of this vigorous breath, making the warm and glowing expression of a just and comprehensive mind, that has given such a striking character to Mr. Godwin's leading articles, separating them from the work of most of his fellow-journalists. Other journalists have been more careful, even more chaste in their style; but not one has written articles more generously fed with the fruits of a ripe and large experience—none have shown more manly sympathies or more dignity and persuasiveness of expression. Wit does not scintillate through Mr. Godwin's phrases; but humor, humane and mellowing, appears, with its grandiose combinations and genial spirit, to break our prejudices and reconcile us with new truths. Imagination, often named but seldom found, though not the dominating faculty of Mr. Godwin's mind, is always active to combine and illuminate, and never wants for noble and adequate expression in his writings. It makes the splendor of his historical studies, and enriches his fine narrative style, like beautiful pictures in grand galleries. It fuses his literary work; it makes it satisfying and fecunding. It does not leave us precisely as it found us. It is this faculty—the expression of which is so uncommon in the writings of journalists—that distinguishes Mr. Godwin's leading articles from the merely persuasive and dignified discussions of politics and morals that one hears from platforms and reads in newspapers.

Among many fine evidences of the decided imaginative faculty of Mr. Godwin, I would cite his graphic description of the last days of the Roman Empire, and the bold and picturesque sketch of fishermen coasting along the rude shores of Brittany, awe-struck by fearful glimpses of the sacrificial fires and shadowy forms of the Druids, who, in the gloom of night seem like giant apparitions, and practise their sanguinary rites over bleeding victims and amid strange incantations.

This faculty, so admirably used by Mr. Godwin, ranks him above all our prose writers, save Motley, in power to picture and fuse his subject. But he is deficient in the special talent of the artist; he is moral rather than artistic. I should say his work is never done for its own sake. His object as a writer is truth, not art or beauty. But his imagination compensates us for the loss of that exclusive attention to form, to externals, which is characteristic of the work of less serious but more luxurious minds, from which we get the enchased and arabesque shapes which represent art separated from morality, and which happily fascinate but few of us—being inventive and fanciful and not sympathetic

and imaginative. His heart and imagination have always warmed and illuminated his discussions of the questions that have engrossed the American mind. They made the eloquence and splendor of his conclusive argument in favor of granting the fullest privileges to all persons wishing to become citizens of the United States.

Mr. Godwin has what I should call a strong and rugged face—the face of a man who in the storm of debate might *hurl* words. A vulgar painter would make a vulgar portrait from such a model; a man of genius would appreciate its striking character. The shaggy and massive head, in which the passions and faculties seem loaded and bound as in a strong chest, impresses one as uncommon.

I have said that Mr. Hurlbut is rapid and brilliant. I have to say that Mr. Godwin is dignified, vigorous, abundant, and persuasive. It may be thought that I give too much attention to the mere form of utterance; that too much stress is laid upon a matter of style, which is precisely what the habit of writing for newspapers destroys, or cheapens. I reply that no journalist attains distinction without a "style," and that it is a minor consideration only when a journalist is without a style—in which case he has no value as an influence, because he has no art to shape or direct public opinion. Style is the intimate and inseparable fact of the personality of the writer—it is the verbal body of the man's moral and mental life—it holds his emotions and experience and is charged with his sensations—it is, in simplest words, his manifestation, refined and polished by his artistic faculty. Only men of peculiar or strong personality attain a style which distinguishes them and imposes itself as a model upon the groping and undecided or formless writers whose work seems not to make immortal models but to imitate them. Mr. Godwin's style is an inseparable and characteristic fact of his whole being: whether as narrative, argument, philosophic reflection, or humorous comment, it is the same simple, intelligible, and large utterance of a sound head and heart. His reflections upon Shakespeare's curse are worth transcribing; in fact, the whole of his letter concerning his visit to Shakespeare's home is a delightful bit of writing. He reads "those mysterious lines which invoke a curse upon him who should dare to remove his bones"—

Good friend, for Jesus's sake forbear
To touch ye dust inclosed here;
Blessed be the man that spares these stones,
And cursed be he who moves my bones.

And says:

There is something weird and awful in this epitaph, as you stand upon the very stones and read it, either to yourself or aloud, while the solemn tones of the organ reverberating about the lofty aisles seem to give it a sort of unearthly sanction. Was the poet so in love with his native Avon that he desired to sleep upon its banks forever? Did he dread a removal to Westminster Abbey, or some other public sepulchre, where his remains, adorned with "monumental pride," would be confounded with those of the common and falsely great? As in his life he had stood alone, in his intellectual height, without companion and without peer, so in his death did he yearn to be left alone in his humble and solitary tomb? Or, with a higher consciousness still, did Shakespeare feel that the noble faculties with which his mind had been enriched were not an individual possession, but the gifts of the Divine Spirit, intended to illustrate the bloom and consummation of our common humanity, so that he, the individual, must assume to himself no distinction; but when his great work was done, when he had shuffled off the mortal coil, he should humbly withdraw into the shade and lie unnamed and unnoted among the rustics and hinds of Warwick, from whom he went forth and to whom he returned?

It pleases me to know that Mr. Godwin has kept an open nature and a youthful sensibility to lovely things; that the often withering work of a journalist's life and the abstracting labor of a publicist, have not shut him from the

full enjoyment of the exquisite and tender influences of nature. Only last year Mr. Godwin wrote the charming and unpremeditated letter from which I have quoted, and in which I read the following natural and fresh description of a bath in the Avon :

It was a fancy of mine, after leaving the church, that we should take a swim in the same gentle stream in which, doubtless, the youthful poet had many times stretched his limbs. Accordingly we sought a retired spot, some distance from the village, where, divesting ourselves of our clothes, we prepared to try the cool, translucent wave. A little awkwardly, just then, a boat came by, in which there was a damsel, with her father or elder brother, who compelled us to hide ourselves quickly behind the hedge. When the boat had passed, I of course quoted to my companion, "Durst thou, Cassius, leap in with me and swim to yonder point;" for by this time neither of us talked in any but heroic lines; and again it was rather a check to our enthusiasm, that as we stood *in puris* upon the banks, a barge quite as large, though not quite as gay as Cleopatra's, and filled like hers with beautiful young women, was rowed down the stream. Again we rushed to cover, and stood like our first parents among the trees, till the enemy had passed. At last we plunged in, and had a glorious buffet of it, the physical excitement of the swim being greatly heightened by the consciousness that this same current had often borne along the body of the great poet—both boy and man. Nor was it among the least of my enjoyments that day that, while I was thus floating and musing, there rose up from the neighboring meadows a skylark—the first I had ever seen or heard—who, as he ascended, poured from his little breast a perfect rain of delicious melodies, till he and his strain alike were lost in the heavens. Shelley's exquisite lines came to my mind at once, and I repeated them to myself as I was dressing, thinking them and the incident itself a not unworthy part of my visit to the birthplace of Shakespeare!

Hail to thee, blithe spirit,
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven or near it,
Pourest thy full heart,
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest,
Like a cloud of fire
The blue deep thou wingest,
And surging still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

All this seems to me unobtrusive and delightful, and easily reaches this fine reflection :

For, here in this sweet Avon, with its smiling fields, its gentle winding river, and the sky bending over it in the tenderest blue, it is possible to think of Shakespeare only in accordance with the quiet and delicacy of the scenery that nourished his earlier fancy. It is the poet of the Sonnets, the creator of Imogen, Perdita, Rosalind, Ariel and Ophelia, not the poet of Lear and Macbeth and Caliban, that we associate with these peaceful rural sights and sounds—the skylark rising from the dewy ground in joyful bursts of music, not the imperial eagle, sweeping from pole to pole, and fiercely shrieking among the tempests. In other words, it is he whom Milton described as

Sweetest Shakespeare, fancy's child,
Warbling his native wood-notes wild,

that we find in Avon; while the other Shakespeares—for was he not a myriad?—came out of his London life, amid the riot and passions of the town, and out of the gigantic convulsions of English history, which his deeper soul so faithfully mirrored.

I cite the foregoing phrases, and especially the first, as an illustration of the freshness and flexibility of Mr. Godwin's mind. One might suppose them to be the expression of a hearty young writer. How much fire and sportiveness and delicacy remain to a man, no longer counted young in years, when he can frankly indulge his nature and joyously buffet the waters of a placid stream, and notice with exquisite tenderness the little breast of the deliciously voiced skylark!

Mr. Godwin has distinguished himself, not only as a journalist but as an historian and as an orator. I am disposed to believe that he is first of all an orator. That his political essays and leading articles are the utterance of a mind predisposed to the impassioned and magnetic persuasiveness of the spoken rather than of the written word—that they would sound even better than they read, and that but for the dominance of the philosophic spirit, the action

of the just mind, always controlling the persuasive tongue in Mr. Godwin's leading articles and political essays, they would fall under the classification of political and social orations.

Mr. Godwin has not the special and dry temper of a journalist by profession. I shall have to look elsewhere among our New York journalists for that particular and exclusive type. When I read Mr. Godwin's articles on "Russian Development," or his "Christmas Thoughts," or "The Day we Celebrate," or "The Funeral Pageant," or Ruskin, or "The Good Lincoln," or the "Folly of Assassination," or on such questions as the "Sickles Tragedy at Washington," or "The Strong Divorce Case," I seem to touch a mind which introduces me to high and honest considerations, and invests transitory things with the perennial interest of principles; I am made subject to the persuasive reasonings of an unbought advocate of the just, noble, and pure.

Mr. Godwin never seems to give the first place to persons. Principles have been to him what persons have been to Carlyle, or to intense men, or to men of wit. He has not an intense mind, I have to repeat, but a mind exceptionally easy and open on all sides. His fine and inviting narrative of the origins of France and the dissolution of Roman Power, with its splendid pageantry of historic events, shows intensity in but one direction—that is, in its steady and enthusiastic illustration of the sacredness of our common humanity and the tragic or beautiful episodes of its painful and bloody evolution. But this grasp and fervor is the result of a noble and responsive nature rather than of intensity of mind. Henry James is an example of the intense mind; his lectures and his profound and vital book, "Substance and Shadow," and Carlyle's writings, are the best illustrations of an intense habit of thought. Mr. Godwin belongs rather to that order of mind and that condition of intellectual life, of which Burke in England was, and George Sand in France is the greatest example—open and liberal and comprehensive, responsive to all noble enthusiasms, quiescent, if not distrustful, before violent and hurried reforms, radical in principle but conservative in practice.

Contrast any of Mr. Godwin's writings with Henry James's. Mr. Godwin, it seems to me, is not outside of or behind the social ideas which burst in such bold and racy language in Henry James's book, and which he only among Americans seems to have the need and the power to use; but Mr. Godwin is less intense, less pushing, less aggressive in his mind, and the same principles of reform and the same discontent with a tardy social evolution, take in him a more easy and graduated expression.

Mr. Godwin is not an image breaker. His is pre-eminently an orderly and harmonious intellect, which does not lend itself to any shrieking fanaticism. Nothing narrow or exclusive emanates from him; his moral and intellectual sympathies are broad and deep, and have been fed by the most diverse studies. His mind, which naturally takes an oratorical expression, becomes warm but not heated, and it habitually expresses itself in words that bespeak a sense of the grandeurs and dignities to which the soul is born. With what generous indignation he rebuked the scoffers and parasites of the "exalted and accomplished Kossuth!" With what pomp of illustration he treated the question of Papal power, and with what tolerance and honesty he answered the question, "Should we fear the Pope?" It is a characteristic example of his written style, and abounds in fine rhetoric; it is dignified and abundant in expression, and firmly placed on a sufficient foundation of facts.

Mr. Godwin has a tendency to take large views. He is not a man of details;

he has not a mechanical or business mind. He is less local than any American journalist. Habitually charging himself to express the fundamental and beneficent principles of our democratic society, he never seems narrow or obdurate, or insensible to the defects and wants of our life. It has been his work to deepen our sense of the significance and worth of our nationality, and of the humane purpose of our institutions. The great social truths of Christianity have found in him an eloquent expounder—as witness his “Christmas Thoughts,” a leading article published in the “Evening Post” several years ago.

Without having what I call an original mind, he has the next thing to it—a thinking mind. He is a thinker. Original minds are not found among journalists, and but rarely do the work of historians. An original leading article would send confusion among newspaper readers, and provoke trite letters of remonstrance from influential subscribers.

Mr. Godwin’s rank as an historian may be inferred from the high appreciation which his first volume of the History of France has won from its readers. Going over ground illustrated by the research and sounding with the eloquence of unrivalled French historians, it loses nothing of vigor or vividness by a comparison with them. It presents an animated and bold picture of the breaking up of the old Pagan world, and the wild and picturesque aspects of the unfolding of the great civilizing forces of Europe. The “Westminster Review” pronounced Mr. Godwin’s interpretation of the past, wise and sympathetic, his historical judgment sound, and referred to those beautiful and fascinating pages of his book in which he gives a picturesque sketch of the Druids. These fine pages, and those that hold his statement of the advent of the new religion, with which he closes one of his ample chapters of the pride and power and degradation of the heathen world, are eloquent and noble examples of his historical style.

The author of several works which are respected and admired, he seems to share with Henry James the neglect of the reading public. His “Political Essays” are out of print, as are James’s Lectures; his “Constructive Democracy” I have not been able to get; his little imaginative tale, “Vala,” which is a delightful child’s book, to be read with pleasure by grown people, like Ruskin’s “King of the Golden River,” is quite forgotten, and his “Doctrines of Fourier,” is a book not often mentioned—yet all these works are admirable for style, lucid and straightforward thought, and progressive and tender spirit.

No journalist has been more independent than Mr. Godwin, and none more free from eccentricities of opinion or hastiness of judgment. He seems to me broad and mature like a continental thinker, and one of the best types of the American. He should be classed with such a man as the late Governor Andrew; with such thinkers as Brownson and James. But he is without the intellectual restlessness of the one or the purely metaphysical habit of the other. The words talent and cleverness do not apply to Mr. Godwin. He is remarkable by his general ability as a thinker and writer; without anything like pedantry he writes from a wide range of studies, and is fully equipped for the great occasions of a journalist’s pen. His legal, literary, and historical studies, without overriding his mind, enable him to discuss political and social questions in the most thorough and masterly style. Reading his articles I infer that he writes from a full mind: hence his ample and easy phrases, which he seldom corrects, which are never polished or chiselled, but which are large, true, and flexible. A journalist is apt to have what I understand as a dry and thin mind, a dry and thin style; he becomes glittering and frosty; he gives play to the iso-

lated faculties of the mind: he has discrimination; he has good sense; he pleases the legal heads; but he is devoid of emotion, he is without heart and does not move the reader. Not so with Mr. Godwin's leading articles. His whole being is in them—heart and intellect move together to find expression and to influence us with the manly eloquence of their utterance. His eulogies of the good Lincoln and the noble Andrew are characteristic utterances, beautiful, discriminating, impressive.

I have an unreserved appreciation of Mr. Godwin's work and character. He seems to be in full sympathy with the intellectual and social needs of men. He is the foe of all forms of restriction, the advocate of the people, the lover of every beautiful art. One element of Parker's aggressive nature, and he would have made the most eloquent revolutionist since Mirabeau; but, without it, he has been a receptive, reflective, and sympathetic mind, in the midst of the local fevers and political violence of the republic, not succumbing to the one or stimulating the other. Considered as journalist, lecturer, orator, historian, essayist, he has reflected honor upon his countrymen and done his work with dignity and sincerity, avoiding the barren discussions of the *doctrinaire* and the exciting exhortations of the zealot, neither hammering nor insinuating his convictions, but expounding and illustrating them after the fashion of the great statesman of the revolution, ambitious only to give ascendancy to the law of love in the life of the States as in the lives of individuals. No mean sarcasm, no belittling or heartless phrase ever fell from his lips or pen. He has expressed his disgust of those recreant Americans who dance in vulgar attendance upon the titled, and lead a life of ostentation abroad. He has written indignant protests against the tyrannies of Church and State, and expressed his detestation of ecclesiasticism in general; but the habitual spirit of his writings is love for our common humanity, and steady, enthusiastic effort to secure its sacred rights. These things characterize him as a noble advocate and a generous friend.

EUGENE BENSON.

VIOLET EYES.

ONE can never quite forget
 Eyes like yours, May Margaret,
 Eyes of dewy violet!
 Nothing like them, Margaret,
 Save the blossoms newly born
 Of the May and of the Morn.

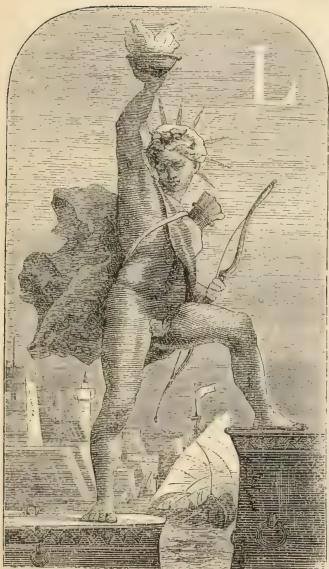
Oft my memory wanders back
 To those burning eyes and black,
 Whose heat-lightnings once could move
 Me to passion, not to love;
 Longer in my heart of hearts
 Linger those disguised arts,
 Which, betimes, a hazel pair
 Used upon me unaware;

And the wise and tender gray—
 Eyes wherewith a saint might pray,
 Speak of pledges that endure,
 And of faith and vigils pure;
 But for him who fain would know
 All the fire the first can show,
 All the art, or friendship fast,
 Of the second and the last—
 And would gain a subtler worth,
 Part of Heaven, part of Earth—
 He these mingled rays can find
 In but one immortal kind,
 In those eyes of violet,
 In *your* eyes, May Margaret!

EDMUND C. STEDMAN.

LIGHT-HOUSES.

Far on the bosom of the deep
O'er these wide shelves my watch I keep;
A ruddy gem of changeful light
Bound on the dusky brow of night:
The seaman bids my lustre hail,
And scorns to strike his timorous sail.



THE COLLOSSUS OF RHODES, ACCORDING TO A TRADITION. seems that light-houses existed in Homer's day at least.

LIGHT-HOUSES belong to that ancient and honorable family of safeguards to navigation, of which buoys and beacons are useful, though more unassuming members. But neither buoys which float upon the water nor beacons which stand upon the shore are serviceable at night. Then the mariner, who would avoid the shoal of danger or enter the port of safety, must be lighted on his way; and hence, from time almost immemorial, the agency of light has been called into requisition.

At first, in all probability, fires were simply kindled on the ground, the brow of some slightly headland being chosen for the purpose; but from a very early day, towers appear to have been erected, upon the top of which the fires were kept burning, thus securing a greater elevation, and consequently a wider range.

From a passage in the *Iliad* it

So to night-wandering sailors, pale with fears,
Wide o'er the watery waste a light appears,
Which, on the far-seen mountain blazing high,
Streams from some lonely watch-tower to the sky;
With mournful eyes they gaze, and gaze again,
Loud howls the storm, and drives them o'er the main.

It is known also, that under the Romans, towers for the display of lights to seamen were erected at Ostia and Capræ, on the western coast of Italy, and at Ravenna, on its eastern; and also at Boulogne and Dover. The ruins of some of these are said to remain until this very day.

These early structures were, doubtless, very rude, although the Pharos of Alexandria, of which more will be said hereafter, was of marvellous size and beauty. But in the construction of light-houses and their adaptation to the purpose for which they are designed, vast improvements have been made, and many of those of modern times are triumphs of engineering skill and labor.

Before proceeding, however, to the particular description of some noted light-houses which it is proposed to give in this article, it will be well to glance at a few general facts and principles bearing upon the subject.

If the original signal lights upon the sea-shore were only huge fires built upon the ground, the erection of towers did not lead immediately to any improved methods of illumination. For a long time the production of light was continued by the old way, which consisted, as we have seen, of fires of wood or coal contained in immense iron pots, suspended by chains from the ceiling of the upper story. After a while torches, dipped in tar, seem to have superseded open fires, and these in turn gave way to tallow candles.

The next step in advance, and a great one it was, too, was the introduction of the Argand lamp, with animal or vegetable oil as the combustible. The principle of the Argand lamp, so called from the name of its inventor, consists of a hollow wick passing between two metallic cylinders, one within the other. The inner cylinder being open at the bottom, a current of air is thus allowed to pass up on both sides of the flame, effecting a thorough consumption of the oil and producing a maximum of light.

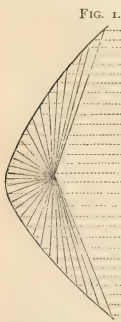
The introduction of candles and lamps for light-house illumination involved the necessity of some apparatus for collecting the rays of light emitted by the flame, and projecting them outwardly in a right direction. A lamp burning by itself, as is very well known, will throw its light in all directions equally. Now it is desirable that the rays of a light-house should be thrown toward the horizon, and not up into the region overhead, or around the base of the tower beneath. In other words, that a horizontal sheet or belt of light be produced in such a plane as most readily to catch the eye of the distant mariner.

There are, in the main, two kinds of apparatus designed to effect this object, constructed on two well-known different optical principles. The first of these to be applied to light-house illumination was the principle of reflection, and the apparatus constructed to operate thereupon is called the catoptric apparatus. The name is derived from a Greek word signifying mirror.

It is well known that a ray of light falling upon an opaque surface is turned back or reflected. Accordingly, it was conceived that by placing a reflector of a suitable form behind the flame of a lamp, its rays might be collected and projected in the way desired.

The principle of the catoptric apparatus consists, then, of a lamp placed in the focus of a parabolic reflector made of silvered metal (Fig. 1). The rays of light falling on the inner surface of this curved mirror are thrown back, and because the curve is that of a parabola, are projected, substantially parallel to each other, thus forming a condensed horizontal beam. By placing several such lamps with their accompanying reflectors together, it is obvious that this beam might be produced in any or all directions, while no light would escape, either above or below the plane of the observer.

In a large catoptric apparatus the various lamps with their reflectors, of which there are sometimes as many as twenty, though seldom more, are arranged either around the circumference of a circular frame, in which case the axes of no two reflectors would be parallel, but all, if sufficiently extended, would meet at the centre, or else upon the sides of a square frame, in which case the



axes of all the reflectors on any one side would be parallel to each other. (Fig. 2.)

The latter form is adopted for a revolving light, the former for a fixed light. By the revolution of this square frame around its centre, the movement being produced by a clock-work mechanism, it is evident that as a given side came into the view of an observer, the amount of light would increase, diminishing again as it receded. Thus, with each entire revolution of the frame, four distinct appearances of light would be occasioned, separated by four brief periods of darkness caused by the passage of the corners of the frame across the field of vision.

The other principle which has been put into operation in the illumination of light-houses, is that of refraction, and the peculiar apparatus which has been contrived upon this principle is of two kinds, dioptric and catadioptric.

Refraction is the bending of a ray of light caused by its passage through such a medium as glass. Water and some other substances have a similar effect. If a ray of light enter a glass prism it will emerge therefrom in a slightly different direction. In application of this principle, the dioptric apparatus consists of a series of annular lenses, so arranged as to form the vertical sides of a polygonal figure, which rests upon a course of horizontal annular prisms and is surmounted by a fan-shaped group of reflectors, the illuminating lamp being in the centre.

Such an annular lens consists of a convex centre, around which a number of prismatic rings are arranged, the edge of each ring projecting above that to which it is joined. The profile of a section of such a lens mounted in its frame would present, as the boundary of its interior surface, a vertical line, and for its outer surface the arc of a circle continued each way in a serrated line. (Fig 3.) The complete apparatus would form a hollow figure resembling somewhat in its shape and proportions the octagonal lantern of a street lamp-post. Collecting the diverging rays of the light at the centre, it projects them outwardly in very much the same way as the parabolic reflectors. Only with far greater effect, for in the former method much of the light was actually lost.

The catadioptric apparatus is another form of the preceding, intended for the purpose of a fixed light. For a revolving light, the other is used, the entire lens being made to revolve slowly around the central flame. This catadioptric lens consists of a cylindrical belt, whose plane is horizontal, and a vertical section of which is precisely that of the annular lens given in Fig. 3, connected

FIG. 2.

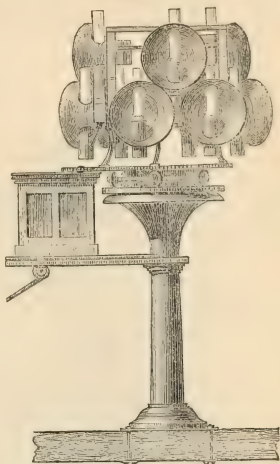
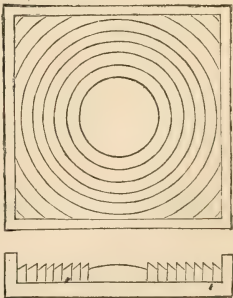


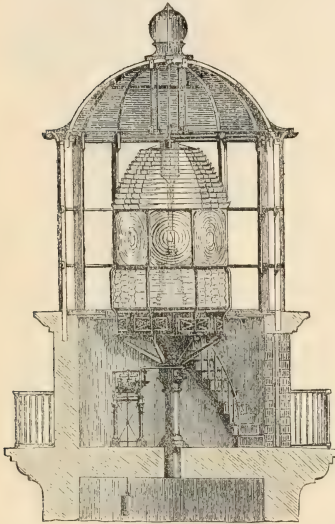
FIG. 3.



ANNULAR LENS.

with a series of annular prisms arranged in succession above and below, the upper series tapering nearly to a point, and the whole being firmly held together by a slender framework of brass or some other metal. The largest catadioptric lens is nine feet in height and six in diameter, having in all thirty-five annular

FIG. 4.



CATADIOPTRIC LENS.

The Argand lamp, used with a Fresnel lens of the first order, has four concentric wicks, the largest being three and one-half inches in diameter, and produces a flame six inches in height. Protection against the immense heat thus generated is afforded by a superabundant supply of oil, which is pumped up around the wicks by clock-work, on the plan of the Carcel lamp. The annual consumption of oil by a lamp of this description is about eight hundred gallons.

Various contrivances have been resorted to, to distinguish the lights in different light-houses from each other. This is often very necessary, and the lack of it has sometimes proved fatal. Thus, in 1840, a vessel was wrecked on Scituate Beach, on the coast of Massachusetts, by mistaking Scituate Harbor light for the Boston light, which, in reality, was several miles to the northward. Accordingly, by means already indicated, as well as in other ways, lights are either fixed, shining with a steady flame; or revolving, the brilliancy gradually increasing and then diminishing; or flashing, emitting sudden bursts of light; or intermittent, each appearance being followed up by a period of darkness; or colored, a green or red hue being imparted to the rays by the use of a chimney of colored glass. Sometimes, also, two distinct lights have been used, or even three, arranged one above another, or side by side. By such devices as these, the mariner, upon consulting his chart and tables, is enabled readily to identify a particular light, and thus to determine his whereabouts without mistake.

rings besides the central belt, the whole arranged as indicated in Fig. 4. From this the sizes regularly diminish, being designated as of the first order, second order, etc. Both the dioptric and catadioptric apparatus were invented and brought to their present perfection by Fresnel, and are commonly known as Fresnel lenses, fixed, or revolving. This method of illumination was first put into operation in France, in 1825, and has now entirely superseded the catoptric or reflecting apparatus in all light-houses of importance. The illuminating power of such a lens of the first order is five times as great as that of the best reflecting apparatus. Of the more than five hundred American light-houses, nearly all are now supplied with the Fresnel lens. Of these, until lately, twenty-six were of the first order, nineteen of the second, and sixty-two of the third, while the balance were divided between the three remaining lower orders.

Attempts have been made from time to time to substitute other illuminating agents for the oils now in general use, but as yet without success. It is not unlikely that the electric light, and possibly gas, may by-and-by be adapted to the purpose, but so far the practical difficulties in the way have not been overcome.

The distance at which a light is visible is called its range, and this of course depends, other conditions being favorable, upon its elevation above the sea. As a general rule, a range of fifteen or twenty miles is desirable, and to secure the latter, a height of about two hundred feet is necessary. Lundy light-house in Bristol Channel, which rises five hundred and forty feet above the water, has a range of thirty miles, and there are on record figures exceeding even these.

To sum up what has been said, light-houses are structures designed to elevate a bright light for the purpose of projecting its rays in a manner most advantageous to the benighted mariner. And with these preliminary observations let us now proceed to notice some of the more celebrated light-houses of the world.

The most ancient light-house of which authentic history furnishes an account, is the Pharos of Alexandria. It received its name *Pharos* from the island on which it was built, and the word has become the not uncommon appellation of all similar structures, passing into the French *phare*, and the Spanish *faro*. It is supposed to have been built in the reign of the Ptolemies, nearly three hundred years before Christ, and is described as having been a square tower, of a hard white stone, with a height of three hundred cubits, and a range of three hundred stadia, or about forty miles. All historians agree in the statement that its cost was upward of eight hundred talents.

The architect was Sostratus of Cnidus, and it is related by Lucian that upon the completion of the tower he cut his own name in deep letters upon the stones. Lest, however, this should offend the king, he smeared the inscription over with mortar, upon which, after it had sufficiently hardened, he cut the king's name. While the latter lived the deception lasted to please his vanity, but gradually the mortar crumbled in the lapse of time, until at last it entirely disappeared, and with it of course the inscription which it bore. But the obliteration of this name was the revelation of the architect's, whose memory was thus revived, and whose fame became as enduring as the rock itself. We may doubt the truth of this legend, but we cannot overlook its moral. How many of the prominent names of earth's history are written on perishable things! The Pharos of Alexandria stood for some sixteen centuries, but has now entirely disappeared.

Another celebrated light-house of more modern construction, although in this, the closing half of the nineteenth century, it is becoming somewhat venerable, is the Tour du Cordouan, situated on an extensive ledge in the Bay of Biscay at the outlet of the Garonne, and about two leagues distant from Bordeaux. It was built by the French architect Louis de Foix, and though commenced in 1584 was not completed until nearly the close of the first decade of the following century. It is especially remarkable for the elegance of its architecture.

The tower proper, having a height of one hundred and fifteen feet, and a diameter at the base of fifty, rises from a circular platform of solid stone one hundred and thirty-five feet in diameter, and sixteen high from the level of the ledge on which it stands. Its interior is divided into three, or more correctly, into four stories, with a cellar and fresh water cistern under all. The first or basement story is divided into two apartments, and appears to have been designed for storage. The next floor above contained the so-called apartments of the king, comprising a vestibule and a grand saloon with side rooms and other

conveniences. The third story was occupied by a lofty chapel surmounted by a dome, in which mass was said whenever circumstances permitted the attendance of an officiating priest. This chapel was subsequently adorned with busts of French Kings and of the architect, and with a Latin inscription setting forth an account of the tower. The fourth story was also covered by a dome, and above all was erected the lantern, wherein the light was for a long time produced by an open fire in a large chafing dish. A spiral staircase in the wall afforded communication between the different floors.

The whole structure was exceedingly ornate, and an object of the greatest admiration, when completed. Statues, cornices, pillars and pinnacles lent their embellishments to its exterior, and its apartments, as has been seen already, were adapted for pleasure rather than utility. The keepers' quarters were arranged around the base of the tower upon the outside, protected from the waves by a massive and lofty parapet which encircled the platform at its edge.

In 1717 the lantern was found to be so injured by the heat of the fire, that it was deemed prudent to remove it, and the room below was used in its place. But this lowering of the light so diminished its range, that ten years after a new lantern was constructed, to the ceiling of which an immense reflector, in the shape of an inverted cone, was affixed by its base. This appears to have been the first instance of the introduction of any reflecting apparatus for light-house purposes.

It is an interesting fact also that the first Fresnel lens was placed upon this tower by its inventor in 1823. The patient waiting of the faithful monitor for two hundred and fifty years did not then go unrewarded.

The Eddystone light-house, which may be regarded as the first in the modern series, takes its name from the ledge which it marks, about fourteen miles off Plymouth, in the English Channel. The Eddystone rocks, so called from the eddying currents of which they are the centre, are a group of sharp jagged gneiss ledges, which project above the water at low tide, like so many grim teeth, ready to craunch their prey. Nothing could wear an appearance more formidably threatening to the navigator than the Eddystone. Lying directly in the track of all channel vessels bound either out or in, they were the remorseless confederates of every storm, and their wrecks might be counted by the score.

As early as 1696, the attention of one Henry Winstanley, a gentleman of the county of Essex, was turned to the question of the possible erection of a light-house on this dangerous reef, and having obtained necessary authority from the government, he undertook the task. Mr. Winstanley possessed a very eccentric genius, the marks of which were exhibited at his residence at Littlebury. It is related, for instance, that on entering a particular room of his house, the visitor would notice an old slipper lying on the floor. Carelessly giving it a kick out of the way, behold the stark figure of a ghost would spring up from beneath, much to his consternation. Whoever sat down in a certain comfortable-looking and inviting chair in another apartment, would suddenly find himself in the vigorous grasp of its arms, which had thrown themselves about him, and from which extrication was possible only through the help of the inventor. There was also a rural seat in an arbor upon the grounds, which was so contrived as to fling the unfortunate individual who presumed to occupy it, plump into the water of a canal which flowed hard by.

These eccentricities were somewhat evident in the tower which Mr. Winstanley designed and built on the Eddystone rocks at the close of the seventeenth

century. The vague accounts which are preserved of it, picture it as singularly fantastic in shape and finish; and it only stood for a few years, being carried away in a storm in 1703. The builder, who had only gone out to visit it the day before the storm came on, and the keepers, perished in the overthrow. It will interest those who are fond of noting remarkable coincidences, to know that a model of this light-house, which stood in Mr. Winstanley's house in Essex, two hundred miles away, fell to the ground on the very same night, and was broken to pieces.

Another light-house, on an improved plan, was immediately built on the same spot, but being largely of wood, was destroyed by fire after standing some fifty years. Thus was prepared the way for that final and permanent structure, which established the fame of its architect, John Smeaton, as an engineer, and has served as a model ever since in all undertakings of its kind. It is tower-shaped, the bole of an oak serving as its pattern, and stone as its material. The entire height of the masonry is seventy-seven feet, above which rises the lantern. The sides slope by a curved line from a diameter at the base of twenty-six feet, to one immediately under the coping of fifteen feet. The interior is divided into four floors. The first light was exhibited in August, 1759, just three years, nine weeks, and three days from the time that the work was begun. Having now maintained its hold upon the rock for over a century, it may be safely regarded as a permanent structure.

Another noted light-house is that on Bell Rock, an extensive sandstone ledge in the North German ocean, opposite the Friths of Forth and Tay, and about twelve miles from the Scottish coast. The story runs that certain benevolent abbots on the neighboring mainland once placed a bell upon this treacherous ledge, so arranged as to be rung by the action of the waves. A roving pirate, however, who entertained, for some reason, a grudge against one of the abbots, cut the chains that held the bell, so that it sunk to the bottom. Only one year later this ungodly pirate was driven on this same coast in a merciless gale, and listening in vain for the friendly notes of warning which his own hands had silenced, his vessel was stranded on the rock, and he, with most of his crew, was drowned. The legend is preserved in one of Southey's minor poems, entitled, "Inchcape Rock."

Whether the name Bell Rock has sprung from this legend, or has grown out of the natural resemblance of the cap of the rock to a bell, is yet a disputed point. Be this as it may, there stands the rock, and upon it, since 1810, a noble light-house, the work of Robert Stevenson.

Bell Rock light-house closely resembles the Eddystone, except that it is some twenty-five feet higher, and has a diameter at the base of forty-two feet. The narrative of its construction is of exceeding interest, even though going into most minute details. Three years were occupied in the work, and the cost was about £60,000. On the night of the first exhibition of its light, February 1, 1811, a fearful storm arose, which tested the strength of the structure pretty severely, much to the uneasiness of its inexperienced inmates. On this occasion the waves rose to a height of seventy feet, and the tower vibrated under the shocks very perceptibly. Sir Walter Scott visited the light-house in July, 1814, and wrote in the album of the keepers the beautiful lines which serve as an introduction to this article.

Another noted light-house is that of Skerryvore, marking a ledge of rocks of that name off the west coast of Scotland. This was built by Alan Stevenson, a son of Robert. It much resembles the Bell Rock structure, except that

it is considerably higher, and has twice as many rooms in its interior. Its erection occupied five years, and cost about £80,000.

But the most interesting light-house to American readers, and one, which for importance of location, strength and durability, excellence of workmanship, and difficulties of construction, is probably unsurpassed by any in the world, is that of Minot's Ledge in Massachusetts Bay.

Minot's Ledge is a dangerous reef about one and a half miles off Cohasset, and almost directly in the track of vessels passing between Boston and Southern ports. Any ship attempting to enter Boston harbor, from the northward even, would, with a wind blowing on shore, be in danger of driving upon this ledge, which is uncovered only for a few moments at extreme low tide.

In 1847 the Government at Washington made an appropriation for the erection of a light-house here. The plan adopted was for a support of iron pillars, on which, at the height of fifty-five feet, should be built a substantial house of

FIG. 5.



IRON LIGHT-HOUSE ON MINOT'S LEDGE.

one room for the use of the keepers. Above all was to be mounted the lantern (Fig. 5). The pillars were eight in number, of wrought iron, forming, when erected upon the rock, into which they were sunk some five feet, an octagonal frame. There was a central one in addition. These posts, which were ten inches in diameter at the base, were braced together in the most thorough manner. The first light upon this tower was shown in the autumn of 1849, and it stood until swept away, with its keepers, by a terrible gale in 1851.

The work of replacing this ill-fated structure with one of more substantial character, was immediately entered upon, and the first blow upon the ledge was struck at sunrise, July 1, 1855. This was the commencement of the work of excavating a circular hole in the solid rock, having an uneven bottom, for the purpose of receiving the foundation blocks of the tower. Owing to the very brief periods each day when the rock was bare and accessible to the workmen, the labor of preparing this foundation bed was very slow. Only one hundred and thirty hours of work were done in the six months of 1855, and only one hundred and fifty-seven hours during the whole of the year following; and it was not until July, 1857, that the first stone was laid. Only three had been added to this number at the close of the year. The difficulties of this stage were immense, but ingenuity and perseverance overcame them all. During 1858, six entire courses were laid, and in 1859 twenty-six more, bringing the walls up to, and beyond the first floor. Every block of stone which entered into the structure, and there were in all one thousand and seventy-nine, was cut and dressed at the government yard on shore, and brought off to the ledge in boats. These blocks were thoroughly dovetailed together, and the several courses fastened to each other by heavy wrought-iron dowels, which is the first complete course, though the third from the bottom of the excavation. These particulars are interesting because in general they are true of the Eddy-stone, Bell Rock, and Skerryvore light-houses, which have already been described. The principles of construction are much the same in all.

The total height of the Minot's Ledge light-house, as it now stands, is one hundred and fourteen feet. Its diameter at the base is thirty feet. The diameter diminishes gradually to the top, the line of its side being straight, however, and not curved.

If now the readers of this article will give their consent, we will inspect this light-house in person. The adventure is by no means perilous, just enough exciting to be attractive and full of interest, while the writer's vivid recollection of a visit made to it in the summer of 1868, will enable him to act as guide without drawing upon imagination.

Supposing that we stand on the Cohasset or North Scituate shore, looking off we shall see the light-house rising, to all appearance, directly out of the water, some distance away. We may reach it by calling into requisition one of the numerous fishing boats that ride at their buoys in a sheltered cove hard by. A brisk sail of fifteen or twenty minutes, before what seems to be only a moderate breeze, brings us under the lee of the massive tower. Here, however, we find that there is considerably more of a sea than we had at starting—more than will allow our boat, staunch and strong as she is, to come alongside of the ladder, which, clinging to the wall, rises almost perpendicularly to the door of entrance forty feet above the water. It would not be safe either for us or for our boat to attempt to land directly upon this ladder, as we might easily do if the sea was calm. So our boatman keeps off a little until, passing under a long rope which runs from an iron staple high up on the tower to a spar buoy a few fathoms away, he swings round and makes fast his own line thereto. And now we find that the wind is blowing hard and that our boat tosses about very considerably. Looking up, with our hands to our hats, we see two men standing in the doorway in the act of lowering an arm-chair by means of a tackle. One by one, taking our seats in this chair, we are hoisted a few feet until we can swing over toward the ladder, which, after one or two fruitless attempts, we succeed in grasping, and then climb by the nearly forty rounds to the threshold of the door, where the keepers wait ready with a helping hand.

Entering this door we find ourselves standing in a circular room, upon the first of the seven floors which divide the interior. This apartment, which is used as a store-room, is, like the floor immediately above it, thirteen feet in diameter and seven in height. The floor is of stone, and the walls are white-washed. A window opening opposite the door looks out upon the broad ocean. The structure is solid up to the floor of this room, save a deep cylindrical well in the centre, to hold fresh water, having a capacity of two thousand gallons. On one side is a huge bunker for wood and coal. Supplies of water and fuel are brought from the land once a year. The remaining space is occupied with chests, barrels, buckets, ropes, and all manner of articles for which use would occur in such a place.

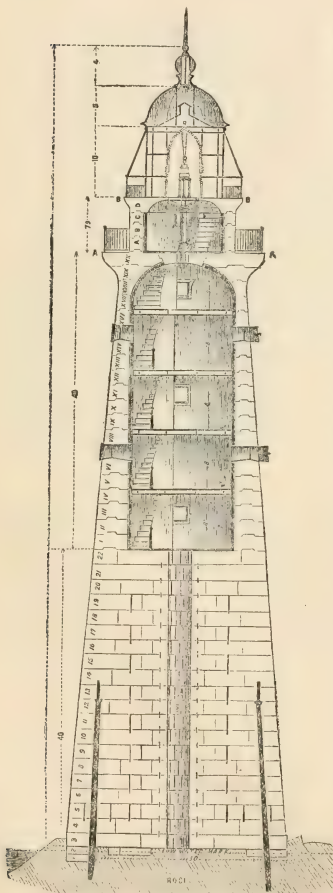
Mounting the steep and narrow stairway, which clings tenaciously to the wall, we emerge into the second room, which is the kitchen. This we do not need to be told, however; for a wash-sink, spacious pantries standing against the wall, a common cooking stove with its familiar funnel, and above all the tempting smell and sight of two loaves of gingerbread just out of the oven, unite to proclaim the fact. Everything is scrupulously clean and neat, although female fingers have nothing to do anywhere within these walls.

Up again into the third and fourth rooms, which are furnished with cot beds, comfortable chairs, and, in the case of one, with a table, whereon lies a register,

in which we are requested to sign our names. Not being Walter Scotts we will forbear any attempts at poetry.

A fourth flight of stairs brings us into the oil room, the fifth in number. Here touch and odor are decidedly greasy. Against the wall stand in a row six copper tanks, having each a capacity of one hundred and ten gallons. Cans, trays, and various other utensils pertaining to the lantern are lying around, intimating to what we are coming.

FIG. 6.



Still another flight of stairs we ascend, and come out upon the sixth floor into the watch-room, which is indeed the parlor of the establishment. A table and chairs, with book-shelves and some books and papers, lend to it a cosy appearance. A narrow door invites us outside, and after resting a moment we accept the invitation, and find ourselves upon the lower of the two balconies shown in the picture. (Fig. 6.) Holding our hats with one hand, and grasping the railing with the other, we pause to survey the scene which stretches grandly away on every side. Here to the south is the cove from which we started. Following the coast along to the northward, the eye rests first upon the white walls and many windows of the Glades House, lying right between us and the now declining sun; then leaping over Cohasset harbor, it moves along that rocky and abrupt coast over which winds the far-famed "Jerusalem Road," with its numerous and tasteful cottages and its not unfrequent and very popular hotels. Still turning the eye, the Rockland House comes into view, and then the long low sandy outline of Nantucket Beach, until, using Boston Light and the Brewsters, ten miles away, as stepping stones, we cross in our survey to the north shore, passing over Nahant to the blue extremity of Cape Ann, just visible across the broad bay. At this point we strike the ocean, and nothing now breaks the monotony of the sparkling

waves, except it be some distant sail, until we complete the circuit and the eye rests once more upon the Hazard rocks from which we started.

Stepping back into the watch-room, we mount, by another stairway, to what is in reality the summit of the tower. Crowned by a spacious and lofty roof of glass, it constitutes the light-room, the seventh and the last. Here is the illuminating apparatus itself, whose friendly service to the mariner it is the object of all this massive pile of masonry to insure. From the explanations which have been already given the reader is prepared to understand its character, when he is told that it is a catadioptric apparatus of the second order. That is, to repeat, there is an Argand lamp with three concentric wicks and a clock-work mechanism beneath. Set in the centre of a Fresnel lens, like that represented in figure 4, on page 240, only one size smaller, the whole producing a fixed light visible at a distance of about fifteen miles. All this we are told, or else see for ourselves, as we stand, five of us, with room for as many more, within the lens around the lamp. Also that the lens was made by Henri Lepante, of Paris, the whole apparatus costing about \$10,000. Also, that lard oil is used for illumination, and that the lamp consumes about three gills and a half an hour, while lighted. Stepping out, for a moment, upon the second balcony, which opens from the floor of the lantern, we descend to the watch-room, where we are enabled to gather a few further facts by conversation with the keepers.

Of these, there are four, one being the head, and the others assistants. Three are on duty all the time. Each keeper has one week off in four, when he is allowed to go ashore. The head keeper receives \$1,000 a year and the assistants \$550 each, together with fuel, lights, and house accommodation on the government premises at Cohasset for their families, if they have any. This seems none too large, considering the isolation of the life they lead, its inconveniences and possible dangers. In the heaviest storms the spray is said to dash completely over the lantern, enveloping it often for many seconds, and at such times the structure seems to tremble under the violence of the waves. Communication with the shore is then, of course, impossible, and weeks have elapsed during which no one could leave or approach the light-house.

The lamp is lighted at sundown and extinguished at sunrise, and while burning is constantly under the close supervision of one of the keepers, the night being divided for this purpose into three watches. By day as well, the tower looms up cold and grey from its ocean bed, a most conspicuous beacon. Indeed, the navigators of New England's rock-bound coast find in it what the people of God found during their desert wanderings, a pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night, to guide them on their uncertain way.

But we must not linger, even in this interesting place, and with our descent from the tower to the impatient boat below, this brief and very imperfect sketch must be brought to a close.

We cannot go away, however, without bearing with us one or two reflections, suggested by what has been seen and heard. On the one hand, how vast is the power of that majestic element, the sea, which can only be met and resisted by such massive structures as those which we have been considering. And on the other, how admirable is that benevolence which has suggested, that genius which has devised, and that persevering skill which has constructed the light-house as a safeguard to navigation. And finally as we picture the darksome tempest, and solicitously follow, in mind, the imperilled sailor, let us not forget Him who rules, even in these wild scenes, and whose kind care, as nothing else can ever be, is the security of all that go down to the sea in ships and do business in great waters.

EDWARD ABBOTT.

CIPHER:

A NOVEL.—PART SECOND.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE GREAT BANNER.

THE days had come when the "blood-red blossom of war" bloomed upon our fields, and the tocsin was loudly summoning her laborers to reap the harvest which, sown by anarchy and oppression, is in the divine order of events to be gathered into the garner of peace and widest liberty.

The stern echo of this cry had jarred discordantly upon Vaughn's bridal joy, and he had answered it with his wealth, his influence, his earnest wishes. Himself he had withheld, for he had said he was no more his own, but Neria's. Now, however, as devotees will give to God the heart that earth has broken, Vaughn was ready to offer to his country the life that love had wrecked.

The next day after his decisive interview with Neria he applied for a commission as colonel, volunteering to raise and equip the color company of a new regiment at his own expense.

Pending the answer to this application, Vaughn busied himself in setting his affairs in order, with the same solemn tenderness with which a man who feels his death at hand, will care for the welfare of those he loves and must leave behind. Heedful even of Neria's fantasy, as he deemed it, he sent for Chloe to his study, and closely questioned her touching her nocturnal rambles; without, however, telling her how he had heard of them.

The old negress appeared at first utterly stolid, but when pressed for the motive to her curious pantomime with the toad, she mumbled some broken sentences implying that she had been working a charm for the benefit of her own health, and that to preserve its efficacy this charm must remain a secret.

The explanation seemed to Vaughn very consistent with the superstition and secretiveness of the negro character, and he contented himself with warning Chloe that such exposure to night air and damps was far more likely to injure than to benefit her health, and desiring that she should in future omit them. He further informed her that he was about to leave home for some time, and inquired if she would prefer remaining at Bonniemeer, subject, of course, to Mrs. Vaughn's pleasure, or be placed with Mrs. Rhee at Carrick. Whichever home she selected, however, Vaughn decisively forbade any private communication between the two, and sternly desired the old woman to understand that no messages from Mrs. Rhee to Miss Vaughn were to be delivered, whatever might be the urgency of the housekeeper's entreaties.

Chloe turned up her head, and gave Vaughn one of her wicked sidelong looks. So forcibly did the action remind him of some ill-omened bird, some crafty raven who had learned a secret of sin and shame, and only waits the fitting moment to prate it in the ears that last should hear it, that he could not restrain a smile.

"'Pears nat'ral 'nough, arter all, dat Miss 'Nita like to hab missy Franc come see her odd times," began she; but Vaughn, no longer smiling, raised a finger.

"Hush, woman!" said he, sternly. "If you speak of what is forbidden, I shall know that you are crazy, and send you to a mad-house."

"Lors, mas'r, it be you dat's mad, not me," replied the old woman, with such simplicity that Vaughn remained uncertain whether she had understood him or not, and after ascertaining that she preferred remaining at Bonniemeer, contented himself with placing a considerable present in her hand, and charging her, in a kind but authoritative manner, to remember his injunctions.

Chloe mumbled thanks; and with a promise of compliance, shuffled away, pausing with the door in her hand to once more glance sidelong at her master, and mutter in her own barbarous dialect some unintelligible phrase.

"I wish she had chosen to go, but I cannot turn her out, and I believe she is harmless," said Vaughn, as the door closed; and then, dismissing the unpleasant subject from his mind, he turned to more important matters. The management of his large property he continued in the hands of Jones, Brown, and Robinson, the hereditary advisers of his house; but for a personal and confidential adviser in any difficulty, Vaughn recommended Neria to apply to Mr. Murray, whose talents as a business man were undeniable, and whose interest in the concerns of his kinsman's family was not to be doubted, although occasionally shown in a somewhat unadvised manner.

Neria acquiesced in everything, listened patiently to her husband's minute directions and council, and opposed none of his arrangements, not even the primary one of leaving home. Indeed, since the hour when the decisive though involuntary expression of her distaste for his love had so wounded Vaughn's heart, Neria had grown timid, silent, and pre-occupied; brooding, not as her husband bitterly told himself, over the untoward fate that had bound her, past release, to his side, but perplexing herself afresh over the yet unsolved mysteries of love, of her own life, and of man's nature.

So the days went on, all flowers and sunshine and song of summer birds upon the surface, while dead men's bones, and crawling worms, and cold, and dark, lay beneath the surface. So with the great earth herself, so with many a smaller sphere swinging in a smaller orbit, and yet indissoluble from the finely graduated scheme of the universe. No Thalberg, no Gottschalk, no Listz can so endlessly vary his theme as can nature, and yet the foundation of each variation is the theme itself.

Vaughn received his commission, and was busied day after day in the city with regimental affairs.

At home, Neria and Francia wrought silently at the great silken banner destined to be borne by the men of Carrick, who had answered to Vaughn's spirited appeal for their support and assistance so unanimously that the *corps d'honneur* which he proposed to raise, was almost entirely composed of men who had either grown up with him, or who had from boyhood looked upon him as their natural leader and adviser.

So Vaughn led forth the men of Carrick, and Vaughn's wife and their wives remained in their lonely homes.

CHAPTER XIX.

MRS. LUTTRELL.

THE Luttrells were settled at Cragness after several delays on account of weather and the health of the invalid; and Neria, with Francia, drove over to call upon them.

Shown into the library by Nancy Brume, they found Mrs. Luttrell lying upon a couch near the window, alone. She half rose to meet them, but sank back with a murmured apology for her weakness, and looked indeed so fragile that no apology was needed. While Francia, always fluent and at ease, made talk upon the weather and the debilitating influence of the first hot days, Neria looked at the invalid with a painful and perplexed interest.

It had so chanced that they had never met in the city, and Neria found it impossible to account for the impulse of tenderness and sympathy now possessing her. She could not even decide whether the face of the invalid was more prepossessing or painful in its wan loveliness.

Tall and slender in figure and handsome in feature, Mrs. Luttrell had, at the time of her marriage, been considered a beauty; but now, her abundant fair hair seemed to have lost its light and gloss; her complexion, from delicate, had become transparently pallid; her white teeth shone ghastly between lips almost as white, while her large blue eyes had acquired a singular expression of anxiety and terror, a dreamy watchfulness, a weary foreboding, never lost, as she listened or as she talked. Her slender hands, too, Neria noticed had assumed an unnatural pearly whiteness and a stiff and laborious motion, while beneath the nails appeared a violet tinge instead of the rose-red hue of health.

Her manner, too, was changed. Naturally serene and undemonstrative, it now was marked by uncertain flutter, a rapid alternation from animation to abstraction, with frequent lapses into reverie. In a pause of the chat, which even Francia found it hard to sustain, Neria kindly inquired if Mrs. Luttrell found benefit from the sea air.

"The sea air?" repeated the invalid, vaguely. "Oh, it makes no difference about that." She stopped with a frightened start, and presently continued, in a tone of forced gayety:

"O, I am doing very well—quite as well as I could expect. The doctor says it is only that I am nervous."

"How long have you been so ill?" asked Francia.

"I don't know when it began—I can't think," replied Mrs. Luttrell, in a low voice; and from the last word she seemed to drop into an abyss of reverie, so profound that neither of her guests liked to interrupt it.

Through the half-open door glided the figure of Dr. Luttrell, and, although noiselessly, his wife, who had lain with her back to him, raised her head and moved, so that she could see him; nor from that moment to the end of the call did her eyes ever wander from his face for more than a moment. This fixed and anxious gaze did not, however, seem to embarrass its object, who never, by any chance, returned it, although he occasionally addressed his wife. The ladies of Bonniemeer he professed himself delighted to welcome, and hoped they would often take compassion upon Mrs. Luttrell, who was too much of an invalid to move about much.

The conversation no longer lagged. Inquiring if Neria had seen the sunset of the preceding night, Luttrell launched into some new theories of atmospheric effects, solar rays, and the aurora; had some new discoveries in the moon to narrate; and, with a turning toward Francia, closed with a droll story of a farmer who must cut his salt hay in apogee, and, because his work pressed, sent to Cambridge to request that apogee might be put off a week or two, offering to pay "anything in reason" for the accommodation. Then he spoke of Vaughn's devotion to his country's cause, and, with a half glance toward his wife, said that "had he not a paramount duty at home, nothing should deter him from following so fine an example."

A sudden impulse drew Neria's eyes to Mrs. Luttrell's face as these words were spoken, in time to see the doubt, the terror, the torturing uncertainty, deepening and deepening in the great blue eyes, while they dwelt as earnestly upon the speaker's face as might those of a child on the page where is written a fascinating tale in an unknown tongue.

Luttrell felt the gaze—felt its expression, too, as the sudden knitting of the brows and compression of the lips sufficiently proved; but still he never looked toward his wife, never paused in his conversation, but presently, as if unconsciously, took a fire-screen from the table, and, playing with it while he talked, held it between his wife and himself.

The face of the invalid grew clouded. She moved uneasily upon her couch, closed her eyes for a moment, and lay quite still, as if gathering strength for a struggle, and then opening them wide, while all the power of her body seemed gathered in their luminous rays, she fixed upon Luttrell a gaze which pierced through every defence, every subterfuge—a gaze which, though it might drain the vital energy of that delicate organization, could not fail of its object. Luttrell paused suddenly in what he was saying, threw down the fire-screen, and walked to the window. His wife moved slightly, that she might still keep her eyes upon him.

Neria found herself oppressed and agitated with the mystery floating around her, and blending with the old mystery of the place, which had of late begun to haunt her with a sense of duty unfulfilled. She glanced at Francia and rose to go. Mrs. Luttrell half rose, made an adieu as brief as courtesy would admit, and sank back. Her husband, visibly anxious to escape the room, seized his hat and escorted the ladies to their carriage. As they drove down the hill they saw him turn toward the beach and stroll away with the air of a man who has several hours to dispose of, and is in no hurry.

"He won't go home very soon, by his looks," said Francia, laughing, as she touched her ponies with the whip.

"No."

"How do you like Mrs. Luttrell?"

"She is very interesting—I pity her."

"Well, I don't know. She didn't seem interesting to me; I thought her too much taken up with herself, and dull, like all sick people. I like Doctor Luttrell ever so much," returned Francia, positively; and Neria said, pointing to the headland before them,

"See the Lion's Head against the evening sky. Isn't it grand?"

CHAPTER XX.

THE weather became oppressively hot, and Mr. Chilton, forsaking his usual summer orbit, came quietly down to Carrick and took lodgings at the Mermaid's Cave, Colonel Vaughn's absence preventing his receiving an invitation to stay at Bonniemeer.

Neria watched the effect of this movement upon Francia with much interest, for it had been too obvious during the last few weeks that some great anxiety or doubt had taken possession of the child's mind, and was exerting a morbid influence on her character. Neria, fastidiously delicate in her fear of intrusion upon the personality of others, asked no questions—refrained, even, from that nate sympathy which sometimes is more intrusive than a direct appeal; and

Francia, for the first time in her life, seemed inclined for meditation rather than speech, so that, whatever lay beneath the surface, life at Bonniemeer went on as usual. Mr. Chilton was there much of his time, of course, and seemed quite sufficiently devoted to his beautiful *fiancée*—all the more so, perhaps, that she no longer beamed full moon upon him, but had her hours of depression, abstraction, even of pettishness. Also, she occasionally appeared with red eyes and feverish lips—new symptoms in her sunny life. The lover was not slow to perceive these changes, but, question he never so tenderly, could get no satisfactory explanation of them, and occasionally departed for Carrick in an undignified state of mind, characterized among children as “the sulks.”

Two or three weeks had passed after this fashion, when, one morning, as Neria was about sending to Cragness to inquire for Mrs. Luttrell, Francia offered to ride over herself.

“Mr. Chilton will be here soon, I suppose,” suggested Neria, glancing at her watch. “You might wait and have his escort.”

“It’s not worth while to delay,” returned Francia, hastily. “He may not come before dinner, and it will soon be too hot to ride. I will just go over alone.”

“Very well, dear,” said Neria, a little puzzled, for she knew that Francia had once minded neither heat nor cold, and would have thought it little to wait hours for her lover’s company.

The black pony was brought round, and as Francia, settling herself in the saddle, glanced toward the window with a nod and smile, Neria was struck with the change a few weeks had wrought in her face. From very pretty she had become lovely. The eyes that had been but roadside violets, smiling frankly up at every passer, were of a sudden violets shyly blooming in the deep recesses of a forest, where never penetrates the sun to drink the dew that trembles on their lips—never comes ruder step or harsher voice than the fawn’s and the nightingale’s.

The night of a year ago, when—she crowning her with water-lilies—Fergus had called Francia Undine, floated into Neria’s memory, and while she thought, “It is the soul slowly crystallizing in the midst of her life that I see in her eyes to-day,” she sighed.

Sighed for the grief and the pain
For the reed that grows nevermore again
As a reed with the reeds in the river.

Francia did her errand, and heard from Mrs. Brume that the invalid was no better—in fact, grew daily worse; and, to the inquiry if Mrs. Vaughn could send her anything, or offer any service, Nancy replied, with some hesitation,

“Well, if you or Miss Vaughn could come and set up a night with her, I should be dreadful glad, for there’s no one but the doctor and me, and we’re pretty near tuckered out. She’s so notional she won’t have a nuss, though I’ve heerd him offer to send to the city for the best that’s to be got.”

“Certainly we will come,” replied Francia, readily. “That is, I will; and I have no doubt Mrs. Vaughn will, although she is not so strong as I. One of us will come to-night.”

“That’s real clever of you, now, I do say. I didn’t expect both on you, though the more the merrier; and you’ve got sickness to home, too.”

“Yes, poor Chloe does not grow any better; but Aunt Sally takes good care of her, and Mrs. Vaughn sees about it. Good morning.”

“Good day, Miss Franc,” said the housekeeper, and stood in the door, one

skinny hand shading her eyes, while the other gathered together an apron not absolutely clean, watching the graceful figure of the young girl as she rode slowly down the beach.

"'Pears like there's something on her mind," soliloquized she, at length. "Wonder if she's heerd—"

Nancy went back to her work, and Francia rode pensively along the sands, where now the noonday heat began to quiver in a shimmering cloud, while the dunes heading the beach seemed parching and bleaching to a ghastlier white, and the scattered tufts of beach-grass lay prostrate and wilting. The round spot of shade at the foot of each ragged mound crawled slowly nearer to its base, and following, inch by inch, the fierce sunlight drank up the dew that the night had pityingly let fall upon the scorching traces of yesterday's heat.

A mile from Cragness the road to Bonniemeer wound in between two of these dunes, and Francia had already drawn her pony's rein toward it, when eye and hand were arrested by the sight of two figures, at some distance up the beach, seated under the shadow of a great rock, against which the female figure leaned, while her companion, stretched upon the sand, rested upon an elbow, with his head so near her shoulder that, in that drowsy atmosphere, a speedy contact seemed inevitable.

Francia's eyes were good, and her perceptions keen. Also she was Colonel Vaughn's daughter, and with a sharp turn of the bit she guided her pony back to the sands, put him to a canter, reduced, as she approached the rock, to a walk, at which pace she passed, glancing across the two figures as she glanced across the sands, across the gulls, as Lady Clara Vere de Vere glances across the face of young Lawrence, when she no longer cares to remember him.

As she approached, Chilton sprang to his feet and advanced a step toward her; then, catching the expression of her face, paused, and stood in all the awkward embarrassment inevitable to the most polished dissembler at some points of his career. His companion turned her face seaward and giggled nervously. Leaving them thus, Francia paced slowly on, sitting her horse with the nonchalant grace of an accomplished horsewoman, who feels herself free from the restraint of spectators.

Surely, a throne is not such vantage ground as a horse's back. Mounted, the rider who understands his horse, duplicates all the highest attributes of humanity. He is braver, he is nobler, he is more decisive, apter to attempt redress of the wrongs about him. Had Arthur's knights been foot-soldiers would there ever have been a Round Table? Had the horse refused co-operation would chivalry ever have glorified the earth, would the noble madness of the Crusades have done its mighty work upon the civilization of the middle ages? "When I am the king and you are the queen" we will apportion to every new-born child a steady horse, upon whose back he shall be cradled, shall learn to sit upright, shall find his home by day, his rest by night.

That evening, when Mr. Chilton appeared at Bonniemeer, very ill at ease, and as doubtful of his reception as he had a right to be, he found Francia seated with Neria in the drawing-room.

She bade him a courteous good-evening, but made no movement to meet him, asked no questions as to his occupations through the day, showed neither displeasure nor pique toward him, or indeed evinced any emotion whatever; and the slight shade of reserve pervading her demeanor was so delicately drawn as to give no ground for comment, or warrant any appeal for explanation.

Chilton made his adieu at an early hour, and walked slowly back to Carrick,

wondering whether he was most pleased or annoyed at the course his *fiancée* had chosen. When he was gone, Francia rose, and, flitting restlessly about the room for a few moments, came and threw herself upon the floor at Neria's feet, laying her head upon her lap. It had been a favorite attitude of hers till lately, and Neria fondly smoothed the bright brown hair that rippled beneath her fingers like the tiny waves of a sunlit sea.

"Neria, darling, what shall I do?" whispered Francia.

"Ask your own heart, dear, not me," said Neria, sadly.

"But, if my heart has misled me once?"

"Was it your heart or your fancy, your vanity, that misled you, Franc?"

"But, if I have done something and think I should not have done it, is it worse to try to undo it, or to go on, hoping time will mend it?" asked the girl, earnestly, while she raised a pale face to the mournful one bent over her, and Neria said:

"O, Franc, how dare I advise you? I, who have guided my own life so ill. I am afraid, dear, I cannot help you, and yet I will not refuse. Think of it to-night, question your own heart, question the Father who, sooner or later, heals all wounds, soothes all sorrows. Take council with the night, and if, to-morrow, you still wish for such help as I can give, come and you shall have it."

They kissed and bade good-night, each taking for her companion through the sleepless hours, the Gordian knot which life presents to every one of us, and which most of us spend our years in the effort to unravel, finally borrowing of despair a sword to sever, not the knot, but the life entangled in it.

With the morning came Fergus, an unexpected envoy from his father to Neria, upon some matter of business. The ladies were together when he arrived, and from Neria he turned to Francia, who found beneath the courteousness of his greeting, a formality and constraint that she, sighing, told herself had been unknown to the old time. She sat while he talked with Neria, and listened, not to his words but to his tones, firm, deep, and resolute. She looked through her long lashes at his face; it was perhaps a little thinned, but full of energy and determination.

"Very little effect could such a girl as I have on a nature like that," thought Francia sadly, and sighed.

At sound of the sigh Fergus glanced toward her, but directly averted his eyes, and continued his conversation with Neria. So Francia took her sick heart to the solitude of her chamber, and there listening to its moanings, determined upon an experiment for its relief, in the heroic style of treatment.

When Mr. Chilton called, he was told that Miss Vaughn was not well and could not see him. He came in; and encountered Fergus, and although Neria exerted herself to fulfil every hospitable obligation to even an unwelcome guest, Mr. Chilton found the atmosphere of Bonniemeer so oppressive that he declined an invitation to dinner, and departed, to return in the evening.

Francia did not show herself until tea-time, when she came down stairs, pale, but with such an expression on her face that Neria looking at her, thought "she has resolved." Fergus glanced once, and then away. Perhaps his own eyes were for the next few moments more thoughtful than their wont, and certainly he did not speak, but what Fergus thought on this, as on many points, it was only Fergus who knew.

Tea over, Neria was called from the room a moment, and Francia, trembling very much but still, with the heroic mood uppermost, said, quietly:

"Fergus, I should like to speak to you. Will you walk toward the lake with me?" Her cousin looked at her with ill-concealed suspense, but replied:

"Certainly, I shall be very happy to do so. Will you go now?"

"Yes, if you please."

"If Mr. Chilton calls, please say I am out," added Francia, to the servant, as she and her cousin passed through the hall.

Down the garden path, and through the dim oak wood to the pine grove where the brown needles spread carpet-like under foot, and the heavy odor in the air told where the sun had lain hottest, and still Francia had not spoken, save in brief replies to the commonplace remarks of Fergus. They reached the mere, whose placid waters lay sleeping in the twilight, with fairy palaces all of gold and mother-of-pearl, showing fairly in their depths as the evening sky bent down to kiss them. The boat lay there, the very boat where, twelve months before, they all had sat—the memory brought so sharp a pang to the poor wounded heart that from its very suffering it gained courage, and Francia desperately began, "Fergus, you are my cousin, and I have no brother. I need a brother's help and council to-night—will you give them to me?"

It was quite a moment before the answer came, and then it was,

"If you ask them in a matter where I may properly give them."

"O, Fergus, do not be cold, do not be cautious; what concerns me, concerns you; what I may properly confide to you, you may as properly discuss."

"Go on, if you please, Francia."

"You don't call me Franc now."

Fergus glanced at her in surprise. The inconsequence of the reproach in the midst of so much earnest feeling was so purely feminine a trait that his virile nature failed to comprehend its consistency.

Francia as little comprehended his glance of surprise.

"Did you not mean to change?" asked she; "I am glad of that, but indeed everything seems changed about us both. Last year, Fergus—do you remember?"

"What was it you wished to consult me upon, Francia?" asked Fergus, gravely. Francia paused, collected herself, and said at last,

"It is this. If you have done a thing—made a promise, perhaps, and find you were wrong—feel sure indeed that you should never have done it—what then? Is it worse to break your promise, or to keep it, knowing it to be a bad one?"

"You are too indefinite. I cannot answer so general a question," said Fergus, turning a little away from her, and looking far across the shining water to where, over the eastern hill, hung a crescent moon with a great white star beneath.

Francia tried to speak, but the throbbing of her heart choked her voice. She glanced at her cousin. Pale and stern, his eyes still bent upon the wan moon, he gave no answer to the look. She tried again.

"It is about myself and Mr. Chilton," said she, desperately. "I am afraid I never ought to have been engaged to him. I am afraid I never really cared for him. I think it was only my fancy, my vanity, that he appealed to. I never have been quite happy, and lately, since I know what sort of a man he is—" She waited, but Fergus remained silent and immovable.

"Ought I to break the engagement, Fergus, or to keep it? Which is more dishonorable?"

At last he turned toward her, and in his brooding eyes she read the answer before he slowly spoke it.

"Four months ago, Francia, when I, with every reason to suppose my love

returned, asked you to be my wife, you told me of this engagement. I gave you then my opinion of it ; I mentally foresaw that this very moment must arrive ; this, the beginning of a train of disgust, mortification, disgrace, should you become Rafe Chilton's wife ; of unceasing regret for a solemn promise broken, a degrading experience undergone, if you do not. Choose between these alternatives for yourself ; I am the last adviser you should have sought. It is a cardinal principle of my life to interfere in no affairs not connected with my own. This certainly is not, and I must decline to express any opinion upon it."

All the spirit of the Vaughns flashed in Francia's eyes, mantled in her cheeks, and curved her lips.

"You will excuse me," said she, coldly, "for intruding upon you affairs, which, as you say, are certainly none of yours. I had been so foolish as to imagine that being mine they might have an interest for you. The mistake will never be repeated, and I hope, in the improbable event of your requiring sympathy in some trouble of your own, you may meet a friend as nearly like yourself as possible."

She walked quickly up the path with feet that scarcely seemed to touch the earth, and head haughtily uplifted to the evening sky. Fergus followed, saying quietly,

"You are angry, and unjust, as angry people always are. When you think calmly of what I have said, you will see that I am right."

Francia did not reply, but hastened on toward the house, nor did her cousin make any further attempt to conciliate her. In the hall they parted coldly, and the next morning Fergus returned to the city.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE VENETIAN GLASS.

NOTHING is so selfish as love-sorrow. Not the maelstrom itself is so absorbent, and, from Huldry Ann, whose mother complains that she is no longer "wuth her salt," to Rosa Matilda, whose canary bird would starve but for the parlor-maid's attentions, you shall find its victims self-absorbed, dreamy, and forgetful of the life about them. So Francia never thought again of her promise to Nancy Brume, until that worthy woman sent to Bonniemeer an explicit inquiry, whether she was to count upon either of the ladies there as "a watcher" for Mrs. Luttrell.

Francia, vehemently remorseful for her negligence, insisted upon going the first night, and returned in the morning with a melancholy account of the condition of the invalid, whose prostration of body had become excessive, while her mind alternated constantly from gloomy depression to excited fancies and hallucinations, hysterical emotion and frightful mirth.

"You told them I would come to-night, didn't you, dear?" asked Neria, when Francia had given the experiences of her arduous watch.

"Yes, but I don't think you ought to stay alone with her. She seemed out of her head part of the time, and was so excited she quite frightened me. Then she is so weak that she cannot stir without help. It will be too much for you, Neria."

"O no, dear. I will ask Mrs. Brume to sleep within call in case any help is needed, and I am not at all timid."

"You are nothing that would prevent you doing good to other people," said

Francia, fondly, and sighed at her own deficiencies, while Neria's heart contracted with a sharp pain as she thought of Vaughn and the good she had wrought in his life.

When Neria arrived at Cragness she was received by Dr. Luttrell, who announced that he should share her watch, as the condition of the patient was so critical that the end might be expected at almost any moment.

They stood together in the library while he said this, and Neria raised her eyes to his face with some expression of sympathy and concern upon her lips, but the words died in an incoherent murmur as she looked. Always pale, Dr. Luttrell's face was to-night of a ghastly yellowish tinge, scarcely changed even in the dry lips at which he gnawed incessantly. His eyelids drooped as if to conceal the tawny eyes, alive with electricity, gleaming and sparkling in their lurid depths as they wandered impatiently hither and thither, with a watchful, expectant look—a look of desperation and yet of terror—a look like that of the baited tiger, who knows the jungle closely environed by the hunters, and with his haunches gathered for the spring, watches every point at once for the first assailant.

The vigilant eyes did not fail to perceive and interpret Neria's gaze. They flashed upon her and away, then back, with a steady daring, and held hers, while the dry lips said :

"You find me changed, Mrs. Vaughn. It is now two weeks that I have spent every day and nearly every night at my wife's bedside. Remember, I am her physician as well as husband and nurse."

"You must be very much fatigued," said Neria, slowly, as she tried to analyze the ominous echo of these words in her mind. "I beg," continued she, earnestly, "that you will trust me with the sole charge to-night, and try to rest yourself thoroughly for to-morrow."

"No; O, no!" returned the doctor, hurriedly. "That is impossible. To-night is, I believe, a crisis in the disorder, and I must be present. It is my duty, and, at any rate, I could not rest." Nancy Brume opened the door.

"If you're ready to go up stairs, Miss Vaughn, I guess I'll be off to bed. Like enough I shan't more'n get my forty winks 'fore I'm called up," said she; and Neria followed, without reply, to a large and gloomy chamber upon the second floor, where lay the sick woman, a pale spectre, shadowed and surrounded by dark bed-hangings and furniture, that seemed to oppress the air of the room with their funereal atmosphere. The two windows looked upon the sea, which now came booming up beneath them, each wave smiting the foundations of the old house with the sullen roar of a cannonade. A half-open door showed a dressing-room, with a handsome toilet-table and apparatus, among which stood a shaded lamp, and an arm-chair beside it. Nancy pointed toward the door.

"The doctor 'll set in there and read, so's he'll be handy in case anything goes wrong. He'll give her the medicine when the time comes."

With these words she departed, and Neria, approaching the bed, looked compassionately down at the patient, who had altered sensibly for the worse since she had last seen her. Her eyes, showing supernaturally large in her ghastly and emaciated face, were wide open and glazed. Beneath them a circle of violet stained the otherwise colorless skin, and the same tinge had deepened under the transparent nails of the hands folded languidly upon the counterpane. The parted lips were parched and blackened, and Neria tenderly moistened them with some water in a goblet upon the little stand beside the bed. The patient looked up and smiled.

"You are Michael, the angel who fights with the devil," said she, quietly. "He was here a moment ago, and I suppose is hiding from you. He poured some fire down my throat while I was asleep one night, and it burns—O, how it burns!"

She laid her hand upon her chest, and looked piteously into Neria's face, bending above her with a divine compassion in its every line.

"He keeps his imps in the next room, all in bottles," pursued the sufferer, in a mysterious whisper; "and sometimes he brings them out and shakes them up before my eyes. Then they dance—the imps do—dance just like the fire down in that old library—did you ever see how that dances in the twilight?—and when it flashes into the dark corners you can see—ugh, I've seen them time and again! That was before he caught them and put them in bottles, I suppose. And then that old man who sits and plays on the organ in the dark—did you ever see him? He never makes any sound, but he plays and plays till the ghost of the music fills the whole room—only the ghost, you know; you can't hear it, but you feel it. It comes creeping, creeping through your blood, till it chills it to ice. I believe that's the way I first came to be so cold; and now I never am warm. Good Michael, can't you take the ghost out of my blood? It freezes me even while the devil's fire scorches."

Neria took the thin, white hands in hers. They were indeed ice cold, and had the stiff, hard feel of flesh no longer instinct with vitality. She pressed and chafed them in her own. The patient smiled gratefully.

"Ah, that is comfortable," said she. "I feel the little spears of life going out of your hands into mine. If you had come sooner you might have saved me; but now I have drank too much of that fire. Wait—I want you to do something for me—will you?"

"What is it?"

"You see that wardrobe over there?"

"Yes."

"Well, open it and I will tell you.—Ah, there he comes! Now, where's your sword! Now you will fight him! Now you can make him take away the fire out of me!"

She rose in her bed, and, with a long, white finger, pointed past Neria, while in her eyes the look of terror and foreboding dawning there when she first came to Cragness shone full-moon. Neria glanced quickly over her shoulder. In the door of the dressing-room, holding by the lintel, stood Doctor Luttrell, his ghastly face and brilliant eyes thrown out from the dark space behind him, into which his figure seemed to melt.

"He's got a head, you see, but no body—that is bad," said the sick woman, anxiously. "But you might crush his head. Don't the Bible tell about putting your heel on his head?"

"Neria did not answer. She was held by the glittering eyes that seemed imperiously to demand of her her inmost thought. For a moment she quailed and grew confused, but then a great wave of divine strength and power seemed to swell through her soul, filling it with a serene assurance. The wild words of the dying woman bore of a sudden a strange significance. She had called her by the name of the Warrior Angel, and something of his sublime courage and ardor raised her to a level above that of ordinary moods. She lifted her head, and looked back the look of these opalescent eyes, while her own quickened with lambent fire, and deepened to their darkest hue. The color rose lightly to her cheeks, her lips parted, and her golden hair seemed touched with a glory like that of sudden sunshine, or the aureola of a saint.

The white face in the doorway writhed with a bitter sneer, but retreated into the darkness.

"There, he's gone! But he'll be back in a moment," gasped the sick woman, who still sat upright, clinging to Neria, while her staring eyes and pointing finger seemed plunging into the darkness in pursuit of the object of her terror.

As Neria turned to answer and soothe her, a stealthy foot crept over the carpet, and before she knew that he was near, Dr. Luttrell's voice said, significantly, "You see that my wife is very ill, quite out of her senses, in fact, and as frequently is the case in mania, her fancies are the direct opposite of her impressions when sane. For instance, she was but now, I believe, describing me as a fiend, and you, the most feminine of women, if I may say it, as a warrior. My poor Beatrice!"

He laid his hand upon his wife's brow and smiled pityingly down upon her. Neria made no answer but watched him attentively. So did his wife, who lay now perfectly quiet, her whole consciousness apparently absorbed in the wary questioning look she fixed upon him. Luttrell drew a little nearer to her, and, still pressing his hand upon her brow, seem to plunge the concentrated rays of his burning eyes into hers, which soon began to waver, to droop, and finally closed altogether, while from beneath the long fair lashes, great tears stole out, and ran down the pallid cheeks.

"She is asleep," said Dr. Luttrell, turning toward Neria, but not meeting her eyes. "It will do her good if anything now can. You had best go into the dressing-room and read, or rest on the arm-chair you will find there. You need not try to keep awake. I will call you if anything is needed."

"On the contrary," said Neria, quickly. "It is I who will stay here, and you who had better go and rest. I am in no need of sleep myself, and should prefer to stay with Mrs. Luttrell."

He glanced swiftly at her, and said, carelessly,

"As you please, of course. I think she will sleep until midnight, when I will give her a draught."

He glided away as he spoke, and presently Neria saw him light the shaded lamp and seat himself to read, in such a position that his eyes commanded both the bed and the chair in which she sat beside it.

The night wore on, as slowly as it always wears for those who wake while others sleep; and Neria, who had laid her watch upon the little table at her side, could hardly believe that its slender hands moved at all, so reluctantly did they creep over the dial.

For the first two hours she was painfully conscious that the eyes of the motionless figure in the other room were fixed upon herself, and her own gaze wandered perpetually from the pallid sleeper at her side, to the circle of light beneath the reading lamp, showing a book, two white hands, a dark-clad figure as high as the breast, and nothing more, except the occasional gleam of two bright points a little higher, flashing out of the darkness toward her.

But no mind, however active, however subtle, can absolutely control the body, and as midnight approached, Doctor Luttrell slept, at first lightly, but finally with the heavy exhaustion of overtaxed nature.

As he dropped to sleep, the corpse-like figure in the bed stirred slightly, and Neria turning, found the eyes of her charge fixed upon her face in a dumb appeal for help, not to be misunderstood or denied.

"What can I do for you?" asked she, softly.

"I don't know. I think nobody can do anything now," said the sufferer,

sadly, and with no appearance of excitement or hallucination. She paused, still looking with anxious entreaty into the heavenly face above her.

"I do not know," said she, slowly. "But I think there is something wrong about this illness. I was always well until a few months since, and my symptoms are so strange. My husband calls this a decline, but—well, it would do no good to know. A few more hours will end all; and I love him, yes, I do love him dearly, and shall die loving him. If he had asked me for my life, I would have given it freely—he need not have taken such pains to steal it. It was long ago, O so long, that this dreadful suspicion, this great shapeless doubt came into my mind, and then I began to watch him, to see if I could find out from his eyes—they are such strange eyes—did you ever notice them? But I never could, and I don't know now. There is one thing you can do—not that it means anything, you know, but just to amuse me. Open that wardrobe, please, the door is in the middle, and on a shelf with some trinkets you will see a ruby-colored wine-glass in a gold stand. Will you bring it to me?"

"Certainly," said Neria, a little surprised at the request, and taking the night-lamp from the fireplace she opened the wardrobe, found the glass without difficulty, and, as she brought it toward the bed, curiously examined its singular and admirable workmanship. A golden serpent resting on his coil, reared aloft his swelling throat and evil head, between whose wide distended jaws was fixed a bubble-like bowl of ruby glass, capable of holding, perhaps, a spoonful of some priceless nectar—nectar such as that with which la Borgia stilled the too urgent reproaches of her injured lovers; and as Neria slightly turned it in her hand, the faint lamplight striking through the ruby bowl flashed down upon the scaly folds of the serpent, and glanced off with a gleam like trickling blood. She held it before the weary eyes, that momentarily grew heavier and duller.

"Yes, that is it! It is a Venetian glass—one of those that they used to make in the old time; the art is forgotten now. My mother was an Italian and this was in her family for generations. Will you have it—or, rather, wait; perhaps it will not be worth giving. You see that vial on the table—that tiny one. Now, please pour some of its contents into the glass."

Neria took the vial—a very small one, without label, and about half filled with a colorless, odorless liquid—uncorked it, and was inclining it toward the glass, when Mrs. Luttrell said, hastily, "Put the glass on the table first, for fear."

Neria, without question, did as desired, and, setting the cup upon the table, filled it half full.

"That will do; wait, now," whispered the sick woman, eagerly fixing her eyes upon the glass, whose contents were already in a state of strange ebullition, foaming, flashing, and sparkling through and through, as if interpenetrated with tiny shafts of flame, while a dark wave of color, as if it were the breath of the serpent, came creeping up the sides of the ruby bowl, changing its pure tint to a turbid stain. The boiling contents reached the lips of the glass, the turbid stain sullied the last line of color, and, with a clear, sharp explosion, the glass flew into a million pieces.

Dr. Luttrell, startled from his sleep, sprang hastily to his feet, approached the table, saw all, understood all, and turned to Neria with the look upon his face of Satan summoned to answer for his conspiracy. She confronted him as did Michael confront that Satan. He turned to his wife, who had sunk back upon her pillows, pale and breathless. As he approached she suddenly aroused, and grasped his hands in both of hers, while in her eyes, the weary question answered at last, gave place to a tender and fathomless love, unmingled with reproach.

"It was not needed," said she. "I would have died if you had told me it was necessary to your happiness that I should. I knew you loved her better than me always, but you might have told me, and let me go away somewhere out of your sight, and die of my broken heart as surely, and less painfully. I have suffered so much. It was hard to feel my life torn out of me inch by inch—it was such a brave young life when you began. But don't be sorry—not too sorry—I am willing now, although when I began to know, I was not—and I fought against it, fought hard, and tried not to believe. It was to find out that I watched you always, and I read it at last. It began far down in your eyes, so far that it only showed like the great dim creatures that live under the sea, and then it came up slowly, slowly, and every day I read it plainer, until now it is written there so that a child might read, *D, e, a, t, h*—that's the way it goes. Don't look at any one—don't let that angel see, who was here just now—he might write it with his finger on your forehead, just as God did on Cain's, you know—I am so tired now—so—tired. Good-by—don't be too sorry—when—"

The next breath that crossed the white lips was inarticulate, then came a long sigh that seemed to strike a chill through all the air of the chamber, and then the pale, sad face dropped of a sudden into the sharp outlines, the marble rigidity, unmistakably distinguishing the most sleep-like death from the most death-like sleep. The eyelids drooped, but again slowly opened, and with the last instinct of vitality the eyes turned to those of Luttrell, while from their blue depths arose once more the solemn question, whose answer was Death, and stood there patiently—stood, even when Neria, with trembling hands, had closed over it the lids that could not hide it, stood there when the pale form lay encoffined, when the earth was laid upon it; and when he, the mourner, came back to his lonely home, the question was there before him, always, everywhere, waiting, waiting, always waiting, till it forced the answer to his own eyes, and he shrank away from men lest they should read it there—shrank most of all from Neria, of whom the dying woman had bid him beware, as the angel whom God had sent to write the secret upon his brow.

CHAPTER XXII.

CHLOE'S SECRET.

"So disasters come not singly," murmured Neria, as she rose from the couch, upon which she had thrown herself on returning from Cragness, and prepared to obey a summons to the bedside of Chloe, the negress, whose health had been rapidly failing ever since her nocturnal excursion, and who now, as she felt her last moments approach, sent an urgent message to her young mistress, imploring an interview without delay. Wan and trembling from her late vigils and the terrible doubts filling her mind with regard to Mrs. Luttrell's death, Neria came, and seated herself beside Chloe's pillow, looking like a waiting spirit sent to conduct the almost enfranchised soul to its eternal home. The violence of the disease was past, as was its suffering; and death, in his grisliest, most unrelenting form, had laid his hand upon the poor distorted body, soon to be all his own. "You do not suffer now, Chloe?" asked Neria, finding that the sufferer did not speak.

"No, mist'rs, I's struck wid def," said Chloe, simply. "But I's got suffin to tell you fust, mist'rs. I's hated you awful bad, fust and last, but 'pears like,

now I's goin' to die, as if I see things diff'ent. Miss 'Nita was de one dat put 'im in my head. Mas'r's fust wife was her darter, you see, missy—"

"Mrs. Vaughn was Mrs. Rhee's daughter!" exclaimed Neria, in amazement.

"Yes, missy, and dey was bof slaves, jes' like me," replied the negress, with a diabolic grin on her pinched features.

Neria looked at her in silent dismay.

"You see, missy, w'en mas'r was a young fellow, he went travellin' down Souf, an' one day he see Miss 'Nita put up for sell on de auction block cause our ole mas'r was dead berry sudden, and his wife was mad wid 'Nita, cause ole mas'r like her de bes'. So Mas'r Vaughn buy her an' gib her her freedom, an' den he bought me 'cause I'd alluz nussed Miss 'Nita, an' she was drefful fond ob me. Well, we stayed long a' Mas'r Vaughn, an' went trabellin in Europe a while. You see, mist'ss, he was so kin' he couldn' say no w'en she axed to go; an' she couldn' bear to part from him nohow, she was dat fon' ob him. Den we come home, and Miss 'Nita's darter, dat had been at de Norf at a boardin'-school, was growed up, an' Mas'r Vaughn bought her, so's not to let her young mas'r get holt of her, as he meant to, an' den she was dat pooty."

"My poor Chloe!" said Neria, softly, "you must have been very unhappy."

"I's ben dat, mist'ss, you better bereave," said the negro, with a sort of complacent sadness. "But not half so mis'able as I'd oughter. I's happy now dough, 'cause I's made a creen breas' ob it. Not quite dough—hol' on a minute, Miss Neria. W'en your mammy was fotch in here dat night dat Miss Gabrielle died, I was tole to lay her out, cause she was stone dead w'en dey foun' her, an' so I did. She'd got on a braceret dat I gib to Miss 'Nita an' she gib it to mas'r, but 'sides dat, dere was a book full ob writin' wid shiny hooks to it, an' a picter of a gen'l'man inside ob it, in her pocket, an' a ring on her finger, an' dem I kep' for mysef."

"The book with writing in it! O, Chloe, where is that?" asked Neria, breathlessly.

A capricious gleam of the hunchback's constitutional malice shot from her eyes. "I didn' t'out, missy, dat I'd eber tell you dat," said she.

"But you will, Chloe—O, Chloe, I do not know my father's name. I never saw my mother's face."

"Dere's lots ob pooty gals down Souf just as bad off as dat, an' wusser, too, cause dey is sold roun' from one mas'r to anodder just as it happens," said Chloe, sullenly.

"Chloe, the Lord is waiting for your soul. Will you go to him and say, 'I might have made one of your creatures happy, and I would not, I did not?'" asked Neria, with solemn earnestness. A spasm of sudden pain contorted the whole body of the negress, and she threw herself into a horrible grotesque attitude.

"Obi's a comin' arter me ag'in," shrieked she, writhing to and fro upon her bed.

Neria laid a firm cool hand upon her forehead. "It is the truth that tortures you thus," said she. "Speak it out, for your own sake."

But a fiercer convulsion of pain seized upon the unhappy wretch, even as she spoke. She grasped at Neria's hands, and wrenched them within her own until the pain forced a deep flush over the pale face of the young woman, who yet made no effort to release them, who even forgot to pity the suffering before her in the devouring anxiety that had seized upon her. A sudden and terrible strength surged through her will, and inspired her whole soul. Fixing her

dilated eyes upon the dying woman, bending her face until her pure breath mingled with Chloe's expiring sigh, she issued her irresistible mandate.

"Speak; speak out! Where is this paper? Tell me, or you shall not die!"

"The tree—the old oak tree"—a horrible sound closed the sentence; it was the death-rattle, and with it the stiffening fingers slid from their grasp of Neria's hands, the painful struggle ceased, and the sufferings of the unfortunate creature were at an end.

It was not till night, and in the seclusion of her own chamber, that Neria unfolded the little canvas-covered package she had found in the cavity of the oak, where it had lain for months guarded by Chloe's loathsome familiar. A small, thick note-book, clasped with silver, lay within, and as Neria carefully opened it, the pages, glued together by mould and time, tore apart as reluctantly as if they knew that the secret of a lifetime was about to be snatched from out their keeping. Within the cover lay a miniature, painted on ivory, the picture of a young man, handsome, proud, noble; the face not of a stranger, but as familiar to Neria as her own, and yet she knew that she had never seen it in the flesh. Where then? Her mind wandered to Mrs. Luttrell and her death-chamber, and chiding itself for the wandering, came back to study every lineament of the face already beloved, for nature told her that it was her father's. And still the vision of that great gloomy chamber, with its mournful bed, and the pale figure lying so motionless upon it, came floating between her and the picture, enveloped, blurred, effaced it, clamored, "turn to me, I am the solution, this the puzzle."

Beneath the picture lay a bit of folded paper. Neria opened it, and found a little plain ring, small enough for her own slender finger, and engraved with the initials G. de V. from E. V. This, Neria laid aside with the picture, and turned impatiently to the little book which was, she hoped, to explain everything. It was a journal, and the first date was that of twenty-two years before:

Here am I at Venice, and here I will stay for a while, at least, for in truth I am tired of rambling. Besides, where are eyes like those of Giovanna Vascetti, and where such clustering locks of gold? The real Venetian style so rare out of Titian. Heigho! What more is there of life? I believe I have seen it all, and *une vie réchauffée* must be the tamest of all feasts. Love! Bah, I have loved a hundred women, and twenty of them had hair as bright and eyes as blue as those of Donna Giovanna. What do I care? I wonder if one mightn't drop lazily to the bottom of these canals and lie there very comfortably. It would save such a deal of bore, as they say in England. England? Well, home I may as well call it, for I believe I was born there. Stop, I will begin by registering myself duly at the commencement of this my journal, that the Austrian *mouchard* who, doubtless, will read it, may find no trouble in identifying its writer, and bringing him to justice for whatever treasonable expressions he may see fit to insert. First, then, I am Edward Vaughn, five-and-twenty years of age, six feet high, with brown curled hair, hazel eyes, etc., etc. My father was Alfred Vaughn, a gentleman of America, State and town unknown, to me at least. He left home on account of family differences, and not as an emissary of the American Government to spy out the secrets of that of Austria—(that's for you, *mon mouchard*.) My mother was a Spanish gypsy, with whom my father chose to fall in love, and I suppose, to marry. I never saw her, or heard much more than is here set down. I have lived at English schools and college until three years ago, when my father appeared, from the Lord only knows where, said to me, "Come, my friend, let us be comrades. Forget that there is a tie of blood between us, as I shall; otherwise we shall hate each other." I saw that he had reason in his decree, and I assented. We lived in Paris, Petersburg, in Vienna, at Baden, Rome, London, wherever the world lives. We saw it, and Vaughn *père* showed its secrets to Vaughn *fils*; until when, a year ago,

Vaughn *père* went to *flaneur* in another world, Vaughn *fils* was quite competent to protect himself in this. *Voilà tout !*

So finished the first entry. Those that followed it were more fragmentary and interrupted, giving little information beyond memoranda of the writer's engagements, and occasional aphorisms in the same spirit as the first page. But under a date of two months later, came an entry, more carefully written, which Neria devoured as fast as her eyes could decipher the blurred and faded script.

Giovanna is an angel, and I—well I am ashamed of my audacity in loving her. Here is her little note before me—"my heart, my soul, my noble lord, my king and law," so she calls me—and I? When I look back through my life and counts it stains—stains of which the smallest and faintest puts me beyond the pale of her most daring conception of wickedness, I feel such torture as Satan might, if bound at the foot of the Throne. And she loves me! Yes, all her pure bright life is placed between my hands to cherish or to crush. If I bid her forth, she will leave her father's palazzo to-night, and join me in wanderings as wild as those from which my father rescued his gypsy bride. Ah, ha! I wonder, after all, if that gypsy mother does not rule my blood, and if I might not be happier as king of a tribe, with a bold-browed, black-eyed queen at my right hand, than with this golden-haired maiden, who shrinks, if I do but bend my brow a little earnestly. Pshaw! Heaven sends an angel to draw me out of the slough, when I sink deeper every day of my life, and I hesitate to yield myself to her guidance. Let me not believe that my taste is already too vitiated to appreciate a pure love, that caviare and not bread is my staff of life. No, rather I will hope that it is conscience, which withholds me from too eagerly accepting this affection; that it is because I feel too keenly the vast gulf between this pure child and myself, which life—my life has set. If I marry her, can I assure myself of her happiness, and without such assurance, should I not be the basest of mankind to join her to my capricious life and uncertain fortunes? Have I the strength to make myself what Giovanna's husband should be, and, failing in the effort, would not the humiliation of failure sink me lower than I already am? Bah! It is too late to make Egbert Vaughn into a saint, and he is yet too much of a man of honor to pretend to be other than he is, or to sully the innocent life of the purest woman he ever knew by bringing it into contact with his own. It is better, my Giovanna, that your blue eyes should weep a few idle tears now, at what you will fancy my unkindness than that by-and-by your heart should weep tears of blood at the certainty of my unworthiness. Go you your way, and I mine—the one leads up, the other down.

Neria paused, and taking the picture from the table, looked at it long and earnestly, seeking, in the noble cast of the features, the lofty bearing of the head, a contradiction of the characteristics which the journal made no attempt to disguise. But still the haunting remembrance of the chamber at Cragness, and Mrs. Luttrell's death-bed swept between her and the pictured face. She kissed it sadly, and laid it down, murmuring, "My father still! I know that you were my father."

The next date was three weeks later, and under it was written:

"*L'homme propose, mais le Dieu dispose,*" is as true a saying to-day as when it was first spoken. Giovanna is my wife, and here we are hidden in the little village of Fieschi, as happy and as loving as the ringdoves that coo all about our cottage. And it has all come about in such an irresistible sort of fashion, that I take no shame to myself for inconsistency, even when I read the last two or three pages of this journal. It was just after writing them that I got Giovanna's little, teary, heart-broken note, saying that the old dragon of a marchesa had discovered her daughter's *tendresse* for my unworthy self, a foreigner, a heretic, and above all a *mauvais sujet*; and, that at the end of a terrible scolding, had come the decree that my poor little girl was to return forthwith to her convent, and there await the movements of her parents, who were already arranging a match between their daughter and Count Montaldi, the ugliest, oldest, and richest man in Venice. She

did not say, this little Giovanna of nine, "Come and rescue me, for I love you," but she did say, "Good-by forever—unless I see you for a moment on the road to the convent."

Of course I was on the road to the convent, and with the aid of one servant personated so successfully a whole troop of banditti, that coachman and guard fled in terror from the first glimpse of our excellent get-up, and the hideous old duenna, hiding herself in the bottom of the carriage, shrieked dismally,

"O, Donna Giovanna, we are but lost maidens. These banditti respect neither youth nor beauty."

We left the ancient dame uncomfortable, for her mistake was precisely the idea we wished to inculcate; and, diving into the mountains, soon found the three horses hidden there since morning, mounted, and in a few hours were safely housed at this place, recommended by my valet, who was, I believe, born here. Before night we were married, and already my wife has nearly done blushing when Paolo addresses her as signora.

The last words were nearly unintelligible, and Neria vainly tried to separate the few succeeding leaves; the mould and damp had so firmly united them that she found it impossible, and it was only with great difficulty that she was able to decipher the following brief entry, under the date of nearly a year later:

The child is gone, stolen I have no doubt, Giovanna is inconsolable, and I am more affected than I would have believed possible. Paolo must have played traitor and sold the secret of our hiding place to the Vascetti, who, considering Giovanna irredeemably lost, have snatched her infant as a brand from the burning, and will educate it to take its mother's place in their house. I suspect all this, but cannot know, at least, not at present. My immediate concern is to hide Giovanna where they will not get hold of her also. We must leave the country I think. The old dragon would not flinch at poisoning her, if she fancied it would wipe out the stain upon their name.

After this, for many pages, Neria could distinguish only an occasional word or sentence from which to infer that the writer, with his wife, had removed from Italy to Switzerland, and that he had satisfied himself that his child was actually in the hands of the family of his wife, from which he found it impossible to rescue her. The next decipherable page was dated in England somewhat more than a year after the last entry, and ran thus:

I have decided at last to go to America and look for my father's family. Giovanna wishes it. She is haunted with terror lest this child should be stolen from her as was the first. It is a pretty little creature and we call her Neria, because she was born upon the sea. We shall take passage in a sailing vessel bound for Boston, in Massachusetts, within a few weeks, our means not allowing us to indulge in the luxury of a steam-passage. Indeed we have been obliged to sell some of our valuables already, to raise the necessary funds. Giovanna has insisted upon disposing of her most important jewels, and would even have sold the serpent-bracelet, the hereditary ornament of the daughters of her house, would I have permitted it, but this must be kept, at any rate, to deck the arm of little Neria, when it shall have attained mature proportions. I am sorry Giovanna could not have possessed the goblet also. She says an ancestress, a second Lucretia as it would seem, had these two golden serpents fashioned in precise similitude, except that between the jaws of the one was set a tiny Venetian goblet, and in the head of the other, intended to be worn as a bracelet, was placed a small quantity of a deadly poison, which may be ejected by pressing the finger upon the jewel forming his crest, when a slender spear shoots forward, pierces the finger and leaves death in the wound. Thus the possessor of this brace of serpents commands, through them, both the lives of others and his own safety. My gentle Giovanna will never be likely to use the weapon or need the defence, but I like the idea of these hereditary jewels, and thank the sanguinary ancestress for her idea, and also for leaving us her name, graven upon both serpents beneath the crest of her house. Fiamma Vasetti, thou wast a woman of rare fancy and had a very pretty idea of assassination! Well, well, what is all this to the present. I must set my-

self to making the necessary arrangements for our passage. I wonder if any of the Vaughns survive, and if they will own their errant kinsman. Not that I will ask more than a welcome of them : I mean to earn my living for myself somehow, but just how I cannot now say. Since I am husband of Giovanna, I dare not pursue the little occupations by which my honored father accumulated the property his son has just spent. I detest the sight of a green table and a pack of cards, and would as soon play with the bones of my ancestors as with those my father so often tossed, and so invariably to his own advantage. *Eh bien !* I find by my father's papers that his family lived near a little town called Carrick, and thither we first will betake us on arriving in America. If these Vaughns repudiate me they cannot fail to welcome my lovely Giovanna, my innocent little Neria, and if they will make them happy I ask nothing for myself.

This was the last. A few more pages had been partially written over, but the disconnected words still legible gave no clue to the meaning of the whole, and Neria was fain to finish the sad story for herself. She readily conceived that the voyage had been accomplished, that her father had died either upon the passage or soon after his arrival in America, and that the hapless wife thus widowed had attempted to reach, with her infant, the unknown friends, of whom her husband had doubtless told her. Reduced to absolute penury, she had probably been obliged to perform the last part of her journey on foot, and before reaching Carrick had sunk upon the spot where Mr. Vaughn had found her. Neria covered her eyes and shuddered, as fancy, or it may be something which is not fancy, pictured before her the black bitter night, the angry sea, the desolate shore, and the poor young mother struggling on, her baby in her arms, shrinking before the piercing blast which froze the tears upon her cheeks before they had time to fall, while close behind her stalked Death's grim form, his fleshless jaws grinning, his bony hand already outstretched to seize his unconscious prey.

"My mother, my mother !" moaned Neria, and in the bitterness of her pain felt a momentary resentment at Vaughn, that he had not arrived in time to save mother as well as child.

She took up the journal again and strained her sight in the effort to distinguish something more in the blurred pages at the end of the book. Here and there a word was easily to be read, but nothing connected or intelligible, until in the middle of the last page appeared the words : "secret cipher of the Vaughns, formed by using our motto as an alphabet, it has been—" Neria dropped the book, as a sudden conviction flashed across her mind. "The secret ! Poor Gillies's secret !" murmured she, and flying to her desk she found and opened upon the table the letter of Reginald Vaughn confided to her keeping by the musician. Her eyes ran hastily over the familiar sentences until she came to the cipher, upon which she had so often and so vainly pondered :

EDAOLU OE OLUDLUV.

The motto of the Vaughns was as familiar to her as her own name, and hastily writing upon a bit of paper the words : "*Dieu le roy et le foy du Vaughn*," she placed the letters of the alphabet beneath the letters of those words, and by assuming the upper letter as the name of the lower one, found herself possessed of a new alphabet, by whose aid she translated the three words of cipher into the phrase : "Father of Heralds."

Here, however, was a fresh enigma ; and Neria, utterly exhausted in body and mind, put it aside for the consideration of a calmer moment, and locking the journal, the picture, and letter in her desk, threw herself upon the bed with eyes already closed, just as the earliest bird uttered his warning note of the coming morn.

THE GRAMMARLESS TONGUE.

A CHAPTER OF "WORDS AND THEIR USES."

IN the last article of this series it was set forth that English is an almost grammarless language. The two elements of grammar being etymology, which concerns the inflections of words, that is, changes in form to express modification of meaning ; and syntax, which concerns the construction of sentences according to the formal relations of words ; and the English language being almost without the former, and therefore equally without the latter, its use must be, in a corresponding degree, untrammelled by the rules of grammar and subject only to the laws of reason, which we call logic. We have, indeed, been long afflicted with grammarians from whom we have suffered much, and to whose usurped authority we most of us have submitted abjectly, without a murmur and almost without a question. But the truth of this matter is this, that of the rules given in the books called English grammar some are absurd and most are superfluous. For example, it can be easily shown that in the English language, with a few exceptions, the following easy and informal relations of words prevail :

The verb needs not, and generally does not, agree with its nominative case in number and person.

Pronouns do not agree with their antecedent nouns in person, number and gender.

Active verbs do not govern the objective case, or any other.

Prepositions do not govern the objective case, or any other.

One verb does not govern another in the infinitive mood.

Nor is the infinitive a mood, or governed by substantive, adjective, or participle.

Conjunctions need not connect the same moods and tenses of verbs.

The grammarians have laid down laws directly to the contrary of these assertions ; but the grammarians are wrong, and, in the very nature of things, cannot be right, for their laws have as conditions precedent the existence of things which do not exist. In English the verb is almost without distinction of number and of person ; the noun is entirely without gender, and has no objective case ; the adjective and the participle are without number, gender, and case ; the infinitive is not a mood, it is not an inflection of the verb, or a part of it ; and conjunctions are free from all rules but those of common sense and taste.

No term was ever more unwisely chosen than *government* to express the relations of words in the sentence. It is one of the mysterious metaphors which have been imposed upon the world generally, by tyrants or tricksters, and with which thought is confused and language darkened. In grammar it implies, or seems to imply, a power in one word over another. Now, there is in no language any such power, or any relation which is properly symbolized by such a power. In Latin, Greek, and other inflected languages, the forms of the words of which a sentence is made up present outward signs of requirement which give some hint as to what the grammarians mean by one word governing an-

other. But in English there is no such visible sign ; and this arbitrary, mysterious, and metaphorical phrase, government, is, to young minds, if they are reasoning and not merely receptive, perplexing in the extreme. Even in languages which have variety of inflection, the words do not govern each other ; but they may be said to fit into each other by corresponding forms which indicate their proper connection, so that a sentence is *dovetailed* together. In English, however, with the exception of a few pronouns, one case of nouns, and two tenses and one person of the verb, all the words are as round and smooth, and as independent of each other in form, as the pebbles on the sea-shore. The attempt to bind such words together by the links of etymology and syntax, or, in other words, to make grammatical rules for a language in which the noun has only one case—in which there is no gender of noun, adjective, or participle—in which distinction of tense, number, person in verbs is almost unknown, and that of voice absolutely wanting, is, on its face, absurd. In English, words are formed into sentences by the operation of an invisible power, which is like magnetic attraction. Each one is charged with a meaning which attracts it to some of those in the sentence, and particularly to one, and which repels it from the others ; and he who subtly divines and dextrously uses this attraction, filling his words with a living but latent light and heat, which makes them leap to each other and cling together while they transmit his freely-flowing thought, is a master of the English language, although he may be ignorant and uninstructed in its use. And here is one difference between the English and the ancient classic tongues. The great writers of the latter were, and, it would seem, must needs have been, men of high culture—grammarians in the ancient sense of the word, which I have before mentioned ; but some of the best English that has been written is the simple, strong utterance of ignorant men, entirely undisciplined in the use of language. True, they had genius—some of them, at least ; but genius, giving them strength and clearness of imagination, or of reason, could yet not have taught them to write with purity and power a language like the Greek, in which the verb had three voices, five moods, and two aorists, and nine persons for every tense ; in which all nouns had three numbers, and each noun a gender of its own ; and every adjective and participle three genders and six cases, a copiousness of inflection possessed by the very articles, definite and indefinite. The Greek language may be the noblest and most perfect instrument ever invented by man for the expression of his thought ; but certainly, of all the tongues ever spoken by civilized men, it is the most complicated. And I venture to express my belief that its complication, so far from being an element of its power, is a sign of rudeness and a remnant of barbarism ; that the Greek and Latin authors were great, not by reason of the verbal forms and the grammatical structure of their languages, but in spite of them ; and that our mother tongue, in freeing herself from these, has only cast aside the trammels of her strength and the disguises of her beauty.

But I must turn from these general considerations of my subject to such an examination of its particulars as will sustain the position which I have taken. And first of the verb. The Greek verb has, for the expression of the various moods and times of acting and suffering by various persons, more than five hundred inflections ; and these inflections so modify, by processes called augmentation and reduplication, both the beginning and the end of the verb, that, to the uninstructed eye, it passes beyond recognition. Thus, for instance, *tupto*, (the verb which occupies in Greek grammars the place of *I love* in English grammars,) assumes, among its changes, these dissimilar forms : *Tupto*, I strike ;

etetuphein, I had struck; *tuptetosan*, let them strike; *etetupheisan*, they had struck; *tupsas*, having struck; *etuptomethon*, you two were struck; *etupsame-thon*, you two struck yourselves; *tuphtheesoimeen*, I might be about to be struck. These are but specimens of the more than five hundred bricks which go to make up the regular Greek verbal edifice. Each person of each case has its peculiar significant form or inflection, every one of which must be learned by heart.

Looking back upon this single and simplest specimen of its myriad inflections, I cannot wonder that boys regard Greek as an invention of the enemy of mankind. But this variety of inflection has not entirely passed away with the life of the ancient Hellenic people and language. It has been shown that the French language has three hundred different terminations for the simple cases of the ten regular conjugations, 1,755 for the thirty-nine irregular conjugations, and two hundred for the auxiliary verbs—making a sum total of 2,165 terminations which must be learned by heart.* The verbs of the Greek language must have, I think, in all, more than ten times this number of changes in form. Now, the English verb has, in its regular or weak form, only four inflections; and in its so-called irregular, or strong, or ancient form, only five. These inflections serve it for the two voices, five moods, six tenses, and six persons which must have expression in a language that answers the needs of a civilized, cultured people. The four inflections of the verb *to love*, for instance (counting the present indicative), are *love*, *loves*, *loved*, and *loving*. The first two and the last express present incompleted action, the third, past action. Two others, *lovest* and *lovedest*, are to be found in the grammars, but they have been thrown out of use by the same process of simplification which has cast off the mass of the Anglo-Saxon inflections during the transformation of that language into English. The present tense indicative of the verb *to love* is, therefore, now as follows:

I love,	We love,
You love,	You love,
He loves,	They love.

Here are five and, in effect, six nominatives of two numbers and three persons, but only two forms of the verb. How, then, to return to our rules of grammar, can the verb agree with its nominative in number and person? The truth is it does not so agree, because we have found that such agreement is not necessary to the clear expression of thought. *I love* and *we love* are just as exact in meaning as *amo*, *amamus*. The past tense of the English verb has not even one inflection. It is as follows:

I loved,	We loved,
You loved,	You loved,
He loved,	They loved.

It was not always thus. The Anglo-Saxon verb, although like the English it had but one voice and two tenses, had inflection of person and number. The present or indefinite, and the perfect tenses of *lufian*, to love, were as follows:

PRESENT.	
ic lufige,	we lufiath,
thu lufast,	ge lufiath,
he lufath,	hi lufiath.
PERFECT.	
ic lufode,	we lufodon,
thu lufodest,	ge lufodon,
he lufode,	hi lufodon.

These inflections appear in what is called the Early English stage of our Sinibaldo quoted by Max Muller.

language, and some of them are found even in the writings of Chaucer and Gower, although in the days of those poets they were passing away. They were disused merely for the purpose of simplifying the language, of doing away with complications which were found needless. It was seen that as the noun or pronoun always accompanied the verb, the plural form in *ath* or *en* was not necessary for the exact expression of thought, and that *we love* and *we loved* were as unmistakable in their significance as *we lufiath* and *we lufodon*; and so as to the other numbers and persons of the two tenses. The plural form in *en* held a place long after other inflections had disappeared, but that at last passed out of the speech of the people, and about A. D. 1475, from the writings of reputable authors. The inflections of the singular number had a stronger hold upon the language, probably because the singular number is more frequently used in the common intercourse of life than the plural, and because it is found more necessary to distinguish between the actions, thoughts and conditions of individuals than between those of masses or groups. The distinctive inflection of the second person singular, *est*, held its own until the Elizabethan period, when it was passing rapidly away. It prevails in our translation of the Bible, but Shakespeare rarely uses it; the reason of the difference being that solemnity of occasion or of subject is regarded as requiring unusual precision of language. Thus to this day educated clergymen in reading the Bible give the past participle its full, and not its contracted form—*lov-ed*, not *lov'd*, and, for instance, say *ven-i-son*, not *ven'son*. Again the change from *thou lovest* and *thou lovedest* to *you love* and *you loved*, seems to have been made merely from the wish to get rid of a superfluous inflection. If, in the course of years, the inflection of the third person singular should follow that of the second, and we should say *he love*, the change would be directly in the line of the natural movement of our language. Should it not take place, the preservation of this lonely, unsupported inflection will probably be owing to the restraints of criticism, and the introduction of consciousness and culture among the mass of speakers. To some of my readers it may seem impossible that this change should be made, and that *he love* would be barbarous and almost incomprehensible. But such is not the effect of identity of form between the third person and the first of the perfect tense; and it being neither absurd nor obscure to say I loved, you [*i. e.*, thou] loved, he loved, why should it be so to say I love, you [*i. e.*, thou] love, he love?

To turn now to the first rule of our so-called grammars—"A verb must agree with its nominative case in number and person." In this rule, if *agree* means anything, it must mean that the verb must conform itself in some manner to its subject, so that it may be seen that it belongs to that subject. This is the case in Latin, for instance, in which language every person of each number of the verb has a form which indicates that person.

Amo, I love,	Amamus, we love,
Amas, you [<i>i. e.</i> , thou] love,	Amatis, you love,
Amat, he loves,	Amant, they love.

But in English for five of these six persons the verb has but one form. It has been released from all conformity to person except in the third person singular. It has but one form for all the other persons, and it therefore cannot agree with its nominative in number and person, except in the case specified. To say that this one form of the verb does agree with all those forms of the nominative—that *love* does agree with *I*, and *you*, singular, *we*, *you*, and *they*, plural, is a mere begging of the question by a childish and strenuous "making believe." And, indeed, as I trust most of my readers now begin to see, nearly all of our so-

called English grammar is mere make-believe grammar. No more words should be necessary to show that verbs which have not number and person cannot agree with nominatives, or with anything else, in number and person. And yet that they do so agree is dinned into children from their infancy until they cease to receive instruction; and they are required to cite a rule which they cannot understand, as the law of a relation which does not exist, and which, if they think for themselves, they must see does not exist.

The Anglo-Saxon was even charier as to tenses than as to numbers and persons of the verb. It had but two of the former, the present, or rather the indefinite, and the past. As it passed into English this number was not increased. No English verb has more than two tenses. With these and the two participles, present and passed, English speaking folk express all the varieties of mood and tense and also of voice; for in English there is but one voice, the active. The Anglo-Saxon present or indefinite tense expressed future action as well as present. *Ic lufige* (I love) predicated loving in the future as well as in the present time. Nor has this form of speech passed away from the Anglo-Saxon folk. To this day we say, I go to Washington to-morrow; Do you go to Washington to-morrow? The form, I shall go to Washington is rarely used except for emphasis, that, I will go, except to express determination. Indeed, I go, is the more elegant form; is heard most generally from the lips of speakers of the highest culture. And in fact the commonest predication of future action is one which expresses action passing continuously at time present—I am going, *i. e.*, I am going to Washington to-morrow. This use of the present is not at all peculiar to the Anglo-Saxon language, or to the English. It appears in many others. "Simon Peter said unto them, I go a fishing: they say unto him, we also go with thee." In the Greek two verbs are here translated *go*; but both the first (*hupago*) and the second (*erchometha*) are in the present tense. In this passage, too, *I go. I am going, I shall go*, and *we go, we are going, we will go*, would be equivalents. The peculiarity of the Anglo-Saxon and the English languages in this respect (if they are two languages, which some philologists with show of reason deny, on the ground that our present speech is only a lineal descendant of that of our forefathers)—the peculiarity of our tongue as to this tense and others is, that while it, with others, uses the present indefinite form to express future action, it has not developed a form of the verb for the special expression of that action, or in fact of any other action but that which is either present or passed. We say *I shall go*, but *shall* is no more a part of the verb *go* than *will* is, or *may* or *can*. We say, *I have loved*; but again *have* is no more a part of the verb *love* than *to be* is, when we say, *I was loved*. When we say, *I am loving*, we only say in other words *I exist loving*; and what other connection has *am* with *loving* than *exist* would have were it used in the place of the former? We, like other peoples, are obliged to express all the different times of action, present, past and future; but most other peoples do this by inflections, that is, by real tenses of the verb. As English has different words for expressing the time present and time passed of the same action, other tongues have different words for expressing all the varieties of the time of action.

In English we say *I love, I have loved, I shall have loved*; but in Latin the same thoughts are expressed respectively by the different single words *amo, amavi, amavero*. To express what the Roman expressed by *amavi*, an inflection of *amo*, we use a verb *have*, and the perfect participle of another verb. This participle is an expression of completed action in the abstract—*loved*. It has no re-

lation to person, whether the person is the subject or the object of the action—a point to be remembered in our consideration of voice—or to specific time or occasion. The only real verb that we use in this instance is one that signifies possession. We say, *I have*—have what? possess what? Possession implies an object possessed; and in this case it is that completed action which is expressed in the abstract by the participle. *Loved* is here the object of the verb *have* as much as *money* would be in the sentence, *I have money*; and *I have loved* is no more a verb, or a part or tense of a verb, than *I have money* is, or *I have to go*. In the first and the last of these, *loved* and *to go* are as plainly objects of the verb *have* as *money* is in the second; nor is this relation at all affected by the mere verbal origin of the participle and the infinitive. As to the latter, what the grammarians call the infinitive mood is no mood at all, but a substantive, of verbal origin. It is the name of the verb, and so may well be called a noun. There is no quality of a substantive which the infinitive has not, and but one relation of the substantive—that of possession—which it cannot assume; and there is no distinctive quality of the verb which it does not lack or relation of the verb which it can assume. For instance, *I have to go* is merely *It belongs to me to go*. *To go* belongs to me; forms of expression common among the most cultivated and idiomatic speakers, and which are not only correct but elegant. But that which is expressed by a verb cannot belong to any one; only a thing, something substantial (although not necessarily material or physical), *i. e.*, a substantive can belong. This is no new discovery; and yet grammarians have gone on for generations teaching children and strangers that *to go* is a mood, as they have taught them that *I have gone* and *I shall go* are tenses of a verb.

The substantive character of the infinitive is to be discovered in those phrases which the grammarians call the future tense indicative, and the present, imperfect, perfect, pluperfect and future tenses subjunctive—I shall love, I may love, I shall have loved, and so forth. These are no tenses, and have no semblance of tenses; they are phrases or rather complete sentences, which express future or contingent action. They are composed of a pronoun, one verb, and the infinitive of another verb; that is, of a subject (the pronoun) and a predicate, consisting of the verb and its object; the latter being the infinitive or verbal substantive. It is impossible to make a more complete sentence, one better provided with all the elements which go to make up a sentence than *I shall love* or *I may have loved*; and yet learners are bewildered by being told that although *may* is a verb tense itself, and *have* is another verb tense, *I may have loved* is also a tense of the verb *to love*—nothing more or less.

The formation of the future indicative and of the tenses of the subjunctive mood was in this wise. The Anglo-Saxon infinitive was formed in *an* or *en* and did not admit the preposition *to* before it. But there was a second infinitive, formed with the preposition, having a dative sense, and being in fact a dative form of the infinitive, conveying that sense of obligation or pertinence to which linguists have given the name dative. Thus *witan* is the Anglo-Saxon infinitive, meaning to know; but there was used another infinitive *to witanne*, implying duty, obligation. For example, *Hit is to witanne*, it is to know, *i. e.*, it should be known, or ought to be known. This very phrase (with the mere rubbing off of the termination during its passage through the centuries) has come down to us as *to wit*; and it also appears not infrequently in the phrase, *You are to know*—thus and so, meaning *You should know, you ought to know, it behoves you to know, thus and so, and constantly in the colloquial phrases, I have to go here or there, I have to do thus and so*. Now, when Anglo-Saxon was becoming English by

the dropping of its few inflections and the laying aside of its light bonds of formal grammar, the form of the infinitive which remained was naturally that one which was indicated, not by an inflection but by a preposition. At first, and indeed for a century or two, the inflected termination was retained, but it would seem merely from habit, with no significance attached to it. Thus in the passage from Chaucer's "Troilus and Cresseide" quoted in the last article, the first line is,

The double sorrow of Troilus to tellen.

But in Chaucer's day our forefathers were beginning to drop the *n* and the syllable of which it was part, and instead of *to loven* and *to liven*, to write *to live* and *to love*, as we do. But they wrote *to telle*, as we do not; the final *e*, which appears in old and in some modern forms of the verb, being in its place, not by mere accident, but as a remnant of the old infinitive. Hence, too, this final *e* was sometimes pronounced, as every reader of Chaucer knows. The dropping of old plurals of verbs and nouns in *en* (a great loss in the latter case, I think), left many words ending in silent *e* preceded by a double consonant, a form which began to pass rapidly away in the latter part of the sixteenth century, but which may still be traced in our orthography; for instance the very verb in the line from "Troilus and Cresseide." If we do not write *tellen* there is no etymological reason why we should not write *tel*. The cause of the present form of the verb is that in Anglo-Saxon it was a dissyllable, and that in dropping the last syllable only, its essentials, the vowel and its following consonant, were removed. The double consonant is now retained in some words, and the silent vowel in some others, as *love* and *live*, for orthoepical reasons. To return to the formation of what the grammarians call the future indicative and the tenses of the subjunctive mood. These, they tell us, are formed by means of auxiliary verbs. But this is a very disingenuous representation of the case, consequent upon the endeavor to keep up the fiction of formal grammar in English—the make-believe system. In fact, the auxiliary theory is a mere clumsy sham. In *I am loved*, *I will go*, there are no auxiliary or helping words. Neither word needs the help of the other, except for the making of a sentence, which each of these examples is, completely. In *I am loved*, and *I will go*, *am* and *will* are no more helping verbs than *exist* and *determine* are in the sentences, *I exist loved*, and *I determine to go*. *Loved* and *go* will each make a sentence with *I* and without any help—I loved, I go. In the sentences *I am loved* and *I will go*, *loved* and *go* are not verbs. The former is a participle, the latter a verbal substantive. The Anglo-Saxon had not even any seeming auxiliary verbs. Its use of *habban*, *beon*, *willan*, *magan*, *cunnan* and *mot* (i. e., have, be, will, may, can, might) does not convey the notion of time and contingency, but simply predicates possession, existence, volition, necessity, power; and hence came those phrases by which we speak of action or existence in the future or under supposed circumstances. *I will tell* is in old English, *I will tellen*, and this is merely the verb *I will* joined to the infinitive or verbal substantive *tellen*. From the latter the last syllable has been worn, so that *I will tell* is simply *I will to tell*. The dative pertaining idea is conveyed, i. e., my will is to tell, my will is for telling, or toward telling. Thus *I can love* is merely *I can to love*, *I am able to love*; and so it is with the phrases *I might love*, *I could love*, *I would love*, *I should love*. They are all, not verbs or parts of verbs, but sentences formed by the use of the indicative present of one verb with the infinitive or verbal substantive of another. By this discarding of inflected tenses the English language has gained, not only in simplicity but in flexibility and

variety. The Latin language, for instance, has for the expression of I might love, and also of I could, and of I would, and of I should—love, only the single inflected form *amarem*; whereas we are able to express, in regard to the same time of action, four very decided and differing shades of meaning, while we are entirely free of the grammatical restraints and complications imposed by inflection. The Latin folk were obliged to remember six forms for this one tense, and yet were able to make no distinction in tense between the ideas of possibility, power, volition and obligation, in connection with future action.

SINGULAR.	PLURAL.
1. Amarem.	1. Amaremus.
2. Amares.	2. Amaretis.
3. Amaret.	3. Amarent.

Whereas in English we, by a simple change of the subject, noun or pronoun, say,

I	}	might	}	love.
You		could		
He		would		
We		should		
You				
They				

But we do not thereby form a tense of the verb. Could absurdity be more patent than in the assertion, not only that *I might* and *I should* are a part of the verb *to love*, but that several words conveying thoughts so widely different as I might love and I should love, are actually the *same* part of the same verb. A consideration of the difference in meaning of these two sentences, of their radical difference, or rather their absolute opposition, the one expressing possibility, the other obligation, and of the fact that, according to the English grammarians, they are equally parts of one so-called tense, the imperfect subjunctive, which in Latin is a tense, *amarem*, will make it clear that in English we have not merely substituted one form for another. We have done away with the tense; we have done away with all tenses, except the present, or indefinite, and the past. We have found that those tenses are all that we need; that with the forms significant of present and of past action, or being, or suffering, we can express ourselves in conformity to all the conditions of time, past, present, and future.

As we have done with tenses so have we done with voices. The English verb has but one voice—the active. And not only has it no passive voice, but there is in the language no semblance of a passive voice. The Greek, who must have three numbers to his nouns, one for an individual, one, the dual, for two, and a third for more than two, was also not content without three voices—the active, the passive, and one which was in sense between those two, which has been called the middle voice, but might better have better been called the reflexive voice. Thus we say I wash, I am washed, I wash myself; the Greek, expressing the same facts that are expressed by these English phrases, said in three words—*louo*, *louomai*, *elousameen*. Now the English grammarians tell their hapless pupils that *to be washed* is the passive voice of the verb *to wash*. It is no such thing. If *I am washed* is the passive voice of *I wash*, equally is *I wash myself* its middle voice. But no English grammarian known to me, or that I ever heard of, has set forth such forms of speech as *I washed myself* as a middle voice. It is a sentence; and if *myself* is no part of the verb *to wash*, no more is *am*; and *I am washed* is no part of any verb, but a complete sentence with a subject and a predicate consisting of a verb and a participial adjective. We have done away with the passive voice in all its moods and tenses;

and we have no passive form of the verb whatever, not even a passive participle. We express the fact of passivity, or the recipient of any action, by some verb, and the perfect participle of the verb expressing that action; and this perfect participle we apply to ourselves or to others *as a qualification*. In technical language we make it a participial adjective, that is, a word which qualifies a noun by representing it as affected or modified by the result of some action. Thus we say, a good man, or, a loved man; and in these phrases both *good* and *loved* are adjectives qualifying man. *To be loved* is no more a verb than *to be good*. According to the English grammarians, we can conjugate the former, it is true, in all the moods and tenses of their so-called passive voice. But so we can the latter :

I am good,
Thou art good,
He is good,

We are good,
Ye or you are good,
They are good.

This is conjugation as much as I am loved, Thou art loved, and so forth, is, and it can be carried out, of course, to I shall have been, or I might, could, would, or should have been—either good or loved, it makes no difference which. But this is not conjugation in either case; it is the mere forming of sentences. When a Greek boy wished to express his conviction that at a certain time future, if he had done what was wrong, or had not done what was right, certain unpleasant consequences would have followed, he said, in one word, *tetupsomai*, which is a tense of the verb *tupto* or *tuptein*. But instead of this one word, the English boy uses a sentence made up of a pronoun, three verbs and an adjective expressing a condition; he says, I shall have been beaten. He expresses first, future obligation—*shall*; next, possession, or pertinence—*have*; next, existence—*been*; and last, condition, the condition of that existence, *beaten*. He says that he is obliged at a future time to possess the beaten condition. And this sentence thus made up of a pronoun, three verbs which have no connection with each other, and an adjective that has no affinity with either of the verbs, English grammarians call a tense, the future perfect tense of the passive voice of the verb *to beat*! Could there be better proof that the English verb has neither future tense nor passive voice? *

The simplification of our language, which has left the English verb only one voice and but two tenses, has given only one case to the English noun, the possessive, or two if we reckon the nominative, which, strictly speaking, is not a case. The English noun has no objective case. English grammarians tell us that it has, and that this case is governed, and agrees, and is put in apposition, and what not. But the truth is that the English language, although it expresses clearly the objective relation, does it without case, and merely by position, arrangement in logical order. One of the rules of the English grammarians is that "Active verbs govern the objective case," or, according to another form, "A noun or pronoun used as the *object* of a transitive verb or its participles must be in the objective case; as, William defeated Harold." Here, therefore, Harold is in "the objective case." How, then, is it with this sentence?—Harold defeated William. No change has been made in the word *Harold*; it is in the same case in both sentences. It has simply changed its relation. In the former sentence, Harold is the object and William the subject of the action; in the latter Harold is the subject and William the object. But what in language

* I need not stop to say to the candid scholar that the Latin, like the English, is without a tense corresponding to the Greek third future passive, and also without some other formal tenses in the passive voice. But this is not to my present purpose. Here Latin and Greek concern me only when they can be used by way of illustration.

could be more absurd or more confusing to a learner than to say that a mere change in the place of a word makes a change in its case? And so as to the rule, "A noun or pronoun used to explain or identify another noun is put by apposition in the same case: as, William the Norman duke defeated Harold the Saxon king." Here we are told that *duke* is in the nominative case, because it is in apposition with *William*, and that *king* is in the objective case, it being in apposition with *Harold*. But let the words be merely shifted, without any inflection, and let us read, Harold the Saxon king defeated William the Norman duke, which is English, and might have been truth. In what case here are *king* and *duke*? Clearly they are in no case in either example. They are simply subject and object, or object and subject, according to their relative positions.

We are told by one of the latest English grammarians, in his etymology of pronouns, that "To pronouns, *like nouns*, belong person, number, gender, and case." This is a notably incorrect assertion. Upon two of these points, nouns and pronouns are remarkably unlike; upon one other they are correctly said to be alike; upon the fourth the assertion is untrue as to both. Pronouns and nouns have number; pronouns have person, nouns have not; pronouns have two cases—the possessive and the objective, nouns but one—the possessive. The rules given in English grammars for the syntax of nouns, apply, with a single exception, to pronouns only, and are based chiefly upon the persons and cases of the latter—the forms, I, my, me, We, our, us, Thou, thy, thee, You, your, He, his, him, She, hers, her, It, its, They, their, them, to which there are no corresponding forms in nouns, except the possessive in *es*, which has been contracted to *'s*, as if we were feeling our way toward its entire abolition. Disappear it surely will, if we find that we can get along without it, and that, for instance, *John coat* is just as precise and apprehensible as *John's coat*. One of the pronoun cases is visibly disappearing—the objective case *whom*. Even in the fastidious "Saturday Review" we sometimes find *who* as the object of a verb. Our pronouns, however, are still inflected, and have cases; and of pronouns, active verbs do govern, or rather require, the objective case. To our few pronouns, then, may be applied all those rules of construction based upon case, form which, borrowed from the Latin language and thrust upon the student of English, are announced in our grammars as the laws for the syntax of the vast multitude of nouns.

Thus far, as to the positive likeness and unlikeness of nouns and pronouns. They have also a negative likeness, as to which they are misrepresented in all English grammars, as in the one above cited. Both nouns and pronouns are *without gender*. There is no gender in the English language. Distinctions of sex are expressed by English folk; but this fact does not imply the existence of gender in the English language. Sex is generally, although not always, expressed by gender; but distinction of gender rarely implies distinction of sex. There are hundreds of words in Greek, in Latin, and in French, which are masculine or feminine, and which are the names of things and of thoughts that can have no sex. The Latin noun *penna*, a pen, is feminine; and so is the French *table*, a table. These words have gender, although the things they signify have no sex. The corresponding English nouns are said in English grammar to be of "the neuter gender." But they are of no gender at all.

Gender in language belongs, not to things, but to words. It is one of the most barbarous and foolish notions with which the mind of man was ever vexed.

One or two examples shall make this plain. *Beau* is the French adjective expressing masculine beauty. Its feminine counterpart is *belle*; so that a fine man has come to be called a *beau*, and a beautiful woman a *belle*. But, notwithstanding this, women, as the fair sex, are called in French *le beau sexe*—the reason being that sex, in French the word *sexe*, is masculine! All languages afflicted with gender are covered with such irritating absurdity; so that this distinction of words is the bane and the torment of learners, whether to the manner born or not. For instance, in French, one is in constant dread lest one should commit such blunders as to speak of masculine breeches—the name of that garment in France being, with fine satire, feminine. And yet, with all this complicated provision of gender—say rather by reason of it—these languages are at sometimes unable to distinguish sex. A case in point is this passage from “*Gil Blas* : ”

Je fis la lecture de mon ouvrage, que sa majesté n'entendit pas dans plaisir. Elle temoigna q'elle etait content de moi.—Book viii., chap. 5.

This passage tells us that *Gil Blas* read his work to a monarch, who was pleased and expressed satisfaction. But although every word in the two sentences, except the participles and the verbs, has gender, it is impossible to learn from this passage whether the monarch was male or female; as impossible as it is to do so from my paraphrase, which is purposely made without distinction of sex. The latter of the two sentences is bewildering to the common sense of an English reader who knows the context. It is, *She* showed that *she* was satisfied with me. Now, the *she* was a man—King Philip IV. of Spain. But in defiance of sex the feminine pronoun is used because majesty, the word *majesté*, is feminine! Here sex is not expressed by gender; and the lack of necessary connection between sex and gender is manifest. In English we express only sex; that is, we merely have different words to express the male and the female of living things. The human male we call man, the human female, woman; so we use boy and girl, father and mother, brother and sister, uncle and aunt, bull and cow, horse and mare, bullock and heifer, buck and doe, cock and hen, and so forth. But even in cases like these, *woman*, for instance, is not the feminine form of the word *man*, or *girl* of *boy*, or *doe* of *buck*, or *hen* of *cock*. We have in these words merely different names for different things. And although in such instances as *actor*, *actress*, *hunter*, *huntress*, *tiger*, *tigress*, the name of the female is a feminine form of the name of the male, this has no effect upon upon the construction of the sentence; the distinction made is still one purely of sex, and not of gender. Yet further; in pronouns, although they represent nouns belonging to the two sexes, there is no distinction of gender whatever; and, what is the more remarkable, considering the fuss grammarians make about gender, none even of sex, except in one number of one person. I, thou, we, you, they, who, and all the rest, except he, she, and it, refer to masculine and feminine persons alike. In the pronoun of the third person singular we have a relic of our forefathers' inflected tongue. The Anglo-Saxon pronoun was masculine *he*, feminine *heó*, neuter *hit*, which are respectively represented by our *he*, *she*, *it*. But here again the distinction is of sex, not of gender, and would be so, even if it were carried through all the persons. *He*, *she*, and *it* are merely words that stand for male, female, and sexless things, and their forms are not affected by any “governing” or requiring power of the other words in the sentences in which they appear. There is, then, no gender in the English language, but only distinction of sex; that is, merely, we do not call a woman a man, a hen a

cock, or a heifer a bullock. This being the case it is impossible that there can be agreement in gender of nouns or of pronouns.

The one case of English nouns, the possessive, is equally without power in the sentence, upon the structure of which it has no effect whatever. It merely expresses possession, and its power, confined to that expression, "governs" nothing, requires nothing, "agrees" with nothing. The reason of this is that English adjectives and participles are without case as they are without number and without gender. In Latin every word qualifying a noun in the genitive or possessive case, or closely related to it, must be also in that case. Thus we see upon the title-pages of the classics, sentences like the following. *Albii Tibulli, equitis Romani Elegiarum aliorumque carminum, Libri IV. ad optimos codices emendati, curâ Reverendissimi, Doctissimi, Sanctissimi Caroli Bensoni*; that is, Four books of the Elegies and other poems of Albus Tibullus, a Roman knight, restored according to the best manuscripts, by the care of the most reverend, learned and holy Carl Benson. Here, in Latin, because Tibullus is in the genitive or possessive case, the words meaning Roman and knight must also be in that case; so with the word meaning other, because that meaning poems is in the genitive; and of course so with those meaning most reverend, most learned, and most holy, that these may agree with Carl Benson. This is syntax or grammatical construction. We English folk have burst all those bonds of speech for ever.

It must have been with some reference to this subject that Lindley Murray has vexed the souls of generations by proclaiming as the tenth law of English grammar that "One substantive governs another signifying a different thing in the possessive case." An awful and mysterious utterance truly. It is about the possessive case; but what about it? I can believe that the Apocalypse is to be understood—hereafter; I will undertake to parse "*Sordello*"—for a consideration; but I admit that before the Yankee Quaker's tenth law I sit dumb-founded, I cannot begin or hope to begin to understand it, or believe that it has been, is, or will be understood by any one.

The assertion that it is a law of the English language that conjunctions connect the same moods and tenses of verbs, may be confuted by a single example to the contrary, such as, "I desire, and have pursued virtue, and should have been rewarded, if men were just." This sentence is good English; and yet in it the conjunction *and* connects what are, according to Murray and the other English grammarians, two moods and three tenses.

But I must bring this article to an end. And I may well do so, having shown my readers that government, and agreement, and apposition, and gender have no place in the construction of the English sentence, and that tense is confined to the necessary distinction between what is passing, or may pass, and what has passed, and case, to the simple expression of possession. This being the case, grammar, in the usual sense of the word—*i. e.*, syntax according to etymology—is impossible; for inflected forms and consequent relations are the conditions, *sine qua non*, of grammar. We have, in speaking or writing English, only to choose the right words and put them into the right places, respecting no laws but those of reason, conforming to no order but that of logic.

RICHARD GRANT WHITE.

THE GALAXY MISCELLANY.

DON'T GET EXCITED.



NE day last summer I was out on Saratoga Lake with the Congregational minister of the village, fishing for pickerel. We tied our boat under a bridge, near another boat which was already there, and in which there sat a man and an indolent-looking boy. As we were making some necessary exertion to steady and fasten the boat, this indolent boy opened his mouth and drawled forth, with a perfectly blank countenance, and

without addressing anybody in particular, the words: "Now, do-o-n't get excited; 'cos if you do you might hurt yourself."

All that morning, whenever anybody, thinking, in the tremor of anticipation that he had a bite, gave a jerk at his pole, or whenever anybody got his line inextricably entangled with two or three others, or stuck his fish-hook into his fingers, or came near missing his balance by the motion of the boat, or found that his bait had been taken off, or nearly dropped his hat into the water, or suffered the disappointment of losing a fish just as he was drawing it in—on all these occasions this gentle youth would drawl out, without any visible emotion, "Now, do-o-n't get excited; 'cos if you do you might hurt yourself." You can well understand that it was a great comfort to those who had endured his outrageous complacency, when, on attempting to climb up on the bridge, the boat slid gracefully out from under him and allowed him to drop into the water. As he was splashing and floundering in the attempt to rescue himself, we admonished him, with unsympathetic jeers, not to get excited, and we were very deliberate in our efforts to pull him in.

We can imagine that it is no great satisfaction to a man with the gout to be benignantly warned against excitement. It is nearly useless to advise a man with the toothache to take it philosophically. It is scarcely any comfort when one is persecuted by mosquitos, or is kept awake by the voices of cats at night, or has tight boots on a picnic, or is unable to collect a debt after the third unequivocal dun, or sees his hat borne from his head and along the street by the breeze, or observes his neighbors' hens scratching up his tomato plants, or spills ink over a very nicely written MS., or, under various exceptional circumstances of this kind which you can call to mind, it is scarcely any comfort, I say, to be told not to fret yourself.

Nevertheless, I have pondered some time upon the remark which stands at the head of this incongruous effort; and, considering the many accidents which are constantly happening to a person who is engaged in fishing, and which are likely to induce undue excitement, I have come to the conclusion that the youth

of whom I have spoken was a philosopher, and that it was a profound precaution to urge continually upon our minds the advice—"Don't get excited."

"Haste not, rest not," we are told. I agree with the first half, and to some extent disagree with the second half of that proposition. It is the fault of our people to be too much in a hurry. We do not need moralists to preach on the text, "Delays are dangerous." I admit that that would be a very good motto for the Fire Department, but I think that generally we need to learn that delay is frequently a very good thing, and that it is oftener excitement than delay that is dangerous. It is well that a person should have discretion to know when to delay and when to hurry, when to stop and when to go ahead, when to let go and when to hold on. If a man is approaching a railway crossing, and sees a train coming, it is the best policy to delay; otherwise he might get run over. If a man is walking toward a precipice delay is not dangerous to him. Under such circumstances, as well as under similar ones in national affairs, "A wise and masterly inactivity," as McIntosh phrased it, might be recommended. In getting married a reasonable delay is the best policy. Possibly an heiress may sometimes be lost by it, but if she did not care enough for her lover to wait for him he would have found her a burden and her money a vexation. The love that is to last through a life should be able to bear a few months' suspense. Jacob served fourteen years for Rachel, his "beautiful and well-favored" first-love. That would be too long at the present rate of living, but Jacob survived to the age of one hundred and forty-seven, and if I read aright he got Rachel at the end of the first seven years, though he served seven years more after he was married. One should never be in haste to do a thing that, when once done cannot be easily undone. It takes longer to get out of a ditch after having fallen in than it does to consider carefully whether one can jump across it. In the long run, a slow man is less liable to accidents than a hasty man.

I always liked a little poem that tells an exciting tale of an old gentleman who was constrained to do a foolish thing on account of his excitement, but in which the poet partakes so little of the excitement of his tale, that he troubles himself to look out for only two rhymes for the whole four stanzas.

By the side of a murmuring stream,
As an elderly gentleman sat;
On the top of his head was his wig,
And a-top of his wig was his hat.
The wind it blew high and blew strong,
As the elderly gentleman sat;
And it tore from his head in a trice,
And plunged in the river his hat.
The gentleman then took his cane,
Which lay by his side as he sat,
And he dropped in the river his wig
In attempting to get out his hat.
His breast it grew cold with despair,
And full in his eye sadness sat;
So he flung in the river his cane,
To swim with his wig and his hat.

It is noticeable that persons who owe money, that lawyers and law courts, and that officers in the employ of government do not seem to consider delays dangerous. No doubt procrastination is the best thing in a lawsuit. It allows the parties time to bottle their wrath, and to contemplate their folly.

Whenever one is in a passion, delay is the best policy. Under those circumstances, as the editor said to the infuriated printer, who was angry because he had no copy, "you had better compose yourself."

You cannot get a hotel-clerk, or a steamboat-clerk, or a baggage-master excited. What would be the use? He would have to get excited over every new comer, because travellers are, as a rule, apt to be tempestuous. He prefers to be uniformly imperturbable.

A man, as I said, must have discretion to know when to haste and when to rest, when to stop and when to go ahead, when to hold on and when to let go. We like people who, having once undertaken a thing, will never give up; who, having formed a purpose, will never relinquish it. The bear finds its safety in hugging its enemy with an unyielding clutch. But there is a picture on the news-stands of a bear hugging very tight a perpendicular saw, at the motion of which he seems to have become offended. The saw, of course, continues its motion. The harder the bear hugs the more he gets mangled, and the tighter he presses it the harder it cuts. A man in that case would have exercised discretion and have left go, unless he were a simpleton or indeed had encountered a very easy saw like the one of which we read which cut so smoothly that a boy who lay on the log and was sawed with it did not know he had been injured until he fell off in two pieces.

And so I think there is discretion to be used behind any maxim, even behind the maxim, "Don't get excited." I have read of people who were too calm and complacent. Of such a character I think was the conductor, who, when he ran over a man, said he never liked to do it "because it mussed up the track so." And speaking of saws, and following this train of thought, I may mention a young man from the country who went into a hardware store in New York and, rapping a great buzz-saw with his knuckles, remarked, "I had an old dad ripped to pieces with one of them fellers last week." I think that young man exhibited too little emotion for the occasion. It showed a lack of filial affection only comparable to that of a boy belonging to a primary school in Manchester, New Hampshire, who assured his schoolmates that he should soon be able to indulge in his favorite sport on the river with the best of them. "Father," said he, "has gone to the war, and when he gets killed I am going to have his fish-line."

As cool a person, under the circumstances, as was ever heard of, was a young nobleman, who, in a frightful railway accident, missed his valet. One of the guards came up to him and said: "My lord, we have found your servant, but he is cut in two." "Aw, is he?" said the young man, with a Dundreary drawl, but still with some anxiety depicted on his countenance, "Will you be good enough to see in which half he has gwot the key of my carpet-bag?" To a sensitive mind his anxiety seems to have been misplaced. The same unconsciousness to the awful aspects of death was exhibited by a man in New Jersey in 1859, who was employed to convey to his friends the body of a Mr. Wilson who had died about fifty miles from home, of the cholera. On finding the house he knocked at the door and the wife of the deceased opened it. "Does Mr. Wilson live here?" said the man. "Yes," said the lady, "but he is not at home to day." "No, I know he ain't," said the man, with a soothing tone of voice, thinking to break the news gently, "but he will be in a minute, 'cause I've got him here dead in the wagon." There was a still more reprehensible moral obtuseness in the remark of a man who was sentenced to be hung and who inquired of the sheriff the night before the appointed day, "I say, Mr. Sheriff, at what hour does this little affair of mine come off?"

I have mentioned these incidents to illustrate some occasions when complacency appears unseemly to a person of delicate sensibility. Probably the reason

people laugh at such anecdotes is because they are such outrageous deviations from the ordinary course of thought and sentiment.

Still, excitements are dangerous. It has occurred to me recently that it is peculiarly proper that we should remember this in political contests. There is always in these national emergencies, whether from fights or from celebrations, a smell of gunpowder in the air. Vituperation becomes the fashion in conversation and in the newspapers. Vindictiveness is fostered between friends and brothers. We are told that ruin hangs over us, and that terrors unutterable await us if one or the other of the candidates is elected. Good men are defamed and bad men exalted solely because of their politics. Half the nation is in danger of becoming howling maniacs for a time, forgetting all the decencies of social intercourse and all the sweet and beautiful aspects of life. Enter not into it. The country comes out of it safe and strong, and safer and stronger as you hold your passions in check. Take pains to say, at such a time, that you think there are honest men among your political opponents. Take pains to reprove persons on your own side for attempting to aid their cause by slander, malignity, and inflammatory appeals. Let your moderation be known. Avoid vile nicknames and epithets. The lying, the malice, and uncharitableness, the confusion and indecencies of political contests in this country are utterly disgraceful.

GEORGE WAKEMAN.

THIRTY MONTHS AT THE DRY TORTUGAS.

FOR thirty months I have been a soldier of the garrison of Fort Jefferson. It is the fortress that stands on Garden Key, and frowns over the waste of waters of the Gulf of Mexico. Within these small nine acres are congregated about five hundred souls, fairly anchored out at sea, and almost out of the world, we feel sometimes. Of our life here, and of the little world of our own that we inhabit, let me send tidings to the great world beyond.

The Dry Tortugas comprehend a group of four small islands, lying about sixty miles from Key West, in a south-westerly direction, about ninety west of Cuba, and nearly the same distance from the mainland of Florida.

East Key, which lies about six miles from Fort Jefferson, contains some fifteen acres, and rises about five feet above the level of the sea. It is a complete waste, barren and uninhabited, its surface covered with thick brushwood and a species of cactus, which we here call prickly pear, impassable and almost impenetrable. It is, however, a favorite resort of turtles and sea-birds. In the turtle season, parties of men, generally accompanied by one or more officers who may like the sport, start for this island, in the evening, from the fort, lie out all night, and generally succeed in catching a turtle or two. The moonlight being exceedingly brilliant, the men lie concealed in the shrubs. When the monstrous turtle crawls up from the water, like a silly, love-lorn maiden, "to complain to the moon," a rush is suddenly made upon him by the boys; some head him off from the water, while the rest lay violent hands upon him. He is quickly turned upon his back, and his feet, or flippers, are adroitly secured by a strong line. If not the next morning consigned to the tender mercies of the post butcher, a string is placed round his neck, to which is attached a small board, marked with the letter of the company to which he belongs. He is then

thrown into the breakwater, or moat, that surrounds the fort, to float around in lazy indolence until the company cook intimates that his presence is needed in the kitchen. At times, more than a dozen of these animals may be seen floating about in the still water of the moat, lifting, for a moment, their strange, half-human faces above the surface, to take in a long breath and sink again. This island is also the resort of myriads of sea-gulls and pelicans. At night they lie so thickly all round that the men, if so inclined, can easily knock them down with a stick or seize them with the hand. Basketsfull of their eggs are brought off daily in the season, and, when properly cooked, they make a first-rate addition to the company mess.

The foundations of Fort Jefferson, built entirely of coral rock, were laid on the island of Garden Key in the year 1846. The cost of the fort, from its foundation to the present time—and the engineers are still actively at work upon it—must have been immense. Every brick, every plank, and every trowel of mortar had to be transported from the North at incalculable expense. What idea possessed those then in power to undertake so great work at such cost is not easy to imagine. It is alleged that the place was intended as a rendezvous for our ships in the Mexican waters; but for this purpose we already possessed Key West, where a similar fort (Fort Taylor) stands, and where there is ample accommodation for supplies of coal and naval stores of all kinds. Again, it is asserted that it commands the Gulf; how, I fail to understand. No ship of war of a hostile nation need come within range of our guns. The navigation round here, owing to the hidden reefs, is extremely intricate and dangerous; nor could we, with our three hundred guns, hurt the enemy keeping well outside the reefs. The only use, it seems to me, that is or can be made of the fort, is that which it really serves at present—as a prison. But whether it was, in the first place, worth while to erect such a structure, for such a purpose, in such a climate, entailing, also, the necessity of a battalion of soldiers, equally prisoners with those they guard, I leave to wiser heads to determine.

Professor Agassiz, in his interesting work on the "Study of Natural History," devotes a pleasant chapter to the age and formation of coral reefs, and explains the means by which may be approximately determined the age of these islands and surrounding reefs. He says that an intelligent head-workman employed here watched the growth of certain coral that established themselves in the foundation, and recorded their rate of increase. Other facts, from a variety of sources, confirmed the testimony thus received. This workman had shown the Professor rocks on which coral had been growing for some dozen years, during which they had increased about half an inch in ten years. A brick placed under water in 1850, by Captain Wood, of Tortugas, with a view to determine the rate of coral growth, and taken up eight years later, had a crust of meandrina upon it a little more than half an inch in thickness.

Similar testimony as to the growth of coral was furnished from Fort Taylor, Key West. Fragments of meandrina that had been growing from twelve to fifteen years averaged about an inch in thickness—some specimens, however, not more than half an inch. From these and other data the Professor estimates the growth of coral at one-half a foot in a century. Proceeding upon very moderate calculations, he assigns to the Florida coral reefs an age quite sufficient to harass the chronological faith of those who believe the world to be but six thousand years old. Indeed, upon the lowest calculation, based upon facts thus ascertained as to their growth, we cannot suppose that less than seventy thousand years have elapsed since the coral reefs already known in Florida began to grow.

Very beautiful specimens of white branching coral are collected by the men, and, when occasion offers, sent North to their friends. A few feet, very often scarcely a foot beneath the surface of the water (except in the channel, which is deep) may be seen, as one glides over it in a boat, a very forest of coral trees, with branches beautifully regular and wide-spreading. Nor is the sea here devoid of other interest. Fish of strange form and color, not seen in Northern waters, abound. The storm rolls in shoals of porpoises, and sharks are constant visitors. Shells, also, of rare and exquisite beauty, are gathered on the reefs, and a species of moss, which, impressed on cards, makes a beautiful picture, for grace of form and variety of color.

In the calm evening it is pleasant from the ramparts to watch the golden sun sink to rest, and just as it touches the edge of the horizon to hear the bugles sound "Retreat," and before the last note of music has died away in space; the placid rest broken for a moment by the thunder of the evening gun; the Stars and Stripes, that have all day long flaunted their glory from the sallyport, are run down; the toil of the day, with its petty cares, is over, and some one, as he breaks ranks, indulges in the by no means original exclamation. "Another day in for Uncle Sam." The beauty of the setting sun in this climate surpasses anything I have elsewhere seen. Whether it is in reality more beautiful than in other places, or whether being about the only beautiful thing we really have here, and on that account liable to be over-appreciated, I am unable to determine.

After sunset, sometimes, owing, I suppose, to some peculiarity in the waning light, or its reflection, or the position of the clouds, one might easily imagine himself, so placid is the sea, gazing upon some inland lake. The clouds hanging low down and thickly clustered together, form, as it were, a boundary, like the base of a hill. In the distance is Loggerhead Island, with its tall and beautifully-symmetrical light-house, the feeble light just struggling into existence, though momentarily increasing in brilliancy as the pall of darkness deepens. Nearer still is the rugged little island of Bird Key, where our dead rest, the white head-boards yet distinct in the fading light. Alas! since last years' yellow fever they are thickly-crowded together, and mark where the poor young soldiers lie far from their northern homes.

Fort Jefferson is an irregular hexagon in form. It mounts three tiers of guns (11-inch Columbiads); two in the casemates, the third on the parapet, about forty feet above the level of the sea. They are capable, I have no doubt, of giving a warm reception to any power foolhardy enough to make a trial of strength with the young Republic. A considerable portion of the island lies outside the fort, on which are erected the wooden buildings used by the engineers, workshops, stables, etc. There are also three docks, or wharfs, projecting into the channel, to which are moored the boats arriving.

Two schooners run almost every week between the fort and Key West. A steamer also arrives semi-monthly from New Orleans, bringing commissary and other stores. The arrival and departure of these boats with the mails are almost the only incidents that rouse the "inhabitants of the isles" from their usual condition of torpid monotony, relieving the dull routine of drills, roll calls, guard mounts, dress parades, and other military duties. On such occasions there is an eager rush for and anxious waiting at the post-office. There are some who joyously bear off the coveted letters or papers, and others who, scarcely believing that for them there is absolutely nothing, turn away with faces wearing an air of blank disappointment. We have a good library, pretty well

stocked with books, and receive also some New York papers, besides other publications ; so that in this respect we are very fortunate, isolated as we are from the outer world.

The entrance to the fort is through a handsome, well-built, and massive sallyport, immediately inside which is the garrison guard-house. The view, on entering, is, I imagine, to a stranger, rather pleasant. On the right of the entrance is the light-house and residence of the keeper ; on either side are cocoanut trees, furnished with a dozen or two large green nuts that never seem to ripen. Trees, green all the year round, and Spanish grass, planted with great care and watchful tenderness, greet the eye quite refreshingly. Underneath the trees, long ranges of shot piled symmetrically and great guns not mounted yet, remind the visitor, should he for a moment be inclined to forget the fact, that he stands within the inclosure of one of the greatest fortresses in the United States. A well-kept, hard-cemented walk leads in a straight line from the sallyport to the officers' quarters. In the centre of the fort is a miniature garden, nicely railed in, in which tropical fruits and vegetables are supposed to grow. What its actual production for the last two years has been I am unable to state. It is, however, well watered and kept in good order, and makes a nice show to strangers, which is something. Our best water is the rain, which we catch and confine in cisterns. We have also steam machinery in full running order, capable of condensing several thousand gallons per day. Part of the troops, owing to the other buildings being unfinished, are quartered in the upper casemates, which are perfectly airy, pleasant, and constantly whitewashed. The greatest want experienced on the island is that of vegetables. Occasionally we get watermelons, bananas, and pineapples from Cuba, which sell at very extravagant prices ; a good head of plain vulgar cabbage, so little esteemed in the outside world, would sell readily for a dollar here. The wonder is that some "live Yankee" does not settle somewhere on the coast of Florida and supply this place and Key West with vegetables, fruit, eggs, and butter. One with a moderate capital and energy would shortly realize a fortune. An attempt was made last summer to establish a garden on Loggerhead, two miles distant from the fort. This island contains about twenty-five acres, the soil consisting altogether of coral sand, covered with cactus ; but the idea was abandoned, the labor, expense, and inconvenience attending it being too great a price to pay for any doubtful good to be derived.

During the prevalence of the yellow fever at the fort last year, when the garrison suffered terribly, Dr. Samuel Mudd, sent hither for complicity in the assassination of President Lincoln, was at one time our only physician. It is simple justice and gratitude to acknowledge the skilful and self-sacrificing service he rendered. I may add that nothing can be more exemplary than the conduct of the three political prisoners now on the island (Michael O'Loughlin having died of yellow fever last year). They perform the work assigned them without complaint, and with apparent cheerfulness ; if the iron sometimes enter their souls, or the bitterness of their situation be felt, it is never exhibited. This, at least, if not much more, must in justice to them be told.

We have, as before stated, a good library ; we have, also, for those who desire to attend, the occasional services of an Episcopalian chaplain ; and we have that which decidedly draws greater crowds than both the chaplain and library together, a very good theatre, gotten up entirely, at very great cost and labor and well supported, by the present battalion. There are performances nearly every week. The plays are sent on from New York, and the dramatic company is kept pretty

well informed in theatrical matters. The great difficulty that the managers labor under is the want of female characters, personated by real women. Soldiers do not, as a rule, make good lady characters, and especially here, the face of every man being so well known, their employment in the female department destroys the illusion of reality so necessary to good playing. A shout of derisive laughter often greets the false woman in expansive crinoline; the awkwardness of the figure and long stride betray the deception. Besides, despite of care, very ridiculous accidents in the dress arrangement will sometimes occur, pins will get out of place, and skirts will fall, betraying the masculine trowsers. For a brief period we had indeed a "real live woman" character; the very pretty and very talented wife of a non-commissioned officer, since promoted to another department, consented to act with the boys. Her acting and deportment were both excellent, and the enthusiasm on such occasions among the audience was unbounded. On the evening previous to her departure a benefit was given her, and a goodly pile of greenbacks raked in.

Notwithstanding the strength and security of this place as a military and general prison, many attempts at escape have been made from time to time. In nine cases out of ten, such attempts meet with detection, entailing, of course, increased restraint and severer punishment. Yet sometimes reckless daring and ingenuity will baffle the most watchful vigilance. At retreat or sundown the general prisoners are confined to their quarters in one section of the casemates; the military prisoners, when there are any, are placed in the guard-house. A sentinel is placed at retreat at the prisoners' bastion, who allows neither ingress nor egress to any without proper authority. Another sentry is, of course, day and night on duty at the sallyport, who allows no one unauthorized to pass out after tattoo. A third is stationed over the small fishing and pleasure boats at "No. 1" wharf; these boats, after retreat, are secured within a wooden enclosure. Another sentry is on duty at the next wharf, some thirty yards distant, where there are no boats; these sentries outside have orders to allow no boat to leave without the inspection of the corporal or sergeant of the guard, and with the permission of the commanding officer and officer of the day. From this it will appear plain that escape by means of the boats is (if the sentries do their duty), almost an impossibility. However, escapes are made.

Some three years ago a white prisoner named Adair, accompanied by a negro, managed to get out of one of the portholes unobserved. On a plank they crossed to Loggerhead; there they secured one of the light-house boats, and reached Cuba in safety. Adair, however, who, if all accounts be true, was a very hard case, with unparalleled baseness and unblushing audacity endeavored to effect the sale into slavery of his dusky companion. The African, naturally enough, failed to perceive the justice or morality of this Caucasian philanthropist, and in order to avoid a worse fate than that he had ventured his life to escape from, stated the real circumstances of the case to the Spanish authorities. The result was that both gentlemen were quietly given over to the captain of one of the island boats, then at Havana, and were furnished with transportation to their late marine residence. About eighteen months ago, this Adair, still aspiring after a freer field of action than the island afforded, made a second venture for liberty. Though then wearing a ball and chain weighing some twenty-four to thirty pounds, he again placed faith in a plank, and reached Loggerhead safely, though the channel is infested with man-eating sharks. In his expectation of securing a boat he was, however, disappointed. For a few hours he succeeded in hiding himself in the thick brushwood of the island, but was speedily

brought to bay by a corporal's guard, and forced to make an unconditional surrender.

During the prevalence of the yellow fever last year, a successful escape was easily effected by a corporal of the regular service, three guard-house prisoners and one "general" prisoner. The latter had been sentenced to be hanged at Key West for murder. After having tried to "break jail," and being shot down by some colored troops, he had his sentence commuted to imprisonment for life at the Dry Tortugas. This corporal, who escaped or deserted, had been detailed to superintend the party almost constantly engaged in burying the dead in the adjacent little island. The sentry over the boats had orders to allow him and his party of men to leave at all times, day or night. The three military prisoners were on this burying party. In this case, so far as securing the boat was concerned, all was plain sailing enough. The corporal simply betrayed the trust reposed in him. The general prisoner must have (it is supposed) crawled through an embrasure, swam across the breakwater, and met the boat outside.

The next, and it is now believed successful attempt to escape, was made a few months ago, by a man of some notoriety, commonly styled Colonel St. Leger Greenfel. Colonel Greenfel is one of the many Englishmen of aristocratic tendencies, whose sympathies went with the "Lost Cause." He had seen a good deal of the world, and by his own account, which there is no reason to doubt, had experienced rough fighting and hard campaigning both in the Old World, and also in the barbarous monarchies and semi-civilized republics of South America. A man of restless and impetuous temperament, and by natural disposition a revolutionist, he threw himself into the cause of the South. Colonel Greenfel served, I believe, on Morgan's staff and attained the rank of brigadier-general. Owing, it is said, to some difficulty with Mr. Davis, he threw up his commission in the Confederacy, reached Havana and proceeded North. In New York he had an interview with Mr. Stanton, then Secretary of War, whom he deceived (as he often has declared with a spice of great satisfaction) both as to the strength and disposition of the Confederate forces. For this, he alleges, Mr. Stanton did not forgive him; and we should be rather surprised if he did. Be this however, as it may, the old colonel was finally pulled up for complicity in the Chicago conspiracy and the projected attack upon Camp Douglas. He was tried with others by a military commission, and sentenced to imprisonment for life, with hard labor, at Tortugas.

Failing in many attempts to influence the executive through external and foreign pressure, the colonel determined to achieve freedom for himself or perish in the attempt. He must have succeeded in bribing or seducing from his allegiance one of the soldiers of the garrison. It was on the occasion of the latter being posted over the boats that the escape was made. With him were associated the irrepressible Adair of the Cuban expedition and two general prisoners, one of the latter a man of notoriously desperate character. The soldier deserted his post with his arms and equipments and cast his lot with the daring Englishman. The night on which they trusted to the mercy of the waves in a frail open boat was wild and stormy almost without precedent. To risk one's life on such a night seemed insanity, and we all conjectured that they must have been swept into eternity before they were three hundred yards from the fort. It seems, however, from Southern newspaper accounts, that Colonel Greenfel did actually reach Cuba, and at last accounts was about to sail for Europe.

I have endeavored to give some idea of this out-of-the-world fortress and its surroundings. Strangers landing here for a few hours, no doubt, may indulge

in rhapsodies about its beauty, its few cocoanut trees, just like those in pictures that adorn little missionary tracts, its apocryphal banana trees, its luxuriant grass and evergreen foliage ; but perhaps if they were doomed to a three years' residence on this barren, broiling, coral island, their ideas would be considerably modified, and a good deal of the rosy tinting bleached out of their pictures.

A. O'D.

VENETIAN CARNIVAL.

THERE are no horses or children in Venice—except in Carnival.

The traveller, if he will call to memory his promenade upon the Grand Piazza di San Marco, the favorite resort of Venetians, will doubtless remember that in its broad court is never heard the sound of hoof or rolling wheel, or the cheerful ring of childish laughter or noise of boyish games. The idea of children does not occur to the stranger in this City of the Sea. The small specimens of humanity, which are so undemonstrative as to attract no attention, come into the world men and women, with faces sober beyond their years. Born without playgrounds, their natures cramped by a life in narrow, crooked passages, scarcely deserving the name of streets, constantly interrupted by steep bridges over sea channels, which are lined with solemn old palaces, between whose sombre walls the silent tides are ever marching on like the movements of fate—is it strange that men should, from their earliest infancy, be affected by the sober impress of such surroundings? It is strictly true that there are no children in Venice except at Carnival ! and then childishness is a mask only, put on for the festivities of the occasion. Any night during Carnival may be seen scores and sometimes hundreds of these *tatti*, or child-faces, in laughing, highly-colored *papier maché*, tied over the visages of Venetian children of all ages and sizes, of both sexes, disporting themselves for once upon the Piazza, or chasing each other down the narrow *calli*, or scampering about the larger *campi*, calling to each other with eager childish voices—their movements as unnatural as unusual—having more the air of old people in their second childhood than that suited to their years. And then when, during the last days of Carnival, a few horses are by special permission allowed, with a guard at each bit, to be ridden along the Riva degli Schiavoni and through the Grand Piazza, we can hardly believe our identity, and feel quite as if our sacred shrine had been polluted by the presence of unclean beasts.

Another Carnival in Venice is finished, and its gay pageantry gives way to the realities of every-day work. Ordinary hunger knocks loudly at the door of many a house whose inmates have pawned their last available article at the “Monta di Pietà,” to enable them to join in the celebration of their old *festa*—a festival more renowned in the olden time than that of any other country in the Christian or heathen world. In the great fabrics of beads on the island of Murano, down the Lagoon, large orders from England and America had long remained unfilled, because the bead stringers will not work during Carnival, preferring to beg for their daily bread—and at night, having procured a cast-off mask and decked themselves with gay bits of cloth or paper, as they are best able, or often in coats made of husks or sea-shells, or oftener still simply dressed in a white or colored shirt over white cotton pants, they appear in the streets to join in the sport. While many of the maskers are thus poor and poorly clad, this is not the rule, as the very poor people more generally content themselves with

huddling around the base of the Campanile and the bronze pedestals of the flag-staves, or under the corridors of St. Mark and the Ducal palace, from whence they are able to obtain a good view of the brilliant scene, while their more fortunate neighbors whirl through mazy dances under the lights of the illuminated Piazza, or go trooping up and down its pavements, marching in and out of the numerous cafés, saluting whoever they meet with their peculiar voices in high Carnival key.

Carnival came back to Venice last year in all its glory. Under the rule of the hated Austrian its ancient splendor had departed, for the Venetians would not be gay until they were free. But now in its gay festivities they welcomed their "Soldier King," fêted their loved Garibaldi, celebrated their liberties under a constitutional government, and their freedom from a hated tyrant. And again this year, with renewed enthusiasm, they welcomed King Carnival, and laughed in the face of poverty and hunger—with buoyant hopes and warm hearts looking forward to the day of prosperity, which must surely come back to Venice under the new *régime*. And although suffering from privations which would drive Englishmen into mobs and Frenchmen to revolution, the patient, light-hearted Venetian quietly submits to his present circumstances, and lives in hope, on two pence a day when necessary, and enjoys his Carnival better than an Anglo-Saxon would on an allowance of two shillings for his daily food.

To give an idea of the two months of Carnival would require a volume instead of this brief article, and to describe fully to the reader who has never participated in an Italian carnival, in what such a holiday consists, would be impossible—it furnishes an occasion for the pent-up spirits of a whole year to find vent in out-door amusements and in-door gayeties. Masking in the streets, dancing and feasting in private houses, grand balls in the palaces of the nobility, and splendid receptions at the official residences.

The Russians make Venice their favorite winter resort. Many of the highest nobility, princesses, members of the Emperor's staff, and private persons of great wealth, spend their winters here, not only to enjoy the milder climate, but also to mingle in the revels of the long Carnival season. Their presence at the balls, with their proverbial wealth of diamonds and elegant attire, adds conspicuously to the brilliancy of those social reunions. Probably some of the most elegant toilets to be seen are exhibited on these occasions. The old Venetian families themselves are not easily outdone in the matter of dress, while the accumulated gems of centuries, in their family treasuries, enable them to vie with their rich guests from Russia in magnificent decorations, at times rendering the *salons* brilliant beyond description, dazzling the eye with reflected light from innumerable facets of diamonds, emeralds, rubies, and precious stones of every description, tastefully interwoven in the head-dress, worn upon the bust and arms, and often in the trimmings and loopings of the skirt; while velvets, brocades, point lace, and all kinds of beautiful fabrics make the costly foundation of their elegant costumes. At such gatherings appear representatives of the noblest old Venetian families, among whom are many names familiar to the reader of history.

To speak of the more public demonstrations of the Carnival in Venice, we may mention some of the occurrences of the last days of the season. In the Grand Piazza the Carnival Association erected a very handsome stage, decorated in the best taste, with a great variety of masks, figures, and emblems of the season, and draped the whole with a fine display of flags, hangings and banners. From a high shaft in the centre, wires were stretched, upon which Chinese and fancy

lanterns were suspended, in the national colors, every device imaginable being adopted to render the structure attractive and gay.

The platform of the stage was built upon a solid foundation, and covered with a floor of sufficient area to accommodate one thousand persons, or for two hundred dancers. At times the stage was entirely covered with maskers in every variety of costume conceivable, and many not conceivable by any other imagination than the fertile brain of the Italian under the full inspiration of this bewildering and exciting pageant. Imagine, on a quiet night in Venice, the Piazza brilliantly lighted up like a grand saloon, and filled with crowds of every nationality, interspersed with gay maskers of both sexes, the great central stage flooded with colored light from hundreds of vari-colored lanterns, under whose rays a hundred couples of gayly-decked maskers are whirling in the giddy dance to the exciting strains of music. Imagine the surging crowd full of excitement and fun, flowing in great human waves between the long lines of beautiful architecture which enclose the Piazza on either side; at one end the old and new Procuratie united by the palace of Napoleon, while opposite rises that gem of beauty, the façade of St. Mark, presenting a double attraction in the gorgeous mosaics which reflect the radiant light of the illumination. Night after night the gay crowds, in holiday costume, congregate in this great Carnival centre, filling the pavements and corridors and crowding the beautiful cafés which flank the grand promenade on both sides.

Saturday nights are specially devoted to the "Ridotto"—the ancient hall of the Venetian maskers. At midnight the better class of those in masks leave the Piazza and resort thither, where a more select assembly witness or participate in the dancing and promenading, until daylight warns them to flee from a detection from which the more kindly gaslight screens them. Each Saturday night, as the Carnival advances, the admission fee to the "Ridotto" is increased, until finally, on the last evening, the tickets can only be afforded by the wealthy, and then it is that the nobility and higher classes visit this bacchanalian chamber. On such an occasion one witnesses a scene akin to those imagined of the ancient Carnival times. The most gorgeous attire is worn by both the maskers and the spectators, and rare gems are profusely displayed in the masks and upon the dresses of the ladies, which, in these brilliantly illuminated apartments, combine to produce a peculiarly beautiful effect, and carry one back to the bright days of the old Republic, when, from the Doge to the meanest *facchini*, every class joined freely in their favorite holiday, and the "Ridotto" was made the resort of the noble and wealthy incogniti.

A most interesting part of the out-of-door celebration of Carnival last year was witnessed on one of the days during the last week of the season, while Admiral Farragut was in Venice, in which the Admiral took peculiar delight, as it appeared upon his native element—the water. Soon after mid-day an immense flotilla of gondolas and galleys began to assemble on the Lagune, in front of the Molo, and about two o'clock moved in a body up the Grand Canal, enlivened by the multiform devices with which the different maskers upon the barges and galleys distinguished themselves; the gay colors of the floating flags, the bright costume of the gondoliers, fine bands of music, and the still more attractive array of beautiful women, all flooded by the brilliant sunshine, presented a sight worthy the pencil of the cleverest artist. All along the canal the palaces and buildings were decked with flags and colored draperies. The national colors of Italy and America waved in friendly proximity over the U. S. Consulate, and were festooned from its windows, much to the satisfaction of the Venetians, who

have an especial admiration for the new Republic over the sea. Admiral Farragut on this afternoon was the guest of that highly-accomplished and intelligent lady, the Princess of Montenero, the balconies of whose palace were filled by many of the nobility of Venice, assembled to pay respect to the great naval officer of the present generation, recognizing in him those qualities which make a hero. The simple, unostentatious bearing of the Admiral was a surprise to them, and when his staff officers insisted upon serving the ladies present to tea, instead of allowing the servants to perform their usual service, the polite Italians acknowledged that their etiquette was completely eclipsed by this hearty politeness of their guests from the Western World.

The last day of Carnival finally came, as the finale must come to every season of relaxation and pleasure. During the afternoon a grand procession of maskers was formed at the gardens of Napoleon I., and, accompanied by an immense concourse of people, they proceeded along the Riva, through the Piazzetta, into the Grand Piazza, carrying in their midst King Carnival, upon a splendid palanquin, borne on the shoulders of twenty masked attendants. The corridors and balconies of the Ducal and Royal palaces, and every lookout in and upon the Cathedral and Procuratie were crowded with spectators; while the pavements were filled with crowds of people, all anxious to witness the passing masquerade, made up of a great diversity of characters and representations, whose peculiar and appropriate signification is easily recognized in Venice, but would be a senseless jargon to the reader. On they came, in companies, in squads, or singly, guided and controlled by the caprice of the moment. Such an array of unheard-of caricature and personification as can scarcely be imagined; troops of infernals; troops of sprites; troops of outlandish creatures with heads of bears, hogs, wolves, and bulls; hunchbacks and deformities—some unnaturally large, others unnaturally tall or crooked, hideously gaunt or savage; still others elegantly and artistically attired in expensive masks and vestments, bespeaking their position among the higher classes. There were bands of unearthly music, strolling minstrels, and fine musicians in mask; female figures in male attire, and *vice versa*; here a plump damsel in tights, there a gaunt, bony gondolier in long skirts and enormous bonnet, with trimmings indescribable. It should be remarked, in passing, that no insult is ever allowed or offered to any incognito, a requisition strongly supported by numerous police constantly upon the ground, who ensure perfect immunity to any and every participant. Then came caricatures of the Italian ministry and Napoleon, which were cheered generally by men of every opinion. The latter was represented as a very pompous and officious Frenchman, with an immense nose and eye-glasses, peering into every one's business and making himself generally conspicuous. The ministry were represented by different styles of masks, depicting plainly their peculiarities. One of them, supposed to be the Prime Minister, carried a banner, upon which were portrayed representations from the animal kingdom of the individual characteristics of the different members of his cabinet; as, for instance, a crab with his backward movements, clearly indicating a nature averse to progress; another representing a snail, proverbially slow in Italy as elsewhere; still others in the form of the head of an ass and a bull; another a serpent, etc. Upon the backs of the different members of the masked ministry were large lettered handbills, giving information of their particular avocations; as, for example, the Minister of Finance bore an advertisement of his paper factory, capable of filling unlimited orders in his line, alluding, of course, to the issue of "legal tenders," involving a question now quite

as perplexing here as our own irredeemables, and one which is the source of great annoyance and complaint in Italy. No troupe of maskers attracted more attention than the "Travellers," representing the oddities and idiosyncrasies of every nationality, as brought out by the incidents of travel. The most conspicuous and the most amusing, perhaps because oftenest seen, were John Bull and Brother Jonathan. The former is the butt of every one on the Continent, and justly celebrated for his innocence and gullibility.

The gayeties of the afternoon closed with a dance upon the decorated platform in the Piazza, much to the satisfaction of both the spectators and the maskers. For the night of this last day of Carnival was reserved the crowning glory of the whole season. The early hours of the evening were more brilliant than any of the previous illuminations. The gayly-lighted *salon* of the Grand Piazza was crowded with foreigners and natives, congregated to witness the closing scenes of this festival. The choicest music was given, in turn, by two excellent military bands, to whose inspiring notes the maskers danced and the crowd promenaded in dense battalions. At intervals of a few minutes, beautifully-colored balloons were sent up from the platform, gracefully moving skyward, bearing their brilliant lights, which gradually grew smaller and smaller in the distance, until they appeared like moving stars in the heavens. Finally, at eleven o'clock, distant sounds of music from down the Molo attracted the people in that direction. The crowd was met on the Piazzetta by the advance guard of a procession of maskers, which, in point of numbers and variety of costume, far surpassed that which had come up the same way during the day. Indeed, it was superior, in every particular which constitutes the attraction of a carnival ceremony, to all previous displays. This time the combined maskers of the whole city formed a guard to King Carnival; but now he was not the joyous, fun-dispensing monarch of the preceding pageant. On the contrary, like a worn-out courtier, his pallid cheek and blanched hair betokened exhausted powers, and personified the blighting influence of a life wholly devoted to pleasure. The tall, gaunt figure swayed in unsteady motion as he was borne along upon the same palanquin, now lighted grimly by tall Turkish galley lanterns, and carried by the masked attendants, as during the day. The long, white hair of the grim figure, in dishevelled locks, streamed in the night wind around the wasted neck and over the pallid face. There stood the sovereign of a long holiday, upon his richly-decked car, which had suddenly become changed from a throne to an execution-block and a bier. Now King Carnival was dressed in the white robes of death, his hands pinioned at his breast. Slowly and solemnly the bearers marched along, attended by an immense concourse of masked attendants, bearing upon long staves Chinese lanterns of every form and shade imaginable, while at intervals the procession was enveloped in soft, floating clouds of color, yet of ghastly hue, arising from the cups of Bengal lights, which were kept burning during the whole march. Bands of music led the cavalcade of maskers, playing alternately solemn and lively airs, while the discords and jargon of the improvised music, upon all manner of antiquated instruments, lent a peculiar and *harmonizing* effect to the occasion, which was increased by the numerous companies of maskers, old and young, representing the spirits of darkness, robed in costumes of fiery red, trimmed with black, wearing upon their heads long black horns, to which were attached innumerable tiny bells. Other hideous-looking figures, with trumpets and horns, united to add much to the unearthly nature of the solemn march, which was not a little increased in effect when the sudden gusts of wind from seaward came whirling along up the Pi-

azza, nearly extinguishing the gas-jets, and causing them to burn flaringly a deep blue flame for a moment, to be followed by a blinding effulgence of light as the wind lulled again.

The procession, after a long march, finally turned again toward the Molo, and there, between the two great granite columns upon which stand the patron saints of Venice, upon the spot where were executed the State criminals of the old Republic, rested King Carnival, at the close of his career, under sentence of death by fire. The doleful strains of the Dead March broke solemnly upon the cold night air; and, as the bearers and attendants set down the palanquin and slowly withdrew from it, one by one the numerous light paper lanterns carried by the maskers took fire, and, flashing up for a moment, went out in darkness, until, with such reality and weird pathos was this tragedy enacted, that the chill wind blowing from seaward amid the gloom and shadows, seemed to carry the dying notes of the dread music through one's very soul. As the great clock of St. Mark was striking the midnight hour, the band ceased playing, and scarcely a sound was heard in all that immense crowd. A moment of silence and darkness intervened, and then a small light was seen to issue from one corner of the high palanquin, which soon broke into a vari-colored blaze of different hues, according to the various hidden compounds ignited; then a rocket shot up from the same framework, and Roman candles threw out their soft, beautiful balls of fire, while fiery serpents sprang out in every direction from the same hidden source, whence issued every variety of pyrotechnic fires. The flames now spread to every part of the palanquin, igniting fiery wheels, circles, and all manner of figures, giving to many of them an automatic movement quite magical in appearance. The fire now surged in waves over the bier and around the ghastly figure of the doomed monarch, who stood immovable amid his dissolving glory—his very throne proving, like many another, to be a mine of destructive elements to its possessor. Finally the discharge of rockets became so rapid and so noisy, as they leaped into the dark vault overhead with startling screeches and long trails of fire, that the crowd who had been so attracted by the milder discharges of fireworks at the beginning of the exhibition, became terrified, swayed back, very willing to retreat from so close a proximity to what appeared to be, as it was in fact, an infernal machine. The flames now reached the sacred person of the fated King, and climbing up his gaunt limbs, ignited innumerable fireworks concealed in his legs and body, wrapping his pale visage in a blaze, and communicating with his combustible brain, caused the whole figure to burst into a thousand fragments with a deafening explosion, ending in a brilliant coruscation of light in the national colors. Thus died King Carnival, amid one of the finest and most wonderful automatic pyrotechnical displays imaginable.

So it continues for weeks, made up of long days without nights—for in Venice, in Carnival time, it is morning until dusk, and then begins the evening, which closes only with the dawn of a new day, until, finally, the sun rises upon the season of Lent, and with its first light all the gay crowd, still in masquerade costume, repair to their churches, where the good priest, lenient of their sins and follies, sprinkles ashes on their bent brows, and reminds them that they are mortal—that they are of the earth, earthy—he speaks to them of the fleeting pleasures and transient nature of this life, and admonishes them to prepare to die—thus Carnival ends and Lent begins.

DRIFT-WOOD.

RECOMMENDING TO PUBLIC OFFICE.

A GRACELESS fellow in nominal charge of a certain well-known charity was found, some time since, to be in the habit of pocketing its entire annual State endowment, and letting the beneficiaries shift for themselves; he was exposed by a member of the Legislature, and held up to shame and contempt by the public prints. So stinging was the sarcasm of one journal that the wretch turned on his gibbet to defend himself; and this he did by displaying testimonials to his moral worth, high character, fitness for the trust, and so forth, signed, among others, by the editor of that very paper—upon which testimonials he had been appointed to his place. And what did the editor rejoin? That he knew nothing of the man, nor ever remembered to have seen or heard of him—though, he added, very probably he *had* recommended him, as he was pestered with such applications, and that was the shortest way to get rid of them! It is said the scamp is now playing his pranks under an *alias*, endorsed by fresh testimony to his high moral tone from other distinguished public men.

You say, perhaps, "this was certainly an extraordinary case." On the contrary, it is the *ordinary* case, in politics if not in philanthropy; though, happily, not all appointees, in the beaten way of recommendation, turn out to be such misbegotten knaves. It is remarkable that, though we are all wordily satirical on "office-seeking," we usually *act* as if this were an extremely laudable pursuit. Surely it is a notable trait in humanity, this willingness to sacrifice abstract theory to a neighbor's good—for, as an indisputable fact, few of us *have* enough of the Roman in us to decline recommending a friend to political preferment; on the contrary, we habitually recommend people without the slightest notion whether they are fit, or the slightest anxiety whether they are or not. Some of us go as far as to recommend personal friends who are, unquestionably, *not* fit; and, in short, the custom of universal recommendation to public office is matter of common knowledge.

How far, therefore, this custom is defensible, either on moral or patriotic grounds,

and how far it befits the good citizen, becomes a problem in political ethics. Many people make a kind of merit of it, claiming to you that they sign all applications for office "on general principles;" though what principles, general or special, exact such heroic unselfishness, so painful a sacrifice of one's natural instinct for discrimination, is past discovery. An able journal lately said:

The President may as well understand at first, what he will very soon learn, that applications for office backed up by a great array of names of "prominent and influential" citizens, are simply shams—not worth the paper they are written on, and entitled to the least possible influence. Nine men out of ten, to whom these papers are presented, sign them simply because it is easier to sign than to explain why they can't. There are many men who make it a rule to sign every paper of the kind they are asked to sign. We can name a dozen men, Republicans, in this city, whose names General Grant may rely on seeing upon every application for office that is made from this city, as well as upon very many made from other quarters. It is the most common thing in the world for men to "recommend" for responsible places persons of whom they know absolutely nothing whatever.

Every word of this is true, but not more true than shameful. What is it that puts political recommendations of capacity and fidelity on a different footing from business guarantees of credit? Were the latter as loosely flung about, given "simply because it is easier for men to do so than to explain why they don't;" were it the "commonest thing in the world" for merchants to push forward unknown adventurers, trade would be wrecked, because the very pillars of trade, confidence and credit, would crumble. And if, sometimes, this happens in government; if our civil service becomes rotten to the core; if thieving and perjury invade high places and low; if office-seeking and office-giving turn out to be mere partisan traffic; if the treachery of its servants brings the country to the brink of ruin, whom have "universal recommenders" to denounce but themselves?

The safest standard of public duty is the acknowledged standard of private duty. Spartans went further, putting the State above all, and holding a short-coming toward that to be the worst of crimes. Let us, however, simply set national and per-

sonal obligation side by side, and this question will give us no trouble; the degradation to which the civil service has come will suggest its remedy. But, somehow, most men scruple less to wrong the nation than a neighbor; for, by a strange logic, some people regard the corporate or collective character of an obligation—whether pecuniary or other—as a sufficient excuse for avoiding it—as if its force were in inverse ratio to the number of people to whom it is made. Just as the fact that “a corporation has no soul” sometimes covers the plundering of a corporation’s purse (for it usually has a *pocket*, at least), so the great corporation of the nation is supposed to have no feelings to hurt, and only such rights as its own vigilance can protect. It is an “eye-service” that we render it in many and many a matter; and so, in fine, it naturally turns out that the logic by which a man justifies himself in dodging his other duties (taxes, juries, or what not) comes in play to justify this wrong of which we speak. “Everybody,” we are told, for example, “knows that recommendation to office amounts to nothing, and hence it becomes a mere form;” but why, then, is it a matter of so much import? If everybody “knew” this, nobody would take pains to gather a yard of signatures to his petition for office—bobs to steady his kite. Or, again, “if Government is stupid enough to attach weight to these signatures, government deserves to be made a fool of.” But is not this a shabby confession for a man to make regarding his own word? However, it is not worth while to waste argument regarding the fine “principles” on which men sacrifice fidelity to ease and country to self. Enough to add that such of us as design to reform our bad habits in this particular must begin betimes; for what with Grant in the Presidency and Civil Service in Congress, we shall soon be beyond the chance to display our virtue.

NOVELS AND NOVELISTS.

I TAKE it for granted that one never needs an excuse, real or pretended, for a rambling talk about novels. We tire of the real world sooner (if at all) than of the world of imaginative books. Even the “Saturday Review,” representing refined cynicism, eagerly plunges into the mock universe of fiction, weeping for Hecuba, if need be, with never a thought of how unreasonable any interest in unreality is. But

it has always been true that the greatest and smallest, the wisest and simplest of us yield to the spell of romance; and surely experience shows that we need not lose that spell with years. Lord Thurlow was old when he took to novel reading, and lamented his lost opportunities; Johnson’s vast learning never dulled the edge of his appetite for fiction; Stewart says his delight in it was as keen in old age as in boyhood.

The novel is to our time what the drama was to the morning of English literature, and rivals it in greatness, favor, and power. Broad minds and deep hearts are using it; and, if we look for a Shakespeare in our day, or one nearest akin to Shakespeare, to Marlow, “of the mighty line,” to Racine, to Corneille, to Ben Jonson, to Beaumont and Fletcher, to Molière, to Massinger, we must search the field of romance, and find him in a Fielding, Scott, Thackeray, Dickens, Reade, Balzac, George Eliot, George Sand. When genius first made prose fiction a vehicle, gracious critics apologized for the humble conveyance, and protested that, as it proves a man no less a dunce to sing of gods in an epic, or to essay the story of mankind in a hundred folios, so it does not disprove him a great artist that he depicts domestic scenes, and deals with every-day life. Now-a-days we preface criticism with no such kindly deprecation. Prose fiction publicly wears the cast mantle of the lordly drama, and wears it well.

Not only born story-tellers, but thinkers and teachers, use the novel as an instrument, who, but for its popularity, would never have seized it to strike at abuse, preach reform, and teach things pure, lovely, and of good report. We need not go beyond living American novelists for examples. It was the matchless leverage-power of the novel that gave us “Uncle Tom’s Cabin;” and, but for this, probably, Mr. Beecher would have stuck to his sermons, Dr. Holmes to his essays and poems, and Miss Dickinson to her lectures and speeches. They and many others felt that

— Truth in closest words shall fail,
When truth embodied in a tale
Shall enter in at lowly doors.

Probably nobody ever read through the “Key to Uncle Tom’s Cabin” except the writer and proof-reader; but who has not read “Uncle Tom” itself? The Chinese and Arabs are very likely reading it to-day.

There is a surfeit of pretence regarding the “moral uses” of the stage. The novel

has vindicated its claim more fully than the drama ever did or could (though there are such closet-dramas as "Philip Van Artevelde"), to educate the world in entertaining it. "You told me," wrote Dr. Johnson to Mrs. Thrale, "that your daughter loved metaphysics more than romances. Her choice is certainly laudable, as it is uncommon; but I would have her like what is good in both."

We have likened the novel to the old drama; and there are indiscriminating assailers of both—of good novels and bad novels, good plays and bad. Thus, for example, the Rev. Dr. Todd (also the antagonist of Gail Hamilton, I believe), tells the young, in his "Student's Manual," that he has read Scott, Bulwer, and Cooper, and "the only good which he is conscious of ever having received from them is a deep impression that men who possess talents of such compass and power, and so perverted in their application, must meet the day of judgment under a responsibility which would be cheaply removed by the price of a world." And, as to poor Sir Walter, he adds, in particular: "While I have confessed that I have read him—*read him entire* [ah! most people do, O, worthy Doctor]—in order to show that I speak from experience, I cannot but say that it would give me the keenest pain to believe that my example would be quoted, small as is its influence, after I am in the grave, without this solemn protest accompanying it." A brother clergyman, the author of a popular "Young Man's Friend," writes in this vein: "Look at Bulwer and Alexander Dumas! What powers of mind! what vast capacity for labor! what unwearied perseverance in catering to the public taste! and all perverted—all used to debase man, and *sink him to a level with the brutes*." And I suppose it would be easy to find similar language (though this rhetoric is pretty strong) in most of the "Guides" and "Manuals" for young people now extant, or likely to be for many years.

On the other hand, the Rev. Mr. Beecher has eloquently defended prose fiction before an immeasurably larger (but, unhappily, already "perverted") audience than his colleagues command by their treatises, in a "Ledger" article. *They* may reply that this was done after he had written his own "Norwood," and hence was not disinterested; but he could safely rejoin to both that the one *could* not write imaginative fiction, and hence, on that charitable standard,

is himself not "disinterested;" and that the other *has* written juvenile fiction, though of a sort, to be sure, not leading to serious competition with Bulwer and Dumas.

But it is a common fault with narrow men to be severe on every intellectual pursuit to which they take umbrage, or whereof they are not capable. As in the case of the stage there is some letting down of the bars to "school exhibitions;" and just as harmless doses of the drama are served out in tableaux and private theatricals, so even the revilers of novels do not usually object to *stupid* fictions, be they never so fictitious; or to such as deceitfully claim to be "historical," as being "founded on fact;" or to a thin layer of fiction in an indigestibly thick crust of set morals; or, in general, to such novels as demoralize the intellect, if they do not the heart. Our stern ancestry were more consistent, who not only eschewed pure fiction, but even on poetic looked askance; and yet even *they* did not, it should seem, denounce Bunyan, though they did Defoe.

But the modern novel points to its own record for its vindication; and that, not only by some specific service done to Yorkshire Schools, or Poor Laws, or Beadles, or Circumlocution Offices, or some reform of abuse in high places and low, in England, France, or America, but in a vastly larger way, by its general lessons of morality, its diffused intelligence, its inspirations, its suggestions, its models laid down to copy, its pitfalls pointed out to avoid. "Why should historians take precedence of us," said Thackeray, in 1849, in claiming that the novelists' calling ought to rank with "the very greatest" literary occupation. "Our personages are as real as theirs. For instance, I maintain that our friends, Parson Adams and Dr. Primrose, are characters as authentic as Dr. Sacheverell or Dr. Warburton, or any reverend personage of their times. Gil Blas is quite as real and as good a man as the Duke of Lerma, and, I believe, a great deal more so." And, in the same vein, many years later, speaking at a Royal Literary Fund dinner, he said, "Long after the present generation is dead—of readers and of authors of books—there must be kindness and generosity, and folly and fidelity, and love and heroism and humbug in the world; and, as long as they last, my successors, or the successors of the novelists who come long after us, will have plenty to do, and plenty of subjects to write upon."

I am not sure but the reverend doctor may regard it as an additional proof of perverse judgment if I own that the instinctive eagerness with which women have sought the field of prose fiction, and the wonderful (one day we shall say *matchless*) skill wherewith they have tilled it, bringing forth fruit in both of its departments, *i. e.*, those of the novel and the romance, strike me as signs of its nobility, utility, and high destiny. The English acting drama (save for a few rare exceptions like Joanna Baillie, Miss Mitford, and Mrs. Inchbald) never offered an incentive, it should seem, to women; even English poetry, despite the great names, in our day, of Mrs. Barbauld, Mrs. Browning, Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Norton; of L. E. L., George Eliot, Jean Ingelow, Christina Rossetti, and of our own American poets, shows but few, if any, higher flights of womanly genius, and incomparably less fecundity of genius and art than this realm of prose fiction. Were it not rather a weak point to mention Aphra Behn and Mrs. Manley, one might declare that women *invented* the English novel; but at any rate, they were swift to adopt it; inasmuch that, with that gallantry which always distinguished our ancestry (and some of our moderns) when discussing the mental possibilities of woman, the elder novelists were wont to satirize their feminine compeers—though there is less of this form of witticism heard to-day. Everybody remembers Tim Cropdale, in "Humphry Clinker," who had "made shift to live many years by writing novels, at the rate of five pounds a volume; *but*," adds Smollett satirically, "that branch of business is now engrossed by female authors, who publish merely for the propagation of virtue, with so much ease, and spirit, and delicacy, and knowledge of the human heart, that the reader is not only enchanted by their genius, but reformed by their morality."

"The Expedition of Humphry Clinker" was published in 1771; so that a hundred years ago, it seems, "this branch of business" was "engrossed by female authors," or suffi-

ciently so to be made the butt of satiric shafts. Take the names of Miss Reeve, to whose "good sense, pure morality, and competent command of those qualities which constitute a good romance," Sir Walter Scott bears witness; Mrs. Radcliffe, with her famous and powerful "Romance of the Forest" and "Mysteries of Udolpho;" Mrs. Inchbald, novelist as well as dramatist; Mrs. Opie; Miss Burney, over whose "Evelina" and "Cecilia," our great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers hung in breathless interest; Miss Porter, of "Thaddeus of Warsaw" and "Scottish Chiefs"—not to speak of the *other* contemporaneous Miss Porter, whose works fill fifty volumes; the two Misses Lee, of the "Canterbury Tales"—and, by the way, there were two sisters Burney, novelists; so that with these two, and the two sisters Lee, also novelists; and the two sisters Porter, also novelists; and the three sisters Brontë, all novelists; and such other examples as he may gather, some writer may essay, if he likes, a curious generalization. Later, Miss Edgeworth, Miss Austen (of "Pride and Prejudice"), Mrs. Trollope, Mrs. Gore, Mrs. Grey, Miss Pickering, Miss Martineau, and a score of others famous enough to be found in every good collection of British novelists. Later yet, we come upon a fresh galaxy of talent—Charlotte Brontë and her sisters, Mrs. Gaskell, Miss Sewell, Grace Aguilar, Mrs. Oliphant, Mrs. Marsh, and many others—till, joining the still busy novelists of to-day, we reach George Eliot, Miss Yonge, Mrs. Edwards, Miss Mulock, Miss Thackeray, Miss Braddon, Mrs. Wood, Miss A. B. Edwards, Annie Thomas, and so many of their illustrious sisterhood. In France and Germany, the same success of woman in prose fiction is seen, while in America the chief living novelists are women. To others we may now leave the comment and the appropriate discourse on those mental qualities which contribute to woman's triumph in this calling, and which have drawn the sting from Smollett's sneer.

PHILIP QUILIBET.

LITERATURE AND ART.

LUCY LARCOM'S POEMS.

A GOOD deal of rather resonant rhyme has rolled out of New England, which, beautiful and noble as it may be, is yet more an echo of the Old World than a voice of the New, and might as well have been written in New Zealand for all the relation it bears to its mother-soil. A notable exception to this generality is the little volume of Lucy Larcom's poems—poems which are the genuine songs of the russet-tinted and rugged land; whose religious side is the old New England doctrines, softened by the clearer insight and tenderer spirit of modern theology; and their scenery the snow-capped hills, the apple-blossoms and violets, and the wild sea-coast whence they came. Indeed, it would be difficult to recall any lines which have entered more strikingly into the life of the storm-beaten coast than those of "Poor Lone Hannah."

That ballad is as pure a production of the portion of the country from which it proceeds as are the lichens and the pine trees there. Its very metre is chosen for, or has framed itself artistically to the tale; there is something rude about it, like the people, and it has in it the stitch of the sewing, the short ripple of the wave, while it embalms, more imperishably than amber, the romance and pathos in the life of the venturesome sea-faring race of the countless coves of Cape Ann—a region as picturesque and peculiar as one can find upon a summer's day, abounding in a sort of freakish and unearthly beauty, as if it were enchanted rather than created.

Long after "Poor Lone Hannah" had brought the tears into a thousand eyes, the writer published a sort of antiphon to it in the song of "Skipper Ben"—a more beautiful measure; one that told, in its freer movement, less of the rocks and more of the sea, but not more pathetic or lovely than the first. It was like having later news from some dear and unforgotten place:

Sailing away!
Losing the breath of the shores in May,
Dropping down from the beautiful bay,
Over the sea-slope vast and grey!
And the skipper's eyes with a mist are blind.

How they went down

Never was known in the still old town,
Nobody guessed how the fisherman brown,
With the look of despair that was half a frown,
Faced his fate in the furious night;
Faced the mad billows with hunger white,
Just within hail of the beacon-light
That shone on a woman sweet and trim,
Waiting for him.

Beverly bells,

Ring to the tide as it ebbs and swells!
His was the anguish a moment tells—
The passionate sorrow death quickly knells.
But the wearing wash of a life-long woe
Is left for the desolate heart to know,
Whose tides with the dull years come and go,
Till hope drifts dead to its stagnant brim,
Thinking of him.

Anything at once so simple and so affecting as these two companion-pieces it would be hard to find in modern literature. Wrought with so light yet so sufficient a hand, they are of that perfect sort which will live as long as there are tears to shed, and only be forgotten with "Burd Helen" and the "Lament of Bothwell's Bride."

All the poems of this little volume are, however, more emotional than sensuous. Their writer deals very slightly in scenic effect, and seems to value nature only for its spiritual interpretations.

But apart from all the rest that may be said of them, the one particular quality of these verses, taken as a whole, is their devotional nature. This will, doubtless, be something refreshing to many readers, in view of the luxurious decadence of the poetry of the last few years, or what is called its paganism—the lascivious splendor of Swinburne, the dreamy languor of Morris, and the abandonment of Blackwood to the rehabilitation of the character of Judas Iscariot where, in a manner suggested by Ware and by Browning, and with a subject exhausted long since by Horne, a poet of no mean power expended himself, the other day, in light treatment of a history, concerning whose principal figure the least that can be said is, that after eighteen hundred years the civilized world is still worshipping as a Divine Teacher.

Whether or not this earth, as Bishop Blougram taught, is made to use while upon it and not as a place on which to get

ready for existence somewhere else, the writer of the volume under consideration already seems to live more than half in the life to come; thither tend her thoughts and fancies, and thence flow her hopes and her delights. To her

All things are beautiful
Because of something lovelier than themselves,
Which breathes within them, and will never die.
Haunted—but not with any spectral gloom;
Earth is suffused, inhabited by heaven.

This is the real utterance of the 'book, the one thing unsaid and needed; for even were its pages composed wholly of poems of the power and the pathos of "The Rose Enthroned" and "Poor Lone Hannah," its greatest value would still consist in this individual idea, hardly anywhere better rendered than here—

The grace of the bending grasses,
The flush of the dawn-lit sky,
The scent that lingers and passes
When the loitering wind goes by,
Are gushes and hints of sweetness
From the unseen deeps afar,
The foam-edge of heaven's completeness
Swept outward through flower and star.

By-and-by this thought is carried up to its apotheosis in passages of "A White Sunday," much too long to quote, but where nature is treated as being as much redeemed as man, love watering the roots of garden and of forest, and the great sacrifice winning earth as well as heaven.

Nature, in all its fulness, is the Lord's.

The wayside weed is sacred unto Him.
Have we not groaned together, herbs and men,
Struggling through stifling earth-weights unto light,
Earnestly longing to be clothed upon
With our high possibility of bloom?
And He, He is the Light, He is the Sun
That draws us out of darkness, and transmutes
The noisome earth-damp into heaven's own breath,
And shapes our matted roots, we know not how,
Into fresh leaves and strong fruit-bearing stems,
Yea, makes us stand, on some consummate day,
Abloom in white transfiguration robes!

Here we find the old antagonism between matter and spirit—embodied in every creed since the world began, as the struggle between good and evil—done away with in perfect reconciliation; and though it is indeed quite another thing from that philosophy which holds the material world to be merely an apparition evolved from deity, a thought of God's—yet, tending to the same end, it is no less sublime, and is far more within the reach of general comprehension.

In conclusion, it may be said of these verses that there is not one syllable to be found in them of that maudlin sentimental-

ity which sickens on the pages of so many poets, nor is there any trace of imitation of another. They are the songs of a singer, too careless of fame, it may be, but one who sings with a simple and natural upgushing, and to whom griefs and burdens are as much the gift of God as the contenting sense of that beauty with which he had clothed the universe, and who teaches us to sing after her—

Earth is our little island home,
And heaven the neighboring continent
Whence winds to every inlet come
With balmiest scent.

From mountain slopes of breeze and balm
What melodies arrest the oar!
What memories ripple through the calm—
We'll keep near shore.

H. P. S.

A GLANCE AT POETRY OF THE SEASON.

THE past season (for there is a "season" in literature, with its ebb and flood, well known to booksellers and book-buyers, and with its "high tide" just in advance of the holidays) has been fruitful in poetry, from lowest to highest. Of English poems republished here, Robert Browning's "The Ring and the Book" stands at the head—a work of unequal merit, and diffuse, as often befalls a blank verse story, full of Browning's genius at its maturity, rich in thought, experience, and emotion, riotously rich in verbal strength and copiousness of expression, vivid, dramatic, picturesque in scenery, and stocked with myriad allusions to Italian life, literature, art, and story. It is the poetic paraphrase of an old trial at law—a domestic tragedy—which supplies the staple of Browning's plot. Further comment than this must be reserved to a fitting review. To the "Jason" and the "Earthly Paradise" of Morris, who at one bound has come to the foreground of living poets, ample justice has been already done in THE GALAXY. The "Rural Poems" of Barnes, the Burns of Dorsetshire, are a precious contribution to the poetic literature of the year. They are full of tenderness, of homely grace, of simple pathos; the poetry of the home, the hearth, the heart, the field, the daily round of rustic life. They come to American readers in an exquisitely tasteful garb of print and illustration. A certain critic thinks, or fears, that the Dorsetshire clergyman has lost strength and raciness by abandoning the local dialect. We think otherwise—that he may have taken something from philology, but that he has given more

to poetry, which is universal, and cannot be barred by the bounds of a dialect. Here is an old verse (or as much of it as we can recall) from a poem probably never reprinted in this country, and published years ago in England :

There's noo good o' goold but to buy what 'ull meake
 Vor happiness here among men ;
 An' who would give happiness up vor the seake
 O' zome money to buy it agean.
 Vor 't would seem to the eyes of a man that is wise
 Like money vor money,
 Or zellen one's honey to buy zome'hat sweet.

Surely it is not the *dialect* here which gives its beauty to the verse.

Turning to the American poetry of the year, we find, first and foremost among its treasures, Lowell's "Under the Willows, and other Poems," a long-looked-for and most charming collection of some of Lowell's later poems, of which many are already familiar to literature. When Lowell yields, now and then, to the pressure of his publishers for "poetry enough for another volume," it is a wonderful drag-net process that he, or, as often, they, go through—"soundings from the Atlantic," in Holmes's phrase ; pluckings from the "Nation" or other papers, divings into portfolios, rescues of waifs and estrays, of poems well-nigh gone to obscurity on odd scraps of paper, and literally saved "as brands from the burning ;" applications to acquaintances for brief poems written for friendship's sake, and with no thought of publication (yet choicely cherished, never fear) ; and, in short, a general in-gathering from all quarters, and then, as the result, a volume as invaluable as "Under the Willows." Two volumes of late American poetry which may fitly be mentioned side by side with this, are Whittier's "Among the Hills, and other Poems"—noble, pure, strong, thoughtful, beautiful, as becomes one who stands in the fore-front of American poetry—and Longfellow's "New England Tragedies."

Dr. Holland's "Kathrina" has already passed through we know not how many score of editions—a characteristic poem, which makes such shift as it can to supply genius by tact and mother-wit, and imagination by homely sense, shrewd observation, much domestic pathos, good description, and an instinctive sympathy with the great audience which its popular author always addresses—in short, Timothy Titcomb in flowing verse. Mrs. Spofford, elsewhere, in this number of THE GALAXY, does full justice to the poems of Lucy Larcom. Next

we call attention to the "Saul, a Dramatic Poem," of Mr. Heavysege. This is one of the most remarkable poems of the day, being full of poetic talent of a very high, if not even of the highest order. It is as genuine a contribution to poetic literature, in many respects, as the "Jason" of Mr. Morris, and its author will, we predict, have an enduring name among the poets of our time. The "No Love Lost" of Mr. Howells is characterized by his well-known delicacy and refinement, and is thoroughly artistic in conception and execution. With much felicity of expression and general literary finish, it nevertheless struggles a little with the metre, which does not seem best adapted to the general tone of the poem.

Amongst new editions of poets, we may properly mention first Mr. Grant Wilson's edition of "Halleck," which is the most complete and thorough yet published, or ever likely to be. This volume, with its handsome typography and general excellence, will doubtless remain as the standard and authoritative edition of Halleck, and contains absolutely all of his works that are worth preserving. Mr. Wilson's preface shows much painstaking and literary art. Here, too, we may note the new editions of "Tennyson," "Rogers," "Scott," "Gray," "Moore," "Cowper," and others, besides the "Globe Edition" of the poets, whereof fifteen volumes have already been issued.

Finally, turning to notable forthcoming poetry, we may first record the complete edition of Halpine's (Miles O'Reilly's) "Poetical Works," to be edited with a biographical preface by Mr. R. B. Roosevelt. This gentleman, as an intimate personal friend of Halpine's, and his partner in the "Citizen," is his most fitting biographer. This will be a very interesting volume—and probably, by the way, the "Flaunting Lie" controversy (hardly less vigorous than the great "Rock Me to Sleep" dispute) will be authoritatively decided, and so set at rest. Mr. Stedman is steadily working toward completion his translation of "Theocritus," "Bion," and "Moschus." We know of no one who would bring to the task more loving labor, and Mr. Stedman's peculiar grace and taste and genuine poetic feeling will make this his monumental work, and permanently fix his place in literature higher than ever before. It is to be hoped that he will also present the substance of his general study of his subject in the form of a prefatory essay on the Sicilian Greek poets.

Their works have been metrically rendered into nearly every modern language—even into Hungarian and Russian; but there is a wide field for laurels open to Mr. Stedman. The new book of Walt Whitman, on which he is now engaged, is not one of poetry, but a collection of his prose writings.

To these (for we are resolved to clear out, once for all, the "Poet's Corner" in the shelves yonder) we might add some scores of less distinguished poems and volumes of verse, published during the last year. We should begin with "The Hymns of Denmark," translated by Gilbert Tait; and add "Irish Odes," by Aubrey De Vere; "Nothing but Leaves," anonymous; "Poems," by B. G. Hosmer, and so forth—not forgetting "Poems of the Prairies," by Brown, published by Redhead of Des Moines, and bearing, as a motto, this immortal dictum of the well-known W. C. Russell: "We care not whether his verse be rugged or not, so long as it is American." Such theories always remind us of one of Longfellow's characters—"Honeywell is a real poet, and no mistake. Nature made him with her shirt-sleeves rolled up."—(Kavanagh, XX.) However, we must forbear further rambling notices, for the present, of poets, "rugged" and smooth, American and barbarian. B.

THE STUDIO RECEPTIONS.

THE studio receptions this winter have, thus far, been well attended; but many artists have remarked, or perhaps imagined, that their visitors seemed to be less interested than formerly in the pictures and sketches displayed on these occasions; and some have gone so far as to express the opinion that the public was getting tired of the receptions, and that they would better be discontinued. There is, doubtless, some foundation for this impression. The receptions no longer possess the charm of novelty, and, in this mercurial city, customs lose instead of acquiring strength with age. New York society is ever on the search for novelties, in art and literature as well as in fashion. When the artists first threw open their studios, society enjoyed the new sensation. It was quite the thing to saunter, in rustling silks, through the painter's sanctum, and see the last sweet thing in art; and our ladies learned to gossip over new pictures and sketches, and talk of easels, and pencils, and palettes, and color, and all that, with the most delightful volubility. But the novelty wore off. Then came Bate-

man and Grau with opera bouffe, and "La Grande Duchesse" and "Genève de Brabant" took the town by storm, and swept into their Saturday matinées most of the gay throngs that had lent brilliancy to the studio receptions. High art stood no chance of winning the day against the seductive airs of Offenbach. Tostee and Irma, and Duchesne and Carrier led away the fair devotees from the shrines of art.

But if the artists have some reason to complain of the fickleness of society, society may, with much show of right, retort that the artists have not always taken pains to make their receptions attractive with new pictures and sketches, as assuredly they might have done. It was not wise to allow visitors to come week after week and find the same works on the easel, the same sketches on the walls, and the same unfinished canvases turning their backs upon curious and inquisitive eyes. The artists should have endeavored, even at the cost of time and trouble, to make each reception a novelty and surprise to their visitors; for, if it was worth while to open their studios at all, it was worth while to make them attractive.

But other causes lie at the root of their apathy concerning art; and one of these is no doubt, the obstinacy with which many of our artists tread a beaten path, year in, year out, without ever venturing in search of "fresh fields and pastures new." They seem to be afraid of getting out of their own little circle, as if, like the old magicians, they would lose their power by stepping over the boundary. The reply to this charge is that the public will have it so. If you ask Kensett why he always paints the same rocks, the same sort of water, and the same general effects of sky and atmosphere, he will answer, "Because the public—the picture-buying public, at least—want from me 'Kensett' rocks, 'Kensett' water, 'Kensett' skies, and 'Kensett' landscape generally. They won't let me go out of the beaten track. They say, 'This may be all very fine and very like nature, but it isn't *Kensett*. Coleman, or Whittredge, or Church, or Hennessy might have painted this. We want something that can be told for a *Kensett* as far as you can see it.'" It is not to be denied that there is force in this reply, so long as there are mouths to fill and backs to clothe; but is it likely, after all, that the public would stand out long if artists of strength and distinction would take counsel of their

aspirations and not of their fears, and boldly push into new spheres of thought, attempt new modes of treatment, and give their works all the variety of nature, instead of monotonously repeating themselves on every canvas they stretch? This course would appeal to that passion for novelties to which I have alluded, and to the admiration everywhere felt for courage in every profession.

How many American artists could be named who have missed fame from timidity in its pursuit? "Content to dwell in decencies forever," they avert their eyes from the shining crowns that await the brows of the bold and audacious. No artist can achieve greatness without audacity.

Even if an artist cares nothing for that vague abstraction, immortality, audacity and spirit are better guides to present success than is the timorous policy pursued by many really accomplished painters. If, instead of sighing, with Cowley,

What shall I do to be forever known,
To make the age to come my own.

an artist prefers to live for his own age only, still his surest way to success lies in audacity of invention and ceaseless variety.

Is it uncharitable to suggest that the atmosphere of that enchanted castle sung by Thomson may have something to do with the fault of which we all complain? Our artists are not indolent, in the ordinary sense of the word; but some natures find it harder work to think and invent than to go on forever repeating the same ideas and the same effects, with but few and trifling variations in the means.

It is painful to see an artist, who ought to be the freest spirit in the world, bind himself to one department, as if he were a tradesman or mechanic. Mr. Bradford, for instance, who has painted several Arctic scenes with great success, ought not to paint another iceberg this year. He should try other scenes, and enlarge his mind and his conceptions of nature by studies in far different fields. He should learn to paint a tropical landscape with the same fidelity with which he depicts the barren shores of Labrador. Mr. White should forever shun little girls in pink dresses and venerable negroes in attitudes of indolence. Only once has this artist, who certainly has mastered the science of his profession as few other men have done, broken away from the routine of his special "line," and produced a

work of high excellence. This was his "Evangeline," painted several years ago. It is the only realization of the poetic creation in existence on canvas. The moment chosen by Mr. White for this picture is early evening. The sun has just set, leaving the atmosphere full of delicate purple hues, subdued in tone, and very beautifully sympathetic with the situation of the heroine. She is kneeling before a rude cross, in the fear of finding her lover's name engraved there, supporting herself with her left hand, while with her right she grasps and draws down the tall weeds that hide the inscription. Even at a distance from the painting at which the features cannot be distinctly seen, the straining glance, the half-suppressed heaving of the breast can be clearly discerned, and her fear and longing are distinctly expressed by the attitude of her figure, as she kneels and presses toward the cross. The picture is full of melancholy sentiment. No one can examine it carefully—and the most casual glance is enough to fix the attention—without being profoundly touched. If we interpret the picture rightly, Evangeline has but just started on her loving search. The long years, in which hope deferred shall make her heart sick, yet lie before her in the dim future, undiscerned, unapprehended by her loving spirit. Why will not Mr. White paint more pictures like this, instead of wasting his time and talents in the frivolous interiors and child pieces that have come from his hand during the last four years? A man who can paint one such picture as the "Evangeline" has in him the material for still higher things.

Mr. Hennessy has this winter taken a new start. His picture called "A Summer Sea," taken from a view on Long Island Sound, is a great advance on anything he has done before; and one or two smaller pieces evince genuine progress in the mastery of his art. He has chosen the right method of art cultivation—the only method, in fact, that will insure breadth and growth. Instead of confining himself to one department of art, he essays everything that tempts artistic expression—portraiture, flower painting, landscape, drawing on wood—in short, everything that tends to cultivate all his powers. The happy result of this is seen in his "Summer Sea," which is not only the best picture ever painted by him, but one of the finest that has been exhibited in any studio this winter.

VARIOUS ITEMS.

PLEASANT news comes from our artists who are spending the winter abroad. Mr. Church, who has been for some time in Syria, where he has made some magnificent studies, is at present in Greece. He is to pass the winter in Rome, where he will paint a large picture for a gentleman of this city. There is a large colony of American artists in Rome—McEntee, Bierstadt, Gifford, Launt Thompson, and others, are there for the winter, and have rooms near each other. Mr. Boughton is in London, and receives many marks of appreciation. The London "Art Journal" (no great authority, except as the index of feeling in artistic circles) praises his "Last of the May-Flower" in very high terms. Mr. Bellows is likewise in England, and has passed much of his time in the New Forest, making studies for water-color pictures.

King Ludwig, of Bavaria, is to have in his capital a Universal Exhibition of Fine Arts, to be held some time this year. It will include every department of the arts, and artists of every country will be invited to send their productions there. American art ought to be well represented, to make up for our failure at the Paris Exhibition of 1867.

The Brussels exhibition of the works of living artists will open early in July, and close toward the end of September. It will be devoted exclusively to paintings.

One of Gustave Doré's largest oil paintings has been purchased by a gentleman of this city, and will be exhibited here before long. It is called "The Spanish Beggars," and is said to be the best work the artist has ever painted.

S. S. C.

REMINISCENCES OF ROSSINI.

AUBER was right, after all, when he exclaimed, upon hearing the news of Meyerbeer's death, "Now it is poor Rossini's turn." The "Swan of Pesaro" has spread his wings and flown away, more like a phoenix than a "swan;" for such wonderful birds of passage as he do not return every spring, but appear only once in centuries. Who is able to calculate how many millions of hearts he gladdened for fifty years past, at a thousand points of the globe? These millions would form a great nation of merry, smiling, laughing people.

Rossini liked to have many friends about him; but those whom he esteemed most

were not to be found in the *salon* of his charming villa at Passy, where he received most of his visitors, but in the so-called "third" room, to which he admitted only what he jocularly called "the members of his staff;" and while Madame Rossini was entertaining—charmingly and gracefully, as all who made her acquaintance will say—the other guests in the *salon*, Rossini, clad in his dressing-gown, laughed and chatted, as he alone could chat, with the small circle of his intimate friends in the "third" room, which he often styled his "holy of holies." Those who saw him there never were long in finding out what he really was, namely, one of the most amiable men of our century, and possessed of that inexhaustible fund of sparkling wit and humor, which, expressed in melodies, brought forth such priceless pearls as the "Barber of Seville" and the "Italian Lady in Algiers."

When I first saw Rossini, he was already well nigh seventy years old; but, while he spoke, his features sparkled still with youthful vivacity and spirit, with mirth and the most sympathetic intelligence. His mouth always said something, even when he was silent; no more expressive eyes could be imagined than his; and in perfect keeping with his eyes and mouth were his finely-chiselled nose, which seemed to possess the nicest scent, and a magnificent forehead, the worthy seat of his genius. Although very well fed and of a piece with the equally well-fed body, his face was not that of a mere epicure, but of a vivacity and mobility such as are peculiar only to the brightest children of the sunny South. When he was in a talkative mood, his facial muscles were almost incessantly in motion, without, however, producing even the slightest impression of affectation and exaggeration; for what they expressed was mostly true Attic irony, amiable humor, or that ludicrous gravity with which he used to utter his best witticisms. For all that, he could be really grave, very grave—especially when he questioned his friends about matters in which he took a lively interest, and when he listened.

There were moments when, especially in the small circle of his intimate friends, he alluded in a grave and even touching manner to the events of his past life. Especially was this the case when he talked of his parents and of the many privations and sufferings which he had undergone in his youth. From the vague hints which he would drop on those occasions, it was easy

to be seen that he had been the most affectionate and devoted of sons. How much he had toiled, suffered and sacrificed for his old father, the "city trumpeter" of Pesaro, and how worthy of respect and veneration did he appear, aside from his genius, in such fugitive moments of self-betrayal ! In the same affectionate spirit his memory dwelt on the teachers of his youth, to whom he was indebted for his theoretical knowledge of music and composition, although he knew well enough that he was, in this respect, almost a self-taught man, for he had been educated with a view of becoming simply an opera-singer. When referring to the miserable compensation often paid him for operas such as "Tancred" and others, for which he received only a few ducats, and which were then performed in all the great cities of Europe amid rapturous applause, while he had to earn his livelihood as a singing-teacher, he sighed over these misfortunes only with reference to his father's poverty. His predecessors and contemporaries among the Italian composers, although he sometimes criticised special parts of their composition with great freedom, he spoke of, as a general thing, very highly, praising their good qualities with warm admiration and enthusiasm. He never forgot to acknowledge what he had learned from other masters, and with what ideas their works had inspired him. Possibly it may not have always been thus with him ; but certain it is that, at the time when I knew Rossini, he was far above petty jealousies of this description, and had arrived at the standpoint where he liked to dwell, with the mildness of a sage, on the bright side of all things and talents. Mere *virtuoso* music, however, was extremely distasteful to him ; but even this did not prevent him from allowing many a young artist to play at his house, when he saw that this would be useful to the musician.

With the most charming irony, he liked to talk about the patronizing airs assumed by distinguished political personages toward composers, and the manner in which they appreciated the works of the latter. Having been invited by Metternich to the Congress of Verona, to compose all sorts of official cantatas, and having, furthermore, witnessed a great many courts priding themselves on their love of art, he had gathered much experience in this field. He praised some sovereigns as men, but as judges and lovers of art he heaped the most contempt-

uous epithets on their crowned heads. Of Prince Metternich, however, he made an exception, attributing to him genuine appreciation of good music. He did the same in the case of Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, one of whose compositions he once performed at his own house.

The peculiar manner in which operatic matters have been managed in Paris since 1848 frequently caused Rossini's severest displeasure. One day, Nestor Roqueplan, manager of the Grand Opera, resolved to have Rossini's "William Tell," which the Parisians had not heard for a long time past, performed at his theatre. He thought he would confer a great favor on the old *maestro* by what he called "reviving" his great opera ; so he donned his black dress-coat and repaired to Rossini, in order to convey the glad tidings to him, and ask, at the same time, his advice and wishes in regard to the performance. But Rossini, before whose eyes there arose, all at once, the whole wretchedness of the Grand Opera—its mismanagement and lack of genuine talent—sprang to his feet and cried, with an indignation which took the manager greatly by surprise, "Play my opera, or don't play it—it is all the same to me, monsieur—all the same to me. You can no longer sing, you can no longer play, you can no longer put an opera upon the stage. *Voilà !*" The functionary of Messrs. Fould and Bacciochi retired in great confusion. He could not forget the time when operatic music was treated with due respect, and the resources of the theatres were not entirely lavished upon the scenery and ballet.

But let us not forget his foible, which, for the rest, is known to all the world. Everybody knows that Rossini liked to eat, and, moreover, liked to eat as well as possible. You could see at a hundred yards' distance that he was a gourmand. Even if his comfortable belly and well-rounded face had not betrayed it, his mouth could not fail to have done so ; for, despite the wit, humor and irony playing round his lips, his mouth was the ideal of a gourmand's mouth. The whole wisdom of a Brillat-Savarin lay in the corners of this mouth ; these lips were formed as if to sip the cream of the world. His table was of the highest importance to him, and it was no small thing for him to invite anybody to this altar. Although he had an excellent cook—a *vrai cordon bleu*—he repaired at certain decisive moments, when peculiar dishes were being prepared, in

person, to the kitchen; and some favorite Italian dishes he would prepare there himself. His table, as might have been expected, as a general thing, contained Italian dishes. Every Friday he invited a number of guests, besides the regular ones, among whom one of the most notable was his old friend, the musician and *principe* Caraffa; these guests formed the nucleus about which the evening visitors gathered in the *salon*. Rossini's place at the dinner table was in the middle of the long side; on his right sat, usually, an invited lady; on his left, a male guest whom he desired to distinguish; but the chairs were placed so as to leave him sufficient elbow room.

It was exceedingly amusing to watch the *maestro's* face when he sat down to dinner. A moment ago his genial features had reflected the brilliant sparks of his witticisms, but suddenly his countenance underwent a singular change; his face looked very serious and almost solemn as he seated himself on his chair. Now joking was certainly at an end. Rossini uttered not a word; with his napkin tied under his chin and on his back, all his thoughts and actions were concentrated upon eating. His old friends knew it; clever strangers found it out immediately, and the guests chatted with one another without addressing a word to their host. But from time to time ladies, seated beside him, made the attempt to draw him into a conversation, and overwhelmed him with inquiries about his past, his adventures, his works, etc. It was almost touching and sad to see the gloom which overspread the usually so merry face of the old *maestro* on such occasions. He was to speak—to speak now! At times he would answer the questions in one or two words; but, when that proved insufficient to repulse the enemy, he cast a beseeching glance on the oldest of his friends, and exclaimed in the voice of a succumbing gladiator, “Caraffa!” The sturdy old Caraffa hastened immediately to

his assistance, intercepted all questions, and answered them in Rossini's name. Rossini's edification at dinner reached its highest pitch when the servants brought in the *maccaroni*, which he had mostly prepared himself in a manner superior to that of most professional cooks. Of this preparation of the *maccaroni*, which, indeed, was a most delicious dish, he was, perhaps, prouder than of his “William Tell;” and when this dish was placed on the table, the guests were allowed to address some heartfelt compliments to him, and a gentle smile lit up the grave expression of his glorious old face.

There is no doubt whatever that such compliments were more agreeable to him than most those which were addressed to him about his works by casual visitors, and which, as a general thing, he rejected or accepted with an inimitable, but decidedly sarcastic humility. It was a very laughable scene to see the ladies, when a small new composition of Rossini's was performed on the piano in his *salon*, rush up to him as the last note was played, and overwhelm him with the old cut and dried phrases, “*quel talent, M. Rossini! quel talent! Charmant, charmant!*” etc. “Indeed,” replied Rossini, “indeed, I was in hopes of achieving by-and-by some little successes as a composer.” At the dinner-table, one day, a lady burst suddenly into a fit of sentimental enthusiasm and exclaimed, “Tell me, M. Rossini, how shall I call you—Cavalière, *Maestro*, or *Divino*?” “*Appelez-moi votre lapin*,” replied Rossini, smilingly.

After such little scenes had occurred, he would relate in the “third” room the most laughable stories about ridiculous instances of homage paid to him, presents made to him, and fulsome flattery bestowed on him. He showed his guests also many of these presents, for instance, an orchestra consisting of porcelain monkeys, and which he, Rossini, represented likewise as a monkey conducted with his *bâton*. T. J.

NEBULÆ.

THE pepper-throwing scamps who have lately revived their art make one almost wish for a partial return of the stern old law, "an eye for an eye," into the modern code of punishments. They effect their highway robberies at the cost of the eyes of their anguished victims—but their own go safe, when the rogues are caught. One would half desire that the villains should themselves be "peppered roundly." The old notion of vindictory penalties was rude and barbarous; but now and then the sinful man rebels within us, and, at the sight of crime combined with cruelty, we say "away with your philanthropic pusillanimity, your aim at *reform* for rogues, your penitential punishments, and give us 'the eye for the eye, the tooth for the tooth.'" Were there, at all events, pepper as well as prison for these pepper-throwers, a morning's wash in vitriol for the vitriol-dashers, a little ironing out of the palms of those brutes who burn the hands of babes in order to "keep them still," a daily flogging for the fathers who beat their children to death to make them say their prayers, and, in fine, something in the penalty to give a vivid appreciation of the crime, one would have a sense of completer justice done. That school of theology which makes the rewards and punishments of the next life grow out of the very virtues and vices of this, touches a deep spring in human nature; the pictures in Dante's Hell of those hapless souls transfixed by tortures commemorative of their crimes on earth, are appalling in their stern accuracy of justice; the old scripture proclaiming "that they which take the sword shall perish by the sword" is eternal in its truth. Of a soldier who dies in battle, of a duellist who falls by the pistol, of a rowdy stabbed in an affray, we feel a sense of fate dared and met. It is only in our code of punishment that we hesitate, and discover but two modes of expiating ten score crimes—the gallows and the jail. But we grow argumentative, and mean to be nothing of the sort. For, of course, as a matter of fact, it is the dictate of civilization and Christianity that has banished torture from the penal code, and that looks to the simple preservation of society, in its preventive laws, and not to ven-

geance on the criminal. We only meant to say that, in the heat of indignation over the cruelty of some crimes of the day, one longs, for the moment, that the savage perpetrator might be paid off "in kind," and taught how his victim feels.

— So long as women are women, and men are men, *dress* will probably remain a subject of great interest to the former; and certainly this is not *quite* so dolorous a prospect as some modern essayists represent. The strange thing is, however, that these writers, so distressed by feminine devotion to dress and society-show, in our day, argue as if this were some new and alarming development on woman's part, destined to ruin the future of civilization, and wreck the hopes of humanity. "Time was," commences the "Girl of the Period," when "woman," etc., etc.; and so go on all the complaints of cynical club-men and desperate bachelors, with their *time was*. We do not propose to champion extravagance—not in dress more than in language—but it is fair to the women of our day to protest that they are probably not, even in this very respect, below their sisterhood of earlier ages. Human nature, after all, whether masculine or feminine, is pretty much the same, from generation to generation; the surface changes, but not that which is within. And, indeed, deplorable as we shall admit the costumes of our day to be, for the sake of the argument, great as is the tyranny of fashion, hollow and heartless as is much modern society, it does not appear, and can hardly be made to appear, that women have sunk beneath the standard of generations gone. Let any one look at the spectacle presented at Wallack's on the night of an old comedy, when the dresses of the period are followed—what monstrous headdresses, what yards of trail, what hundreds of jimcracks of dress and adornment! Our present style is simplicity compared with that. Let him look over the fashion-plates of several hundred years ago—some costumer's book giving side by side the fine dresses of many generations—and he will very soon see that we may congratulate the fashion of our day on its moderation. The monstrous and uncouth absurd-

ties of olden times are matched by nothing now. The truth is that nothing which we call a freak of fashion is new—it is only something old coming up again, in that series of cycles and epicycles which the history of dress exhibits. Nothing is new under the sun—not “waterfalls,” crinoline, paniers, not rouge and pearl powder, not flounce and furbelow, not high-heeled boots or low-heeled, not the “patch on the cheek of beauty,” not false eyes, teeth, hair, not padded breasts—there is nothing new under the sun. Nay, the *criticisms* on excesses of fashion are not new—old as are the fashions themselves. There were satirists before “Punch,” and before Molière, and before Shakespeare, and before Chaucer, and before Horace and Juvenal. Let our readers recall that stern censure of woman’s folly and extravagance in dress which was quoted from the Chinese of two thousand years ago in *THE GALAXY* for June—it might stand with some slight editing, for a leading article—called, let us say, “The Degeneracy of the Women of 1869”—in the next number of any English weekly review. There you have, in forcible language, everything that can be said now on that side of the subject, and yet, forsooth, when we read the article which will actually come out, next week, in the aforesaid review, we shall find the writer lamenting this thing as something new in the history of women—a disastrous phenomenon of modern society. When this ubiquitous commentator, whom we all have read, and are going to read again, takes up his pen, let him, we say, put before his eye a patched beauty of the reign of Charles II., or a full-dressed lady of the time of Louis XIV.; and then, before he dips his fatal steel, let him mix a little honey in his ink-pot.

—NEW ORLEANS papers lately brought tidings that Sergeant Bates, the historic Man of the Flag, was in that city without a penny to his name, having just been robbed in its streets. Whether this mishap befell in spite of the flag he carried, or on account of the flag he carried, or whether, indeed, he was carrying that flag at all, we are not told; what we know is that robbed he was, and that kindly editors were asking alms for him.

Sergeant Bates is our American personification of Longfellow’s Alpine legend. Whether *his* “brow,” too, be “sad,” whether his “eye beneath flash like a falchion from

its sheath,” we neither know nor care—it is not essential to the parallel. What we do know is that the Sergeant is the great American flag-bearer; that his motto is “Excelsior;” that his journeyings are mysterious and their object fathomless; and that he now seems to have met a fate only less pitious than that of his illustrious prototype.

There is a moral in that fate to American youth—a moral against the vaulting ambition that o’erleaps itself. In the obscurity of his Wisconsin home, doubtless the gallant Bates was content and happy; or, at least, for the purpose of the moral we shall assume that he was so. But, in an evil hour he undertook, on a wager, a pedestrian tour, with a bit of bunting flying over his head, through the South. With that discriminating appreciation of greatness for which America is distinguished, the whole country turned its admiring eye upon this youth. The leading journals discussed him; his march was a triumph; mayors of cities and aldermen of towns came out bareheaded to greet him, ovations and orations celebrated him; garlands were flung at him; bands played, banners and bandannas waved around him; he was dined and wined and lionized, and, when at last he came up to Washington, he was there received by a great host of dignitaries, particularly Congressmen. Congressman Eldridge welcomed him in a panegyric which, thanks to the inspiring subject, will remain the chief monument to future ages of that gentleman’s forensic eloquence; to crown all, when the great procession dissolved, the industrious walker was received by the attendant Chief Magistrate of the nation, with all official honors, into the Presidential mansion.

Ah, that was high tide with the poor Sergeant, whose fame forthwith ebbed. Astonished to find himself forgotten three days after he had been the most famous man in America he sought to staunch his oozing greatness, and straightway made an engagement with a Baltimore theatre, where Lucille Western played the drama and the worthy Sergeant came out and waved his flag between the acts. History next hears of him at the great New York convention of July 4th, where, gaining the platform, he again sought to freshen his notoriety, but, on being detected, was thrust aside with his flag into a corner. And so he went on, down, down, down, to New Orleans. And, such is humanity, that there is great fear whether this

whilom guest of Cities, Congress, and Capitol was ever remembered by any of them when he "fell among thieves." Need we point the moral or adorn the tale?

This is the state of man. To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him.
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost.

—THE extremely limited knowledge we have of the personal life of Shakespeare is, and long will be, a matter of common remark. The pardonable curiosity of mankind has been foiled for more than two centuries—the simple biography of Shakespeare, divested of speculative comment, is an affair of very few pages. This very fact, indeed, has set some wiseacres, as is well known, to doubting whether Shakespeare was the author of the plays attributed to him; in other words, they make the inquiry of the clown in the play, "Who wrote Shakespeare?" a serious one, and reply, anybody but Shakespeare; and one argument is, that we could not possibly know so little of the author of Shakespeare's plays as we do of Shakespeare himself. But, setting aside the difference between those early days of printing and our age of the cylinder press (which may account for the general paucity of personal information about illustrious writers of an elder day), let us see if we cannot comprehend why so little is known of the greatest of poets. Of English writers, now living, who comes nearest to Shakespeare in popularity—that is, in the quality which would naturally lead him to be talked about and written about? The most popular of English writers is, unquestionably, Charles Dickens. How much does the world—nay, do you or I—know of Dickens? Some of us may have seen him, or personally known him; but, taking his contemporaries in general, how much is Dickens, *the man*, known; and, what is more to the purpose, how much has been set down regarding him in enduring literature? Some time ago, a foreign brother writer, Hans Christian Andersen, made a slight popular sketch of his visit to the great English novelist. It was caught up in England and read with avidity, as something new, reappearing in journals which themselves had never informed their readers who and what the man Charles Dickens was. To pursue our thought—most people know that Dickens lives at Gadshill, that he "walks into town very often," that he writes so much a year, and that

So-and-so are his publishers. They can describe of his look, dress, etc., just as much as the photographs tell—just as much as the engravings and the busts tell of Shakespeare. There is hardly recorded in the enduring writings of any great brother writer more personal allusion to Dickens than may be found in the works of Ben Jonson, Beaumont, and others, regarding Shakespeare.

There is a quarrel about whether John Shakespeare was a butcher or a grazier—and pray, from recollection, or any permanent literature, what was the occupation of the father of Dickens? Of Dickens's boyhood we know no more than of Shakespeare's; we know as much of the former's playing as of the latter's publishing. In short, there is hardly a detail which can be mentioned, in which, when we come to reflect, as much has not been said regarding Shakespeare, in a permanent literary form, likely to remain extant from its excellence, as regarding Dickens. In like manner, we shall probably know no more of Dickens's club-life than of the things said and done at the Mermaid; we shall not be likely to have his "table-talk." It is the great difference in *men*, as such, that makes this difference in what we know of famous authors; for of Pope, of Johnson, of Cowper, of Goldsmith, of Byron, of Rogers, and a hundred others, we may have a surfeit of authentic anecdotes, and the detailed record of their private life. Of equally great geniuses, or greater, living side by side with them, we know a thousand-fold less. Either circumstances, or the lack of an obtrusive personality, or the lack of eccentricity, or the lack of a Boswell, may give the obscurity to one which the other escapes.

Other examples could easily be cited; but Dickens is the most striking, as being the most prominent and widely-read of living authors; one who has been before the public for more than thirty years as a perfectly well-known figure. And if, in addition to all this, we reflect that we are contemporaries of his, and live so much after Shakespeare; that we are in an age of free gossip about public writers; an age in which everything is eagerly caught up by the newspapers (ah! if there had been one in Shakespeare's day?); when we reflect on the great fame of Dickens, wider than Shakespeare's in his day—we may see that the lack of information regarding Shakespeare is not "mysterious."



Drawn by Sol Eytinge.

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PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE

BY CHARLES READE,

Author of "Foul Play," "Griffith Gaunt," etc.

I will frame a work of fiction upon notorious fact, so that anybody shall think he can do the same; shall labor and toil, attempting the same, and fail—such is the power of sequence and connection in writing.

HORACE: ART OF POETRY.

CHAPTER I.

HILLSBOROUGH and its outlying suburbs make bricks by the million, spin and weave both wool and cotton, forge in steel from the finest needle up to a ship's armor, and so add considerably to the kingdom's wealth.

But industry so vast, working by steam, on a limited space, has been fatal to beauty: Hillsborough, though built on one of the loveliest sites in England, is perhaps the most hideous town in creation. All ups and downs and back slums. Not one of its wriggling, broken-backed streets has handsome shops in an unbroken row. Houses seem to have battled in the air, and stuck wherever they tumbled down dead out of the *mêlée*. But worst of all, the city is pockmarked with public houses, and bristles with high round chimneys. These are not confined to a locality, but stuck all over the place like cloves in an orange. They defy the law, and belch forth massy volumes of black smoke, that hang like acres of crape over the place, and veil the sun and the blue sky even in the brightest day. But in a fog—why, the air of Hillsborough looks a thing to plough, if you want a dirty job.

More than one crystal stream runs sparkling down the valleys, and enters the town; but they soon get defiled, and creep through it heavily charged with dyes, clogged with putridity, and bubbling with poisonous gases, till at last they turn to mere ink, stink, and malaria, and people the churchyards as they crawl.

This infernal city, whose water is blacking, and whose air is coal, lies in a basin of delight and beauty: noble slopes, broad valleys, watered by rivers and brooks of singular beauty, and fringed by fair woods in places; and, eastward, the hills rise into mountains, and among them towers Cairnhope, striped with silver rills, and violet in the setting sun.

Cairnhope is a forked mountain, with a bosom of purple heather and a craggy head. Between its forks stood, at the period of my story, a great curiosity;

which merits description on its own account, and also as the scene of curious incidents to come.

It was a deserted church. The walls were pierced with arrow-slits, through which the original worshippers had sent many a deadly shaft in defence of their women and cattle, collected within the sacred edifice at the first news of marauders coming.

Built up among the heathery hills in times of war and trouble, it had outlived its uses. Its people had long ago gone down into the fruitful valley, and raised another church in their midst, and left this old house of God alone, and silent as the tombs of their forefathers that lay around it.

It was no ruin, though on the road to decay. One of the side walls was much lower than the other, and the roof had two great waves, and was heavily clothed, in natural patterns, with velvet moss, and sprinkled all over with bright amber lichen : a few tiles had slipped off in two places, and showed the rafters brown with time and weather : but the structure was solid and sound ; the fallen tiles lay undisturbed beneath the eaves ; not a brick, not a beam, not a gravestone had been stolen, not even to build the new church : of the diamond panes full half remained ; the stone font was still in its place, with its Gothic cover, richly carved ; and four brasses reposed in the chancel, one of them loose in its bed.

What had caused the church to be deserted had kept it from being desecrated ; it was clean out of the way. No gipsy or vagrant ever slept there, and even the boys of the village kept their distance. Nothing would have pleased them better than to break the sacred windows time had spared, and defile the graves of their forefathers with pitch-farthing and other arts ; but it was three miles off, and there was a lion in the way : they must pass in sight of Squire Raby's house ; and, whenever they had tried it, he and his groom had followed them on swift horses that could jump as well as gallop, had caught them in the churchyard, and lashed them heartily ; and the same night notice to quit had been given to their parents, who were all Mr. Raby's weekly tenants ; and this had led to a compromise and flagellation, 2.

Once or twice every summer a more insidious foe approached. Some little party of tourists, including a lady, who sketched in water and never finished anything, would hear of the old church, and wander up to it. But Mr. Raby's trusty groom was sure to be after them, with orders to keep by them, under guise of friendship, and tell them outrageous figments, and see that they demolished not, stole not, sculptured not.

All this was odd enough in itself, but it astonished nobody who knew Mr. Raby. His father and predecessor had guarded the old church religiously in his day, and was buried in it, by his own orders ; and, as for Guy Raby himself, what wonder he respected it, since his own mind, like that old church, was out of date, and a relic of the past ?

An antique Tory squire, nursed in expiring Jacobitism, and cradled in the pride of race ; educated at Oxford, well read in books, versed in county business, and acquainted with trade and commerce ; yet puffed up with aristocratic notions, and hugging the very prejudices our nobility are getting rid of—as fast as the vulgar will let them.

He had a sovereign contempt for tradespeople, and especially for manufacturers. Any one of those numerous disputes between masters and mechanics, which distinguish British industry, might have been safely referred to him, for he abhorred and despised them both with strict impartiality.

The lingering beams of a bright December day still gilded the moss-clad roof of that deserted church, and flamed on its broken panes, when a young man came galloping toward it, from Hillsborough, on one of those powerful horses common in that district.

He came so swiftly and so direct, that, ere the sun had been down twenty minutes, he and his smoking horse had reached a winding gorge about three furlongs from the church. Here, however, the bridle-road, which had hitherto served his turn across the moor, turned off sharply toward the village of Cairnhope, and the horse had to pick his way over heather, and bog, and great loose stones. He lowered his nose, and hesitated more than once. But the rein was loose upon his neck, and he was left to take his time. He had also his own tracks to guide him in places, for this was by no means his first visit; and he managed so well, that at last he got safe to a mountain stream which gurgled past the north side of the churchyard; he went cautiously through the water, and then his rider gathered up the reins, stuck in the spurs, and put him at a part of the wall where the moonlight showed a considerable breach. The good horse rose to it, and cleared it, with a foot to spare; and the invader landed in the sacred precincts unobserved, for the road he had come by was not visible from Raby House, nor indeed was the church itself.

He was of swarthy complexion, dressed in a plain suit of tweed, well made, and neither new nor old. His hat was of the newest fashion, and glossy. He had no gloves on.

He dismounted, and led his horse to the porch. He took from his pocket a large glittering key and unlocked the church door; then gave his horse a smack on the quarter. That sagacious animal walked into the church directly, and his iron hoofs rang strangely as he paced over the brick floor of the aisle, and made his way under the echoing vault, up to the very altar; for near it was the vestry-chest, and in that chest his corn.

The young man also entered the church; but soon came out again with a leathern bucket in his hand. He then went round the church, and was busily employed for a considerable time.

He returned to the porch, carried his bucket in, and locked the door, leaving the key inside.

That night Abel Eaves, a shepherd, was led by his dog, in search of a strayed sheep, to a place rarely trodden by the foot of man or beast, viz., the west side of Cairnhope Peak. He came home pale and disturbed, and sat by the fireside in dead silence. "What ails thee, my man?" said Janet, his wife; "and there's the very dog keeps a whimpering."

"What ails us, wife? Pincher and me? We have seen summat."

"What was it?" inquired the woman, suddenly lowering her voice.

"Cairnhope old church all o' fire inside."

"Bless us and save us!" said Janet, in a whisper.

"And the fire it did come and go as if hell was a blowing at it. One while the windows was a dull red like, and the next they did flare so, I thought it would all burst out in a blaze. And so 'twould, but, bless your heart, their heads ha'n't ached this hundred year and more, as lighted that there devilish fire."

He paused a moment, then said, with sudden gravity and resignation, and even a sort of half business-like air, "Wife, ye may make my shroud, and sew it and all; but I wouldn't buy the stuff of Bess Crummles; she is an ill-tongued

woman, and came near making mischief between you and me last Lammermas as ever was."

"Shroud!" cried Mrs. Eaves, getting seriously alarmed. "Why, Abel, what is Cairnhope old church to you? You were born in another parish."

Abel slapped his thigh. "Ay, lass, and another county, if ye go to that." And his countenance brightened suddenly.

"And, as for me," continued Janet, "I'm Cairnhope; but my mother came from Morpeth, a widdy; and she lies within a hundred yards of where I sit a talking to thee. There's none of my kin laid in old Cairnhope churchyard. Warning's not for thee, nor me, nor yet for our Jock. Eh, lad, it will be for Squire Raby. His father lies up there, and so do all his folk. Put on thy hat this minute, and I'll hood myself, and we'll go up to Raby Hall, and tell Squire."

Abel objected to that, and intimated that his own fireside was particularly inviting to a man who had seen diabolical fires that came and went, and shone through the very stones and mortar of a dead church.

"Nay, but," said Janet, "they sort 'o warnings are not to be slighted neither. We must put it off on to Squire, or I shall sleep none this night."

They went up, hand in hand, and often looked askant upon the road.

When they got to the Hall, they asked to see Mr. Raby. After some demur they were admitted to his presence, and found him alone, so far as they could judge by the naked eye; but, as they arrived there, charged to the muzzle with superstition, the room presented to their minds some appearances at variance with this seeming solitude. Several plates were set as if for guests, and the table groaned, and the huge sideboard blazed with old silver. The Squire himself was in full costume, and on his bosom gleamed two orders bestowed upon his ancestors by James III. and Charles III. In other respects he was rather innocuous, being confined to his chair by an attack of gout, and in the act of sipping the superannuated compound that had given it to him—port. Nevertheless, his light hair, dark eyebrows, and black eyes, awed them, and co-operated with his brilliant costume and the other signs of company, to make them wish themselves at the top of Cairnhope Peak. However, they were in for it, and told their tale, but in tremulous tones and a low deprecating voice, so that if the room *should* happen to be infested with invisible grandees from the other world, their attention might not be roused unnecessarily.

Mr. Raby listened with admirable gravity; then fixed his eyes on the pair, in silence; and then said, in a tone so solemn it was almost sepulchral, "This very day, nearly a century and a half ago, Sir Richard Raby was beheaded for being true to his rightful king—" "Eh, dear, poor gentleman! so now a walks." It was Janet who edged in this—

"And," continued the gentleman, loftily ignoring the comment, "they say that on this night such of the Rabys as died Catholics hold high mass in the church, and the ladies walk three times round the churchyard; twice with their veils down, once with bare faces, and great eyes that glitter like stars."

"I wouldn't like to see the jades," quavered Abel: "their ladyships I mean, axing their pardon."

"Nor I!" said Janet, with a great shudder.

"It would not be good for you," suggested the Squire; "for the first glance from those dead and glittering eyes strikes any person of the lower orders dumb; the second, blind; the third, dead. So I'm *informed*. Therefore—*let me advise you never to go near Cairnhope old church at night.*"

"Not I, sir," said the simple woman.

"Nor your children : unless you are very tired of them."

"Heaven forbid, sir ! But oh, sir, we thought it might be a warning like."

"To whom ?"

"Why, sir, th' old Squire lies there ; and heaps more of your folk ; and so Abel here was afraid—but you are the best judge ; we be no scholars. Th' old church warn't red-hot from eend to eend for nought ; that's certain."

"Oh, it is me you came to warn ?" said Raby, and his lip curled.

"Well, sir" (mellifluously), "we thought you had the best right to know."

"My good woman," said the warned, "I shall die when my time comes. But I shall not hurry myself, for all the gentlemen in Paradise nor all the blackguards upon earth."

He spake, and sipped his port with one hand, and waved them superbly back to their village with the other.

But, when they were gone, he pondered.

And the more he pondered, the farther he got from the prosaic but singular fact.

CHAPTER II.

IN the old oak dining-room, where the above colloquy took place, hung a series of family portraits. One was of a lovely girl with oval face, olive complexion, and large dark tender eyes : and this was the gem of the whole collection ; but it conferred but little pleasure on the spectator, owing to a trivial circumstance—it was turned with its face to the wall ; and all that met the inquiring eye was an inscription on the canvas, not intended to be laudatory.

This beauty, with her back to creation, was Edith Raby, Guy's sister.

During their father's lifetime she was petted and allowed her own way. Hillsborough, odious to her brother, was, naturally, very attractive to her, and she often rode into the town to shop and chat with her friends, and often stayed a day or two in it, especially with a Mrs. Manton, wife of a wealthy manufacturer.

Guy merely sneered at her, her friends, and her tastes, till he suddenly discovered that she had formed an attachment to one of the obnoxious class, Mr. James Little, a great contract builder. He was too shocked at first to vent his anger. He turned pale, and could hardly speak ; and the poor girl's bosom began to quake.

But Guy's opposition went no farther than cold aversion to the intimacy—until his father died. Then, though but a year older than Edith, he assumed authority, and, as head of the house, forbade the connection. At the same time he told her he should not object, under the circumstances, to her marrying Dr. Amboyne, a rising physician and a man of good family, who loved her sincerely and had shown his love plainly before ever Mr. Little was heard of.

Edith tried to soften her brother ; but he was resolute, and said Raby Hall should never be an appendage to a workshop. Sooner than that, he would settle it on his cousin Richard, a gentleman he abhorred, and never called, either to his face or behind his back, by any other name than "Dissolute Dick."

Then Edith became very unhappy, and temporized more or less, till her lover, who had shown considerable forbearance, lost patience at last, and said she must either have no spirit, or no true affection for him.

Then came a month or two of misery, the tender clinging nature of the girl being averse to detach itself from either of these two persons. She loved them both with an affection she could have so easily reconciled, if they would only have allowed her.

And it all ended according to Nature. She came of age, plucked up a spirit, and married Mr. James Little.

Her brother declined to be present at the wedding ; but, as soon as she returned from her tour, and settled in Hillsborough, he sent his groom with a cold, civil note, reminding her that their father had settled nineteen hundred pounds on her, for her separate use, with remainder to her children, if any ; that he and Mr. Graham were the trustees of this small fund ; that they had invested it according to the provisions of the settlement, in a first mortgage on land ; and informing her that half a year's interest at 4 1-2 per cent. was due, which it was his duty to pay into her own hand and no other person's ; she would therefore oblige him by receiving the inclosed check, and signing the inclosed receipt.

The receipt came back signed, and with it a few gentle lines, "hoping that, in time, he would forgive her, and bestow on her what she needed and valued more than money ; her own brother's, her only brother's affection."

On receiving this, his eyes were suddenly moist, and he actually groaned. "A lady, every inch !" he said ; "yet she has gone and married a bricklayer."

Well, blood is thicker than water, and in a few years they were pretty good friends again, though they saw but little of one another, meeting only in Hillsborough, which Guy hated, and never drove into now, without what he called his antidotes : a Bible and a bottle of lavender-water. It was his humor to read the one and sprinkle the other, as soon as ever he got within the circle of the smoky trades.

When Edith's little boy was nine years old, and much admired for his quickness and love of learning, and of making walking-stick heads and ladies' work-boxes, Mr. Little's prosperity received a severe check, and through his own fault. He speculated largely in building villas, overdid the market, and got crippled. He had contracts uncompleted, and was liable to penalties ; and at last saw himself the nominal possessor of a brick wilderness, but on the verge of ruin for want of cash.

He tried every other resource first ; but at last he came to his wife, to borrow her £1,900. The security he offered was a mortgage on twelve carcasses or houses, the bare walls and roofs of which were built.

Mrs. Little wrote at once to Mr. Raby for her money.

Instead of lending the trust-money hastily, Raby submitted the proposal to his solicitor, and that gentleman soon discovered the vaunted security was a second mortgage, with interest overdue on the first ; and so he told Guy, who then merely remarked, "I expected as much. When had a tradesman any sense of honor in money matters ? This one would cheat his very wife and child."

He declined the proposal, in two words, "Rotten security !"

Then Mr. James Little found another security that looked very plausible, and primed his wife with arguments, and she implored Guy to call and talk it over with them both.

He came that very afternoon, and brought his father's will.

Then Edith offered the security, and tried to convey to the trustee her full belief that it was undeniable.

Guy picked terrible holes in it, and read their father's will, confining the funds to consols, or a first mortgage on land. "You take the money on these conditions : it is almost as improper of you to wish to evade them, as it would be of me to assist you. And then there is your child ; I am bound in honor not to risk his little fortune. See, here's my signature to that."

"My child!" cried Edith. "When he comes of age, I'll go on my knees to him and say, 'My darling, I borrowed your money to save your father's credit.' And my darling will throw his arms round me, and forgive me."

"Simpleton!" said Guy. "And how about your daughters and their husbands? And their husbands' solicitors? Will they throw their arms round your neck, and break forth into twaddle? No! I have made inquiries. Your husband's affairs are desperate. I won't throw your money into his well; and you will both live to thank me for seeing clearer than you do, and saving this £1,900 for you and yours."

James Little had writhed in his chair for some time; he now cried out wildly, "Edith, you shall demean yourself no more. He always hated me; and now let him have his will, and seal my dishonor and my ruin. Oblige me by leaving my house, Mr. Raby."

"Oh, no, James!" cried Edith, trembling, and shocked at this affront.

But Guy rose like a tower. "I've noticed this trait in all tradespeople," said he grimly. "They are obsequious to a gentleman so long as they hope to get the better of him; but, the moment they find it impossible to overreach him, they insult him." And with this he stalked out of the house.

"Oh, my poor James, how could you?" said Edith.

"Forgive me," said he, quietly. "It is all over. That was our last chance."

Guy Raby walked down the street, stung to the quick. He went straight to his solicitor and arranged to borrow £1,900 on his own property. "For," said he, "I'll show them both how little a snob can understand a gentleman. I won't tamper with her son's money, but I'll give her my own to throw into his well. Confound him! why did she ever marry him?"

When the business was virtually settled, he came back to the house in great haste.

Meantime Mr. James Little went up to his dressing-room, as usual, to dress for dinner; but he remained there so long that, at last, Mrs. Little sent her maid to tell him dinner was ready.

The girl had hardly reached the top of the stairs, when she gave a terrible scream that rang through the whole house.

Mrs. Little rushed up stairs, and found her clinging to the banisters, and pointing at the floor, with eyes protruding and full of horror. Her candlestick had fallen from her benumbed hand; but the hall-lamp revealed what her finger was quivering and pointing at; a dark fluid trickling slowly out into the lobby from beneath the bed-room door.

It was blood.

The room was burst into, and the wretched tottering wife, hanging upon her sobbing servants, found her lover, her husband, her child's father, lying on the floor, dead by his own hand—stone dead. A terrible sight for strangers to see; but for her, what words can even shadow the horror of it!

I drop the veil on her wild bursts of agony, and piteous appeals to him who could not hear her cries.

The gaping wound that let out that precious life, her eye never ceased to see it, nor her own heart to bleed with it, while she lived.

She was gently dragged away, and supported down to another room. Doctor Amboyne came and did what he could for her; and that was—nothing.

At this time she seemed stupefied. But, when Guy came beaming into the room to tell her he had got her the money, a terrible scene occurred. The bereaved wife uttered a miserable scream at sight of him, and swooned away directly.

The maids gathered round her, laid her down, and cut her stays, and told Guy the terrible tidings, in broken whispers, over her insensible body.

He rose to his feet horrified. He began to gasp and sob. And he yearned to say something to comfort her. At that moment his house, his heart, and all he had were hers.

But, as soon as she came to herself, and caught sight of him, she screamed out, "Oh, the sight of him! the sight of him!" and swooned away again.

Then the women pushed him out of the room, and he went away with uneven steps and sick at heart.

He shut himself up in Raby Hall, and felt very sad and remorseful. He directed his solicitor to render Mrs. Little every assistance, and supply her with funds. But these good offices were respectfully declined by Mr. Joseph Little, the brother of the deceased, who had come from Birmingham to conduct the funeral and settle other matters.

Mr. Joseph Little was known to be a small master-cutler, who had risen from a workman, and even now put blades and handles together with his own hands, at odd times, though he had long ceased to forge or grind.

Mr. Raby drew in haughtily at this interference.

It soon transpired that Mr. James Little had died hopelessly insolvent, and the £1,900 would really have been engulfed.

Raby waited for this fact to sink into his sister's mind; and then one day nature tugged so at his heart-strings, that he dashed off a warm letter beginning—"My poor Edith, let bygones be bygones," and inviting her and her boy to live with him at Raby Hall.

The heart-broken widow sent back a reply, in a handwriting scarcely recognizable as hers. Instead of her usual precise and delicate hand, the letters were large, tremulous, and straggling, and the lines slanted downward.

"Write to me, speak to me, no more. For pity's sake let me forget there is a man in the world who is my brother and his murderer.

"EDITH."

Guy opened this letter with a hopeful face, and turned pale as ashes at the contents.

But his conscience was clear, and his spirit high. "Unjust idiot!" he muttered, and locked her letter up in his desk.

Next morning he received a letter from Joseph Little, in a clear, stiff, perpendicular writing:

"SIR: I find my sister-in-law wrote you, yesterday, a harsh letter, which I do not approve; and have told her as much. Deceased's affairs were irretrievable, and I blame no other man for his rash act, which may God forgive! As to your kind and generous invitation, it deserves her gratitude; but Mrs. Little and myself have mingled our tears together over my poor brother's grave, and now we do not care to part. Before your esteemed favor came to hand, it had been settled she should leave this sad neighborhood and keep my house at Birmingham, where she will meet with due respect. I am only a small tradesman;

but I can pay my debts, and keep the pot boiling. Will teach the boy some good trade, and make him a useful member of society, if I am spared.

"I am, sir,

"Yours respectfully,

"JOSEPH LITTLE."

"SIR,—I beg to acknowledge, with thanks, your respectable letter.

"As all direct communication between Mrs. James Little and myself is at an end, oblige me with your address in Birmingham, that I may remit to you, half-yearly, as her agent, the small sum that has escaped bricks and mortar.

"When her son comes of age, she will probably forgive me for declining to defraud him of his patrimony.

"But it will be too late ; for I shall never forgive her, alive or dead.

"I am, sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"GUY RABY."

When he had posted this letter he turned Edith's picture to the wall, and wrote on the canvas—

"GONE INTO TRADE."

He sent for his attorney, made a new will, and bequeathed his land, houses, goods and chattels, to Dissolute Dick and his heirs forever.

CHAPTER III.

THE sorrowful widow was so fond of her little Henry, and the uncertainty of life was so burnt into her now, that she could hardly bear him out of her sight. Yet her love was of the true maternal stamp ; not childish and self-indulgent. She kept him from school, for fear he should be brought home dead to her ; but she gave her own mind with zeal to educate him. Nor was she unqualified. If she had less learning than schoolmasters, she knew better how to communicate what she did not know to a budding mind. She taught him to read fluently, and to write beautifully ; and she coaxed him, as only a woman can, over the dry elements of music and arithmetic. She also taught him dancing and deportment, and to sew on a button. He was a quick boy at nearly everything, but, when he was fourteen, his true genius went a-head of his mere talents : he showed a heaven-born gift for—carving in wood. This pleased Joseph Little hugely, and he fostered it judiciously.

The boy worked, and thought, and in time arrived at such delicacies of execution, he became discontented with the humdrum tools then current. "Then learn to make your own, boy," cried Joseph Little, joyfully ; and so initiated him into the whole mystery of hardening, forging, grinding, handle-making, and cutlery and Henry, young and enthusiastic, took his turn at them all in right down earnest.

At twenty, he had sold many a piece of delicate carving, and could make graving tools incomparably superior to any he could buy ; and, for his age, was an accomplished mechanic.

Joseph Little went the way of all flesh.

They mourned and missed him ; and, at Henry's earnest request, his mother disposed of the plant, and went with him to London.

Then the battle of life began. He was a long time out of employment, and they both lived on his mother's little fortune.

But Henry was never idle. He set up a little forge hard by, and worked at it by day, and at night he would often sit carving, while his mother read to him, and said he, "Mother, I'll never rest till I can carve the bloom upon a plum."

Not to dwell on the process, the final result was this. He rose at last to eminence as a carver; but as an inventor, forger, and handle-maker of carving tools, he had no rival in England.

Having with great labor, patience, and skill, completed a masterpiece of carving, (there were plums with the bloom on, and other incredibles,) and also a set of carving tools equally exquisite in their way, he got a popular tradesman to exhibit both the work and the tools in his window, on a huge silver salver.

The thing made a good deal of noise in the trade, and drew many spectators to the shop window.

One day Mr. Cheetham, a master-cutler, stood in admiration before the tools, and saw his way to coin the workman.

This Cheetham was an able man, and said to himself, "I'll nail him for Hillsborough, directly. London musn't have a hand that can beat us at anything in our line."

He found Henry out, and offered him constant employment, as a forger and cutler of carving tools, at £4 per week.

Henry's black eyes sparkled, but he restrained himself. "That's to be thought of. I must speak to my old lady. She is not at home just now."

He did speak to her, and she put her two hands together and said, "Hillsborough! O, Henry!" and the tears stood in her eyes directly.

"Well, don't fret," said he: "it is only saying no."

So when Mr. Cheetham called again for the reply, Henry declined, with thanks. On this, Mr. Cheetham never moved, but smiled, and offered him £6 per week, and his journey free.

Henry went into another room, and argued the matter. "Come, mother, he is up to £6 a week now; and that is every shilling I'm worth; and, when I get an apprentice, it will be £9 clear to us."

"The sight of the place!" objected Mrs. Little, hiding her face in her hands instinctively.

He kissed her, and talked good manly sense to her, and begged her to have more courage.

She was little able to deny him, and she consented; but cried, out of his sight, a good many times about it.

As for Henry, strong in the consciousness of power and skill, he felt glad he was going to Hillsborough. "Many a workman has risen to the top of the tree in that place," said he. "Why, this very Cheetham was grinding saws in a water-wheel ten years ago, I've heard Uncle Joe say. Come, mother, don't you be a baby! I'll settle you in a cottage outside the smoke; you shall make a palace of it; and we'll rise in the very town where we fell, and friends and foes shall see us."

Mr. Cheetham purchased both the carving and the tools to exhibit in Hillsborough; and the purchase-money, less a heavy commission, was paid to Henry. He showed Mrs. Little thirty pounds, and helped her pack up; and next day they reached Hillsborough by train.

Henry took a close cab, and carried his mother off to the suburbs in search of a lodging. She wore a thick veil, and laid her head on her son's shoulder, and

held his brown though elegant hand with her white fingers, that quivered a little as she passed through the well-known streets.

As for Henry, he felt quite triumphant and grand, and consoled her in an off-hand, hearty way. "Come, cheer up, and face the music. They have all forgotten you by this time, and, when they do see you again, you shall be as good as the best of them. I don't drink, and I've got a trade all to myself here, and I'd rather make my fortune in this town than any other : and, mother, you have been a good friend to me ; I won't ever marry till I have done you justice, and made you the queen of this very town."

And so he rattled on, in such high spirits, that the great thing began to smile with motherly love and pride through her tears, ere they found a lodging.

Next day to the works, and there the foreman showed him a small forge on the ground floor, and a vacant room above to make his handles in and put the tools together : the blades were to be ground, whetted, and finished by cheaper hands.

A quick-eared grinder soon came up to them, and said roughly, "Ain't we to wet new forge?"

"They want their drink out of you," said the foreman ; and whispered, in great anxiety, "Don't say no, or you might as well work in a wasp's nest as here."

"All right," said Henry, cheerfully. "I'm no drinker myself, but I'll stand what is customary."

"That is right," said Foreman Bayne. "'Twill cost you fifteen shillings. But Peace is cheap at as many guineas."

The word was given, and every man who worked on the same floor with Henry turned out to drink at his expense, and left off work for a good hour. With some exceptions they were a rough lot, and showed little friendliness or good-humor over it. One even threw out a hint that no cockney forges were wanted in Hillsborough. But another took him up and said, "Maybe not ; but you are not much of a man to drink his liquor and grudge him his bread."

After this waste of time and money, Henry went back to the works, and a workman told him, rather sulkily, he was wanted in the foreman's office.

He went in, and there was a lovely girl of eighteen, who looked at him with undisguised curiosity, and addressed him thus : "Sir, is it you that carve wood so beautifully?"

Henry blushed, and hesitated ; and that made the young lady blush herself a very little, and she said, "I wished to take lessons in carving." Then, as he did not reply, she turned to Mr. Bayne. "But perhaps he objects to teach other people?"

"We should object to his teaching other workmen," said the foreman ; "but," turning to Henry, "there is no harm in your giving her a lesson or two, after hours. You will want a set of the tools, miss?"

"Of course I shall. Please put them into the carriage ; and—when will he come and teach me, I wonder ? for I am wild to begin."

Henry said he could come Saturday afternoon, or Monday morning early.

"Whichever you please," said the lady, and put down her card on the desk ; then tripped away to her carriage, leaving Henry charmed with her beauty and ease.

He went home to his mother, and told her he was to give lessons to the handsomest young lady he had ever seen. "She has bought the specimen tools, too ; so I must forge some more, and lose no time about it."

"Who is she, I wonder?"

"Here is her card. 'Miss Carden, Woodbine Villa, Heath Hill.'"

"Carden!" said the widow. Then, after a moment's thought, "Oh, Henry, don't go near them. Ah, I knew how it would be. Hillsborough is not like London. You can't be long hid in it."

"Why, what is the matter?" said Henry. "Do you know the lady?"

"Oh, yes. Her papa is director of an insurance company in London. I remember her being born very well. The very day she was christened—her name is Grace—you were six years old, and I took you to her christening; and oh, Harry, my brother is her godfather. Don't you go near that Grace Carden; don't visit any one that knew us in better days."

"Why, what have we to be ashamed of?" said Henry. "'Tisn't as if we sat twiddling our thumbs and howling 'we have seen better days.' And 'tisn't as if we asked favors of anybody. For my part I don't care who knows I am here, and can make three hundred a year with my own hands and wrong no man. I'd rather be a good workman in wood and steel than an arrogant old fool like your b——. No, I won't own him for yours or mine either—call him Raby. Well, I wouldn't change places with him, or any of his sort; I'm a British workman, and worth a dozen Rabys—useless scum!"

"That you are, dear; so don't demean yourself to give any of them lessons. Her godfather would be sure to hear of it."

"Well, I won't, to please you. But you have no more pluck than a chicken—begging your pardon, mother."

"No, dear," said Mrs. Little, humbly, quite content to gain her point and lose her reputation for pluck; if any.

Henry worked regularly, and fast, and well; and in less than a fortnight a new set of his carving tools were on view in Hillsborough, and another in London; for it was part of Mr. Cheetham's strategy to get all the London orders, and even make London believe that these superior instruments had originated in Hillsborough.

One day Miss Carden called, and saw Bayne in the office. Her vivid features wore an expression of vexation, and she complained to him that the wood-carver had never been near her.

Bayne was surprised at that; but he was a man who always allayed irritation on the spot. "Rely on it, there's some reason," said he. "Perhaps he has not got settled. I'll go for him directly."

"Thank you," said the young lady. Then, in the same breath, "No, take me to him, and perhaps we may catch him carving—cross thing!"

Bayne assented, cheerfully, and led the way across a yard, and up a dirty stone stair, which, solid as it was, vibrated with the powerful machinery that steam was driving on every side of it. He opened a door suddenly, and Henry looked up from his work, and saw the invaders.

He stared a little at first, and then got up and looked embarrassed and confused.

"You did not keep your word, sir," said Grace, quietly.

"No," he muttered, and hung his head.

He seemed so confused and ashamed that Bayne came to his assistance. "The fact is, no workman likes to do a hand's-turn on Saturday afternoon. I think they would rather break Sunday than Saturday."

"It is not that," said Henry, in a low voice.

Grace heard him, but answered Mr. Bayne: "Oh, dear, I wish I had known. I fear I have made an unreasonable request; for, of course, after working so hard all the week—but then why did you let me purchase the tools to carve

with? Papa says they are very dear, Mr. Bayne. But that is what gentlemen always say if one buys anything that is really good. But, of course, they *will* be dear if I am not to be taught how to use them." She then looked in Mr. Bayne's face with an air of infantine simplicity: "Would Mr. Cheetham take them back, I wonder, under the circumstances?"

At this sly thrust, Bayne began to look anxious; but Henry relieved him the next moment by saying, in a sort of dogged way, "There, there; I'll come." He added, after a pause, "I will give you six lessons, if you like."

"I shall be so much obliged. When will you come, sir?"

"Next Saturday, at three o'clock."

"I shall be sure to be at home, sir."

She then said something polite about not disturbing him further, and vanished with an arch smile of pleasure and victory, that disclosed a row of exquisite white teeth, and haunted Henry Little for many a day after.

He told his mother what had happened, and showed so much mortified pride that she no longer dissuaded him from keeping his word. "Only pray don't tell her your name," said she.

"Well, but what am I to do if she asks it?"

"Say Thompson, or Johnson, or anything you like, except Little."

This request roused Henry's bile. "What, am I a criminal to deny my name? And how shall I look, if I go and give her a false name, and then she comes to Bayne and learns my right one? No, I'll keep my name back, if I can; but I'll never disown it. I'm not ashamed of it, if you are."

This reduced poor Mrs. Little to silence, followed, in due course, by a few meek, clandestine tears.

Henry put on his new tweed suit, and hat, and went up to the villa. He announced himself as the workman from Cheetham's; and the footman, who had probably his orders, ushered him into the drawing-room at once. There he found Grace Carden seated, reading, and a young woman sewing at a respectful distance. This pair were types—Grace of a young English gentlewoman, and Jael Dence of a villager by unbroken descent. Grace was tall, supple, and serpentine, yet not thin; Jael was robust and ample, without being fat; she was of the same height, though Grace looked the taller. Grace had dark brown eyes and light brown hair; and her blooming cheek and bewitching mouth shone with expression so varied, yet vivid, and always appropriate to the occasion, grave or gay, playful or dignified, that her countenance made artificial faces, and giggling-in-the-wrong-place faces, painfully ridiculous. As for such faces as Jael's, it killed them on the spot, but that was all. Jael's hair was reddish, and her full eyes were grey; she was freckled a little under the eyes; but the rest of her cheek full of rich, pure color, healthy, but not the least coarse; and her neck an alabaster column. Hers was a meek, monotonous countenance; but with a certain look of concentration. Altogether, a humble beauty of the old rural type; healthy, cleanly, simple, candid, yet demure.

Henry came in, and the young lady received him with a manner very different from that she had worn down at the works. She was polite, but rather stiff and dignified.

He sat down at her request, and, wondering at himself, entered on the office of preceptor. He took up the carving tools, and explained the use of several; then offered, by way of illustration, to work on something.

"That will be the best way, much," said Grace, quietly; but her eye sparkled.

"I dare say there's some lumber to be found in a great house like this."

"Lumber? why, there's a large garret devoted to it. Jael, please take him to the lumber room."

Jael fixed her needle in her work, and laid it down gently on a table near her, then rose and led the way to the lumber room.

In that invaluable repository Henry soon found two old knobs lying on the ground (a four-poster had been wrecked hard by), and a piece of deal plank jutting out of a mass of things. He pulled hard at the plank; but it was long, and so jammed in by miscellaneous articles, that he could not get it clear.

Jael looked on demurely at his efforts for some time; then she suddenly seized the plank a little higher up. "Now, pull," said she, and gave a tug like a young elephant: out came the plank directly, with a great rattle of dislocated lumber.

"Well, you are a strong one," said Henry.

"Oh, one and one makes two, sir," replied the vigorous damsel, modestly.

"That is true, but you threw your weight into it like a workman. Now hand me that rusty old saw, and I'll cut off as much as we want."

While he was sawing off a piece of the plank, Jael stood and eyed him silently a-while. But presently her curiosity oozed out. "If you please, sir, be you really a working man?"

"Why, what else should I be?" was the answer, given rather brusquely.

"A great many gentlefolks comes here as is no better dressed nor you be."

"Dress is no rule. Don't you go and take me for a gentleman, or we shan't agree. Wait till I'm as arrogant, and empty, and lazy as they are. I am a workman, and proud of it."

"It's nought to be ashamed on, that's certain," said Jael. "I've carried many a sack of grain up into our granary, and made a few hundred-weight of cheese and butter, besides house-work and farm-work. Bless your heart, I bayn't idle when I be at home."

"And pray where is your home?" asked Henry, looking up a moment, not that he cared one straw.

"If you please, sir, I do come from Cairnhope village. I'm old Nat Dence's daughter. There's two of us, and I'm the youngest. Squire sent me in here, because Miss said Hillsbofough girls wasn't altogether honest. She is a dear kind young lady; but I do pine for home and the farm at times; and frets about the young calves: they want so much looking after. And sister, she's a-courtin', and can't give her mind to 'em as should be. I'll carry the board for you, sir."

"All right," said Henry, carelessly; but, as they went along he thought to himself, "So a skilled workman passes for a gentleman with rustics: fancy that!"

On their return to the drawing-room, Henry asked for a high wooden stool, or chair, and said it would be as well to pin some newspapers over the carpet. A high stool was soon got from the kitchen, and Jael went promptly down on her knees, and crawled about, pinning the newspapers in a large square.

Henry stood apart, superior, and thought to himself, "So much for domestic servitude. What a position for a handsome girl—creeping about on all fours!"

When all was ready, he drew some Arabesque forms with his pencil on the board. He then took an exquisite little saw he had invented for this work, and fell upon the board with a rapidity that, contrasted with his previous noncha-

lance, looked like fury. But he was one of your fast workmen. The lithe saw seemed to twist in his hand like a serpent, and in a very short time he had turned four feet of the board into open work. He finished the edges off with his cutting tools, and there was a transformation as complete as of linen cloth turned lace.

Grace was delighted. "Shall I ever be able to do that?"

"In half a day. That's not carving: that's trickery. The tool does it all. Before I invented this saw, a good workman would have been a day over that; but now *you* can do it in half an hour, when you are master of the instrument. And now I'll show you honest work." He took one of the knobs and examined it; then sawed off a piece, and worked on the rest so cunningly with his various cutters, that it grew into a human face before their very eyes. He even indicated Jael Dence's little flat cap by a means at once simple and ingenious. All the time he was working the women's eyes literally absorbed him: only those of Grace flashed vivid curiosity, Jael's open orbs were fixed with admiration and awe upon his supernatural cleverness.

He now drew some more Arabesques on the remaining part of the board, and told Miss Carden she must follow those outlines with the saw, and he would examine her work on Monday morning. He then went off with a quick independent air, as one whose every minute was gold.

"If you please, Miss," said Jael, "is he a real working man, or only a gentleman as makes it his pass-time?"

"A gentleman! What an idea! Of course he is a working man. But a very superior person."

"To be sure," continued Jael, not quite convinced, "he don't come up to Squire Raby; but, dear heart, he have a grander way with him than most of the Hillsborough gentlefolks as calls here."

"Nonsense!" said Grace, authoritatively. "Look at his nails."

Henry came twice a week, and his pupil made remarkable progress. She was deferential, attentive, enthusiastic.

By degrees the work led to a little conversation; and that, in due course, expanded into a variety of subjects; and the young lady, to her surprise, found her carver well read in History and Sciences, and severely accurate in his information, whereas her own, though abundant, was rather loose.

One day she expressed her surprise that he could have found time to be so clever with his fingers and yet cultivate his mind.

"Well," said he, "I was lucky enough to have a good mother. She taught me all she knew, and she gave me a taste for reading; and that has been the making of me: kept me out of the public-house, for one thing."

"Ah! you *were* fortunate. I lost my mother, sir, when I was but eight years old."

"Oh, dear, that was a bad job," said Henry, brusquely but kindly.

"A very bad job," said Grace, smiling; but the next moment she suddenly turned her fair head away and tears stole down her cheeks.

Henry looked very sorry, and Jael, without moving, looked at Grace, and opened those sluices, her eyes, and two big drops of sympathy rolled down her comely face in a moment.

That day, when young Little shut the street door of "Woodbine Villa," and stepped into the road, a sort of dull pain seemed to traverse his chest. It made his heart ache a little, this contrast of the sweet society he had left and the

smoky town toward which he now turned his face. He seemed to be ejected from Paradise for the next five days. It was Monday, yet he wished the next day was Saturday, and the intervening period could be swept away, so that he might be entering that soft Paradise instead of leaving it.

And this sentiment, once rooted, grew rapidly in an aspiring nature, and a heart that had never yet entertained a serious passion. Now the fair head that bowed over the work so near him, the lovely hand he had so often to direct, and almost to guide, and all the other perfections of mind and body this enchanting girl possessed, crept in at his admiring eyes, and began to steal into his very veins, and fill him with soft complacency. His brusque manner dissolved away, and his voice became low and soft, whenever he was in her delicious presence. He spoke softly to Jael even, if Grace was there. The sturdy workman was enthralled.

Often he wondered at himself. Sometimes he felt alarmed at the strength of his passion and the direction it had taken.

"What," said he, "have I flirted with so many girls in my own way of life, and come away heart-whole, and now to fall in love with a gentlewoman, who would bid her footman show me the door if she knew of my presumption!"

But these misgivings could neither cure him nor cow him. Let him only make money, and become a master instead of a workman, and then he would say to her, "I don't value birth myself, but if you do, why, I am not come of workpeople."

He traced a plan with workmanlike precision: Profound discretion and self-restraint at "Woodbine Villa;" restless industry and stern self-denial in Hillsborough.

After his day's work he used to go straight to his mother. She gave him a cup of tea, and then they had their chat; and after that the sexes were inverted, so to speak: the man carved fruit, and flowers, and dead woodcocks, the woman read the news and politics of the day, and the essays on labor and capital, and any other articles not too flimsy to bear reading aloud to a man whose time was coin. (There was a free library in Hillsborough, and a mechanic could take out standard books and reviews.) Thus they passed the evening hours agreeably, and usefully too, for Henry sucked in knowledge like a leech, and at the same time carved things that sold well in London. He had a strong inclination to open his heart about Miss Carden. Accordingly, one evening he said, "She lost her mother when she was a child."

"Who lost her mother?" asked Mrs. Little.

"Miss Carden," said Henry, very softly.

The tone was not lost on Mrs. Little's fine and watchful ear; at least, her mind seized it a few seconds afterward.

"That is true," said she. "Poor girl! I remember hearing of it. Henry, what is that to you? Don't you trouble your head about that young lady, or she will trouble your heart. I wish you did not go near her."

And then came question upon question, and vague maternal misgivings. Henry parried them as adroitly as he could; but never mentioned Miss Carden's name again.

He thought of her all the more, and counted his gains every week, and began to inquire of experienced persons how much money was wanted to set up a wheel with steam power, and be a master instead of a man. He gathered that a stranger could hardly start fair without £500.

"That is a good lump!" thought Henry; "but I'll have it, if I work night as well as day."

Thus inspired, his life became a sweet delirium. When he walked, he seemed to tread on air ; when he forged, his hammer felt a feather in his hand. The mountains in the way looked molehills, and the rainbow tangible, to Youth, and Health, and Hope, and mighty Love.

One afternoon, as he put on his coat and crossed the yard, after a day's work that had passed like a pleasant hour, being gilded with such delightful anticipations, the foreman of the works made him a mysterious signal. Henry saw it, and followed him into his office. Bayne looked carefully out of all the doors, then closed them softly, and his face betrayed anxiety, and even fear.

"Little," said he, almost in a whisper, "you know me : I'm a man of peace, and so for love of peace I'm going to do something that might get me into a wrangle. But you are the civilest chap ever worked under me, and the best workman, take you altogether, and I can't bear to see you kept in the dark, when you are the man whose skin—only—if I act like a man to you, will you act like one to me ?"

"I will," said Henry ; "there's my hand on it."

Then Bayne stepped to his desk, opened it, and took out some letters.

"You must never tell a soul I showed them you, or you will get me into a row with Cheetham ; and I want to be at peace indoors as well as out."

"I give you my word."

"Then read that, to begin."

And he handed him a letter addressed to Mr. Cheetham.

"SIR,—We beg respectfully to draw your attention to a matter, which is of a nature to cause unpleasantness between you and the Trades. We allude to your bringing a workman in from another town to do work that we are informed can be done on the premises by your own hands.

"We assure you it would be more to your interest to work in harmony with the smiths and the handle-makers in your employ, and the trade generally.

"Yours respectfully,

"THE COMMITTEE

OF THE EDGE-TOOL FORGERS' UNION."

Henry colored up at this, and looked grieved ; but he said, "I am sorry to be the cause of any unpleasantness. But what can I do ?"

"Oh," said Bayne, with a sardonic grin, "they are sure to tell you that, soon or late. Read this :"

No. 2 was dated a week later, and ran thus :

"MR. CHEETHAM, SIR—I think you do very ill to annoy a many craftsmen for one. Remember, you have suffered loss and inconvenience whenever you have gone against Trades. We had to visit you last year, and when we came your bands went and your bellows gaped. We have no wish to come again this year, if you will be reasonable. But, sir, you must part with London hand, or take consequences.

"BALAAM."

Henry looked grave. "Can I see a copy of Mr. Cheetham's reply ?"

Bayne stared at him, and then laughed in his face, but without the gayety that should accompany a laugh. "Cheetham's reply to Balaam ! And where would he send it ? To Mr. Beor's lodgings, No. 1, Prophet Place, Old Testament Square. My poor chap, nobody writes replies to these letters. When you get

one, you go that minute to the secretary of whatever Union you are wrong with, and you don't argue, or he bids you good morning ; you give in to whatever he asks, and then you get civility ; and justice, too, according to Trade lights. If you don't do that, and haven't learned what a blessing Peace is, why, you make up your mind to fight the Trade ; and if you do, you have to fight them all ; and you are safe to get the worst of it, soon or late. Cheetham has taken no notice of these letters. All the worse for him and you, too. Read that."

No. 3 ran thus :

"DEAR SIR,—I take the liberty of addressing you on the subject of your keeping on this knobstick, in defiance of them that has the power to make stones of Hillsborough too hot for you and him. Are you deaf, or blind, or a fool, Jack Cheatem? You may cheat the world, but you don't cheat the devil, nor me. Turn cockney up, with no more ado, or you'll both get kicked to hell some dark night by

"BALAAM'S ASS."

Henry was silent ; quite silent. When he did speak, it was to ask why Mr. Cheetham had kept all this from him.

"Because you shouldn't take fright and leave him," was the unhesitating reply.

"For that matter they threaten him more than they do me."

"They warn the master first ; but the workman's turn is sure to come, and he gets it hottest, because they have so many ways of doing him. Cheetham, he lives miles from here, and rides in across country, and out again, in daylight. But the days are drawing in, and you have got to pass through these dark streets, where the Trades have a thousand friends, and you not one. Don't you make any mistake : you are in their power ; so pray don't copy any hot-headed, wrong-headed gentleman like Cheetham, but speak them fair. Come to terms—if you can—and let us be at peace ; sweet, balmy, peace."

"Peace is a good thing, no doubt," said Henry, "but," (rather bitterly) "I don't thank Cheetham for letting me run blindfold into trouble, and me a stranger."

"Oh," said Bayne, "he is no worse than the rest, believe me. What does any master care for a man's life? Profit and loss go down in figures ; but life—that's a cipher in all their ledgers."

"Oh, come," said Henry, "it is unphilosophical and narrow-minded to fasten on a class the faults of a few individuals, that form a very moderate portion of that class."

Bayne seemed staggered by a blow so polysyllabic ; and Henry, to finish him, added, "Where there's a multitude, there's a mixture." Now the first sentence he had culled from the "Edinburgh Review," and the second he had caught from a fellow-workman's lips in a public-house ; and probably this was the first time the pair of phrases had ever walked out of any man's mouth arm in arm. He went on to say, "And as for Cheetham, he is not a bad fellow, take him altogether. But you are a better for telling me the truth. Forewarned, forearmed."

He went home thoughtful, and not so triumphant and airy as yesterday ; but still not dejected, for his young and manly mind summoned its energy and spirit to combat this new obstacle, and his wits went to work.

Being unable to sleep for thinking of what he should do, he was the first to reach the works in the morning. He lighted his furnace, and then went and

unlocked the room where he worked as a handle-maker, and also as a cutler. He entered briskly, and opened the window. The grey light of the morning came in, and showed him something on the inside of the door that was not there when he locked it over night. It was a very long knife, broad toward the handle, but keenly pointed, and double-edged. It was fast in the door, and impaled a letter addressed, in a vile hand—

“TO JAK THRE TRADES.”

Henry took hold of the handle to draw the knife out; but the formidable weapon had been driven clean through the door with a single blow.

Then Henry drew back, and, as the confusion of surprise cleared away, the whole thing began to grow on him, and reveal distinct and alarming features.

The knife was not one which the town manufactured in the way of business. It was a long glittering blade, double-edged, finely pointed, and exquisitely tempered. It was not a tool, but a weapon.

Why was it there, and, above all, how did it come there?

He distinctly remembered locking the door over night. Indeed, he had found it locked, and the window-shutters bolted; yet there was this deadly weapon, and on its point a letter, the superscription of which looked hostile and sinister.

He drew the note gently across the edge of the keen knife, and the paper parted like a cobweb. He took it to the window and read it. It ran thus:

“This knifs wun of too made ekspres t’other is for thy hart if thou dosent harken Trade and leve Chetm. is thy skin thicks dore thinks thou if not turn up and back to Lunden or I cum again and rip thy—carkiss with feloe blade to this thou—cokny

“SLIPER JACK.”

NEW YORK JOURNALISTS.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

THE journalism of a lettered and urbane man like Mr. Curtis may be said to lose something of the dramatic interest which engages our attention in the conflicts of the wit of our three great daily newspapers. But it gains in refinement and courtesy of expression.

Mr. Curtis's work as a journalist is obviously literary and moral without being confounded with that of the essayist. He brings to the discussion of men and events a defined and exalted ideal, happily appreciated by the readers of “Harper's Weekly,” and never lost sight of by himself. It is not my purpose to review his leading articles, but to discover the personality of the man and describe the character of the writer.

Mr. Curtis is not widely known as a journalist. It is as an author, as a lecturer, as the “Easy Chair” of “Harper's Monthly Magazine,” that he has made his most characteristic expression. The journalist is the impersonal conclusion and concentration of the literary force of the author and of the political convictions of the citizen. The author has made the journalist. He seems to have needed the firm *home-soil* of the press, the great questions which it treats, not to lose his hold as a writer upon the public of to-day. If we go back to the author of “Nile Notes” we meet with a writer who coys us with the sweetness of a dainty and vicious style—we travel with the most obtrusive mind that ever

placed its verbal finery between an honest reader and an impressive subject. The Curtis of the "Nile Notes," so much admired, seems to have written the most affected books that have a place in our literature—books in which suggestion and allusion and euphuism take the place of the picture and of the thought—books in which the sentimentality of the writer infects the sentiment of the subject—books in which the studied effusions of a flaccid mind partly hide the simple and sharply accented forms which we look for, under a burning sun, in pictures of travel in the East. From the travels of "Howadji" to the discussions of the journalist what a distance! It is both change and growth that we recognize; it is the distance between a high-bred, serious man, and a literary and social exquisite, false in taste, preoccupied with his purely literary and local experience before the awful ruins and strange aspects of Egypt and Palestine. Yet, even with the fatal facility of his alliterative phrases, a self-conscious sayer of pretty words, oblivious to the claims of design, of form, he writes the verbal felicities of a cultivated and impressionable mind; as for example the phrase in which he tells us that "out of the desert, low, fitful gusts stole through the darkness and puffed and *played with the fire as with a glittering toy.*"

I have expressed my enjoyment of the alliterations of another journalist; I am satiated with Mr. Curtis's. It is a question of association and use. The alliterations of the mocking journalist, out of place in the serious discussion of serious subjects, is the attractive frosting of a common theme; it does well as the ornament of a thought that needs fluent words to cover its poverty. But the alliterations of the author of "Nile Notes" are a premeditated and fatiguing decoration; and the excess of expression in a book is more noticed than in the paragraph of the journalist. But alliterative, sensuous, exquisite Curtis, is the Curtis of twenty years ago, Curtis intoxicated with poetry and color and seeking sensation; the journalist and lecturer make another impression.

I might call him the Bayard of our political struggles, the Sydney of our literature, so much has his most disinterested and gracious nature been employed in his public and literary work, so courageous his action, so stainless his record. Called from the epicurean experience of a social favorite and of a literary gourmand, his daintiness has become delicacy, his sensuousness moral suavity. If, fresh from the enervating Orient, he wrote with the tepid lassitude of a fibreless and springless nature, and, so to speak, spilt his mind in memories of the exhausted East, at twenty-eight he wrote the "Potiphar Papers." His mind had regained its tone; fibre, purpose, and skill were in his work. At twenty-six a sensuous sentimentalist, at twenty-eight a social satirist, then a moralist. Today a journalist, that is to say preacher, politician, and essayist, but in each character alike serene and thoughtful. At first he was superfine; superfine in his reading, superfine in his expression, superfine in his experience. But he seems to have been touched by the serious and penetrating genius of Thackeray. The phrase-maker formed under Emerson and English poetry disappeared; in place of that exquisite writer, a clear-eyed, delicate, and decided man looked and reflected upon the comedy of actual life, instead of brooding over nature and recalling the felicities of poets. His literary work in this new phase was admirably done; with good sense, with humor, with dramatic life. Then he gave us the clarified and winning expression of his personality in "Prue and I"—a book full of grace and pathos and humor—a book of sentiment and souvenir, which shows that Mr. Curtis is closely related to Longfellow, Hawthorne, Irving, and Mitchell—men in whom the genial and contemplative mind dominates—men who have a sense of art, of nature, and a delightful perception of character,

but who are devoid of energy. They may be said to be of one literary school. These men have an honored place in American homes. They hold Old World memories with New World facts; they make the transition from European culture to the social and literary life of our seaboard towns and cities.

Mr. Curtis is a mild contemporary; he is never vulgar, never hostile to anything but bad taste, bad principles, and brutish people. Do I paint a man deficient in energy? Mr. Curtis is not a type of the compact and inflammable mind that must burst forth in aggressive and arresting words. There is no jet of flame in his style. I cannot even say that his personality is invigorating. I come in contact with his mental being to be harmonized and mollified. The asperity of our New England climate is neither in his mind nor in his temperament. Like his native soil I should say he lacks depth and variety.

Mr. Curtis does not exhilarate—he saddens. In spite of his habitual and kindly smile, even of the hearty laugh that he occasionally provokes, we go from his books, which is to say we go from him, meditative and submissive; he begets a moral and mental lassitude, which seems the effect of intercourse with all men of sentiment, in whom the domestic spirit is strongest. Longfellow's "Hyperion," Irving's "Tales," Marvel's "Reveries," Curtis's "Prue and I," beget the same temper in the reader; they are the outcome of the same general habit of thought, of the same general relation to the world. They are like minor tones that steal unnoticed into our practical life, but touch us in our meditative moods, and reduce the world to a few days of love, of sentiment, of poetry. It is possible for a middle-aged man to read these books unsympathetically, that is, to look upon Mr. Curtis coldly; it is possible for a young man to be outside of the experience which they repeat, and which Mr. Curtis has had. Whoever reads "Prue and I" in the spirit of its conception, and would know Mr. Curtis in the high and fine temper of his life, must be in a placid and reflective state; and as after evening showers the commonest roadside puddle reflects the tender evening sky, so shall the commonest and most prosaic of us for the moment repeat the pure and elevated personality of the author.

It is somewhat remarkable that New England men, as New England books, exert a saddening if not discouraging influence. They seem the growth of a thin and poor life. No royal consciousness of being is in them. All vital force seems at the service of pure intelligence; none is left to overflow a new or old literary form, or to burst from the personality of living men. Is our blood too thin? Or is it so incessantly urged to keep in play our judgment, our faculty of calculation, that none is left to make an impassioned expression like Burns's, or a glad one like Beranger's?

Mr. Curtis, who is claimed by New York because of his long and pure service in her literary and social life, is a good type of the cultivated American. He is fine, he is solicitous about his neighbor, he has unfailing good sense, he has a gracious mind, he has tact; but he is not hearty; he does not impel us by the force of his emotion. It is the fashion to distrust emotion and to ask for facts. But personalities like Burns's, like Byron's, like Carlyle's, like Delacroix's, like Garibaldi's, whom we all admit as primordial influences, suggest comparisons that must make us conscious of our poverty in invigorating or energizing men. Grateful as we are for the influence of such men as Curtis, Longfellow, and Hawthorne, we must not forget that, after all, they do not speak to our hope but to our memory; that, as authors, they do not increase our power of action, but measure our limitation, and show but the pale reflection and ebb of life.

"Prue and I" is a book that may not explain Mr. Curtis the journalist, but

it does express the personality of the writer ; and it is the man back of the journalist who is the object of my study. He seems made exclusively for *expression*. His brief essays in the "Easy Chair" on art, on poetry, on fiction, on orators and statesmen and actors, are happy expressions of the cultivated contemporary mind. They speak the sense of studios, parlors, tea tables, and clubs. They are not profound, but they are just ; they are not strikingly original or even novel, but they are delicate and agreeable. Forbearance, elevation, tenderness, and pathos are in Mr. Curtis's work ; he is always reflective and pleasing. His writing is like Kensett's painting. It has a certain repetition, a certain grace, a certain lightness of tone ; that tone is so silvery and unobtrusive, and often the skill is so great, that it makes us indifferent to the want of positive vigor ; and the sentiment is so charming that one must be peculiar, and only familiar with rude and lovely nature, to ask for more. If at times he seems to compliment nature, his phrase is so sweet and sincere that we assent ; and we read with pleasure his greeting to the seasons. When May comes, sitting in his "Easy Chair" he indites a welcome ; when the summer goes he writes her epitaph. Back of the social and literary man is a poet ; Mr. Curtis is not a poet by force of imagination, but by delicacy and fulness of sensation. Many of us felt it when, after writing his tribute to the memory of the good Lincoln, he fused our sorrow into a welcome of the spring with these words : "What a May day ! Budding and blooming on every hand, hillside and meadow and wood flashing and glittering with the lavish beauty of the spring softly gliding over grieving hearts, and with her royal touch healing our varied sorrow." Mr. Curtis's indications of consciousness of the common but too often unnoticed charm of nature, his delightful sensibility to the natural gift of the days, appear to be one of the most constant and characteristic facts of his experience.

He is, preeminently, a man of fine and serene souvenirs. Everything beautiful and harmonious has a place in his memory, and he has charity enough for Beranger's Lizette, for Ninon de l'Enclos. He has little of the exclusive moral temper of the Puritan. He speaks for the artist that is within him ; he places himself at the service of beauty like a chevalier of the fifteenth century. How gently but effectively he makes a declamation against the pulpit when it is filled by men who not only fail to appreciate the ministrations of lovely things and the uses of recreation, but declaim against both. Such spiritual guides have often felt his delicate irony, as when he asks if they "accuse the rose of wanton perfume, the carnation of carnal color, the lily of alluring charm ?" And do we not smile and hold our conviction of the good of pleasant things without animosity when he says : "Ah, good Shadrach of the hills, your brain is cobwebbed, your brain is chilly, your blood is stagnant. Morbid and perverted, your mind has gone astray. You are no Christian teacher for living men. Your parish should be the catacombs, your congregation mummies."

No journalist in the country has so happily spoken to cultivated and benign home circles in which a choice literature and the religion of good taste satisfy natures that never have been convulsed with passion or plunged into the sombre depths of doubt and disorder. No trace of unconsolated sorrow is in his work. Experience has left no wrinkle in his gentle mind. As journalist and lecturer he is exclusively occupied with men and events. Instead of a superfine expression he gives a pointed one ; he draws upon the moral element and appeals to the best manhood of our land. Judge, then, how appropriate to a sheltered and attractive society are his political and moral discussions. It is his high merit that he has carried before that exclusive society the sacred cause of justice, of

democracy, of liberty ; that he has placed in thousands of homes models of temper and intelligence. As Greeley speaks to the farmers and mechanics of the land, Curtis may be said to speak to the cultivated and contented men of clubs, of happy homes, of untroubled firesides. He is pointed, genial, fine and just, but he is not hardy, tense or picturesque in expression. His work is oftenest the outcome of a mind full of "sweetness and light."

I have described a man adapted to a special literary service among journalists ; not an original man, not even a leader, but a judicious and honorable aid, a civilizing, illuminating writer. But I should misrepresent Mr. Curtis the journalist, if I left a conception of only a kind of Addisonian gentleman sweetly discoursing about the legitimate and excellent in politics and morals. Mr. Curtis's leaders in "Harper's Weekly" are more than that—they are manly, firm and uncompromising. They make no ruinous concessions. They are on the level of the best general conceptions of principle and conduct, well instructed in the nature and pretensions of the subversive policy and intriguing men advocated so incessantly North and South. Mr. Curtis has been watchful and intelligent, and has shown a high personal sense of the value of independent journalism.

The little sermons that Mr. Curtis indites with so much ease and moral zest are so happily tempered by the artist and the lover that they leave no sting in our consciousness; no blister in our memory. The same may be said of his leading articles. They have no animosity, they have no virulence. They are direct, honest, able statements, and show a scrupulous sense of political justice.

There are two phases of Mr. Curtis's life which should endear him to every mind capable of enthusiasm and devotion. When a young man—before he wrote "Nile Notes"—he joined the Brook Farm community. During the last ten years he has bravely and eloquently spoken in every Northern and Western State, advancing the work begun by Theodore Parker and Emerson ; he has instructed and refined the democratic mind and defined the issues of its life. There must be something fine and noble in the nature of a young man who begins his career with the wish to form a better society than is represented by the actual condition of even the respectable and honored of the land. Mr. Curtis went to Brook Farm, I suppose, to drink at the unsoiled springs of thought, to place himself in contact with men of fine ideas. This impulse to withdraw from an unfriendly and sordid society, this effort to realize an ideal conception, is one of the most luminous and beautiful facts of New England life ; its place in the story of a selfish and frigid society is not unlike an Indian summer day in our Northern climate—it enchants and mellows and veils the harsh and forbidding physiognomy of the actual, and leaves a memory of something visionary and beautiful. But the day was good. The impulse bore witness to the immense and unrestrained aspiration and expectation of the new man. It is not possible to measure its influence. These sallies of the human spirit from the old walled cities of custom and abuse, in which so many of us harden and starve in the service and repeat monotonous days in keeping idle state, increase our spiritual experience and put in play our whole nature. They teach a submissive society that the springs of noblest effort are in withdrawn and unfamiliar places. It was New England reformers that made Lincoln and Grant and Greeley possible. They educated the American people up to the mighty issues of Democracy militant ; once associated with those reformers, George W. Curtis became one of the most winning apostles of radical and political Christianity.

EUGENE BENSON.

IS BEING DONE.

A CHAPTER OF WORDS AND THEIR USES.

TO a man who has reached what Dante calls the middle of the journey of our life, nothing in the outside world is more remarkable than the unconscious freedom with which people ten or fifteen years younger than himself adopt new fashions and fangles of dress, of manners, and of speech, except, perhaps, their persistence in these novelties after the absurdity thereof has been fully set forth and explained. His difficulty is that for a long time he does not see—does not unless he combines, unusually, quickness of penetration and readiness of reflection—that what seems so novel and strange to him seems to younger people neither strange nor novel. The things are new, indeed, to them, but only in that they are not yet old; they are not novelties that disturb their peace as they disturb his. He wonders that that beautiful girl of seventeen goes about in public unconcerned, and in fact almost unnoticed—that is the strangest feature of the case—in such amazing apparel as would ten years ago have made her mother the laughing-stock of the whole town, and which yet she wears as calmly as if from Eve's day down her sex had known no other garments. Why should she not? The fashion of to-day is all that she knows of fashion, and she cares to know no more, except for the sake of curiosity. All the rest is to her in the keeping of history, where she may, perhaps, in an idle moment, look at it, and find it food for wonder or for laughter.

You go into a shop and ask a young-eyed cherubin in a pea-jacket, who is doing salesman's duty, for some article for which you have a particular liking. Yours is worn out or lost, and you wish, in the mere natural course of things, to supply its place. The smug young varlet shows you, with a flourish of confidence, something entirely different. You explain to him, with laudable good nature in your condescension, what you mean. He seems hardly to understand you; assures you that "We have nothing of the kind in stock—never had." Never had! Why you bought yours there only five years ago. Five years! Five years ago he, rustic, was milking the old cow, or, urban, was "poning the gutter." You look around and see, perchance, the young man of thirty, of whom you bought the thing. Him you summon, and ask, with cheery confidence, to supply your need. After an effort he does understand what it is that you want, and recollects that such things once were articles of sale; but he assures you that "They don't make them now—they are not worn; they're quite out of date; there's no demand for them." Who are *they*? and is there not a demand? *you* demand. "They" are they who care only to meet the need, and to conform to the fashion of the hour; and although you demand, the shop is not kept for you. What is new to you is old to men five years younger than you are; and, to men ten years younger, obsolete.

This elasticity of the standard by which *new* is measured, is in no respect more worthy of consideration than in that of language. Unless a man is a monster of pedantry and priggishness, and indeed not then—the words and the forms of speech he uses are not made or even selected by himself. The first condition of language, that it shall be a means of communication between men,

forbids any near approach to a vocabulary or a construction which is, even in part, the work or the choice of any individual. As we get our food and our breath from the earth and the air around us, so we get our language from our neighbors—not the language in which we work out and discuss questions in science, in art, or in letters, but that which serves the needs of our daily life. A little comes to us from abroad; but this is mere spicery, much of which is neither wholesome nor appetizing.

A fastidious precisian in language might carry his nicety so far as to leave himself almost speechless. A man must speak the language of his people and his time. As to the first there can be no doubt; but what is his time? Generally to-day. If A hears B use a word or a phrase to-day which, although it is entirely new to him, has a meaning that he readily apprehends, and that saves trouble, and “will do,” he will use it himself, if he has need, to-morrow. And so it will go on from mouth to mouth, until within a year it may pervade a neighborhood; and in these days of railways and much travelling five years may sow it broadcast over a whole country. The child that was in the cradle when the new word first was spoken, on going to school finds it a part of the common speech. For that child it is not either new or old; it simply is. And that impression of its far-off, unknown origin—for “I am” expresses the eternal—the child will carry through life, although he may afterward learn that it was new when he first heard it. But to a man ten or fifteen years older, who reflects at all upon the language that he uses, it will always have upon it the stamp of newness, because it is one of the things of which he remembers the beginning.

Two sorts of men are little apt to introduce new words and forms of speech, and slow to accept them. The first and largest class is composed of the unlearned—the illiterate—who, whether mentally dull or bright, exercise the great conservative force by which language is perpetuated, and who when intelligent are, if not its best, its most idiomatic speakers. The second are the highly educated men whose culture has not taken out of them the love of simplicity, or loosened their attachment to what is homely. These are also conservators of language by instinct and natural taste, and no less so from knowledge. They prefer to meet new needs by the re-arrangement and adaptation of old means. They do not like to put a new patch on their old garment; and when an addition must be made, they take care that it shall be in keeping with that to which it is joined, and that the junction shall be so good that the fabric shall seem as much as may be of one piece. Unfortunately these two sorts of men have had less influence upon the formation of the English language during the last half century, and particularly in this country, than they have ever had upon any other speech in any other land. Therefore it is that English has during that period been tampered with, and violated, and perverted; therefore there have been forced into it monstrous, absurd, and pestilent words and phrases—forms of speech which although some of them have been in very general use for quite a generation, are still neologisms, that is novelties, none the worse merely because they are new, the right of which to be at all is not yet fully recognized.

In bad eminence, at the head of these intruders that to many persons seem of established respectability, stands out the form of speech *is being done*, which about fifty years ago began to affront the eye, torment the ear, and assault the common sense of the speakers of plain and idiomatic English. That it should be pronounced a novelty will seem strange to most of my readers; for we have all heard it from our earliest childhood. But so slow has been its acceptance among unlettered people, so stoutly has it been resisted by the lettered, that we

have heard it under constant protest; and it is now almost as raw and unassimilated in the language as when it was first uttered.

Mr. Marsh says of this form of speech, that it is "an awkward neologism, which neither convenience, intelligibility, nor syntactical congruity demands," and that it is the contrivance of some grammarian. I need hardly say to those who have gone thus far with me in my wanderings over the well-trodden ways of language, that I have not the slightest inclination to dispute his judgment that the ignorance of grammarians is a frequent cause of the corruption of language. And that he is right in his opinion that this queer phraseology, which he calls "the continuing present of the passive voice," and "the passive with *being*," did not originate in the sound common sense of the people, there can be no doubt in the mind of any person who has fitted himself to form an opinion upon the subject. But that it is the work of any grammarian is more than doubtful. Grammarians, with all their faults, do not deform language with fantastic solecisms, or even seek to enrich it with new and startling verbal combinations. They rather resist novelty, and devote themselves to formulating that which use has already established. It can hardly be that such an incongruous and ridiculous form of speech as *is being done* was contrived by a man who, by any stretching of the name, should be included among grammarians. But, nevertheless, it is a worthy offspring and outcome of English grammar; a fitting and, I may say, an inevitable consequence of the attempt to make our mother tongue order herself by Latin rules and standards. Some precise and feeble-minded soul, having been taught that there is a passive voice in English, and that, for instance, *building* is an active participle and *builded* or *built* a passive, felt conscientious scruples at saying *The house is building*. For what could the house build? A house cannot build, it must be built. And yet (he went on)—to say, *The house is built*, is to say that it is finished, that it is "done built." Therefore we must find some form that will be a continuing present tense of this passive verb *to be built*; and he found it, as he thought, in the form *is being built*; supposing that, by the introduction of the present participle, expressive of continued existence, between *is* and *built*, he had modified the meaning both of the former and the latter. Others, like him, half taught and badly taught, precise and fussy, caught up the phrase which seemed to them to supply a deficiency in their passive voice, and so the infection spread over England, and ere long into this republic. It was confined, however, to the condition of life in which it had its origin. The simple-minded common people and those of culture were alike protected against it by their attachment to the idiom of their mother tongue, with which they felt it to be directly at variance. To this day, there is not, in the Old England or the New, a farmer's boy, who has escaped the contamination of weekly papers, who would not say, *While the new barn was a-building*, unless some prim school ma'am had taught him to say—*was being built*; and, at the other extreme of culture, Macaulay writes, "*Chelsea Hospital was building*," "*While innocent blood was shedding*," "*While the foulest judicial murder that had disgraced even those times was perpetrating*." But the newspaper reporters, and those whom they represent, would write, punctiliously—*was being built*, *was being shed*, *was being perpetrated*. Even a "*Saturday Reviewer*" is permitted to write "*Look at a mass of iron work in process of being cast*," a clumsy, prolix, irrational substitute for, "*in process of casting*," or yet more simply, "*in casting*." Thus Milton wrote, "*While the Temple of the Lord was building*;" Bolingbroke, "*The nation had cried out loudly against the crime which it was committing*;" and Johnson wrote to Boswell, "*My 'Lives' are reprinting*." The

form *is being done, is being made, is being built*, lacks equally the support of reason and of authoritative usage. But if it had the former, it could do without the latter. Let us see why and how it has not.

In the form *is a-doing, is a-making*, the *a* is a mere degraded form of *on* or *in*; as in ten o'clock *o* represents *of the*. Such words as *doing* and *making* are both participles and verbal nouns. When we say, I am doing thus, I am making this, they are real participles. When we say, It was long in the doing, It was slow in the making, they are verbal nouns. That is, this distinction may be made if we choose to make it; but between the real present participle and the verbal noun there is really no need of any distinction. In the Anglo-Saxon the two were distinguished in fact and in form; the participle ending in *ende*, the verbal noun in *ung*. In the lapse of time, and by the simplifying process which I have before mentioned, these two terminations were blended in the form *ing*, which thus represents them both. Hence has arisen the difficulty of those precise people who were not content to speak their mother tongue as they learned it from their mothers, and who undertook not only to criticise but to take to pieces and put together in a new shape something the structure of which they did not understand. That they did not understand it was no fault of theirs. Their business was not with language, but with tinkering, shoemaking, tailoring, and chiefly trade. While they practised these honestly and well they were respectable; but when they presumed to tinker, cobble, patch, and chaffer about language, they became ridiculous and pestilent. If, in their trouble about the active present participle, they had looked into Ben Jonson's Grammar (for he, like Milton, was scholar as well as poet, and both were misled, very naturally, into writing an English grammar) they would have seen that he said that "Before the participle present, *a, an*, have the force of a gerund;" and a gerund, they might have learned, was a Latin verbal noun (taking its name from *gero*, I bear, I carry on), used to express the meaning of the present infinitive active, under certain circumstances. Jonson cites, in illustration of his law, this line from Norton, "But there is some grand tempest *a-brewing* towards us," which they would have done well to consider before making their improvement; for I think that, even now, one of their sort would hesitate to look up into a lowering sky and say, There is a storm *being brewed*. He would be laughed at by any sensible Cape Cod fisherman or English Countess. To this day we say—every man and boy of us who is not fitter for Bedlam than many who are sent there—There is a storm *a-brewing*, as our forefathers have said for centuries. So, in "The Merchant of Venice" (Act II., scene 8), Shylock says to Jessica:

I am right loth to go:

There is some ill *a-brewing* toward my rest;

For I did dream of money bags to-night.

The editor or commentator to propose the new reading,

There is some ill *being brewed* toward my rest,

has yet to appear.

This *a*, which represents *in*, is said, by Mr. Marsh, to have been dropped (by writers, I suppose he means) about the beginning of the eighteenth century. It might better not have been dropped at all; but it began to disappear before that time. Witness this passage in Cotton's translation of Montaigne's Essays, a masterpiece of idiomatic English, which was produced about the year 1670:

A slave of his, a vicious ill-conditioned fellow, but that had the precepts of philosophy often ringing in his ears, having, for some offence of his, been stript, by Plutarch's command, whilst *he was whipping* muttered at first that he did not deserve it, etc., etc.—Book II. "Of Anger."

That the suppression of the *a* is a loss will be clear, from a consideration of

this example. It is undeniable that the phrase "whilst he was whipping" *might* be misunderstood as meaning while he was whipping a him. Its meaning is determined only by the context. But so is the meaning of nearly half the words in any sentence. If, however, Cotton had written "whilst he was a-whipping," there would be no opportunity for the mistaking of the verbal noun *whipping* for the present participle *whipping*. The distinction between these two intimately-related parts of speech may be clearly exemplified by the following sentence: Plutarch was whipping a slave, and while the slave was a-whipping he told his master that, in this whipping, he set at naught his own moral principles. Here no one can fail to see at once that the first *whipping* is a participle, and that the last is a noun; and a moment's consideration will reveal to any intelligent person that the second *whipping* is also not a participle but a verbal noun. If the *a* in "a-whipping" were the article, that would decide the question; for the article, definite or indefinite, can be used only with a substantive. This is illustrated even by the phrase "a go," which is sometimes heard; for, when a gentleman remarks, Here is a rum go, without meaning any allusion to spirituous liquors, or if, with such allusion, speaks of a go of gin, the anguish that he inflicts upon the well-regulated grammatical mind is caused merely by his placing the first person present indicative of the verb *to go* in the relation in which it can be properly parsed only as a noun. But the *a* in the phrases While the slave was a-whipping, While the house was a-building, While the thing was a-doing, is not the article, as I have said before, but a mere corruption of *in*, or perhaps, of *on*, the change of which to *a* was caused clearly by that lazy carelessness of speech that tends so much to the phonetic degradation of language. Either *on* or *in*, however, determine the substantive character of the words to which they apply. As, for example, if the gentleman just referred to speaks of "going on a bust," the preposition no less than the article shows that he is so reprobate, so lost to Murray and to Moon as to treat the verb *burst* as if it were a noun; and his omission of the *r* from the perverted word is not only a striking instance of the addition of insult to injury, but a warning example of the phonetic degradation of language—and of man.

To illustrate this point further: Can there be hesitation on the part of any reader as to the nature of the words in *ing* in the following sentence: The Chinese have difficulty in making a barrel; for, while the barrel is a-making, they put in a man to hold up the head, and the difficulty is in the getting of him out. In every instance here the word in *ing* has a manifestly substantive character. Nor is that character in any way affected by the elision of the articles and of a preposition in the last two instances, so that we read, While the barrel is making, and, In getting him out. The nature of this noun of action, and of the simple, strong construction which it admits, is finely shown in this pregnant passage from Hobbes ("De Corpore Politico," Part II., chap. 2.):

In the making of a Democracy there passeth no covenant between the sovereign and any subject; for, while the Democracy is a-making, there is no sovereign with whom to contract.

Here the word *making* is, in both instances, the same part of speech, the representative of the same idea, and in the same relation; and the writer who would change the latter to While the democracy is *being made*, must also, that his language may not be at variance with itself in one sentence, change the former, and read, In the being made of a democracy, or, what is the same thing, In a democracy's being made.

When the form *is being done* was first used, and by whom, would be an interesting subject of inquiry to a man whose time and attention were not taken up

by something of more importance. What sort of creature was he? what was his way of thinking? how was he led to the perpetration of this deed? These questions are not beyond the reach of research and criticism; but they will hardly be determined sooner than what song the Sirens sang or which way the Tower of Siloam fell. The earliest example that I have remarked of the usage in question is in "The Life of a Looking-Glass," an allegorical essay by a Miss Jane Taylor, pious and didactic writer for young people, "authoress of religious juveniles," as our publishers say, who was a contributor to a London magazine, under the signature of Q. Q., between the years 1816 and 1822. She makes her looking-glass say, "At last, after many, to me, unintelligible movements, I found, to my great joy, that my prison was being unbarred."

This instance, as I have just said, is the earliest known to me; but Miss Taylor was hardly the introducer of this phraseology, which although at least half a century old, is still pronounced a novelty as well as a nuisance. It made no little stir when it was first brought here, and it was adopted at once by many people—of course those who wished to be elegant. I have heard of an instance of its use after it had become in vogue among such people, which illustrates one of the objections to which it is obnoxious—that it represents an act as going on (*being*) and as completed (*done*) at the same time. A gentleman called early in the evening upon the ladies at a house where he was intimate. The door was opened by a negress; a bright, pompous wench, in one of the Madras kerchief headaddresses commonly worn at that time by such women. She needed not to wait for his inquiry for the ladies, but welcomed him at once; for he was a favorite. "Good evenin', sar! Walk in, sar. De ladies bein' done gone to de uproar." "Gone to the opera! Thank you, I won't come in. I'll see them there." "No, sar, I didn' say dey done gone to de uproar, but," with a slight toss of the Madras kerchief and a smile of superior intelligence, "dey *bein'* done gone Walk in, sar. Ole missus in de parlor; young missus be down stairs d'recly." My grandmother told me that story, which she heard from the gentleman himself, in my boyhood, neither of us thinking that it would be thus used to expose the absurd affectation in speech at which she laughed. From the negress's point of view—that is, the "done gone" point, she was as right in her "bein' done gone" as those whose folly she aped were in their "is being done," and "is being built." To her, *done gone* expressed a going that was finished, a completed going. But the ladies were in process of going, as the "Saturday Reviewer" might say; not going or "gwine;" that would have expressed an act too much in the future according to the new light she had seen cast upon language; and so she boldly dashed at her continuing present of a completed action—"bein' done gone." She was more nearly right in her practice than some learned linguists are in their theory. For the phrase under consideration is not a continuing present of the passive voice. The participles *done*, *built*, etc., are not passive, but merely perfect participles, as we have seen before; and *being* is merely a present participle. The union of the two, therefore, cannot express an existing and continuing passivity, but merely brings preposterously together the ideas of the present and the past. And, by the way, the combination of *do* and *go* by the mean whites and the negroes of the South, chiefly in the forms *done gone* and *gone done*, is not wholly illogical and absurd; nor is it without something like respectable precedent in English literature. Witness these passages from Chaucer:

That ye unto your sonne as trewly
Done her been wedded at your home coming;
 This is the final end of all this thing.

—LEGEND OF GOOD WOMEN, l. 2,096.

And I woll geve him all that fals
To his chamber and to his hals ;
I woll do paint with pure gold
And tapite hem full manifold.

—THE DUCHESS, l. 257.

Bid him creepe into the body
And *do it gone* to Alcione,
The queene, there she lieth alone.

—IBID., l. 146.

And indeed the Southern provincial use of *do* and *go* is capable of formulation into tenses, which, if it were not for the prejudice in favor of other usage—in the present delicate condition of the country, I will not say better—might claim the attention and even the adhesion of people like those who adopt *is being done*—who shun an idiom as they would be thought to shun a sin, and who must be correct or die. For example :

INDICATIVE MOOD.

PRESENT AND IMPERFECT TENSE.

Singular.

1. I done,
2. Yer done,
3. He done,

Plural.

1. We uns done,
2. You uns done,
3. They uns done.

PERFECT.

1. I gone done,
2. Yer gone done,
3. He gone done,

1. We uns gone done,
2. You uns gone done,
3. They uns gone done.

PLUPERFECT.

1. I done gone done,
2. Yer done gone done,
3. He done gone done,

1. We uns done gone done,
2. You uns done gone done,
3. They uns done gone done.

FUTURE.

1. I gwine done,
2. Yer gwine done,
3. He gwine done,

1. We uns gwine done,
2. You uns gwine done,
3. They uns gwine done.

FUTURE PERFECT.

1. I gwine gone done,
2. Yer gwine gone done,
3. He gwine gone done,

1. We uns gwine gone done,
2. You uns gwine gone done,
3. They uns gwine gone done.

Cætera desunt.

Here I submit is as regular and symmetrical a form of conjugation as can be found in any English grammar. In some respects it is more "grammatical." For instance, the ambiguity of the singular *you* and the plural *you* is obviated by the use of *yer* for the second person singular, and *you uns* for the same person plural. Of these two persons on this system there can be no confusion. *I gwine gone done* is as reasonable a part of the verb *to do* as *I shall* or *will have done*; and I will leave it to the spirit of Chaucer, knocking his notions out through the best medium in town—that he will do which is, on Pope's authority, no unwarrantable assumption either on my part, or that of the mediums; for does not he of Twickenham tell us that

Rapped into future time, the bard begun?

—I will leave it to Chaucer, then, to say whether *gwine done* (he won't mind the spelling or a slight mispronunciation of the first participle) is not every whit as good English as *is being done*.

But the full absurdity of this phrase has not yet been pointed out. Indeed, the essence of its nonsense seems not to have been discovered; at least I believe that I am safe in saying that it has not hitherto been pointed out. The objection made to it is that it unites a present with a perfect participle. But this

combination is of frequent occurrence, and, of itself, is quite unobjectionable. For instance, "He, *being forewarned* of the danger, fled." And there is a combination of the same participles which seems yet nearer in meaning to the one under consideration. A lady will say to her servant, Why can't you set the table thus, or so, without *being told* every morning? This is good sense and good English. In Cotton's translation of Montaigne's "Apology for Raimond de Sebonde" is this passage, which contains a like construction: "There is more understanding required in the teaching of others than in *being taught*." Here we have also sense and English; and this being admitted it will seem to some persons a full justification of the phrase, "while the boy is being taught." It is not so, however. Florio, writing nearly a hundred years before Cotton, translates the same passage thus: "More discourse is required to teach others than to be taught," using the infinitive in both parts of the sentence. The relation between the infinitive and the verbal noun is so close that the latter may almost always be used for the former, although the former may not for the latter. Montaigne used the verbal noun in both instances. His sentence has merely an elision of the article before the last verbal noun, and in full is, "There is more understanding required in the teaching of others than in *the being taught*." This elision is common, and appears in the lady's question to her servant, which in full is, Why cannot you set the table thus without—what? some *thing*—without *the being told*?

What then is the fatal absurdity in this phrase, which has been so long and so widely used that, to some people, it seems an old growth of the language, while it is in fact yet a mere transplanted sucker, without life and without root? It is in the combination of *is* with *being*; in the making of the verb *to be* a supplement, or, in grammarian's phrase, an auxiliary to itself—an absurdity so palpable, so monstrous, so ridiculous that it needs only to be pointed out to be scouted. *To be*—called by Latin grammarians the substantive verb—expresses mere existence or affirmation. It predicates of its subject either simple absolute existence or whatever attribute follows it. *To be* and *to exist* are perfect synonyms, or more nearly perfect, perhaps, than any two verbs in the language. In some of their meanings there is a shade of difference, but in others there is none whatever; and the latter are those which serve our present purpose. When we say, He being forewarned of danger fled, we say, He existing forewarned of danger fled. When we say that a thing is done, we say that it exists done. When we say, That being done I shall be satisfied, we say That existing done I shall be satisfied. *Is being done* is simply *exists existing done*. To say, therefore, that a thing is being done is not only to say (in respect of the last two participles) that a process is going on and is finished, at the same time, but (in respect of the whole phrase) that it exists existing finished; which is no more or other than to say that it exists finished, is finished, is done; which is exactly what those who use the phrase do not mean. It means this if it means anything; but in fact it means nothing, and is the most incongruous combination of words and ideas that ever attained respectable usage in any civilized language.

This absurdity has been hidden by the irregularity of the verb *to be*, which gives us such dissimilar forms as *is* for the present tense, *was* for the past, and *being* for the present participle. It seems as if in *is being* there were two verbs. We may be sure that if the present participle of *to be* were formed like that of *to love* (*loving*), we should never have heard the phrases *bes being done* or *is ising done*, *bes being built* or *is ising built*. This nonsense is hidden from the eye and

deadened to the ear by the dissimilarity in form of *is* and *being*. We may rightly use *to have* as a complement to itself, and say *have had*, or even *had had*, because we *can* have having, possess possession. But we cannot be being, exist existence. To be being is merely to be; nothing more or less. *It is being* is simply equal to *it is*.

What then shall we do? Shall we say, While the boy was whipping, the room was sweeping, the dinner was eating, the cow was milking, the meat is cooking? Yes: why not? Why not, as well as, The bell is tolling, the grain is ripening, the bread is baking? Could there be a more absurd affectation than to say, instead of The tea has been drawing five minutes, The tea has been being drawn five minutes? *Been being*—is that sense or English?—except to children who say that they have been being naughty, thereby saying only that they have been naughty. Yet the tea draws nothing, it is drawn; the bread bakes nothing, it is baked; the grain ripens nothing, it is ripened. But when we say that The tea is drawing, we do not say that it is an agent drawing anything, but that it is itself in drawing. And so with regard to all the other examples given, and all possible examples. In Goldsmith's "Citizen of the World," (Letter XXI.) is the following passage, descriptive of a play.

"The fifth act began, and a busy piece it was; scenes shifting, trumpets sounding, drums beating, mobs hallooing, carpets spreading, guards bustling from one door to the other; gods, demons, daggers, rags, and ratsbane."

Read the second clause of the sentence according to the formula *is being done*. "Scenes being shifted, trumpets being sounded, drums being beaten, mobs hallooing, carpets being spread," and so forth. The very life is taken out of it. No longer a busy piece, it drags its wounded and halting body along, and dies before it gets to rags and ratsbane.

If precise affectation can impose upon us such a phrase as *is being done for is doing*, it must needs drive all idioms kindred to the latter from the language. Our walking sticks, our fishing rods, and our fasting days, because they cannot walk or fish or fast, must be changed into to-be-walked-with sticks, to-be-fished-with rods, and to-be-fasted-on days; and our church-going bells must become for-to-church-go bells, because *they* are not the belles that go to church. Such ruin comes of laying presumptuous hands upon idioms, those sacred mysteries of language.

RICHARD GRANT WHITE.

SUSAN FIELDING.

BY MRS. EDWARDS,

Author of "Archie Lovell," "Steven Lawrence, Yeoman," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

PORTIA FFRENCH was charming throughout the remainder of the evening. Either that passionate old love-music had really subdued her, or she felt, for the first time since their acquaintance began, the possibility of George Blake wavering in his fealty. She did not want cards, did not want to chatter town scandal with her cousin. Real animation lit up the finer beauty of her rich, deep-tinted face; real feeling, gay and pensive by turns, was in her voice. Even Teddy Josselin—the least impressionable of men—went away with a vague idea in his mind that he must be much more in love than he had hitherto suspected; while George Blake—no, of George Blake's state of feeling I need not speak!

"Thank Heaven, we are alone at last!" cried Portia, the moment the two young men had taken their leave. "How mortally tired I am—don't go to bed, dear Aunt Jem, sit down here and talk to me a little—what a fearfully tiring creature a clever man in love is!"

Sleep had been weighing heavily on Miss Jemima's eyelids for a good hour or more past, but she seated herself obediently, at Portia's bidding, just as in by-gone years she had been wont to seat herself by inconsistent babies who chose to keep vigil at midnight, or as she would do now at her brother's bedside, whenever old Colonel Ffrench, additionally fractious under an attack of gout, would take it into his head that he needed "watching."

"You ought to say, how tiring two men in love are, Portia. It seems to me Mr. Blake is quite as lover-like as your cousin.

"I am speaking of Mr. Blake. Did I not say how wearying a clever man was in a certain state? Teddy never tires me, now I am accustomed to him, but George Blake! (I confess I am weak enough to be pleased by his attention, just because it shows I am not so frivolous as you have all called me) but for any pleasure his conversation gives me—oh dear, how I shall pity the woman that young man marries!" Portia yawned prophetically.

"Mr. Blake seems to me a young man of great ability, and what is more, of very excellent feeling," said Miss Jemima. "I don't judge him by his novel—indeed, except the death-bed scene, I thought it all rather foolish—but by his manner. How prettily he behaved to Susan Fielding. Few young men nowadays, if Teddy Josselin is a sample of them, would have turned out in the rain as he did, to take that poor child home. The man who is kind to a plain little girl like Susan, or to an old woman like me, is the man with the real stuff in him, Portia, depend upon it."

"Well, then the real stuff bores me," said Portia. "I'm not a plain little girl, I'm not an old lady like you—I often wish I were you, Aunt Jem! I like people who never require me to think, like Teddy. I could talk to Ted for a year with less exertion than that last hour of Mr. George Blake's society has cost me."

"Then why ask him here at all, Portia? You insist upon having him invited; when he is here you encourage him—yes, child, I've not had much experience in such matters myself, but I have watched you since you were seventeen—"

"Four years," interrupted Portia. "How old I am—how old I feel!"

"And I know very well it is your pleasure that George Blake should not go. Now, Portia, as you have chosen the subject," Miss Jemima drew herself very upright, indeed, as she said this, "let me put one question to you. Do you think, engaged as you are to your cousin, that your conduct to his friend is honorable?"

"I am a Dysart, Aunt Jem," said Portia, coolly. "Has a Dysart a conscience? Teddy is not jealous, Mr. Blake seems to like coming here to dinner—he has an excellent appetite, still, by the way! Who is hurt?"

"Yourself, child. If you cared for Blake's society I could find an excuse for you, but you do not. You have just confessed as much, and yet you like to have him forever dangling after you—you, who in a few weeks will be another man's wife! In my young days we called such conduct by harsh names, I can tell you."

The girl stole her hand into Miss Jemima's; not a usual action with her, for Portia's was the least caressing, the least demonstrative of natures. "In your young days, depend upon it, human nature was just as bad and just as good as it is now," she remarked. "There were people like you, generous, unselfish souls who always acted right, because they couldn't help it, and people like me who thought of nothing but themselves and their own vanity—and they couldn't help it! and young men, like George Blake, who ran about falling hopelessly in love with every one they oughtn't, for the same admirable reason! Aunt Jemima," after a pause, "I've often thought of late that I should like to know why I, Portia Ffrench, am what I am. As we are not going to bed, and as we have nothing better than Mr. George Blake to talk about, suppose you help me a little in my speculation. What sort of woman was my mother?"

"Your mother?—Portia, the past is past," cried Miss Jemima, hastily. "What has put this into your head to-night? Your mother is in her grave. Let her faults rest with her." Old Miss Jemima rested the palms of her hands down on her knees, looked up austere at the ceiling, and pronounced the word "faults" with emphasis.

"And I am living," said Portia, quietly; "living, and wearying myself, and running after excitement that I can never reach, because I have her nature in me, I suppose. I'm a Dysart, as you so often say. I could no more be like you, Aunt Jem, than I could be like that small child next door, with her odd face and passionate voice and jog-trot commonplace nature. It all came upon me as I watched Susan singing here an hour ago. I've often thought before when I have listened to her and you talk—the interminable talk about that horrid old bookseller, the interminable grief at leaving Addison Lodge and selling the dear old cups and saucers—I say, I have often thought before, that Susan Fielding and I could not, in reality, belong to the same species, and to-night I felt sure of it. I've much greater capacity for enjoyment, one would say, than she. I want change, excitement. I want money. I want a thousand things just as I want air; and Susan could live contentedly in the damp shades of Addison Lodge (pity George Blake does not marry her!) and make shirts and puddings and mend children's socks forever. And yet—Aunt Jem," the beautiful face saddened, "there's something in that girl I haven't got, shall never have! Her jog-trot little nature, such as it is, is complete. I am incomplete."

"Most people would not say so," answered Miss *Jemima*, who, severity itself in her own judgments, could never listen to any censure of *Portia*, even from *Portia's* lips. "What additional gift do you want to possess? A voice like *Susan's*? It would be the worst thing you could have, with your disposition. I knew a very beautiful young woman, once, with just that kind of sweet piercing voice, a niece of Colonel *Harding* of the *Engineers*, and she turned out shockingly—after her marriage, too—and every one attributed it to her voice. I think I heard she went on the stage eventually, but I'm not certain. No talent for leading people astray like music!" Miss *Jemima's* generalizations were somewhat broad, as you perceive; her deductions from actual personal observation unhesitating.

"I don't envy *Susan* her voice," said *Portia*. "Yes, I do; I envy every gift under the sun; but it is not of my want of voice that I am thinking when I say I am incomplete. I want what she, like all commonplace people, has in perfection—the gift of taking an interest in her own life! I looked at her face as she sang; her color coming and going, her great eyes afire; and I saw that she enjoyed her singing as she enjoyed seventeen years of father-worship in *Addison Lodge*, and one day will enjoy darning socks and baby-worship elsewhere. Why is life a weight to me, Aunt *Jem*—a weight I am always trying to put away from me and cannot? What kind of human beings were *Harry Ffrench* and Lady *Portia Ffrench*, his wife? I am one-and-twenty, I am better-looking than ninety-nine women out of a hundred, I am going to be married, if grandmamma will give us anything to live upon. (did *Ted* give you her message, by the bye? You are to lunch in *Eaton square* the day after to-morrow, and talk about settlements.) Yet every morning when I wake I feel how bitter the taste of a new day is in my mouth! What were the people like who bequeathed this charming inheritance, this incapacity for life, to me?"

Miss *Jemima* looked, as she felt, thoroughly taken aback. *Portia*—indolent, self-contained, self-satisfied *Portia*—breaking out with a confession like this!

"You have had an excellent education—the best masters, I am sure, in everything. You know French and German—"

"Music, the use of the globes, and perspective; the whole art of polite sincerity, and every game that can be played on the cards! Aunt *Jem*, dear, do you think education, as begun by the *Miss Davenports*, and finished by *Grandmamma Erroll*, is what is wanted to make one enjoy life?"

"I'm sure I don't know what else it is for," said good Miss *Jemima*. "We paid forty pounds a quarter, without masters, the last five years you were at the *Miss Davenports'*, at *Fulham*—"

"And you think that any of that fiddle-faddle, that outside layer of accomplishments, changed me, *Portia Ffrench*, any more than it changed the shape of my nose or the color of my hair? I was restless and dissatisfied when I was little. That's what made me so wicked."

"Ah, wicked, indeed!" groaned Miss *Jemima*, as she thought of *Portia's* childhood.

"I am the same now. I can help it no more than the black kitten can help not being tortoiseshell. From papa, I know, I must inherit my looks." She turned and glanced at herself in the different mirrors around the room. "From the *Ffrench* side of the house, probably, I get my little taste for extravagance and card-playing, also my fashion of carrying my pauper head so well aloft. But the unseen part—the weight, the weariness—is that a *Ffrench* inheritance, too, or am I merely the kind of woman my mother was?"

"God forbid!" cried Miss Jemima, hastily. "Portia, it cuts me to the heart to hear you talk like this. The past is dead. All that concerns you is the future."

"Which is part and parcel of the past," said Portia. "Does yesterday belong less to this week than to-morrow will? I ask you to sit up for half an hour and talk to me about papa and mamma—do you refuse? Harry Ffrench, handsome, spendthrift, ruined Harry Ffrench, died by his own hand, and his wife, Lady Portia, married again, and lived till I was twelve years old; and I was never allowed to see her from the day I came to Halfont. There is the outline of the story. Now fill in the details. I ask Lady Portia's mother, and she yawns and answers, 'another day;' I ask Harry Ffrench's father, and he says his feelings are too much for him—grandpapa's feelings too much for him!—that even yet he cannot bear to speak of his Harry's loss. Did grandpapa ever really love any human creature as much as all that, I wonder?"

Miss Jemima's hands clasped each other tighter; her lips twitched a little. "Your grandfather never understood poor Harry, or, indeed, any of his children, Portia. He was fond of them, of course; but he never understood them. When they were young and he used to come near them so seldom—they had the scarlatina once and Lucy and Dick were in danger; but 'twas Goodwood races, and he never saw them for a week—when they were in the nursery, and their father's affection for them seemed so cold, I always thought it was because they were in the nursery. A man like Richard could not be expected to feel anxious about babies and babies' ailments. When they grew older, grew to be companions to him—he would love them better. And then, when they began to grow up, when the boys left school and, one by one, went into the world, and—and settled to nothing, things became worse. They were fine-natured boys, every one of them; not a fault in their characters, but that they were slow at learning the value of money or the necessity for work; but Richard never understood them. My poor lads! Richard never understood them."

"Except Harry. Grandpapa's emotions overpower him still at the mention of my father's death. Surely, he must have understood him while he lived?"

Miss Jemima was silent. "Portia," she said, at last, "it seems you mean to insist upon my speaking of old days, of old sorrows, to-night. Very well; I will speak. Perhaps you are right. Perhaps you are old enough to hear what manner of marriage your father's was, the more now that you will so soon be a wife yourself. But remember, child, I have not the art that Richard has, of making unpleasant things sound pleasant. What I feel I say, and Harry was my favorite boy. I loved all Richard's children well, but Harry best; and I never loved his wife. I saw her twice, and it was enough. I could not love her. Even now I don't think I can speak of Lady Portia Ffrench with fair words. And she was your mother."

"Oh, don't mind that in the least," said Portia, cheerfully. "I recollect one thing with extreme clearness of Lady Portia Ffrench—a whipping she gave me with her own hands, for upsetting a jug of cream on the coat of one of her friends. She used to lie forever on a sofa and play cards. There were some horrible old women, I remember, and some foreign officers in uniform, and one man in black who always came to play with her. I upset the cream on the man in black because I hated him. I did it on purpose, and Lady Portia beat me when I was in bed. I hated them all worse after that."

"And you can remember all this?" exclaimed Miss Jemima. "Why, you were not six years old when you left your mother for good. What made you never speak of it to me before?"

"Where was the use?" said Portia; "I did not feel certain, perhaps, when I was a child, whose side you took, and latterly I suppose I forgot all about it. Besides, I was not brought up to tell tales. Sophie used to bribe me not to tell my lady when I caught her in my lady's clothes, and Lady Portia used to bribe me, and so did the man in black—Mr. Molyneux, my future step-papa, that must have been. I don't know why, but it seems to me that I was bribed all round to tell stories, and I told them—very well, too! I loved nobody, except poor Lurly a little. After that beating, I loved Lady Portia least of all. You needn't be afraid of hurting my feelings in speaking of her."

"And you never knew your father. You were a babe, asleep in your cot, the morning he kissed you for the last time. Ah, Portia, you would have loved him! Yours would have been a different life if Harry had been the one to survive."

"I should have loved him for his handsome face, at least," said Portia. "My mother was not handsome. She dyed her hair; her voice was gruff; she wore rouge. Whenever I kiss grandmamma I remember her. They are of the same texture."

"And Harry," said old Miss Jemima, warming into sudden animation, "was the handsomest of all Richard's handsome sons. You have his miniature, Portia, taken when he was five-and-twenty, and you think that handsome. No picture can give you more than a map, a shadow of Harry's face, for it was not the features only—the fine-cut nose and mouth, the fair complexion, the dark, full eyes—it was the goodness, the brightness of my boy's face that made him what he was. From the time he was a baby he was the same. People would all turn round in the park to look at him in his nurse's arms. 'What a lovely face!' every one said who saw him; and there was no exaggeration in the word. As I remember Harry Ffrench in his youth, he *was* lovely, in face and soul. When I saw him years later, as a man, he had altered so that I should scarce have known him in the street—but that was when he was your father, when he was Lady Portia's husband!

"I came to England for a month, in 'forty-seven, just before our battalion was ordered up to Scinde (the only time in nineteen years that Lucy and Elliott were able to spare me); and on my way back to Marseilles managed to run round and visit Harry and his wife in Brussels. They had never had a settled home since their marriage, and were now living about in different continental towns economizing. I have always remarked, Portia, that when any member of our family is going faster to ruin than ordinary he calls it economizing! I found it so with Harry. His father, he told me, had grown unpunctual with his allowance, the price of his own commission had gone long ago, and, as far as I could make out, they had very little to depend upon but the scanty sum Lady Portia got yearly from her mother, and what poor Harry could himself contrive to pick up at cards and billiards. So what do you suppose was their way of economizing? Lady Portia had her opera-box, and her evenings of reception, and her own set of friends—a very fast set, too. And Harry had his friends, rather faster ones, I believe, than his wife's, and played higher, and lived altogether more recklessly, 'twas said (and that was saying a good deal), than any other Englishman in Brussels. Oh, child, how altered he was! A man little over thirty, but looking any number of years more than his age—the handsome features of the face the same, but all the goodness, all the bright expression blotted out."

"Portia, I think I was unjust. I have often thought since I was unjust to

your mother," said old Miss *Jemima*, humbly, "and I have tried to make some amends to you, her child. But when I saw *Harry* sunk to what he was, I did lay half the blame upon his wife. We women are like that; anything, anybody must be guilty rather than our son. And *Harry* had been more than a son to me! I was a girl of one-and-twenty, your age, *Portia*, when I first went to *Richard's* children; I had no hopes, no interests in life but theirs; and from the first and through every trouble, *Harry*, poor little soul, made himself my companion and comfort. Well, and *Harry* had sunk to this. The rest of the lads were adrift, God knew where, on the world, and *Harry* had sunk to this! *Harry* was an outlaw, a gambler, and hopeless—oh, so hopeless, at thirty years of age! with a wife who thought of nothing save her own pleasure, her opera-box, her dinner-dresses, her receptions; and you—poor neglected, little year-old baby—in your cradle. I wander, *Portia*. You must let me think for awhile before I try to tell my story, such as it is, in order."

CHAPTER IX.

"My nephew *Harry* was already an officer in her majesty's service when I went abroad, in 'thirty-three, to join the *Elliotts*," said Miss *Jemima*, at length; *Portia*, with an expression of eagerness very unusual to see her dark face wear, waiting to listen. "He was gazetted about six weeks after he left *Eton*, and—I remember it as if it was yesterday—put on his uniform for the first time the day I sailed. I had to get on tip-toe to reach his face, he was so tall, and as I kissed him I bade him to be brave and truthful now that he wore a sword, just the same as he had been when he was a boy. He promised me, sobbing the while like a child (for he and I were alone together) at my going. Often I remembered him afterward, his eyes swollen with tears, his dear arms round my neck—this fine dignified young officer with his simple heart, crying as he said good-by to me just as in the days when he was a little lad going back to school after the holidays! I remembered him thus, I say, and used to think—and half reproach poor *Lucy* and her babies at the thought—that life might have gone differently with him, perhaps with the other lads, if I had stayed behind in *England*. It seems foolish to say that one unimportant old maid, old Aunt *Jemima*, living in her little cottage in loneliness and poverty, could have been any help to young men of pleasure and the world. But you see I should have loved them; and I believe in love!"

Miss *Jemima* looked rather ashamed of herself as she made this assertion before *Portia*.

"Its old-fashioned to talk so, I know, but I do believe in the power of love to ward away evil. I have seen it among all ranks. As long as a man has some woman who loves him unstintingly—wife, or sister, or mother—he does not despair of himself; and a man who does not despair of himself can be saved. No chance of love came to *Harry*. I am wrong; the chance came, and he lost it. Then began the ruin of his life. *Portia*, if you loved *Teddy Josselin*—mind, I suppose it only—and if to marry him against *Lady Erroll's* will would insure to you absolute poverty—"

"It would simply insure starvation," remarked *Portia*.

"I would still say, marry him. I know the real meaning of that word poverty. I have stood face to face with it during half my life. *Elliott* and *Lucy* were steeped in poverty, had children born to inherit nothing else, but they both

led happy and dutiful lives, and now have sons doing well in the world and a ring of bright faces around their table at Christmas."

"Poor, dear faded Aunt Lucy!" cried Portia. "I'm quite sure I would rather die at once than live and be happy after that fashion."

"Yes," said Miss Jemima, drily, "you must remember I said, if you loved Teddy Josselin. Harry, your father, had a heart full to overflowing of tenderness, when he was young. When Harry's love was betrayed his best chance of life was over! You are of a different nature, Portia—I think, at times, you are more like your grandfather than any of his children were—and Richard's is a temperament that wears well. No disappointment in affection would have altered your grandfather's character or ruined his happiness."

"Any more than it would mine," said Portia, smiling. "I like Teddy really very much indeed, poor little mortal, but I am entirely dependent on grand-mamma's opinion as to the wisdom of our marrying. I could much better bear to lose Teddy Josselin than to live with him in poverty. Go on with the essential facts of the story, Aunt Jem, and repress sentiment. Remember, I have had a whole evening of Mr. Blake."

"There spoke Lady Portia Ffrench!" cried Miss Jemima. "Portia, when I hear those withered remarks from your lips I feel myself back in the Brussels lodging, and could be hard on you, child—only that I look in your face and see Harry there. Repress sentiment! There is the true maxim of the world; the maxim which, put into practice, ruined your father's life. You shall hear, quite short and plain—I won't tire you with my old-fashioned opinions—the story of a life in which sentiment had been repressed effectually. Take what moral from it you like."

"I went away, as I told you, leaving Harry, at seventeen years of age, an officer in the army. Well, he wrote to me, as punctually as boys do write, for the next three or four years. I could show you the letters now, only you would laugh over the spelling—Harry never could learn to spell, bright though he was in most things. They lie in my dressing-case"—Jemima Ffrench's dressing-case was a black regulation dispatch-box that, in the old campaigning days, had travelled with her over half the civilized world, and was now a receptacle, not for trinkets, ivory-handled brushes, or filigree bottles, but for packet upon packet of faded letters; "love letters," most of them from her boys—"they lie in my dressing-case, together with the one he wrote me in large text from his first school—with the last paper he ever put his hand to on earth! I read them through on his birthday—yes, now you may know why I shut myself in my room every fifteenth of March, Portia—I read Harry's letters."

Old Miss Jemima broke down; and Portia's dark eyes sank, with a sensation of abasement, to the ground. Here was something beyond her, like Susan's emotion in singing; something, which ludicrous or not ludicrous, awoke her anew to the sense of her own incompleteness.

"They were not well-spelled, as I told you, or well-composed, or witty. None of that generation wrote such a letter as Richard—you write more like him, my dear. But they were letters brimful of such unflagging spirits, such perfect contentment with life, as did one's heart good to read. He liked the army, liked his brother officers—never had any man such capital fellows to live with as had Harry! To whatever station he was ordered it was invariably a 'jollier' station than the last. If he rode a race he won it. If he went to a ball he was sure to dance half the night with the prettiest girl in the room. During long leave his only difficulty was to choose the pleasantest

out of the dozen pleasant country houses that were open to him. Even Richard, never sanguine about the prospects of his children, used to write me hopeful accounts of Harry during those first years. He was the handsomest, the most popular man in his regiment; the best shot, best dancer, best rider; extravagant, rather, yet not more so than might be expected of a young fellow in his position. 'Above all, he was well-principled.' This Richard said in one of his letters when Harry had been some years in the army. 'A lad, unlike the younger ones, to whose future establishment in life it was possible to look forward with a degree of satisfaction.' The remark pointed, I imagined, toward some prospect Harry had of making a wealthy marriage, and I confess I felt in spirits over it. We wanted money more than ever just then. The twins were babies and ailing, both of them, with their teeth."

Portia gave a shudder at the picture!

"And the doctors were beginning to hint that our poor delicate Lucy must either return to England or die. It really did seem to me as well that some one out of Richard's children should try the experiment of competency, and I wrote and told Harry what I thought. The following mail brought a letter from him in reply, a much longer, much graver letter than it was Harry's custom to write. By what odd coincidence I had guessed that he was thinking of marriage he could not divine; such, however, was the case, my only mistake being that I imagined the young lady he loved had money. Money! did I think him capable of marrying for money, for any other reason than affection? And then came such long description of chestnut hair and brown eyes and angel smiles as made me almost think the whole letter must be a hoax. It was so hard to imagine Harry seriously in love, so hard to believe in Harry writing about anything but races and balls, and his own amusement in them, or finding more to say of a woman than the 'capital dancer—beautiful figure,' which had always been his style hitherto in describing his flirtations to me.

"My poor boy was stationed at that time at Chester, and had fallen desperately in love at first sight—I tell you the story as I heard it, long afterward, not as I made it out from his letter at the time—with a Miss Morgan, the daughter of a small country solicitor in the neighborhood."

"And what was Miss Morgan like?" interrupted Portia. "What kind of woman was this, who, if the course of true love had run smoother, would, you think, have influenced all Harry Ffrench's life for good?"

"I never saw Miss Morgan; I never saw any picture of her," answered Miss Jemima. "I do not even remember the name of the man whom, a few months later, she married. I know only that when I saw Harry in after days a hopeless and a ruined man, he could not speak of this girl without his color changing, and that when he died a curl of brown hair—not his wife's, not his child's—was in his breast. I have that curl now, Portia. I keep it, with one or two little notes written to him by Amelia Morgan in the first bright weeks of their engagement. They were put into my hands, long after your father's death, by Lady Portia, as you shall hear.

"I say he fell in love at first sight with the girl, proposed at the end of a week, and was accepted. The engagement went on for some months unknown to all Harry's friends, except me away in Mauritius, then his regiment was ordered to Ireland, and unable, so Harry wrote, to exist without the woman he loved, he took sudden courage, went up to London, and broke the news of his engagement to his father.

"Richard listened to the whole little romance with perfect patience, without

a sign of anger. You know with what marked courtesy your grandfather always does listen to anything for which he feels the most profound contempt. First love—plighted word—a girl that a prince, that any man might be proud to marry! Well, he congratulated Harry heartily on so much good fortune, hoped he would find every blessing he expected in the married state, and—as a matter purely of curiosity—would like to hear how he proposed to support his establishment?

“‘Your intended has only her face for her fortune,’ he remarked; I know the exact words, for when I saw Harry in Brussels he described to me the whole scene, ‘it would be unjust, perhaps, to look for money as well as beauty—then, my dear boy, *how* do you mean to live as a married man? I ask from curiosity, having myself married twice—both times, as you know, with heiresses—yet have never been able to do much more than keep the wolf from the door. How do you propose to live?’”

“Harry, who, poor lad, was a good deal in debt, and had not a farthing but his lieutenant’s pay and what his father chose to allow him, stammered out that he supposed—he hoped—they would get on pretty well, if they were economical, and through his father’s generosity.

“‘But I am not generous,’ said Richard, raising himself up, and looking quietly in his son’s face. ‘I have made you a tolerably good allowance hitherto. If you marry in your own rank of life, and with my consent, I will increase it, and pay off your debts as well. But I am, constitutionally, the very reverse of generous. Your brothers have chosen their own paths in life; I do not interfere with them; but I do not and will not give them one farthing of money. Marry this young lady of whom you speak, and on your marriage day I write to Cox’s and stop your account there. Now, let us change the subject.’”

“Poor Harry entreated, stormed; finally swore with a great oath that he would brave poverty, go to Australia, as his brothers had done, would tend sheep, drive bullocks—would do anything but forfeit his word, abandon his love.

“‘You will do exactly as you like,’ said his father, calmly. ‘The life of a gentleman is really not such a pleasant one that I should urge upon you the disadvantages of becoming a blackguard. Marry your fair Amelia Morgan; go abroad; found a new colony, you and your brothers between you, and call it Ffrench’s Land. Do anything, my dear boy, rather than discuss a subject upon which it is impossible for our mutual prejudices to allow us to agree.’”

“Harry flung away from his father’s presence, as he thought, forever, and on the afternoon of the next day went down to Chester, resolute to stand by his engagement. He called at the lawyer’s house, and was shown, not as usual into Miss Morgan’s sitting-room, but into her father’s office, there to receive his dismissal. Colonel Ffrench had come down to Chester by the early morning train; had explained the precise state of his son’s affairs to Mr. Morgan, and, ‘in consideration of the very handsome way the Colonel had behaved,’ Mr. Morgan was willing not to publish Harry Ffrench’s dishonorable conduct further. In other words, your grandfather had bought Mr. Morgan off!

“‘And Amelia?’ exclaimed poor Harry, ‘does she call such a sacrifice as I was prepared to make for her, dishonor?’”

“‘Amelia thinks as her parents think,’ said the lawyer. ‘Amelia engaged herself to marry a gentleman, and has not the slightest inclination toward colonial life.’”

“And a few cold lines written by Miss Morgan herself reached Harry in the course of the day, at his quarters. When, years later, he was telling me the

whole story, he tried to make me believe, as he believed himself, that the girl's love for him never really changed. She was sensitive and timid of nature, and this letter must have been written under compulsion, under threats of personal violence from her father. For my part," said Miss Jemima, "I don't believe over-much in compulsion in such matters. A woman who loved a man, although she might obey her parents up to the point of refusing to marry him, must find some means, must write some letter to soften his pain. And no such letter came to Harry. He wrote to Miss Morgan. His letter, unopened, addressed in her own hand, was returned to him. She turned her face aside when she met him in the street. It was over.

" 'My calf-love over,' he wrote to me, lightly, and yet with something in his strain that made my heart ache. 'My belief in a cottage, all bliss and roses and earwigs, shattered. Congratulate me! Write to me soon, Aunt Jem, and congratulate me, laugh at me, do anything but pity me, for, indeed, I don't need it. I'm not hurt, not very badly hurt, at least. In six months I shall be cured!'

"After this fashion, Portia, the sentiment in your father's life was 'repressed.' He never fell in love again. Richard had plenty of extravagance of every other kind to complain of in his eldest son; of an extravagance of sentiment, never. Time went on; and, at last, five or six years it must have been after that first ill-fated love affair, I received a letter from your grandfather, telling me that Harry was on the eve of making a capital marriage. The lady was not very young, not actually pretty, wrote Richard, still was a decidedly charming person, the possessor of thirty thousand pounds, and—"

"Thirty thousand pounds!" exclaimed Portia, with animation. "I didn't know that a Dysart ever owned thirty thousand shillings! If my mother had all this money, why am I a pauper?"

"Your mother had just three hundred a year, allowed her very irregularly, for her life," said Miss Jemima. "The lady whom Richard destined to be Harry's wife was the widow of a Liverpool merchant, 'a lady innocent alike of good looks and good grammar,' poor Harry wrote, 'unearthed, the Lord knew how or from whence, by the governor himself; but the undoubted owner, it seemed, of thirty thousand pounds; also, of a slumbering interest—whatever that might mean—in the business of her late husband.' Well, the whole thing was arranged; guests bidden, wedding breakfast ordered; then, at the last, the marriage fell through; Harry declared, through his father's parsimony as to settlements; Richard, through his son's gross negligence of the lady. This was in the summer of '44, just at the time we were under orders for India. At the beginning of next year, seven or eight months later, I got a few lines from Harry, telling me he was a married man. His wife was the daughter of the late Earl of Erroll, '*à la*, thirty-nine,' said Harry. 'When young ladies' names are written in the book, impossible to be delicate as to age. There was no money to speak of, at present,' he added, 'but a prospect of a moiety of a sum of twenty-five thousand pounds, should the dowager Lady Erroll inherit it' (the twenty-five thousand pounds, Portia, which it is now in your grandmother's power to leave, or not to leave, to Teddy Josselin). 'His father,' Harry continued, 'seemed to like the marriage, and it was planned, he believed, that he should have his debts paid, leave the army, and, through the Dysart interest, be appointed to some consulship abroad. Lady Portia preferred the Continent to England; and Lady Portia's husband, so he said, was in that beautiful frame of mind in which every place and every employment would be the same to him.

"I augured well from this letter, I must confess," went on Miss Jemima. "I

knew too little what kind of man Harry Ffrench had grown to discern the hidden bitterness of tone in which he spoke of his own prospects and feelings. I augured well from the letter, I say, and, in my simplicity, wrote off what you, Portia, would call one of my gushing epistles to Harry and his bride. I also sent her an embroidered India muslin dress and an ivory work-box, not very valuable gifts, but the best it lay in my power just then to afford. In return, a good many mails later, I got a few scrawled lines from Lady Portia—if Harry had married Amelia Morgan, what a sign of her plebeian birth we should have considered such a hand! She was extremely obliged by my good wishes and gifts, hoped I would excuse a longer letter, but really she detested letter-writing, and was overwhelmed just now with engagements. Mr. Ffrench was away, in Ireland, she thought—oh, no, somewhere in the Highlands—or he would join her, she felt sure, in kind remembrances, and she remained mine sincerely—Harry's wife, mine sincerely!—Portia Ffrench.

"This letter was dated from Paris, and gave me no clue whatever to their future prospects. Harry, it seemed, could find nothing of interest to write to me about now that he was a married man; from Richard's letters I could never gather more than that 'Harry was living out of England,' or 'Harry continued idle still,' or 'Harry, as usual, wanted money;' and it was not until I came home, in '47, that I learned, definitely, how my boy and his wife were getting on. They were now living in Brussels. Either the Dysart interest had not been exercised, or had failed in procuring a consulship for Harry Ffrench. Richard, I found, would scarcely hear his name spoken before him. The second Mrs. Ffrench had lately died, without children, and, by the conditions of her marriage settlement, your grandfather's means, as I have often told you, were reduced—"

"To Halfont Manor, a brougham, pair of horses, butler, valet, and old Madeira—grandpapa's idea of excessive poverty!"

Miss Jemima shifted her position. She would condemn Richard as flatly as she would condemn Portia, with her own lips, yet could never listen unwounded to a word in his dispraise from others. "All our ideas of riches and poverty are relative, child. The diminution in your grandfather's income, at all events, was such as disabled him from keeping up the allowance he had promised Harry when he married. And, Portia, I have remarked—I say it with no unkind feeling toward poor Richard—have remarked all my life that we, none of us, care to talk much of people toward whom we know we have been ever so little unjust. Harry was incurably a spendthrift, your grandfather said; he had paid his debts until he was tired of paying them, and, at the present moment, Harry was an outlaw. The more money he got the faster he would go to ruin, and the wisest course his relations could pursue was to leave him alone. If his wife and child actually came to want bread (for you were in the world now, Portia), he might perhaps make an effort to save himself, and then would be the time to help him. Meantime, let the absent prodigal's name be unspoken. It was wisdom, nay, it was positive duty to banish a man leading the life that Harry had led since his marriage, from our hearts.

"Well, I could not argue on such a matter," said Miss Jemima. "I could not argue, and I could not deny that Richard's sense of duty, however harsh, was just. Still—still a dozen years of absence had not moved my boy by one inch from his old place in my affection; and so, when the time came for my return, I just took my carpet-bag in my hand one winter evening, and sending my other luggage on through Paris, started off, without writing to warn Harry of my visit, to Brussels. I travelled all night; and it was about eleven o'clock in

the morning when I reached the house in which I had ascertained that my nephew and his wife lodged. An English man-servant, not over-polished in his address, not over neat in his person, answered my ring. He inquired my business; his head upright in the air, his arms straight down by his side. I saw at a glance that the honest fellow, at some time of his life, had been a soldier, and felt friends with him at once.

"I want your master," I said. "I am Mr. Fírench's aunt, now on my road back to India. Can I see him?"

"His Aunt Jemima?" exclaimed the man, his face in an instant losing all its surly expression.

"His Aunt Jemima," said I, and in another minute I was shown into a room, half bedroom, half smoking room—an untidy room, full of the smell of stale smoke, with glasses and decanters on the table, and a pale dissipated-looking man outstretched in an arm-chair beside the fire.

"He stared at me a moment, sprang up and caught me in his arms. It was Harry. He had altered so that, for the first few minutes, I felt shy at calling him by his name. Other faces I have left young, and at the end of a dozen years found grey and care-worn; but I never saw any face so absolutely changed as his. By degrees, as we talked, and especially when anything chanced to make him smile, I might catch a gleam, an expression, bringing back to me, for an instant, the Harry of old; then it would fade, and in its place come back the horrible unlikeness to my boy; the hard, set mouth, the vacant eyes, the hopelessness—there was the essential change—the hopelessness of the face that I had left so sunny with the fairest hopes, the fairest promises of life.

"I asked him about his prospects. Oh, well, he had none in particular—yes, he thought he meant to go to Baden in the summer, unless something turned up meanwhile. About his wife? Thanks; she was as well as usual—poor Portia! They did not see very much of each other. Portia ran about to balls and parties, which he hated, and was never up before noon. I should see her by-and-by. At last, I asked for the child—for you.

"Harry's face grew brighter than I had seen it yet. 'Charles, go for the baby,' he said, calling out to his servant, who all this time had been standing, in an attitude of attention, just outside the door. And then, when we were alone, he explained to me who and what Charles was. 'An old soldier'—that I must have seen at once; 'his soldier-servant, who had kept with him all the time he was in the army, had left it when he left, and remained with him ever since; and is now valet, cook, housemaid, and, as often as not, nurse, too,' said poor Harry. 'Portia can never keep her women-servants. I'm sure I don't know where the fault lies; but she can't keep them—and if it was not for Charles, the baby would, often enough, be badly off. When the nurse-maid of the moment has struck, and Portia is away of an evening, Charles sits by the child and gives her her bottle. I came in at two o'clock one morning, and found him at it, by Jove! And the baby screams to go to him from her mother—by Jove, she does!' This was the sort of way he rambled on. 'He's the last friend I have left—is Charles; and if I apologize to him about his wages, is affronted and puts his hands behind him. What man of one's own class, what gentleman would do as much?'

"Upon this, he laughed; and I thought there was less of the Harry I remembered, in his laugh than in his face.

"The servant came back presently, with you in his arms. A muslin and lace pinafore, tied on evidently by male fingers, gave you a smart outside look;

but your frock was torn and dirty, your socks did not match, your toes were through your shoes. Charles bore you aloft on his shoulder; you drummed with your hands on his close-shorn head, and showed your little white teeth as soon as you caught sight of your father. I went up, holding out my arms, and you came to me.

“‘She won’t do as much for her ladyship!’ cried out poor Harry.”

CHAPTER X.

AT this point of her story, Miss *Jemima* paused.

“Why do you hesitate?” said *Portia*. “We have come, at last, to the part that really interests me, the description of my mother. How did she talk to you when you met; how was she dressed; what was your first impression of *Lady Portia Ffrench*? Let me hear the truth, and the whole truth.”

“She told me, during the first quarter of an hour of our acquaintance, the whole story of her married misery, and how little she and her husband suited each other. She was dressed in a loose morning gown, hair unbrushed, slippers down at heel,” said old *Miss Jemima*, with grim veracity. “And my first impression of her was that she was the last woman on earth my nephew *Harry Ffrench* should have married. I knew nothing of the *Dysart* family, of the *Dysart* history, then. I did not understand that, being a *Dysart*, *Harry*’s wife *must*, by some unhappy law of transmission, be—what she was! My life had been passed with wives who loved their husbands and their children; old-fashioned wives to whom the words home and duty had a meaning. I found in *Lady Portia* a woman, as far as I could discover, without a rational resource, or human affection; a woman to whom forty years of life had taught no wisdom; a doll who, well-painted and seen by candle-light, carried off satin and diamonds with an air—in short a fashionable fine lady, a *Dysart*!

“And why, in God’s name, did you marry him? I asked her, point-blank, after listening, with my heart a-fire, to the list of *Harry*’s failings.

“‘Because he—I mean because *Colonel Ffrench* asked me. Because all mamma’s grand matrimonial schemes had fallen through. Because I was thirty-nine years old,’ *Lady Portia* answered, looking straight in my face with her great blue eyes (outwardly you show not a trace of *Dysart* blood, as I have often told you, *Portia*. Your mother was a fair, faded woman, with a high arched nose, a receding chin and forehead, a mouth that could not close over glistening prominent teeth.) ‘*Colonel Ffrench* liked a certain poor handle I have to my name, and mamma liked that I should be married, any how! And so they made it up between them. *Harry* really was a victim.’

“And, whatever other question I put to her, she answered in the same unhesitating style. There are different varieties of truthful people in the world, I’ve remarked,” said *Jemima*. “To speak absolute unblushing truth at all times, is not quite such a test of human character as the copy-books tell us. *Harry*’s wife, it seemed to me, was the truthful, partly because Nature had constituted her without the quality of moral shyness, partly because she was too indifferent to everything to care whether she shocked you or not, partly because she had not energy for the trouble of thinking, which falsehood would have involved! ‘The *Dysarts* are an awfully bad race,’ she remarked to me, within an hour after I first saw her. ‘So are the *Ffrenches*’—to my face, *Portia*, this to my face! ‘How could a marriage between members of two such families be

expected to turn out decently? Mamma made Colonel Ffrench believe I should some day come into the half of twenty-five thousand pounds. And that is all in the air, for mamma is not certain to inherit the money herself, and if she does, will leave it, I've no doubt, to my sister Josselin's boy. And Colonel Ffrench made mamma believe Halfont would be at his own disposal at his death, also that his income was derived from capital, not an insurance company. We all know better now, and love each other accordingly. How long shall you stay? We have not a room to offer you. We have plenty of smart paint and gilding, as you perceive, but no bedrooms. Charles—you have seen Harry's detestable man, Charles?—folds himself up at night and sleeps in a cupboard. That was a sweet dress you sent me from India,' she ran on; 'I suppose you haven't got any more of the kind with you?'

"I had brought her, not a dress, but a scarf, a Cashmere scarf, embroidered in green and silver, that had been given me by a native woman I was able to help once in India, and was much too magnificent for me to wear. I had packed this up in my travelling bag, for it was as fine and soft as a cobweb, and I drew it forth and gave it to Harry's wife.

"'Pale green and silver!' she exclaimed. 'The blonde colors! The very colors that suited her!' They did not. In truth, Portia, your mother was a woman who took no exercise, and her skin, by daylight, was not the kind of skin that green becomes. Harry coming in for a minute, burst out laughing at the sight of her before the glass, slippered, in a dressing-gown, with hair unbrushed, and wreathed round in my gorgeous Indian present! However, I was pleased to see her pleased, and during the remainder of the afternoon, until it was time for Lady Portia to dress for the dissipation of the evening, we managed to talk to each other.

"I think, Portia, those were the longest hours of my whole life. For Harry's sake I wanted, if not to like, to understand the woman who was his wife, the mother of his child. I tried her on every subject under the sun. Did she work? No—a little. Embroidery got so dirty, and one could buy it from the convents nearly as cheap. Read! Yes, of course. But there was no remembering the different people's names a minute afterward; French books, of the two, were better, she thought, than English ones. The baby, I suggested, must be a resource to her? Well, unfortunately she did not understand babies, and Miss Portia seemed to know it, and preferred Charles's society to hers. Could she be expected to enter into rivalry with Charles? Brussels was a tolerable place; just tolerable; cheaper than Paris, and a place where doubtful people or beggars might get some sort of society. She and Harry were in—let her consider—well, she in the second, and Harry in the third or lowest Brussels set. Impossible to say how long it would all last. If Colonel Ffrench continued in his present loftily-virtuous frame of mind; and if, as was extremely probable, her mother should die, leaving her nothing, they might come, as likely as not, to actual want. All this with the same open eyes, the same blank truthfulness; Lady Portia lying on the sofa, yawning after every dozen words she spoke, and I in what you call my most bolt-upright frame of mind, child, and starving—starving! for no one had offered me bit or sup since my arrival by her side.

"At five o'clock Charles brought in tea. 'Why in the world are you so late?' said Lady Portia, sharply, 'I've rung twice. Don't you know I have to dress and go out to dinner?'

"'I have taken Miss Baby for her walk, your ladyship,' said the man, laconically, but with perfect respect of tone. 'And I have give the baby her

tea, your ladyship. Miss Baby, she couldn't wait.' Then he set down the tray beside his mistress's sofa, wheeled round short, and marched bolt-upright as if he had been on parade, from the room.

" 'A fearful creature,' said Lady Portia, yawning anew. 'If I could bring myself up to the exertion of hating anyone, it would be that man. Still, he serves us for nothing. Skim-milk, instead of cream, again! Would you believe it, the monster gives me skim-milk that the child may get cream! Such are the indignities poverty brings one to! My dear soul, that man has been with us ever since our marriage, and has had just seven pounds ten shillings of wages during the time, so I feel I am in his power. Oh, if some good kind creature—yourself, say—had a spare fifty pound note to lend me. What a deal of small honesty I should be able to do, what independence I could buy, on only fifty pounds!'

"I gave her, not fifty pounds, but the promise of a very much smaller sum, and Lady Portia kissed me, remarking, with tears in her eyes, that I was the only one of Harry's relations she could endure. Then she went off to get ready for her dinner-party. I saw her for a minute, an hour later, in her satin dress and diamonds—diamonds, she frankly confessed that had been paste ages ago. 'Don't forget your promise,' she whispered. 'If I'm pretty well I'll see you in the morning. If not, good-by, as you must go so soon. Don't forget your promise, and by the way, mind you address the letter *poste restante*—Lady Portia Firench, *Poste Restante*, Brussels. Harry hates my having any thing to do with money.'

"After this she went away; and Charles, when he had conducted his mistress to her carriage, came softly into the room and asked me if I would please to see the baby asleep? Her ladyship was without a maid at present, he explained, as I followed him out, so he must make free to apologize for the untidy state of the nursery.

"The nursery was next to poor Harry's own room, a dark, airless closet, neither tidy nor over-clean, and there, in your cot, the cot that ought to have been at your mother's bed-side, you lay asleep. You were a wonderfully handsome child, I must confess, Portia, however you may have altered since; dark and dimpled, with cheeks like wild roses, and the loveliest pair of naughty lips in the world. 'Miss Baby's a picture,' said Charles, creeping up on tiptoe, and bending his stiff figure over your cot. 'She's the Captain's image and the pride of his heart. When he wakes in the morning, madam, the first thing he calls for is the child—even before his soda-and-brandy, poor gentleman. "Bring me the baby, Charles," he says, or, "Where's the child?" or, "How is it I don't hear the child's voice?" She's the Captain's one delight,' the faithful creature added, with a tremble in his voice. 'But for Miss Baby, I don't see what there would be to keep the Captain to life.'

"Saying this, he set down the light and left me, and throughout the long hours of that winter night I waited and watched alone, Portia, by you. I counted the hours by the different city clocks till past midnight; then—it must have been getting on for two o'clock, I should say—there came a loud ring at the house bell. Charles, one of whose many duties was evidently to sit up and have refreshment ready for Lady Portia, entered from Harry's room in a few minutes' time, with a cup of hot soup and some bread, for which, as you may imagine, I felt grateful. An hour or so later poor Harry himself made his appearance."

"Don't tell me in what condition," interrupted Portia; "I don't want my

ideal of my father spoiled. I would rather hear no further of him, poor fellow ! ”

“ Your father came in not a bit less cool, less sober than I had seen him in the forenoon,” said Miss *Jemima*. “ He walked up wearily to the table in the centre of the room, mixed himself a glass of brandy and water, drank it off at a draught, then pushed open the half-closed nursery door, and looked across at your cot.

“ ‘ Aunt *Jem* ! Good Heaven, I had forgotten you were here ! ’ he exclaimed coming up and kissing me. ‘ But my memory—my memory’s all gone. To think you should have been left here alone, and on this cold night, too ! ’ And upon this he took me back into his room, with his own hands lit the fire (*Charles*, by this time, I suppose, had folded himself into his cupboard) and, after making me comfortable in the easiest chair his room possessed, came and sat down close, just as he used to do when he was a little lad talking with me over the day’s troubles, by my side.

“ ‘ I really did not mean to leave you,’ he said, ‘ but you know you were with *Portia*. When people are with *Portia* I never seem to have a word to say to them, and so I went out, and some of the fellows at the club persuaded me to stay, the worse luck to themselves ! ’

“ And then he went on to tell me he had been winning twenty or thirty pounds. ‘ A paltry sum,’ he added, turning out a small heap of gold upon the table—a paltry sum considering what his losses had been of late, but enough to give the baby a cloak, and *Portia* a couple of new dresses. She wanted them badly enough, poor *Portia* !

“ ‘ And *Charles*’s wages ? ’ I exclaimed, on the impulse of the moment.

“ *Harry* looked at me sharply. ‘ *Portia* has been asking you for money,’ he cried. ‘ Don’t deny it. She asks every one who comes near us for money—to pay *Charles*’s wages ! If you send her a single shilling I’ll make her send it back—mind you that. Poor old Aunt *Jem* ! ’ He caught my hand and held it between his own thin feverish ones. ‘ I didn’t think we had quite sunk to fleecing you ! ’

“ We sat there together till day-light,” went on Miss *Jemima*, after a minute or two, “ but even to you, *Portia*, not even to his child, could I repeat half that my poor boy told me. *Harry* was generous of spirit, still. This wreck of his old fine nature still remained to him. He would allow no one to be blamed but himself for his misfortunes ; not his father, not his wife. If he had married the woman he loved—as I told you, he could not speak of her even now, without a change of color—if he had married *Amelia Morgan* he believed his life would have turned out differently—still, who should say ? everything was a chance ! He had never been oversteady, and for certain his father only acted as any other man of the world would have done, in hindering such a marriage.

“ ‘ If I had had the real stuff of a man in me,’ he said, ‘ I supposed I should have stuck to her, have made her marry me, and gone away like *Dick* and the others to Australia. For my part, I’m a fatalist. I turned fatalist when I heard, a few months after she had done with me, that she was married. Nothing a fellow can do really alters his life by an inch.’ While he talked he helped himself freely from the brandy bottle at his side. ‘ I married Lady *Portia* because it was “written,” and we have been going the pace downhill ever since, and nothing seems to hinder us. My father is right, I dare say, in stopping my allowance. Money does not help me. I’m sorry for *Portia*, poor girl ! She don’t

love me, never did, but I'm sorry for her all the same. She will be better off when I'm gone, and so will the child—so will the child !'

"He stopped when he had said this and buried his face down between his hands. I can see him, I can see the whole room as clear as if it had been yesterday when we sat there, my boy and I together, in that chill daybreak ! At last, after a long silence, he lifted his face. Oh, the worn, worn face that it was ! In the cold morning light I could mark, as I had not marked the day before, how the delicate lines had grown coarse, how the dark hair was streaked with white, the forehead furrowed with lines of premature care. I saw what a wreck Harry Ffrench had become, and—and loved him better so !

"'Aunt Jem,' he said, 'I never kept any secret from you when I was a small boy. I won't let you go away without telling you of a certain burthen I have on my mind now. It haunts me day and night. I tear myself from it by going into the company of other men, and it follows me. I come back to this solitary room of mine—'tis with me still. Shall I tell you what this burthen is ? Well, then, I am a coward. I haven't got the courage to live my life out ! Now you understand.'

"Portia, I burst into tears ; I threw my arms round his neck ; I could do nothing else.

"'You love me too well to argue, to preach me a sermon,' said Harry, very gently. 'And I don't suppose any argument but coming into twenty thousand pounds would have much effect upon me. 'Tis fatal. Poverty to a man with a hope in life may be endurable. I have no hope. There's something altogether wrong with me.' He put his hand to his head again. 'I drink brandy enough to kill a better man over and over again, and I keep sober. I play, and, whether I lose or win, I am not excited. I've tried every pleasure under the sun and—and after the turning-point you know of, found them all pleasureless. The play's over !'

"And the baby ? I cried. The child whose whole future life depends on you ?

"'The baby's life, like mine, is written,' said poor Harry, but a softer look came over his face as he said this. 'Miss Baby prefers Charles to me as it is, will be much better without a father like me than with me. You'll care for her, Aunt Jem ? Promise me, when I die—well, then, if I die, that you'll care for the young one ; let my father see her ? Bring her up, if you can get hold of her, not quite upon the Dysart model.'

"I promised him, Portia. We went together in the room where you lay asleep, and as we bent, side by side, over your pillow, I promised Harry that if ever you were left alone in the world I would try to restore you to the place that he had forfeited in his father's heart."

"And having promised this, you left me with my mother !" cried Portia, "left me for the first six years of my life, knowing what blood ran in my ill-fated veins, to become a Dysart !"

"Until you were six years old I never dared mention your name in Richard's presence," answered Miss Jemima. "We were quartered at a remote station in India at the time of—the bitterest sorrow of my life. Richard never wrote to me or Lucy—we first learned through the newspapers what had befallen us—and it was only through indirect sources that I afterward heard of the fearful horror his son's death had wrought in him. He shut himself up alone, here at Halfont. For weeks together a servant never was allowed to leave his side. What rest he got was in the daytime. At night he had the candles lighted, and

sat up, or rather, as Jekyll has since told me, would pace his room for hours and hours together, shuddering and turning white if only a board creaked or a dead leaf beat against the pane. When, at length, he went abroad into the world again, he had so oldened that men scarcely knew him. I wrote, as soon as I had heart to think of the future, and proposed that our family should seek to get possession of Harry's child. It had been his own wish, I said; Lady Portia was in poor circumstances, did not care for children, and it had been Harry's wish, in the event of his own early death, that his father should take an interest in his child.

"I forbid you to mention Lady Portia Ffrench to me again," was Richard's answer—how his fine firm hand writing had broken in these few months! "But for his marriage my son would not have gone to ruin. His death, our shame, lie at Lady Portia's door, I will know nothing of her, or of her child!"

"The rest of my story, Portia, can be soon told. When Elliott left the service I returned to England for good, and, as you know, came to Halfont to be Richard's companion. For a great many months I never once mentioned his dead son's name before him. At last, 'twas one April twilight, I remember, as we sat together, we two silent old people over our silent stately dessert, something brought me to speak of my three poor lads, men getting on toward middle age now, away in the colonies.

"Harry is gone," said Richard, shortly. "Don't talk of the others. Harry is gone. I loved him better than them all—I was unjust to him, and he is gone. I can make up for nothing now."

"I tried upon this to soften him toward his living children. I spoke of Lucy, of his sons, none of them so well off, alas! as to be beyond the necessity of his help. He scarcely seemed to hear what I was talking of. Harry—Harry was the one he had loved and he was dead, had died in want, in dishonor, by his own hand—your grandfather's face got white as stone—and there was no making up for the past!

"At last I mentioned you.

"I thought I explained my feelings on that subject before," said Richard. "Why recur to it? What have I to do with Lady Portia Dysart's child?"

"You have every thing to do with Harry Ffrench's child! I cried. You talk of making up for the past—make up for it by showing love to her!

"And then I spoke to him, as I had never had courage to speak before, of the details of my visit to Brussels. I told him of Harry's affection for you, and how he had used to have you to sleep at his side when you were a baby, neglected by your mother; of his wish, too, that we, Richard and I, not Lady Portia, should bring you up in the event of his own early death.

"Richard's face grew whiter and whiter. 'The child can come to Halfont if you choose,' he said, at last. 'Don't distress me with these painful recollections. If the mother will part from her, the child may come, on the express understanding that the two never meet again. But don't say another word to me about it till the day you bring her home.'"

"Upon this grudging permission," said old Miss Jemima, "I acted, and acted promptly. Richard should have no time, I determined, to retract his word. I had already ascertained that Lady Portia still lived in Brussels, and two days after I had had my conversation with your grandfather I arrived there. One of the under waiters at the hotel where I stopped happened to be an Englishman, and, determining to set about my errand the same night, I asked him, as he stood behind my chair at my solitary dinner, if he could get me a directory? I had

come to Brussels in search of an English lady I had known some years ago, but of whose present address I was ignorant.

"The man moved out, with a quick side step, under the gas-light. 'Is the lady's name Ffrench, madam?' he asked, raising his hand respectfully to his head; and in an instant I recognized him—the upright, soldier figure, the close-shorn soldier face—it was Charles. He had been thrown adrift in the world (penniless, I suspect,) at the time of his master's death, and had thankfully accepted the first chance of getting a living that offered itself. Lady Portia Ffrench was in Brussels still—in such a street and number, I have forgotten them long ago—and Miss Baby was well. He hoped I would not be offended; but sometimes, when her ladyship was not at home, he contrived to see Miss Baby still.

"And I try to talk to her of the Captain, madam," said Charles, under his voice. 'Poor Miss Baby doesn't get much of what I should call mother-love from her ladyship; and when I take her a bag of sweets, and talk to her of the Captain, the child'll put her arms round my neck, and say, "take me away, take me away, Lurly, and let me be your little girl, not mamma's." That she will, and she growing a tall young lady already.'

"Lurly!" exclaimed Portia, "is the Charles of your story, Lurly? Why I remember him better than I do my mother—a stiff, tall man, dressed in rusty black, and always smelling of dinner. He used to bring Sophie stuff in a bottle, that she might not tell Lady Portia of his visits, and he gave me sweets, and once, on the sly, he took us both to the play. We sat in the pit, I on Lurly's knee, and ate peppermint lozenges. How I loved him! I don't suppose I could love anybody now as I loved Lurly. But, alas! that attachment was clandestine."

"Portia," cried Miss Jemima, half with temper, "I wonder if you were upon the brink of judgment whether it would be possible to you to be in earnest? Here am I, talking of things that make my heart bleed as I utter them, and you can jest. You are never honestly sorry, you are never honestly glad. You are nothing—"

"But the daughter of Harry Ffrench, who had not the courage to live his life out, and of his wife, a Dysart," said the girl. "Oh, Aunt Jem, if this story of yours teaches us anything, it should be charitable appreciation of my character. Don't you see that I am necessarily nothing?—not a monster of virtues, not a monster of vices, like the people in stories; but a poor, incongruous lump, chance-kneaded, of contradictions? No, you don't see it. Go on with your story, dear Aunt Jem, and I'll try not to interrupt you again. You came to my mother's lodging—that I remember. You came into my room and found me, little vixen that I was, ready to tear you to pieces, because I thought you belonged to her, and took me in your arms. I felt your tears on my face, I know, as you sat and clasped me. What did she say? In what frame of mind was Lady Portia now?"

"Lady Portia," answered Miss Jemima, "was in the only frame of mind in which I ever saw her—supreme indifference to everything on God's earth, save the momentary excitement which helped her to escape from herself. My meal over, I drove straight to her house; it was now between ten and eleven o'clock, and was told by the porter that my lady lived on the second floor, and that today, Friday, was my lady's evening of reception. I was dressed just as I left Halfont—the same fashion of bonnet I wear now, Miss Portia, a black stuff gown of sensible length, my travelling-bag in my hand—and so I was ushered into the midst of Lady Portia's guests. The room where they were assem-

bled was small, but finely hung in silk and velvet, and full 'as it could hold of ornaments and filigree mirrors and bright color. It smelt like a distiller's shop—would have been wholesomer, I thought, that warm spring night, for open windows. A couple of whist tables were going on. Near the fireplace, three or four fashionably-dressed women, none of them in their first youth, stood talking to some officers in uniform; on a sofa, a little apart from the rest, sat Lady Portia. She was playing at cards with a good-looking man, some years younger than herself, an English clergyman, I could see by his dress, and, as I afterward found, a constant visitor at her house. The man who eventually became her second husband—

"And who made the remainder of her life additionally miserable to her," remarked Portia, *en parenthèse*. "It is good to hear grandmamma talk of Mr. Molyneux. 'The kind of ungowned parson who does prowl about the Continent,' says grandmamma—'The kind of parson who would marry a Lady Portia Ffrench.'"

"Well, for a second or two, the glare of brilliant light, the sight of all these people confused me. Then—then, Portia, I thought of that darkened, shame-covered past, which she had been able to forget, and walked straight across the room to Harry's widow. Whatever surprise, whatever annoyance she may have felt, Lady Portia's reception of me was perfectly courteous. She acted nothing, affected nothing; was not, as a worse-bred woman would have been, ashamed of me or of my homely dress. I had dined—yes? Fortunate I arrived on a Friday, the only evening of the week she was at home. Mr. Molyneux—Miss Jemima Ffrench. If I did not mind, they would just finish this party at piquet. I understood piquet, of course? Then she took up her cards and went on with her game.

"I sat myself down at a little distance," proceeded Miss Jemima, "and watched her as she played, her fine company, no doubt, watching me. Lady Portia's face had not grown younger during the past five years. Her cheeks had fallen, her faded blue eyes told a wearier story than ever of the dissatisfied, listless soul within; her arms and neck, profusely bare, glittering with the paste diamonds, I remembered were the arms and neck of an old woman. Still, as I looked at her, I knew—knew, how shall I say? by instinct?—that she had gone through no passionate suffering, no ordeal of pain since I saw her last . . . her eyes had never wept, her lips quivered with anguish over Harry's death, over Harry's last, irreparable wrong-doing. I knew this, I say, and felt toward her—God pardon me!—as if she, poor, irresponsible, weak creature that she was, had been the cause of both.

"When the game was over—Mr. Molyneux won, and something in his whispered remarks, in his manner, as he took up his stakes, made me suspect how matters stood between them—when the game was over, your mother turned round to me. 'Portia is grown out of knowledge,' she cried, 'and I am delighted to say, will be a beauty. I wish I had been one. I should not have gone through such a life as mine. I should not have come to this,' glancing round at the guests, 'if I had had a nose and mouth like Portia's.'

"Mr. Molyneux bent forward, and murmured something in her ear. 'Nonsense, nonsense,' said your mother, blankly, truthful as ever, and she turned from him with a look of real sadness on her face. 'I never was beautiful, and my life has been a failure in consequence. Portia is a Ffrench,' this remark was addressed to me; 'outwardly, at least. Her features, and complexion, and turn of head are all like poor Harry's. She will be able to wear the dark colors.

I'm glad Portia will be able to wear the *dark* colors when she comes out. Nothing so foolish as to see a mother and daughter dressed alike.'

"I got up from my chair. 'Where is the child?' I said. 'When your friends are gone I shall be glad of half an hour's talk with you. Till then, if you please, I will stay with the child.'

"And then Lady Portia also rose, and herself showed me the way to your sleeping-room—the room you shared with Sophie, the lady's maid. 'You, dear old soul, to come and find me out,' she said, on the way, perfectly unchilled by my manner, which I know was freezing. 'I've never been able to thank you for the money. I got it quite safe. Dear me, what terrible things have happened since—mind the steps! down two and turn. You must find me aged. I'm sure I feel a hundred or I should never bring myself to do what I am going to do. I'll tell you all about it when these shocking people are gone. There's Portia,' and she pushed open the door. 'Little cat! awake, as usual. Por, here's an old friend of mine come to see you.' After which introduction, she nestled away in her flowing silk back to her company, and I walked across the room—child, with what a beating heart, to you!

"You were sitting up in your bed, your black eyes full of curiosity, your whole small figure bristling with defiance. 'Go away,' you cried. 'Don't kiss me, or I'll box you; go away; I want none of her friends here.'

"I am your friend, I cried, and I advanced into the light of the solitary candle, so that you should better see what sort of creature I was. I'm old Aunt Jemima—papa's Aunt Jemima; and I want you to live with me. Charles told me where to find you.

"Portia, whatever trouble you have caused me since, in that moment you paid me, beforehand, for it all. You jumped out of bed—I see you now, with your bare pink feet, in your little white night-dress—ran to me, flung your arms tight round my knees. 'Am I to go away with you?' you cried. 'Am I to live with Lully? Is my own papa coming back at last?'

"You say that you remember what came next. How I sat holding you in my arms, and how you felt my tears fall upon your face. Well, I stayed there with you long, listening to your baby chatter (baby chatter, intermixed occasionally with such sharp criticisms on your elders as almost took my breath away). At last, tired out, you fell asleep, and I laid you on your pillow. Soon afterward, I heard the footsteps of the departing guests. Mr. Molyneux, I fancied, remaining later than the rest by some minutes, and, by-and-by, your mother came in. She had taken off her glittering necklet and earrings; her evening dress was exchanged for a dressing-gown; she looked fifty years old. 'I know what you think of me,' she cried, as I sat still and watched her. 'I see it on your face. Haven't I aged horribly?'

"I am not thinking of your age at all, I answered her. I am thinking of Harry's child. Her grandfather wishes to see her. Will you let me take her back with me to England.

"'What, will Colonel Ffrench be reconciled?' cried the poor creature, with a trembling lip. 'Oh, my dear soul, say that is your errand! Mamma gets stingier to me every year. I have scarce enough to keep up even the appearance that you see. Of course I'll let the child visit you. I've been extravagant, I've been everything I oughtn't, but I'll turn over a new leaf. I will, tomorrow, if Colonel Ffrench will only be reconciled, only make me a suitable allowance!'

"And then, Portia, I had to explain to her on what bitter terms she must

give you up, if she consented to the separation at all. And my heart bled for her while I did so ! I don't know how it is, but, whatever people are, if I only get close enough to them, only hear their own account of themselves, I always begin to feel I must take their part ; at a distance one may call them wicked ; near, one can only see them weak. Lady Portia had not been a good wife to Harry ; she was not even a devoted mother, or she would not have consented to part from you at all, still I pitied her ! Poor, haggard, world-weary woman that she was, I pitied her !

" ' Everything has gone against me,' she cried, sobbing, when I had made her feel how final the severance must be from you if I once carried you back with me to Halfont. ' When I was a girl, five-and-twenty years ago, I—I loved some one, I did indeed. If they had let me marry him, perhaps I should have been a good woman. Instead of that, what was my life ? Put up by mamma season after season for sale—yes, sale ; one year such a bargain falling through, the next another. At last when all better chances were over, accepted, for my name's sake, by Colonel Ffrench's spendthrift son. What has my life been since ?'

" Don't tell me, I interrupted. I can imagine what your life has been. But don't tell me.

" ' Oh, I am not going to say anything bad of poor Harry,' said Lady Portia. ' He never loved me, but as men go, he was not a bad husband. Harry was a man with a *grande passion*. I never believed it till his death, poor fellow, and then—my dear creature, would you believe it ? they found a curl of hair, some school-girl love notes signed " Amelia " in his breast ! You shall have them. I've had all these sorts of things put by for you, with a paper he wrote on the morning of his death—my poor Harry ! You were always the best relation we had'—she really said this, Portia—' on either side. If my mother had had a tenth part of the feeling for me that you had for Harry, should I be what I am now ? Cast off by my husband's family and my own, sinking to the society of such people as you saw with me to-night, and, for the future, not even allowed to be a mother. I haven't loved the baby as some mothers do, perhaps,' she went on, ' I never was fond of children, it isn't my nature. But I'd have liked to be with her when she's grown up and admired. She'll be so handsome, and I shall never see her. Look at her now, look at her little cheek and neck.' . . . And then she threw herself down, and rested her cheek softly against yours, and cried over you.

" ' I consent to let you have her,' she said, lifting up her face at last, for I sat silent, letting nature determine for her what she should do. ' And I don't think I can wonder at Colonel Ffrench's determining to part her from me absolutely. I should never have been a fit companion for her. I haven't an ounce of good left me. And besides,' the color flamed over her worn face, ' I'm going to marry Parson Molyneux, and he doesn't like the child. Take her away the first thing in the morning. I'm saying good-by to her now. It would kill me to see her happiness at going.'

" She uncovered you upon this, and kissed your little bare feet—God knows with what thoughts passing through her heart ! Then, very gently, covered you again, and motioned to me to leave the room. That was the last time your mother ever saw you."

" And so, I suppose, ends the story," said Portia, as Miss Jemima paused. " I remember all that came next. My joy when I woke and saw Sophie packing up my things, and our breakfast at the hotel, hot little rolls and poor old

Lurly to wait on us, and the journey, and grandpapa's face when we arrived, and how he turned shortly away, and kept to his room for a week afterward. I remember all this, and also how I had to wear crape and try to look solemn, years later, because you told me Lady Portia Molyneux was dead. Aunt Jem," and Portia's face saddened into a look which, could those black eyes but have spoken, would for the moment have been positively tender, "I feel more reconciled than I ever did before to marrying poor Teddy. He is not clever, and he has no nobler qualities than I have myself. Still, money or no money, we like each other, and therefore our best chance, when you consider what stock we come of, is to marry. Don't you think so?"

"I have always told you that your best chance would be to marry a man you loved," said Miss Jemima. "If love, not money, had been thought of when each was young, the two lives I have been telling you of had not been shipwrecked."

"Let us say so!" was Portia's answer. "Let us cheat ourselves into the belief that theirs, like all other lives, were not predestined for them. Oh, Aunt Jem," after a minute, "if I *am* fated to marry Teddy, without money, how intensely you ought to pity him, and both of us! With five thousand a year, my father and mother would probably have lived together contentedly till their lives' end, while poverty . . . but all these things are written," she broke off lightly. "Our best wisdom is to enjoy the hour that we live, and not look forward too keenly to the future. To the day, the evil thereof."

She kissed Miss Jemima as she spoke, and ran away up-stairs with a flush of genuine animation upon her face. Whatever presented life in vivid dramatic contrast before Portia Ffrench, had power, for the instant, to evoke sympathy from her emotion-craving nature. And precisely to this extent Miss Jemima's story had affected her. Poor broken-down, outlawed Harry Ffrench, drugging honor, manhood, conscience, with brandy; deliberately resolving not to live life out, yet having his baby's nursery beside his own room; with womanish gentleness tending the child whose whole existence he did not scruple to darken by the act of his own hand; Lady Portia in her forlorn, haggard middle age, crying over the little daughter who was to have worn the dark colors, yet parting with that daughter that she might herself marry Parson Molyneux; the Brussels lodging; my lady's receptions; my lady's paste diamonds—Portia could see it all!

"We go to the bad artistically, if we do nothing else," she thought, looking long at her own handsome face in the glass, when she had reached her room. "Dysart and Ffrench alike, we know how to tread the downhill road with an air, and that is something. Oh Teddy—my poor little Teddy—in ten years' time what story, I wonder, of graceful shame, of picturesque ruin, will have to be recorded of *us*!"

WOMEN AS VOTERS.

[We publish the following article, by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, as being an expression of the views of the most cultured woman who has yet taken ground publicly in America in favor of suffrage for women. Mrs. Howe's article is in the form of an answer to an inquirer.—*Editor of The Galaxy.*]

I HAVE received your valued letter on the question of Woman Suffrage. Considering it as a representative letter, expressive of the opinions of many intelligent men and women, I venture to make my answer a public one. I will put into it my entire conviction and experience of thought, so to speak, in order that the issues opened by you may be met, so far as I am concerned, once and for all.

Your letter does not base its objection to the proposed extension of suffrage upon the ground of any inferiority existing in the female sex, as such. In this it does well; for, even supposing such inferiority to exist, it will be difficult to suppose it greater than the inferiority of a large proportion of male voters, judged even by an average standard of human worth and intelligence. Inferiority to such a standard does not disqualify a male voter, unless it reach the point of imbecility in intellect, or of felony in morals. The disability of woman for the franchise can, therefore, never be based upon this supposition. Neither do you array against me the formidable consideration of the inability of women to perform military service, and consequent forfeiture of the right of co-operation in the functions of government. This point has been used as an argument against woman suffrage by some of the soundest thinkers upon this and kindred subjects. The great names of Kant and Spinoza here appear on the side opposed to the present movement. But even their august authority does not alarm me. For here, in the first place, it becomes us to ascertain whether this disability for military service is natural, or enforced by the needs and conventions of society. If natural, it is scarcely generous for the stronger party, in the inevitable contests of human will and interest, to take from the weaker party the inoffensive weapon of a vote. If enforced by the needs and for the good of society, the sin of such deprivation becomes one of ingratitude. Man, in this case, would say to woman, "You shall bear the twofold burden which nature lays upon you. You shall give birth to children and cope with the minute and endless vexations of the household, and, in recompense for this, we will deprive you of half the dignity and energy of your human condition." Woman, in this position, is treated worse than the slave, for he was allowed a numerical representation, which, if but a mockery, was still a formal recognition of him as an existing unit and possible voluntary power. But in laws as hitherto existing, woman has not even this poor show of a political representation. Her will is put out of question altogether.

I am aware that I have dropped in this last statement an *if*, which it would be difficult at this moment to settle, viz., that of the natural incapacity of women for military service. I will say here that we shall all agree as to the desirableness of woman's adherence in the main to what is usually considered her appropriate sphere. In this she is indispensable, and no personal illustration or exceptional merit can be considered as offering any substantial offset against the disadvantage which society would suffer in the loss of the legitimate types of womanhood—the woman friend, sister, wife, mother. But, as I have said, society must not reward service with disability, or instruct the babe whom the

mother has borne and reared to consider her as less invested with human dignity than himself.

Having said thus much, we may at least touch upon the question just suggested, *i. e.*, whether the disability of woman for military service is a condition of nature or of society. This disability does not appear to me to lie inevitably and universally in nature. There are few wars in which women, disguised as men, do not figure. Several of these stray Amazons were found dead upon the field of Waterloo. Lamartine mentions a young girl of reputable life and parentage who won distinction in the battles of the French Republic. The record of our own war is not without such instances. In making mention of these, we must not forget the most illustrious generalissimo of our sex, Joan of Arc, the Grant of her country and her day. We may also quote a well-remembered passage in Shakespeare—

Well, sir, will my daughter prove a musician?

I think she'll rather prove a *soldier*.

These military women, according to the military theory of society, would be entitled to vote; yet no one probably supposes them better qualified for the franchise than are those women who adhere to peaceful occupations. We quote them as instances proving that it is not by nature absolutely impossible to all women to perform military service. We must remember, on the other hand, that although all men are, in this view, assumed to be fighters, a small proportion only of them ever attain any military experience, while a large number, enjoying all political functions and privileges, are held, nevertheless, incapable of military duty.

The entertainment of this question, not, I confess, induced by your letter, brings me to one of the objections seriously urged by you, to wit, that the right of suffrage is not resident in the individual as such, but is conferred or withheld according to the conventions of society.

I suppose that we shall agree at the outset in considering natural right an abstraction antedating the conditions of society, but not realizable without the instrumentality of these conditions. Savage property is what one man can take from another—savage right is what one man can make good against another. All institutions which recognize and uphold the claim of the stronger as such, recall that early predominance of animal force from which they are only a little idealized. The progress of society, however, leads it even further from this simple and savage basis. Property to-day is what one man holds for the benefit of many. Right is that which all may approve. Natural right antedates morals, but the objects of society, ideal and practical, are all found to lie in the direction of morals. The mediæval theory of government was that of the divine right of the chief—the best man, best because strongest. The whole network of despotism centres round this idea. Whatever it gives, grants or concedes is “*de haut en bas*.” The modern theory of government is that it derives its authority from the consent of the governed. This consent may be assumed, may be reasoned upon as implicit. Silence gives consent, and as long as silence is sufficient, and the governing party delicately feels the claims and pursues the interests of those who tacitly consent to its preponderance, speech might seem to be superfluous. The nations, however, most bent upon good government, and best able to enforce it, have found the prerogative of speech indispensable. Of this the press is one form, the vote another. Among all European countries, England alone has entire freedom in one of these languages.

America claims and postulates entire freedom in both. The enfranchise-

ment of her black citizens, she has long seen as a link in the logic of principles, upon which must turn the logic of events. The Irish or German savage, after a three years' cleansing, is admitted to the general enrolment of the community. The colored man, cleaner at the start than these, the natural ally of republican principles, trained to an understanding of freedom by a long experience of its opposite, stands next upon the record. Voting is to him a military necessity. It is the only weapon with which he can meet those whom law, custom and prejudice have hitherto trebly armed against him. This admitted right, for whose recognition the white man should thank God equally with the black man, brings, nevertheless, one scarcely anticipated condition. It arrays now the whole male and female sexes in a new and unforeseen opposition. The right of the elective franchise is now the recognition of the inalienable right of all men to the proper administration of their interests, and consequently to the choice of the parties who shall administer those interests. Whatever may be the case elsewhere, in America this right founds upon the right of human intelligence to its own exercise, the right of human labor to its own recompense. Now, this wide banner of humanity cannot choose but to wave over man and woman alike. The generous culture which allows woman in this country so large an extension of thought, and the social necessities which place in her hands so many of the nicer tasks hitherto kept for those of the other sex, alike commission her to claim and make good her right to the most simple, general and explicit method of expressing her will in the arena where wills are counted and respected.

We are agreed, then, that the whole question of voting is remote from the natural right, in its usual acceptation. The natural and inalienable rights formulated in our own Declaration of Independence, are a step forward to the ideal claims of humanity, not a step backward to the partial immunities of barbarism. This formula constitutes in itself an epoch in the history of human rights. It planted the banner higher than the rank and file of the moment could reach, but the high stand once taken, government and education must lift men toward it, since it cannot be lowered to them. Many temporary inconveniences have followed that generous and enthusiastic announcement of universal freedom and equality. Yet the pledge once given could not be revoked. Time is slowly verifying its wisdom—its justice was patent at once. The inherited squalor and ignorance of ages blossom into civilization beneath this munificent pledge of brotherhood. To digest these into good manners and morals is harder work than to make a soldier and citizen of the negro. Both tasks are now well forward, and the last act of justice is to remove the seal of political silence from the lips of one half of the human race, and to say to this half: "The inalienable rights belong as much to you as to ourselves. If the fact of human birth makes man free and equal, how should it make you otherwise?"

You, good sir, are much disturbed in contemplating the promiscuous admission of women to the polls. You would be willing that Madame de Staël and Miss Edgeworth should set the seal of their approbation upon a political candidature. But, how about Bridget and *meine Frau*? For the possible good or harm that they may do we must refer you to the risks and profits of manhood suffrage. You feel the dangers and defects of this, yet you would not go back from it. Woman suffrage shows prospectively the same risks and profits, and we are well-assured that, having once adopted, the civilized world will not go back from it.

If this seem a short way of disposing of your difficulty, let me add that it is

also a logical one. Retrograde action is much disavowed by history. It invariably aggravates the evils which progress has induced. No sounder or better is retrograde reasoning. We cannot go behind the fact of universal suffrage, which, in its legitimate acceptation, includes men and women. No one will deny that the masses are able to vote. If unable to vote well, it is the business of those whom society constitutes its guardians to see that they become qualified for the task as well and as rapidly as circumstances will admit. For the vote, as at present considered, is not a gift but a function, and one whose exercise is considered indispensable to the maintenance of the institutions under which we have made up our minds to abide. If a gift, it is the gift of civilization, which only barbarism can take away.

All that I advance in justification of universal suffrage I consider as fully applicable to the woman as to the man side of the question. And in this point of view I still hold to the logical sequence by which the woman's right, wherever it may ideally occur, should, in political operation, wait upon that of the negro. I hold to this, in the first place, because the admission of the negro to the polls gives us a platform upon which woman can stand, the platform of universal and ideal justice. I hold to it in the second place on account of the necessity and opportunity of the moment. The necessity, because to him the possession of the franchise is a question of life and death; the opportunity, because public opinion is well nigh ready to recognize his claims, while it yet needs an uncertain length of instruction before it will sanction the woman's participation in the rights of suffrage. The door is opened to admit one. He comes with the knife of the assassin behind him. The woman will enter with the more honor, waiting for him. It is not likely that, after she has held the door widest open for him, he will aid others to shut it in her face. The negro is a man, but not enough of a man for that.

Your letter, in common with the opinions of many who discuss this subject, assumes that the privilege of voting will be most eagerly claimed and most strenuously exercised by women of the lowest class and most miserable character. These women, in your view, will be mirrors to multiply the corrupt votes of the corresponding class of men. To avoid the tedium of endless recapitulation, let me group these two questions together, treating both very briefly. The women of character and culture, according to you, will go to the polls only so long as voting continues a novelty. The first rain-storm will frighten them away, while the low and ignorant of the sex, "with dripping umbrellas," will take advantage of their absence, adding a simple reduplication to the already existing chaos.

Now let me ask, what are character and culture good for, if they can be supposed to render their possessor more indolent and fastidious than those who are without them? Delicate women, not more than invalid men, may be deterred from going abroad by stress of weather. But, if the most thoughtful and conscientious women, having once placed the act of voting on the list of their high and constant duties, will be more easily deterred from its fulfilment than will be women of little or no thought and conscience, why then we have mistaken the significance of these terms, and must anoint ourselves anew in language.

Closely akin to this consideration is the other, viz.: that the ignorant and vicious among women will only double the vote of the same class of men. I may here observe that most of those who strenuously oppose woman suffrage are compelled to fall back upon the futility of suffrage altogether. The impossibility of finding a test which shall be at once ideally just and practically possible

allows these retrogradists no pause until they come back to the starting point of no voting, and in its place the running for luck and hopeful expectation that the altogether best minds will rule, in some heaven-appointed way. And here we take up the subject, starting anew with them. Does the extension of male suffrage prove only a numerical enlargement? Does the admission of one class after another to this prerogative bring in no new elements, develop no new energies? Instead of "many men with many minds," is humanity only a stereotyped edition, issuing many copies of one or two minds? History will show the contrary. Arrayed upon a fair and candid basis, every class, every individual added in number to the franchise, may also add to it something of weight and of wisdom. In periods of passion, thought does not get the upper rule. The violence of mobs is usually the violence of one class. Terror or weak compliance paralyze the action of the others. But perfect freedom and equality before the law render the expression of thought and will as safe as it is incumbent. Under these circumstances, we may hope to find in the people, not a crowd of identical individuals, but that sublime individual of which each one of us represents one feature and condition. I may here remark that the trammels of legal training detain from us some friends who, liberal and generous in all else, fear to offend against the sacred formulas of traditional science. Of the arguments likely to be advanced by such as these, I will instance only the following: "The family, not the individual, is the foundation of society. Now the family should constitute a legal and political unit. Should it express two contending forms of will, it would bring itself to naught. Should it give twofold expression to one form, it utters a useless tautology." This reasoning runs into depths that question the whole constitution of the society of to-day. Its fault is a too narrow and literal interpretation of things that are. It points to an earlier stage of thought and reasoning in which the instinct of the active party, in whatever sort, sought to paralyze its opposite by an appeal to force, rather than to reconcile it by an appeal to reason. The growth of modern ideas tends more and more to this process of reconciliation, which is not effected without much elaboration and consideration of compatibilities. Parents reason now-a-days with their children; husbands convince their wives; presidents (all but Mr. Johnson) explain themselves in their messages; sovereigns apologize to their Commons; the preacher justifies himself to his congregation, the representative to his constituents. And out of all this action grows a new society, admitting of a largeness of co-operation and a variety of instruction never dreamed of before in the world's history. When the pyramids of Egypt were built the sovereign commanding the work was one unit, the slaves obeying were another. Despotism can afford but two units, one living and one dead. But, by the modern practice of society, which its theory does not yet overtake, the unit of initial energy does not paralyze, but energizes its opposite.

Civilization, in its progress, carries on the twofold work of energizing the individual units of which society is composed, and of securing their sympathetic and voluntary co-operation in unities that continually enlarge their sphere without deteriorating their integrity. In this progress, no unit must be considered as final. It is this assumed finality which bars development and makes revolution necessary. The complement to the theological doctrine of final causes is found in the political doctrine of final institutions. The assuming of the absolute incompatibility of facts of seeming contradiction is a feature of early and narrow culture which later experience and theory tend ever to remove.

Philosophers now acknowledge that A exists, and that B, its opposite, exists

also. Between the two lies no longer an excluded, but an included, middle, the law believed in, if not understood, which reconciles the seeming contradictions. And here, perhaps, practice gives the law to theory. How many of these assumed incompatibilities in physics, politics and ethics has not experience dissolved and brought to naught?

Such an incompatibility is the supposed inevitable contradiction between the initial energy of the individual units, and the functioning of the combined unities. I am convinced that the scale of family efficiency will rise, not decline, with the ascending efficiency of those who compose the family. The unity of morals here is our safeguard. The progress of enlightenment leads all, more and more, to unite in the desire and pursuit of a good which is good for all. The variety of talent and opinion may be safely employed where the unities of faith are maintained. And it needs not to tell any one that these unities have everything to hope, not to fear, from the increased energies of conscience and of intellect.

A single flute or violin is a unit; an orchestra is equally a unit. As civilization increases, centres strengthen and unities enlarge. In savage life, the individual is a numerical, scarcely a human unit. In the true family, each member is at once a unit and part of a larger unit. It is a part of the old superstition of force to believe that the perfection of the larger unity is to be attained only by the mutilation of the smaller ones. Church and State grow by the co-operation of living unities, not by the bundling together of dead ones.

In following these considerations, I have been led far from the somewhat restricted ground of the letter to which I essayed an answer; nor need we now return to it. A doctrine once accepted, the inconveniences that stand in the way of its application are found gradually to resolve themselves and disappear. Christianity once formulating its divine right, was not held accountable for the expense of converting Jewish synagogues or heathen temples into Christian churches. The propriety and importance of woman suffrage once conceded, the journey to the polls must settle itself as best it may. For its inconveniences woman can scarcely be held responsible.

The difficulty, sometimes raised, of the political instruction of women, seems to me to be met by the large and liberal discussion of political and practical questions to which the press, pulpit, and lecture-room of this country give scope. There are few political meetings in the North upon which women do not attend, few measures upon which ordinary women have not the information of ordinary men. If you aver that such superficial knowledge is insufficient, and that, in order to widen the mental horizon of the sex, some of its representatives should explore the depths of law, theology, and philosophy, I shall not say you nay. Such an augment of the application of their mental energies will be most welcome to me. The eminent teachers and preachers of this country, who have popularized the high facts of ethics for the masses, and have taught them to read the actions and deserts of public men in another language than that of party prejudice or personal interest—these have been doing a great work for man and woman both. The platforms of the present day owe much of their rise to such underpinning. That this eminent race is neither extinct nor likely to become so, press and public alike testify. The few women who are among its numbers are an earnest of what we may hope when feminine culture shall do its duty, recalling its blossom-gatherers, and sending laborers into the harvest.

A sudden thought seized me the other day, of the possibility of a separate representation for woman, which might stand as Spiritual to Temporal, Church to State, Tycoon and Mikado.

Man's President and woman's President might then meet and sit side by side in the councils of the nation. A separate organization would remove the objections usually made to the promiscuous and compulsory frequentation of all public places by men and women alike. Without exclusion of either sex, each might yet organize and labor with a certain distinctness of purpose and of method, their results being, not antagonistic, but complementary to each other. The advantage of this representation would be that it might begin at once. Its agencies would be principally moral, its methods sympathetic. It would but be the giving form, system and centre to the currents of female influence, strong, deep and subtle, which already pervade all human society. Could this dream be realized we should earnestly hope that the illusions of representation would be better realized by chosen women than they prove to be by chosen men. The chief should see a twofold glory in the banner he follows and in the ranks he leads. The crown he wears has only a derived glory until his accomplished record of true service proves his true desert. Representation has, too, like all things else, its actual and its ideal. The true chief is often, perhaps usually, other than the recognized one. Fact and symbol rarely coincide in one person.

That women should most earnestly seek this ideal representation, is a wish which no lover of women will yield, in the face of no matter what political opportunity and advancement. The noble men are all leaders after this sort. The office is to them the duty. I think that women are particularly able to act and aspire in this direction. Something in their nature makes them desire the substance of things, even when most compelled to linger in the show. They have been hitherto limited to the ideal, but to a poor and mutilated one. With larger liberties, larger work, they will still hold fast to those legends of the good and the beautiful which play so important a part in their lives and histories.

The least prosperous women of the present day wait upon machines, and serve closely the imperious wants of natural life. The most prosperous are detained in nurseries, petted children of a larger growth, and amused with toys. They themselves are thus kept for the amusement of a class of men who never outgrow doll play. The church visits these nurseries and acquiesces in their arrangements, ordering a little occasional cleaning up of consciences, and modestly suggesting that she who wears a velvet gown should now and then give a cast-off flannel to her sisters in the street and cellar. And fairy books are written for the delectation of these pretty ones. And pretty men are brought to dance and play with them; with whom, finally pairing, they marry and found similar nurseries, which bud and flower into the same growth from one generation to another. Not of such women were the teacher of Socrates, the wife of Cæsar, the mother of Christ.

But I, if I could go through the land, would enter those nurseries lovingly and kindly, as one not unused to the susceptibilities of their petted inmates. And to these I would say: "Drop your toy labors, toy loves and toy friendships. The age is full-grown now, and there is work for you to do, blessed work with blessed wages." And then, as fishers and tax-gatherers and courtesans rose up when the Word of Christ declared the great hope of humanity, even so would the soft white hands of ease drop the playthings of fashion and reach after the instruments of use and of service. Then would the women arise to seek and choose the woman's candidate as earnestly as ever man set out to elect the man's representative. Representative should she be of charity, patience and modesty, of the illustrations of genius, of the labors of benevolence. And a vision of the stately days of Rome,

Dum Capitulum
Scandit cum tacita virgine pontifex,

will be realized among us in enlarged and exalted beauty. Not the tacit vestal alone, but the eloquent matron will ascend the steps of State, and add the seal of her good-will and good faith to the sureties of the public service and safety.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

TO MY GUARDIAN ANGEL.

AND is there one among God's messengers,
His dear and sinless ones, the bright and free—
One whom no carelessness or sin deters
From loving guardianship and care for me?

O hast thou left thy glorious home in light
To fold thy wings beside my lowly bed,
To keep my feet by day, my rest by night,
With tender guard o'er my unworthy head?

I doubted not in childhood; but, at night,
Waking a moment from some happy dream,
Sat up to search the moonlight, still and white,
Eager to catch thy pinions' silver gleam;

And, clasping childish hands, I spoke to thee
Sweet words of hearty love, in accents clear,
Thinking that, unlike God, thou couldst not see
My thought, but neededst spoken words to hear.

Alas! I've wandered somewhat from the track
Of childhood's holy thoughts and heavenly dreams;
But thou to-night hast called thy wanderer back
From worldly longings and from selfish schemes.

Come near and touch me with thy gentle hand;
Smile on me with thy heavenly eyes serene!
Come near me, O my Angel, where I stand,
And let me speak to thee with none between!

This morning, when I woke, my quiet room
Was with the sunrise glory all aflame,
Flooded with radiance; and the night's grey gloom
Had fled before it, dying ere it came.

And not the night alone had fled, I dreamed,
But thou, beloved, also. All the air
Was yet atremble with thy wings, and seemed
To sparkle with thy fleeting splendors fair.

A sweet, low music died upon my ear
While scarce I caught its melting melody.
Was it thy whisper? Wast thou, then, so near
That I could almost hear thee—almost see?

When climbing on the rugged mountain side
Where blossoms beckoned from the dangerous height,
My feet on slippery rocks began to slide,
And the depth danced beneath my dazzled sight—

Was it thy hand which interposed so well,
Upholding firmly on the perilous edge,
Whose treacherous moss, dislodged and broken, fell
In soft green masses noiseless o'er the ledge?

Sure it was thou! For danger struck from faith,
As steel strikes sparks from flint, truth's sudden flash,
Unconsciously I spoke, in face of death,
Repeating calm, "Lest thou thy foot shouldst dash

Against a stone, God gives his angels charge
To keep thy ways," and then I turned away,
Scarce knowing that I trod the solemn marge
Of life and death, and owed thee life that day.

And oft, perhaps, thy shield has intervened
To screen my soul from unknown forms of ill,
And thy pure heart has grieved when I have sinned,
And sorrowed o'er my proud and wayward will.

Alas! long years have passed when scarce I thought
Of thee, kind medium of our Father's care,
Nor prized thy tender interest as I ought,
Nor thanked my God for thee in any prayer.

Dear angel! doubted, slighted, oft forgot,
Out-pouring still thy heavenly love unpriced,
With grateful human words rewarded not,
On thee must rest the blessed smile of Christ!

And when the day I long for comes, at last,
When first I tread the wondrous courts of heaven,
When death's unknown and mighty change is past,
And I am safe at home, received, forgiven,

Then, when I've seen the Master face to face,
And kissed those sacred feet which bled for me,
If He accord my sinful soul such grace,
Then, O my angel, I shall look on thee!

Then all thy watchful tendance shall be o'er,
Then will begin companionship full sweet,
Then I shall grieve thy sinless heart no more,
When hand in hand we walk the golden street.

MARY E. ATKINSON.

THE ENGLISH POSITIVISTS.

SOME few months ago, a little bubble of interest was made on the surface of London life, by a course of Sunday lectures of a peculiar kind.

These lectures were given in a small room in Bouverie street, off Fleet street—Bouverie street, sacred to publishing and newspaper offices—and only a very small stream of persons was drawn to the place. There was something very peculiar, however, about the lectures, the lecturer, and the audience, which might well have repaid a stranger in London for the trouble of going there. I doubt whether such a proportion of intellectual faces could have been seen among the congregation of any London church on these Sunday mornings; and I know one, at least, who attended the lectures, less for the sake of what he heard than because such listeners as the authoress of "Romola" were among the audience. The lecturer was Mr. Richard Congreve, and the subject of his discourses was the creed of Positivism.

I do not know how familiar Mr. Congreve and his writings and his doctrines are to the American public. In London, Mr. Congreve is, in a quiet way, a sort of celebrity or peculiarity. He is the head of the small, compact band of English Positivists. It is understood that he goes as far in the direction of the creed which was the dream of Auguste Comte's later years as any sane human creature can well go. I have, however, very little to say here of Mr. Congreve, individually; and I take his recent course of Sunday lectures only as a convenient starting point from which to begin a few remarks on the political principles, character, and influence of that small, resolute, aggressive body of intellectual, highly-educated and able men who are beginning to be known in the politics and society of England as the London Positivists.

A discourse on the principles of Positivism would be quite out of place here; but even those who understand the whole subject will, perhaps, allow me, for the benefit of those who do not, to explain very briefly what an English Positivist is. Positivism, it is known to my readers, is the name given to the philosophy which Auguste Comte, more than any other man, helped to reduce to a system. Regarded as a philosophy of history and human society, its grand and fundamental doctrine merely is that human life evolves itself in obedience to certain fixed laws, of which we could obtain a knowledge if only we applied ourselves to this study as we do to all other studies in practical science, by the patient observation of phenomena. Auguste Comte's reduction of this philosophical theory to a scientific system is undoubtedly one of the grandest achievements of human intellect. The philosophy did not begin with him or his generation, or, indeed, any generation of which we have authentic record. Whenever there were men capable of thinking at all, there must have been some whose minds were instinct with this doctrine; but Comte made it a system at once simple, grand, and fascinating, and he will always remain identified with its development, in the memory of the modern world. Unfortunately, Comte, in his later years, set to founding a *religion* also—a religion which has, perhaps, called down upon its founder and its followers more ridicule, contempt, and discredit than any vagary of human imagination in our day. I speak of all this only to explain to my readers that there is some little difficulty in defining what is meant by a Positivist. If we mean merely a believer in the philosophical theory of his-

tory, then Positivists are, indeed, to be named as legion, and their captains are among the greatest intellects of the world to-day. In England, we regard Mr. John Stuart Mill as, in this sense, the greatest Positivist, and undoubtedly he is so regarded here. But Mill utterly rejects and ridicules the fantastic religion which Comte, in his days of declining mental power, sought to graft on his grand philosophy. In his treatise on Comte, Mr. Mill showed no mercy to the Positivist religion, and, indeed, bitterly offended many of its votaries by his contemptuous exposure of its follies. What is said of Mill may be said of nineteen out of every twenty, at least, of the English followers of Comte. They accept the philosophy as grand, scientific, inexorable truth; they reject the religion with pity or with scorn, as a fantastic and barren chimera. Mr. Congreve is, in London, the leader of the small school who go for taking all or nothing, and to whom Auguste Comte is the prophet of a new and final religion, as well as the teacher of a new philosophy. Now this little school is the nucleus of the body of Englishmen of whom I write.

When I speak, therefore, of English Positivists, I do not mean the men who go no farther than John Stuart Mill does. These men are to be found everywhere; they are of all schools, and all religions. I mean the much smaller body of votaries who go, or feel inclined to go, much farther, and accept Comte's religious teaching as a law of life. It is quite probable that, even among the men who are now identified more or less, in the public mind, with Mr. Congreve and his school, there may be some who do not adopt, or even concern themselves about the religion of Positivism. A community of sentiment on historical and political questions, the habit of meeting together, consulting together, writing for publication together, might naturally bring into the group men who may not go the length of adopting the Comte worship. It is quite possible, therefore, that, in mentioning the names of English Positivists, I may happen to speak of some who have no more to do with that worship than I have.

I mean, then, only the group of men, most of whom are young, most of whom are highly cultured, many of whom are endowed with remarkable ability, who are to be found in a literary and political phalanstery with Mr. Congreve, and of whom the majority are understood to be actual votaries of the religion of Comte. Of course I have nothing to do here with their faith or their practices. If they adopt the worship of woman I think they do a better thing after all than the increasing and popular class of writers, whose principal business in life is to persuade us that our wives and sisters are all Messalinas in heart and nearly all Messalinas in practice. If, when they pray, they touch certain cranial bumps at certain passages of the prayer, I do not see that they institute anything worse than the genuflections of the Ritualist or the breast-beating of the Roman Catholics. If, finally, one is sometimes a little puzzled when he receives a letter from a Positivist friend, and finds it dated "5th Marcus Aurelius," or "12th Auguste Comte," instead of July or December, as the case may be, one must remember that there never yet was a young sect which did not delight in puzzling outsiders by a new and peculiar nomenclature. I never heard anything worse charged against the Positivists than that they worship woman, touch their foreheads when they pray, and arrange the calendar according to a plan of their own invention; except, of course, the general charge of Atheism; but as that is made in England against anybody whom all his neighbors do not quite understand, I hardly think it worth discussing in this particular instance. We are all Atheists in England in the estimation of our neighbors, whose political opinions are different from our own.

The English Positivists, then, are beginning to stand out sharply against the common background of political life. They are a little school; as distinctly a school for their time and chances as the Girondists were, or the Manchester school, or the Massachusetts Abolitionists, or the Boston Transcendentalists. They are Radical, of course, but their Radicalism has a curious twist in it. On any given question of Radicalism they go as far as any practical politician does; but then they also go in most cases so very much farther that they often alarm the practical politician out of his ordinary composure. They are generally incisive of speech, aggressive of purpose, defiant of political prudery, and even of political prudence. Their politics are always politics of idea.

Some three or four years ago the Positivists published a large and ponderous volume of essays on subjects of international policy. Each man who contributed an essay signed his name, and although a general community of idea and principle pervaded the book, it was not understood that everybody who wrote necessarily adopted all the views of his associates. The book, in fact, was constructed on the model of the famous "Essays and Reviews" which had sent such a thrill through the religious world a few years before. The political essays naturally failed to create anything like the sensation which was produced by their theological predecessors; but they did excite considerable attention, and awoke the echoes. They astonished a good many Liberal politicians of the steady old school, and they set many men thinking. What surprised people at first was the singular combination of literary culture and ultra-Radical opinion. Literary young men in England, of late, are generally to be divided into two classes—the smart writers for periodicals, the minor novelists and dramatists, and so forth, who know no more and care no more about politics than ballet girls do, and the University men, the men of "culture," who affect Toryism as something fine and distinguished, and profess a patrician horror of democracy and the "mob." If at the time this volume was published one had taken aside some practical politician in London and said, "Here is a collection of practical essays written by a cluster of young men who all have University degrees after their names—will you read it?" the answer would certainly have been—"Not I, it's sure to be some contemptible sham Tory rubbish; some 'blood-and-culture' trash; some schoolboy impertinence about demagoguism and the mob." Therefore the surprise was not slight to such men when they read the book and found that its central idea, its connecting thread, was a Radicalism which might well be called thorough; a Radicalism which made Bright look like a steady old Conservative; invited Mill to push his ideas a little farther; and poured scorn upon the Radical press for its slowness and its timidity. A simple, startling foreign policy was prescribed to England. Its gospel, after all, was but an old one—so old that it had been forgotten in English politics. It was merely—Be just and fear not. Renounce all aggression; give back the spoils of conquest. Give Gibraltar back to the Spaniards who own it; prepare to cast loose your colonial dependencies; prepare even to quit your loved India; ask the Irish people fairly and clearly what they want, and if they desire to be free of your rule, bid them go and be free and Godspeed. All the old traditional policies seemed to these men only obsolete and odious superstitions. They would have England, the State, to stand up and act precisely as an Englishman of honor and conscience would do, and they treated with utter contempt any policy of expediency or any policy whatever that aimed at any end but that of finding out the right thing to do and then doing it at once. This seemed to me, studying the school quite as an outside observer, its one great central idea; and it would

of course be impossible not to honor the body of writers who proposed to show how it was to be accomplished.

But no school lives on one grand idea ; and this school had its chimeras and crotchets—almost its crazes. For example, the leader of the Positivist band took great trouble to argue that Europe ought to form herself into a noble federation of States, to the exclusion of Russia, which was to be regarded as an Oriental, barbarous, unmanageable, intolerable sort of thing, and pushed out of the European system altogether. Then a good many of the leading minds of the school are imbued with a passionate love for a sort of celestial despotism, an ideal imperialism which the people are first to create and then to obey—which is to teach them, house them, keep them in employment, keep them in health, and leave them nothing to do for themselves, while yet securing to them the most absolute freedom. To some of these men the condition of New York, where the State does hardly anything for the individual, would seem as distressing and objectionable as that of despotic Paris or even Constantinople. A distinguished member of the school declared that nothing was to him more odious than any manner of voluntarism, and that he hoped to see State operation introduced into every department of English social organization. The connection of this theory with the principle of Positivism, which would mould all men into a sort of hierarchy, is natural and obvious enough, and there is, to support it, a certain reaction now in England against the voluntary principle, in education and in public charities. But, as it is put forward and argued by men of the school I describe, it may be taken as one of the most remarkable points of departure from the common tendency of thought in England. The Positivists are all, indeed, un-English, in the common use of a phrase which is ceasing of late to be so dreaded a stigma as it once used to be in British politics. They are, as I have already said, a somewhat aggressive body, and are imbued with a contempt, which they never care to conceal, for the average public opinion of the British Philistine, whether he present himself as a West End tradesman or a West End Peer.

The Positivists are almost always to be found in antagonism with this sort of public opinion. They attack the Philistine, and they attack no less readily the dainty scholar and critic who lately gave the Philistine his name, and whose over-refining love of sweetness and light is so terribly offended by the rough and earnest work of Radical politics. Whatever way average opinion tends, the influence of the Positivists is sure to tend the other way.

There was a time, nearly two years ago, when the average English mind was suddenly seized with a passion of blended hate, fear, and contempt for Fenianism. The thing was first beginning to show itself in a serious light and it had not gone far enough to show what it really was. It looked more formidable than it proved to be, and it seemed less like an ordinary rebellious organization than like some mysterious and demoniacal league against property and public security. When I say it seemed, I mean it seemed to the average English mind, to the ordinary swell and the ordinary shopkeeper. Just at this time the Positivists drew up a petition to be presented to the House of Commons, in which they called upon the House to insist that lenity should be shown to all Fenian prisoners, that they should be regarded as men driven into rebellion by a deep sense of injustice, and that measures should be taken to prevent the British troops from committing such excesses in Ireland as had been perpetrated in the suppression of the Indian mutiny, and more lately in Jamaica. Now, if there was anything peculiarly calculated to vex and aggravate the House of Commons

and the English public generally, it was such a view of the business as this. Fenianism had not acquired the solemn and tragic interest which it obtained a few months afterward. It is only just to say that Englishmen in general began to look with pity and a sort of respect on Fenianism, once it became clear that it had among its followers men who, to quote the language of one of the least sympathetic of London newspapers, "knew how to die." But, at the time I speak of, Fenianism was a vague, mystic, accursed thing, which it was proper to regard as utterly detestable and contemptible. Imagine then what the feeling of the English county member must have been when he learned that there were actually in London a set of educated Englishmen, nearly all trained in the universities and nearly all moving in good society, who regarded the Fenians just as he himself regarded rebels against the Emperor of Austria or the Pope of Rome, and who not merely asked that consideration should be shown toward them, but went on to talk of the necessity of protecting them against the brutality of the loyal British soldier! The petition was signed by all who had a share in its preparation. Such men as Richard Congreve, T. M. Ludlow, Frederick Harrison and Professor Beesly, were among the petitioners who risked their admission into respectable society by signing the document. The petitioners did not feel quite sure about getting any one of mark to present their appeal; and it is certain that a good many professed Liberals, of advanced opinions and full of sympathy with foreign rebels of any class or character, would have promptly refused to accept the ungenial office. The petitioners, however, applied to one who was not likely to be influenced by any considerations but those of right and justice, and whom, moreover, no body in the House of Commons would think of trying to put down. They asked Mr. Bright to present their petition, and there was, of course, no hesitation on his part. Mr. Bright not merely presented the petition, but read it amid the angry and impatient murmurs of an amazed and indignant House; and he declared, in tones of measured and impressive calmness, that he entirely approved of and adopted the sentiments which the petitioners expressed. There was, of course, a storm of indignation, and some members went the length of recommending that the petition should not even be received—an extreme and indeed extravagant course in a country where the right of petition is supposed to be held sacred, and which the good sense even of some Tory members promptly repudiated. Mr. Disraeli did his very best to aggravate the feeling of the House against the petitioners. During the Indian mutiny he had himself loudly protested against the spirit of vengeance which our press encouraged; asked whether we meant to make Nana Sahib the model for a British officer, and whether Moloch or Christ was our divinity. Yet he now declared that the language of the petition was a libel on the Indian army, and that nothing had ever occurred during the Bengal outbreak to warrant the imputations cast on the humanity of our soldiers.

I suppose it is not easy to convey to an American reader a correct idea of the degree of boldness involved in the presentation of this celebrated petition. It really was a very bold thing to do. It was running right in the very teeth of the public opinion of all the classes which are called respectable in England. It was, however, strictly characteristic of the men who signed it. Most, if not all of them, took a prominent part in the prosecution of Governor Eyre of Jamaica, for the lawless execution of George William Gordon and the wholesale and merciless floggings and hangings by which order was made to reign in the island. Most of them, indeed, have a pretty spirit of contradiction of their own, and a pretty gift of sarcasm. I think I hardly remember any man who received,

during an equal length of time, a greater amount of abuse from the press than Professor Beesly drew down on himself not very long ago. It was at the time when the public mind was in its wildest thrill of horror at the really fearful revelations of organized murder in connection with the Sawgrinders' Union in Sheffield. The whole question of trades' union organization had been under discussion; and even before the Sheffield revelations came out, the general voice of English respectability was against the workmen's societies altogether. But when the disclosures of organized murder in connection with one union came out, a sort of panic took possession of the public mind. The first, and not unnatural impulse was to assume that all trades' unions must be very much the same sort of thing, and that the societies of workmen were little better than organized Thuggism. Now, Professor Beesly, Mr. Frederick Harrison and other signers of the petition for the Fenians, had long been prominent and influential advocates of the trades' union principle. They had been to the English artisan something like what the Boston Abolitionist was so long to the negro. The trades' union bodies, who felt aggrieved at the unjust suspicion which made them a party to hideous crimes they abhorred, began to hold public meetings to repudiate the charge, and record their detestation of the Sheffield outrages. Professor Beesly attended one of these meetings in London. He made a speech, in which he told the working men that he thought enough had been done in the way of disavowing crimes which no one had a right to impute to them; that there was no need of their further humiliating themselves; and that it was rather odd the English Aristocracy had such a horror of murderers among the poorer classes, seeing how very fond they were of men like Eyre, of Jamaica! In fact, Professor Beesly uplifted his voice very honestly, but rather recklessly and out of time, against the social hypocrisy which is the stain and curse of London society, and which is never so happy as when it can find some chance of denouncing sin or crime among Republicans, or Irishmen, or workingmen. There was nothing Professor Beesly said which had not sense and truth in it; but it might have been said more discreetly and at a better time; and it was said with a sarcastic and scornful bitterness which is one of the characteristics of the speaker. For several days the London press literally raged at the professor. "Punch" persevered for a long time in calling him "Professor Beastly;" a strong effort was made to obtain his expulsion from the college in which he has a chair. He was talked of and written of as if he were the advocate and the accomplice of assassins, instead of being, as he is, an honorable gentleman and an enlightened scholar, whose great influence over the working classes had always been exerted in the cause of peaceful progress and good order. It was a common thing, for days and weeks, to see the names of Broadhead and Beesly coupled with ostentatious malignity in the leading columns of London newspapers.

I give these random illustrations only to show in what manner the school of writers and thinkers I speak of usually present themselves before the English public. Now Mr. Harrison devotes himself to a pertinacious, powerful series of attacks on Eyre, of Jamaica, at a time when that personage is the hero and pet martyr of English society; now Professor Beesly horrifies British respectability by pointing out that there are respectable murderers who are quite as bad as Broadhead; now Mr. John Morley undertakes even to criticise the Queen; now Mr. Congreve assails the anonymous writers of the London press as hired and masked assassins; now the whole band unite in the defence of Fenians. This sort of thing has a startling effect upon the steady public mind of England;

and it is thus, and not otherwise, that the public mind of England ever comes to hear of these really gifted and honest, but very antagonistic and somewhat crochety men. Several of them are brilliant and powerful writers. Professor Beesly writes with a keen, caustic, bitter force which has something Parisian in it. I know of no writer in English journalism who more closely resembles in style a certain type of the literary gladiator of French controversy. He has much of Eugene Pelletan in him, and something of Henri Rochefort, blended with a good deal that reminds one of Jules Simon. Frederick Harrison is fast becoming a power in the Radical politics and literature of England. John Morley is a young man of great culture, and who writes with a quite remarkable freshness and force. I could mention many other men of the same school (I have already said that I do not know whether each and every one of these is or is not a professed Positivist) who would be distinguished as scholars and writers in the literature of any country. However they may differ on minor points, however they may differ in ability, in experience, in discretion, they have one peculiarity in common: they are to be found foremost in every liberal and radical cause; they are always to be found on the side of the weak, and standing up for the oppressed; they are inveterate enemies of cant; they hate vulgar idolatry and vulgar idols. Looking back a few years, I can remember that almost, if not quite, every man I have alluded to was a fearless and outspoken advocate of the cause of the North, at a time when it was *de rigueur* among men of "culture" in London to champion the cause of the South. Some of the men I have named were indefatigable workers at that time on the unfashionable side. They wrote pamphlets; they wrote leading articles; they made speeches; they delivered lectures in out-of-the-way quarters to workingmen and poor men of all kinds; they hardly came, in any prominent way, before the public, in most of this work. It brought them, probably, no notoriety or recognition whatever on this side of the ocean; but their work was a power in England. I feel convinced that, in any case, the English workingmen would have gone right on such a question as that which was at issue between North and South. As Mr. Motley truly said in his address to the New York Historical Society, the workers and the thinkers were never misled; but I am bound to say that the admirable knowledge of the realities of the subject; the clear, quick, and penetrating judgment, and the patient, unswerving hope and confidence which were so signally displayed by the London workingmen from first to last of that great struggle, were in no slight degree the result of the teaching and the labor of men like Professor Beesly and Frederick Harrison.

If I were to set up a typical Positivist, in order to make my American reader more readily and completely familiar with the picture which the word calls up in the minds of Londoners, I should do it in the following way: I should exhibit my model Positivist as a man still young for anything like prominence in English public life, but not actually young in years—say thirty-eight or forty. He has had a training at one of the great historical Universities, or at all events at the modern and popular University of London. He is a barrister, but does not practise much, and has probably a modest competence on which he can live without working for the sake of living, and can indulge his own tastes in literature and politics. He has immense earnestness and great self-conceit. He has an utter contempt for dull men and timid or half-measure men, and he scorns Whigs even more than Tories. He devotes much of his time generously and patiently to the political and other instruction of working men. He writes in the "Fortnightly Review," and sometimes in "MacMil-

lan," and sometimes in the "Westminster Review." He plunges into gallant and fearless controversy with the "Pall Mall Gazette," and he is not easily worsted, for his pen is sharp and his ink very acrid. Nevertheless, is any great question stirring, with a serious principle or a deep human interest at the heart of it, he is sure to be found on the right side. Where the controversy is of a smaller kind and admits of crotchet, then he is pretty sure to bring out a crotchet of some kind. He is perpetually giving the "Saturday Review" an opportunity to ridicule him and abuse him, and he does not care. He writes pamphlets and goes to immense trouble to get up the facts, and expense to give them to the world, and he never grudges trouble or money, where any cause or even any crotchet is to be served. He is ready to stand up alone, against all the world if needs be, for his opinions or his friends. Benevolent schemes which are of the nature of mere charity he never concerns himself about. I never heard of him on a platform with the Earl of Shaftesbury, and I fancy he has a contempt for all patronage of the poor or projects of an eleemosynary character. He is for giving men their political rights and educating them—if necessary compelling them to be educated; and he has little faith in any other way of doing good. He has, of course, a high admiration for and faith in Mr. Mill. His nature is not quite reverential—in general he is rather inclined to sit in the chair of the scorner; but if he revered any living man it would be Mill. He admires the manly, noble character of Bright, and his calm, strong eloquence. I do not think he cares much about Gladstone—I rather fancy our Positivist looks upon Gladstone as somewhat weak and unsteady—and with him to be weak is indeed to be miserable. Disraeli is to him an object of entire scorn and detestation, for he can endure no one who has not deeply-rooted principles of some kind. He has a crotchet about Russia, a theory about China; he gets quite beside himself in his anger over the anonymous leading articles of the London press. He is not an English type of man at all, in the present and conventional sense. He cares not a rush about tradition, and mocks at the wisdom of our ancestors. The bare fact that some custom, or institution, or way of thinking has been sanctioned and hallowed by long generations of usage, is in his eyes rather a *prima facie* reason for despising it than otherwise. He is pitilessly intolerant of all superstitions—save his own—that is to say, he is intolerant in words and logic and ridicule, for the wildest superstition would find him its defender, if it once came to be practically oppressed or even threatened. He is "ever a fighter," like one of Browning's heroes; he is the knight-errant, the Quixote of modern English politics. He admires George Eliot in literature, and, I should say, he regards Charles Dickens as a sort of person who does very well to amuse idlers and ignorant people. I do not hear of his going much to the theatre, and it is a doubt to me if he has yet heard of the "Grande Duchesse." Life with him is a very earnest business, and, although he has a pretty gift of sarcasm, which he uses as a weapon of offence against his enemies, I cannot, with any effort of imagination, picture him to myself as in the act of making a joke.

A small drawing-room would assuredly hold all the London Positivists who make themselves effective in English politics. Yet I do not hesitate to say that they are becoming—that they have already become—a power which no one, calculating on the chances of any coming struggle, can afford to leave out of his consideration. Their public influence thus far has been wholly for good; and they set up no propaganda that I have ever seen or heard of, as regards either philosophy or religion. The course of lectures I have already mentioned was the

nearest approach to any public diffusion of their peculiar doctrines which I can remember, and it created little or no sensation in London. Indeed, little or no publicity was sought for it. I have read lately somewhere that a newspaper, specially devoted to the propagation and vindication of Positivism, is about to be, or has been started in London. I do not know whether this is true or not; but for any such journal I should anticipate a very small circulation, and an existence only to be maintained by continual subsidy.

So quietly have these men hitherto pursued their course, whatever it may be, in religion or religious philosophy, that it was long indeed before any idea got abroad that the cluster of highly-educated, ultra-radical thinkers, who were to be found sharpshooting on the side of every great human principle and every oppressed cause, and who seemed positively to delight in standing up against the vulgar rush of public opinion, were anything more than chance associates, or were bound by any tie more close and firm than that of general political sympathy. Even now that people are beginning to know them, and to classify them, in a vague sort of way, as "those Positivists," they make so little parade of any peculiarity of faith that, without precise and personal knowledge, it would be rash to say for certain that this or that member of the group is or is not an actual professor of the Comtist religion. I read a few days ago, in one of the few sensible books written on America by an Englishman, some remarks made about a peculiar view of Europe's duty to Egypt, which was described as being held by "the Comtists." I do not know whether the men referred to hold the view ascribed to them or not; but, assuredly, if they do, the fact has no more direct connection with their Comtism than Bright's free-trade views have with Bright's Quakerism. An illustration, however, will serve well enough as an example of the vague and careless sort of way in which doctrines and the men who profess them get mixed up together insolubly in the public mind. The Sultan of a generation back, who told the European diplomatist that if he changed his religion at all he would become a Roman Catholic, because he observed that Roman Catholic people always grew the best wine, was not more unreasonable in his logic than many well-informed men when they are striving to connect cause and effect in dealing with the religion of others.

I do not myself make any attempt to explain why a follower of Comte's worship should, at least in England, be always on the side of liberty and equality and human progress. Indeed, if inclined to discuss such a question at all, I should rather be disposed to put it the other way and ask how it happens that men so enlightened and liberal in education and principles should yield a moment's obedience to the ghostly shadow of Roman Catholic superstition, which Auguste Comte, in the decaying years of his noble intellect, conjured up to form a new religion. But I am quite content to let the question go unanswered—and should be willing, indeed, to leave it unasked. I wish just now to do nothing more than to direct the attention of American readers to the fact that a new set or sect has arisen to influence English politics, and that their influence and its origin are different from anything which, judging by the history of previous generations, one might naturally have been led to expect. "Culture" in England has, of late years, almost invariably ranked itself on the side of privilege. The Oxford undergraduate shouts himself hoarse in cheering for Disraeli and groaning for Bright. Oxford rejects Gladstone the moment he becomes a Liberal. The vigorous Radicalism of Thorold Rogers costs him his chair as professor of political economy, although no man in England is a more perfect master of some of the more important branches of that science. The

journals which are started for the sake of being read by men of "culture" are sure to throw their influence, nine times out of ten, into the cause of privilege and class ascendancy. The "Saturday Review" does this deliberately; the "Pall Mall Gazette" does it instinctively. Suddenly there comes out from the bosom of the universities themselves a band of keen, acute, fearless gladiators, who throw themselves into the van of every great movement which works for democracy, equality and freedom. They invade the press and the platform; they write in this journal and in that; they are always writing, always printing; they are ready for any assailant, however big, they are willing to work with any ally, however small; they shrink from no logical consequence or practical inconvenience of any argument or opinion; they take the working man by the hand and talk to him and tell him all they know—and it is something worth studying, the fact that their scholarship and his no-scholarship so often come to the same conclusion. They will work with anybody, because they go farther than almost anybody; and they will allow anybody the full swing of his own crotchet, even though he be not so willing to give them scope enough for theirs. Thus they are commonly associated with Goldwin Smith, who has a perfect horror of French Democracy and French Imperialism, and who sees in Mirabeau only a "Voltairean debauchee;" with Tom Hughes, who is a sturdy member of the Church of England, and does not, I fancy, care three straws about the policy of ideas; with Bright, whose somewhat Puritanical mind draws back with a kind of dread from anything that savors of free-thinking; with Auberon Herbert, the mild young aristocrat, converted from Toryism by pure sentimentalism and philanthropy; with Connolly, the eloquent Irish plasterer, whose vigorous stump oratory aroused the warm admiration of Louis Blanc. It would be impossible that such a knot of men, so gifted and so fearless, so independent and so unresting, so keen of pen, and so unsparing of logic, should be without a clear and marked influence on the politics of England. It is quite a curious phenomenon that such a group of men should be found in close and constant co-operation with the English artisan, his trades' union organizations, and his political cause. Frederick Harrison represented the working men in the Parliamentary commission lately held to inquire into the whole operation of the trades' unions. Professor Beesly writes continually in the "Beehive," the newspaper which is the organ of George Potter and the trades' societies. I cannot see how the cause of Democracy can fail to derive strength and help from this sort of alliance, and I therefore welcome the influence upon English politics of the little group of Positivist penmen, believing that it will have a deeper reach than most people now imagine, and that where it operates effectively at all, it will be for good.

JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

WILL MURDER OUT?

AT seven o'clock on the morning of the last day of 1868, Charles M. Rogers, an elderly gentleman of primitive habits, living at No. 42 East Twelfth street, in the City of New York, stepped out upon the sidewalk in front of his house. At the moment two outlaws happened to be passing. Taking off his light drab overcoat, the smaller one handed it to his taller companion, who crossed the street, whence he remonstrated "Jim, don't do it." But Jim, made of more reckless stuff, snatched the old gentleman's watch, and simultaneously jerking his wallet from his pocket, transferred these articles to the pocket of his blue flannel sack-coat. The robbery accomplished, Jim would have gone his way rejoicing, had not Rogers seized him by the collar of his coat, with the hope of compelling a return of his property. The struggle that ensued was brief but terrible. At the same instant of time Rogers tore from his assailant exactly one-half of his coat, and the thief, in his eagerness to escape, became an assassin, by plunging a huge knife into the abdomen of the man he had despoiled. Public as was the street, and clear as was the light of day, the affair had not been witnessed by any human eye, and the murderer and his passive accomplice fled untracked. A moment later Rogers was found dying on his own threshold. He was able to give the outlines of this last instance of New York lawlessness, but expired after two days of semi-consciousness.

The murderer had left behind him his hat, the sheath of his knife, and the fragment of his coat. In the pocket of the latter was the watch and wallet he had risked his neck to get, and also an envelope, from which the letter had been taken, and which was superscribed, "Jams Logan, N. Y. Cytty—this will be handed yu by Tom." The police, taking up the clue thus offered, began a vigorous, but somewhat disjointed search for a certain James Logan who had been shortly before discharged from State Prison. Within a week this theory was exploded, by the self-surrender of Logan, as that act was accepted as sufficient proof of his innocence. Forced to begin the search anew, it was next discovered that the letter had been written by a Sing Sing convict named Tom McGivney, alias Jim Rice, who, in prison and out of it, had been an intimate associate of Logan's. This convict, desiring to communicate with his comrade, who had been discharged, sneaked down to the river, with the intention of sending his missive by one of the hands of a sloop lying at the wharf at Sing Sing. Finding the sloop for the moment deserted, he took advantage of the opportunity thus given him, to escape, and, secreting himself in the vessel, got to New York, carrying his own letter. He could then, of course, communicate in person with Logan; and, having destroyed his letter, in a careless moment left the envelope in his pocket, to be the most important link in a strong chain of circumstantial evidence seeming to bind him to a terrible crime.

The murder of Rogers was an event so startling in itself, and the subsequent developments were so singular, that the affair became the sensation of the dawning year, and was for many days the chief topic of journalism and conversation. Among the police, especially, it was the absorbing theme, and it dragged up many long-buried crimes for the purpose of comparison. Generally, the case was conceded to be without a prototype; and Inspector James Leonard,* who has

* Inspector James Leonard died very suddenly on the day I saw the proof of this article; and the police force of New York then lost one of its most accomplished members. Whatever value this article may have the public owes to him, as it was written at his suggestion.

been a prominent and valuable police officer of New York since 1845, admitted that it had no exact parallel in his experience. But when the case occasioned the assertion that "murder will out," and that no lapse of time or combination of circumstances can ever shield the assassin from ultimate detection, he cited many cases in rebuttal of the adage, and among them those which are appended.

THE BUCKSON CASE.

In the year 1851 Captain John Buckson lived, with his wife Nancy, in a handsome cottage in the village of Seakonk, near Providence, Rhode Island, in the enjoyment of a competence acquired by many years of frugal industry. He was, however, often absent from home, as he still pursued his vocation, and was master of the sloop "Oregon," plying between Providence and Norfolk, Virginia.

He had then reached his fiftieth year, and his hard seafaring life had not made him look younger than he was. He was tall, gaunt and angular, weather-stained and storm-beaten. His short, stiff hair was grizzled, and his long narrow face furrowed by deep lines, but his physical powers appeared to be still untouched, and he seemed assured of a long continuance of active life.

His temperament was favorable to a lusty longevity. He was patient, and apparently so passionless that he stared at the cares and troubles of life, as at strangers with whom he could not possibly have dealings. He avoided quarrels and all unseemliness with scrupulous care, and was known on his vessel and in his village only as a sedate, God-fearing man, kind-hearted and even-tempered.

But he had positive points in his character, and the requisite friction would produce the natural glow. As in all equable men, his anger burned with dim light but intense heat, and hence, with him, a knitting of the brows or twitching of the hands, meant more than the wildest signs of passion in other men, and his word of wrath was weightier than the brawler's blow. But he so loved peace, and so sedulously courted it, that his most intimate associates remembered as memorable epochs the rare occasions when his temper had given way.

The only trouble of his life brooded upon his own hearth-stone. Mrs. Nancy Buckson was many years his junior in age, and in important respects his opposite in character. To her youth she added comeliness of person. Though a thoroughly good woman at heart, she yet embittered her life and his by constant efforts to do more than her duty. Nervous and irritable, she became fretfully voluble in her assertions of her own merits and his short-comings. So in the summer of 1851, the neighbors began to pity poor Captain John as a hen-pecked husband, and the inroads of the wife upon the domestic quietude were noticed as of constantly increasing frequency and bitterness. Captain John, however, bore the infliction with his accustomed patience.

But the end was at hand. One evening in the last week in July, a neighbor, James Pauls, in passing the house, heard Nancy's tongue going at an unusual rate, and glancing through the window saw Buckson standing before her. He seemed roused at last, and although Pauls could not hear his words, he saw the knitted brows and twitching hands, in one of which a stout whipcord was convulsively grasped. The scene was indelibly stamped by after-events upon the memory of the accidental witness, and he could always see, even to the most minute details, the enraged woman, confronted by that quiet, concentrated man, struggling with his passion, and fidgetting with a whipcord. At the time, however, Pauls gave no especial weight to the circumstance, and stopping at the village inn on his way home, only casually remarked to the inevitable loungers, that he

"reckoned Nancy would keep on a naggin' of Captain John until she riled him."

The next morning the cottage was closed and deserted, but the circumstance did not excite remark. Buckson, it was presumed, had gone to Providence to prepare his sloop for sea, and Nancy had a habit of making sudden pilgrimages to the neighboring towns. The event, then, was so far from being suspicious that it was not even unusual.

In those days a magnificent forest stretched to the northward from the little town, interspersed with patches of open land where the blackberry grew in great abundance. This wonder and delight of the American glades had fully ripened under the hot July sun, and the children of the village were busily employed in gathering the fruit. That afternoon the patches were unusually crowded. One group of children started home just before sundown, taking their way direct through the wood without regard to beaten paths. They had gone but a short distance when the little dog that was with them stopped, and began to sniff eagerly at a spot of ground which appeared to have been recently disturbed. Giving a long mournful howl the dog scratched furiously with his paws in the sand, and in a moment had uncovered a human hand. Howling more mournfully than before, he bounded off a couple of feet, and tore at the ground with redoubled energy. He soon completed his task, and the children saw a woman's face, pale and rigid, imbedded in the moist clayey earth. With but one glance at the horror, they dropped their pails and fled to the village. The dog detective remained yelping over the crime he had unearthed.

Every village, probably, has its sensation at some time, and that of Seakonk came with the story of the children. As the tidings spread from house to house the people gathered at the inn, and eagerly discussed what should be done and who should do it. At last, all the male inhabitants, headed by the Squire, bearing a lantern, and piloted by the children, started out to investigate the matter. But the pilots were not needed, as the dog still maintained his watch; and with his mournful howlings echoing through the dim woods, the party could not go astray. Reaching the spot, they gathered around it, and the Squire advanced and, kneeling down, wiped the dirt from the face of the dead woman with the skirt of his coat. Then he held the lantern over it.

"It's Nancy Buckson!"

He fell back a few paces with the exclamation, and his companions turned to imitate the conduct of the children shortly before. They rallied, however, at his summons, and fell vigorously to work to exhume the body. A few shovelful of earth, and the body of a woman, without shroud or coffin, but fully dressed in the ordinary garments of life, was exposed. About the body a white substance was plentifully sprinkled, and was found to be chloride of lime, doubtless placed there to insure speedy decomposition.

Every one recognized poor Nancy Buckson, and saw the ridged and livid mark upon the neck, pointed out by the Squire. It was plain that she had been murdered by strangulation, and tossed, dressed as she was at the moment of her violent death, into the rude grave where the dog had found her.

The neighbor, Pauls, now recalled the quarrel of the preceding day, and told how Captain John had stood before the angry woman, playing with the whipcord. The cottage was searched, and a cord was found lying on the floor of the room, which, when tried upon the woman's neck, fitted exactly the ridged and livid circle. In the cellar was a quantity of a white substance precisely similar to that found in the grave, and those articles belonging to Mrs. Buckson found upon the corpse were missing from the house. There could be no more doubt as to the criminal than the crime.

Captain John Buckson was not found in the village or in Providence; but it was ascertained that he had sailed with his sloop, and the presumption was raised that he intended to touch at New York, and there, leaving the vessel, seek to elude the officers of the law in the labyrinths of the great city. A messenger was, therefore, dispatched in great haste to reach the city before him, with a requisition for his arrest.

His authority was placed in the hands of Police Captain Leonard—the officer referred to in my preamble—who searched diligently among the shipping, until he found the sloop “Oregon,” moored at an East River pier. Going on board, Captain Leonard greeted Buckson, who was seated on the deck.

“Good-day, sir.”

The sailor scarcely looked up, as he mechanically returned the salutation.

“I’m sorry to trouble you, but I’ve a warrant for your arrest.”

“Arrest! For what?”

The exclamation and succeeding question were those of a phlegmatic man slightly astonished.

“For the murder of your wife.”

“Murder of my wife! Squire, that can’t be. Nancy isn’t dead.”

“Yes, she is—strangled with a cord.”

Buckson rose to his feet and, looking the officer steadily in the face, said slowly and solemnly:

“Squire, if Nancy’s dead I don’t know it. I had a quarrel with her the night I left, and gave her a piece of my mind, but God is my witness that I didn’t put a hand upon her!”

The officer looked with some interest upon a man who could thus deny a crime with which he was so clearly linked by circumstantial evidence, but without further parley took him from the sloop and placed him in a cell of the station-house. He made no resistance, and did not trouble himself to again volunteer any protestation of his innocence. While in the station-house, and during the journey to Providence, whenever the question was directly put to him, he always denied his guilt in the same emphatic terms, but he was never the first to broach the subject, and it was especially noticed that he never made any inquiry for the details of the murder.

When the officer and his charge arrived at Seakonk, the latter seemed amazed to find himself the object of universal execration. When he reached the village and while he walked beside his captor through the street to the jail, he was surrounded by a hooting mob, that pelted him with opprobrious epithets, and with difficulty was restrained from doing violence to his person. He bore himself bravely and undismayed through it all. But his conduct was noted only to his discredit, and the citizens could not remember any hardened wretch who had ever so flaunted his crime in the face of an outraged people.

In due time the grand jury was convened and his case considered. There was no more doubt of his guilt in that official body than in the community at large; and he was formally indicted for the murder of Nancy Buckson.

When the news was taken to him in his cell he only said: “God’s will be done!”

His perfect resignation had, by this time, won slightly on the jailer’s heart, and he inquired if he did not wish to engage counsel to defend him at the approaching trial. Buckson’s face brightened with this first faint sign of sympathy, but he answered:

“I thank you, friend, but I don’t need a lawyer. God knows I am innocent of this crime and He will prove it in His own good time.”

The day appointed for the trial of the prisoner was close at hand when the quiet village was startled by a new terror. One pleasant September morning a ghost descended from the eastern coach and walked leisurely, and with every semblance of life, up the street toward the long-deserted cottage. It was a horrible ghost, for it nodded familiar greetings to several persons it met upon the way, and once tried to pat a shrinking child. It almost seemed endowed with human passions for many were ready to make oath that they saw its cheek flush with anger when it found the entire town avoiding it in unconcealed terror. But it was a persistent ghost, for it walked steadily on until it reached the gate of the cottage-garden, which it found nailed up; and it became a talkative ghost when it discovered the pigs running riot in the garden. In the very voice of the dead Nancy Buckson, it said in a peevish tone:

"That John Buckson 'll be the death of me yet! Just see how he lets these pesky hogs root up things!"

It was, indeed, Nancy Buckson herself.

It is needless to prolong the story. On the night of the quarrel Captain John had left, as usual, to take out his sloop, and Nancy, smarting under the severe censure he had, for the first time, expressed, had gone off on foot, during the night, to a neighboring town, where she was unknown, and had there taken a coach to begin a journey to Maine to visit a sister. Her absence from the cottage was not known until after the finding of the body, and its identification was so absolute that of course no search was made for a woman known to be dead. On the other hand she had heard nothing, in a retired spot of a distant State, of her supposed death and the subsequent events; and her return, timely as it was, had been purely accidental. She was horrified when confronted with the results of her thoughtless freak, and, although she made no noisy demonstrations of regret, and was not profuse in promises of amendment in the future, it is pleasant to know that this terrible experience was not without fruit. Buckson was, of course, immediately released from prison, the legal proceedings against him at once dismissed, and thereafter he found in his home a haven of rest that was a recompense for the suffering by which it had been purchased.

But a mystery has always brooded over the cottage, and the murder always remained an insoluble enigma. Eighteen years have elapsed without any second identification of the body unearthed by the little dog, and, as a consequence, without any detection of the murderer. The clothes in which the body was dressed and the ear-rings and articles of jewelry upon it, were undoubtedly the property of Mrs. Buckson, for, upon her return, she found these articles missing from the house. A close scrutiny of the cottage showed that the woman had not only been there, but had probably been murdered there during the night, after Buckson and his wife had left. The cord found in the room had fitted the neck, and the chloride of lime in the cellar had evidently been disturbed. Many articles of value, too, were gone, and the house generally disarranged. Upon these circumstances a theory was founded that the woman was one of a party of burglars that had entered the cottage, and finding it deserted, had leisurely ransacked it. The woman had arrayed herself in the property of the absent mistress, and afterward some quarrel had arisen and she had been murdered by the other members of the party. Subsequently this theory was, in part, thoroughly established, when a complete female outfit, of coarse material, was accidentally fished out of an old and unused well in the cottage-garden.

Detectives are apt to attach the names of noted criminals to extraordinary crimes, and, many years after the events narrated, a rumor was prevalent among

the police of Providence that the murdered woman had been the wife of an English burglar named Collins, then living in Providence, and celebrated all over the Union for his success and recklessness. The rumor had no better foundation than that Collins and his wife disappeared at about the time of the murder, and it only lived because theories always thrive when facts are impossible to obtain.

The case yet remains among unfinished police business. No human effort has ever learned more than was discovered by the brute instincts of the dog when he pawed the secret of the murder from the shallow grave in the dark forest.

THE RICARD CASE.

One spring morning, during the first year of the war, a barrel of pitch was found to have disappeared from a Jersey City pier, and the porter in charge, when reporting the fact to his employers, took occasion to speak of the river-thieves in no very complimentary terms.

On the same day, Ada Ricard, a woman of nomadic habits and dubious status, but of marvellous beauty, suddenly left her hotel in New York, without taking the trouble to announce her departure or state her destination. The clerks of the house only remarked that some women had queer days.

A few days after these simultaneous events, the same porter who had mourned the lost pitch, happening to look down from the end of his pier when the tide was out, saw a small and shapely human foot protruding above the waters of the North River. It was a singular circumstance, for the bodies of the drowned never float in such fashion; but the porter, not stopping to speculate upon it, procured the necessary assistance, and proceeded to land the body. It came up unusually heavy, and when at last brought to the surface, was found to be made fast by a rope around the waist to the missing barrel of pitch. There was a gag securely fastened in the mouth, and these two circumstances were positive evidence that murder had been done.

When the body was landed upon the pier, it was found to be in a tolerable state of preservation, although there were conclusive signs that it had been in the water for some time. It was the body of a female, entirely nude, with the exception of an embroidered linen chemise and one lisle-thread stocking, two sizes larger than the foot, but exactly fitting the full-rounded limb. The face and the contour of the form were, therefore, fully exposed to examination, and proved to be those of a woman who must have been very handsome. There was the cicatrice of an old wound on a lower limb, but otherwise there was no spot or blemish upon the body.

In due time the body was buried; but the head was removed, and preserved in the office of the city physician, with the hope that it might be the means of establishing the identity of the dead, and leading to the detection of the murderer.

The police on both sides of the river were intensely interested in the case; but they found themselves impotent before that head of a woman, who seemed to have never been seen upon earth in life. They could do nothing, therefore, but wait patiently for whatever developments time might bring.

Chance finally led to the desired identification. A gentleman who had known her intimately for two years, happening to see the head, at once declared it to be that of Ada Ricard. The detectives eagerly clutched at this thread, and were soon in possession of the coincidence in time of her disappearance and that of the barrel of pitch to which the body was lashed. They further found

that, since that time, she had not been seen in the city, nor could any trace of her be discovered in other sections of the country, through correspondence with the police authorities of distant cities. They had thus a woman lost and a body found, and the case was considered to be in a most promising condition.

The next step was to establish the identity by the testimony of those who had known the missing woman most intimately. The detectives, therefore, instituted a search, which was finally successful, for Charles Ricard, her putative husband. He had not lived with her for some time, and had not even seen or heard of her for months; but his recollection was perfect, and he gave a very minute statement of her distinguishing marks. He remembered that she had persisted in wearing a pair of very heavy earrings, until their weight had slit one of her ears entirely, and the other nearly so, and that, as a consequence, both ears had been pierced a second time, and unusually high up. He regretted that her splendid array of teeth had been marred by the loss of one upon the left side of the mouth, and told how a wound had been received, whose cicatrice appeared upon one of her limbs, stating exactly its location. He dwelt with some pride upon the fact that she had been forced, by the unusual development, to wear stockings too large for her feet, and gave a general description of hair, cast of face, height, and weight that was valuable, because minute.

When he gave this statement he was not aware of the death of his wife, or of the finding of her body, and without being informed of either fact he was taken to Jersey City, and suddenly confronted with the head. The instant he saw it he sank into a chair in horror.

His statement having been compared with the head and the record of the body, the similitude was found to be exact, except as to the teeth. The head had one tooth missing on each side of the mouth, and this fact having been called to his attention, Ricard insisted that she had lost but one when he last saw her, but it was highly probable the other had been forced out in the struggle which robbed her of her life, and the physician, for the first time making a minute examination, found that the tooth upon the right side had been forced from its place but was still adhering to the gum. He easily pushed it back to its proper position, and there was the head without a discrepancy between it and the description of Ada Ricard.

The detectives found other witnesses, and among them the hair-dresser who had acted in that capacity for Ada Ricard during many months, who, in common with all the others, fully confirmed the evidence of Charles Ricard. The identity of the murdered woman was therefore established beyond question.

Naturally the next step was to solve the mystery of her death. The detectives went to work with unusual caution, but persisted in the task they had assigned themselves, and were slowly gathering the shreds of her life, to weave from them a thread that would lead to the author of her tragical death, when they were suddenly "floored," to use their own energetic expression. Ada Ricard herself appeared at a down-town New York hotel, in perfect health and unscathed in person.

The explanation was simple. The whim had suddenly seized her to go to New Orleans, and she had gone without leave-taking or warning. It was no unusual incident in her wandering life, and her speedy return was due only to the fact that she found the Southern city only a military camp under the iron rule of General Butler, and therefore an unprofitable field for her.

The ghastly head became more of a mystery than before. The baffled detectives could again only look at it helplessly, and send descriptions of it over

the country. At last it was seen by a woman named Callahan, living in Boston, who was in search of a daughter who had gone astray. She instantly pronounced it to be that of her child, and she was corroborated by all the members of her family and several of her neighbors. The identification was no less specific than before, and the perplexed authorities, glad at last to know something certainly, gave Mrs. Callahan an order for the body. Before, however, she had completed her arrangements for its transfer to Boston, a message reached her from the daughter, who was lying sick in Bellevue Hospital, and so the head once more became a mystery. And such it has always remained. The body told that a female who had been delicately reared, who had fared sumptuously, and had been arrayed in costly fabrics, had been foully done to death, just as she was stepping into the dawn of womanhood—and that is all that is known. Her name, her station, her history, her virtues, or it may be, her frailties, all went down with her life, and were irrevocably lost. There is every probability that her case will always be classed as unfinished business.

THE BURKE CASE.

The "Bloody Sixth," the long famous ward of New York, seems to be in no danger of losing its ominous reputation, its turbulent population having lost none of their aptitude for murderous affrays. The ward has always claimed the ablest captain in the police force, and is now in charge of John Jourdan, who displays the same acumen, energy, and zeal, that distinguished him as a patrolman under Captain Joseph Dowling, who was in command in the ward for the ten years prior to 1862. During Dowling's incumbency the Sixth added thirty-four murders to its bloody laurels, and in every case but one the murderer was tracked and arrested. That one exception is one of the most remarkable crimes upon record.

When, early on the morning of the 18th of July, 1856, a clerk of Samuel Joyce, tailor, whose shop was on the second floor of No. 378 Broadway, attempted to enter the establishment, he was much surprised to find the door locked. Bartholomew Burke, the porter, had slept in the store for several years, and had never before been remiss in opening it at the proper hour. The clerk stood, puzzled and wondering, until he caught sight of a faint blood-stain on the handle of the door. The marks of murder make men wonderfully cautious, and he hurried into the street to find a policeman. Jourdan was encountered near by, and going up stairs he looked curiously for an instant at the stain on the handle, and then kicked in the door. Entering the room he encountered a spectacle that his experience had not then, and has never since equalled.

The instant he opened the door Burke had been assailed, and fought long and bravely. The weapons used in the terrible affray both remained in the room as frightful evidences of the horrors of the night. Beside the dead man lay a pair huge shears, plainly witnessing that they had been his weapon, but they were no match for the short keen-edged sword, blood-clotted to the hilt, which the murderer had dropped close by.

The struggle must have occupied at least ten minutes, and could not have been entirely noiseless; and yet no intimation of it reached any human ear. It occurred in a room with a window partly open, which looked upon the great artery of a populous city. A score of persons must have passed the building while the tragedy was going on; but to none of them came any knowledge of it, and the family occupying the floor above slept, unconscious of the bloody work.

The assassin had gone from the building unseen. He had washed his hands

and face at the wash-stand, in a front corner of the room, and had probably removed every sign of the murder from his person. But he had received a slight cut in the hand, that had persisted in bleeding, and hence the stain upon the door-knob and a few spots of blood upon the stairs. He had, however, gone from his work without physical exhaustion or mental trepidation. He had walked steadily down stairs, and had not only thoughtfully locked the door and removed the key, to make sure that the murder should not be discovered until after daylight, but, at the bottom of the stairway, had remembered that the trickling from his hand was leaving a red trail for the officers of the law to follow, and he had bound up his wound. He left no more of the tell-tale spots behind him, and, in stepping from the entry-way into the street, all signs of his existence vanished, except that, a hundred feet from the door, a belated citizen met a man walking leisurely, and carelessly whistling a popular air, whose face he did not see, and whose person he did not note, except that he had a bandaged hand.

Murder in that day was a crime in New York, and that of Burke had been so atrocious in its details that it created intense excitement, and George W. Matsell, who was then chief of police, put his best detectives on the track of the murderer. It was naturally inferred, at first, that the porter had been slain in an endeavor to protect the property of his employer from some friend who had determined to turn thief; but, when an examination of the stock was made, it was found that not a dollar's worth of the property of Mr. Joyce had been stolen. The trunk of Burke was found open and in disorder; but there was no evidence that anything of value had been removed, and, as the shop had certainly not been robbed, greed had plainly not been the motive for the crime.

This discovery completely baffled the officers, and placed the affair among the extraordinary murders. Burke had been a man of humble station and retiring habits, with few or no intimate associates, and it was found impossible to gather such details of his life as would be of service in pursuing his assassin. The officers had not only to track an unknown murderer, but to discover a motive for his crime, and this fact added immensely to the difficulties of the task.

There was, indeed, a glimmer of hope in the circumstance that, about half-past nine o'clock on the evening of his death, Burke had been in the saloon in the basement of the building in which he was employed, in company with a man with whom he had drunk. The two men had gone out together, Burke carrying a pot of beer which he had purchased; and, about ten o'clock, a citizen, passing on the opposite side of the street, had seen two men sitting at the front window of Joyce's shop, with two empty beer mugs on the window-sill before them. But this man was a stranger to every one who had seen him, and no one was able to give any satisfactory description of his person. So, in pursuing him, the officers found themselves in chase of a shadow that constantly grew more unsubstantial.

The sword was, at first, eagerly seized as a means of discovering the murderer. It was so peculiar in itself, and so unusual a weapon for an affray, that a search for the owner, as a starting point in the pursuit, was begun, with the greatest confidence in its success. But even this resource failed, and no one could be found who had ever seen it before Jourdan picked it up, blood-clotted and blunted, from the floor where the murderer had dropped it.

The investigation by the coroner extended through three days, and was thorough and exhaustive. The detectives followed diligently such slight clues as they could find, and produced, at the inquest, several persons who had known the murdered man; but, in the end, their testimony proved valueless. They

knew him, as had all his acquaintances, as industrious, and generally sober—but none of them knew of any one who bore him ill-will, or who had cause to wish him dead. It was developed that he had saved \$900 during his employment with Mr. Joyce; but the money was found untouched in the savings' banks where he had deposited it, and no attempt had ever been made by any unauthorized person to withdraw it. The coroner and his jury were baffled at every turn, and were driven at last to the unsatisfactory verdict of death "at the hands of some person unknown."

No progress beyond this verdict has ever been made. No one has ever been even suspected of having committed the crime; and for thirteen years the assassin has so preserved his dreadful secret that the case still remains as unfinished business.

THE LUTENER CASE.

On Tuesday, the 10th day of January, 1854, Dr. William R. T. Lutener, at an early hour of the morning, left his residence, in One Hundred and Twenty-eighth street, near Fourth avenue, to go to his office, on the second floor of No. 458 Broadway, and arrived there safely at nine o'clock. He went down town that wintry morning, one of the most favored of men, both by fortune and nature. He was thirty-one years of age, and had been six years married to an amiable and beautiful lady. He was of splendid person, remarkably handsome features, and of more than average intellect and culture. He had become celebrated as an aurist, and his practice had become so extensive and lucrative, that he had already amassed a competence, and had surrounded himself, both at home and in his office, with all of the comforts and many of the luxuries of life.

He entered his office in thorough good humor, and, speaking cheerily to his charwoman, sat down near a front window, facing it; and, as a consequence, with his back to the door. He picked up a morning paper, and as he opened it the woman left the room and he remained alone. Having a visit to make to a sister, on the eastern side of the city, the woman left the building at half-past nine o'clock, and was absent an hour.

During that hour, and, as nearly as he could judge, at about ten o'clock, a gentleman hurrying to keep an appointment with a bank president, when passing the building, No. 458, thought he heard the report of a pistol. He paused a moment, and looked anxiously about him, but seeing no apparent cause for the noise he had heard, rushed on and thought no more of the matter, for he was intent on negotiating a loan, and was a little behind time.

At about half-past ten o'clock—people are rarely exact as to time—the charwoman returned and on her way up-stairs paused to look in and see if the doctor wanted anything. She rushed screaming from the room, and in a moment scores were crowding into it to be horrified by the sight that had affrighted her. Dr. Lutener lay dead upon the floor, his face pressing the carpet immediately under the front window, and his hand closed with the rigid clutch of death upon the newspaper he had been reading. It was plain that he had been shot from behind as he sat reading, and had tumbled from his chair, done with the world and its joys forever. There could not be an instant's doubt that it was murder.

Almost the first development at the coroner's inquest was the fact that there had been trouble of some kind between Lutener and William Hays and his wife, who resided in his vicinity. Almost the first act of the coroner was to order the arrest of Hays and his wife, and both were taken during the day.

The inquest was immediately begun, was continued during six successive

days, and a large amount of testimony was taken on each day. No one had seen the murder done, and, with the exception stated, no ear had heard the report of the pistol, but several persons passing up and down the stairs, had seen a woman thickly veiled pass into Lutener's office and come out again almost instantly. It was theorized, therefore, that a woman was the assassin, and every effort was made to bring the crime home to Mrs. Hays, and to her husband, as an accessory before the fact; but they were all fruitless. The witnesses could not identify Mrs. Hays as the woman they had seen enter the office, and she on her part proved a complete and positive *alibi*, showing that at the hour when the murder was committed she was transacting some law business in an office in Wall street, and was seen there by several reputable witnesses. The coroner's jury, therefore, were forced to bring in a verdict of death at the hands of a person unknown, and Hays and his wife were discharged.

Where the coroner left the case it still remains. For fifteen years the detectives have been powerless to unearth the assassin. It remains upon the books, classed, as it has been all these years, as unfinished business.

When the Inspector had pulled these stories, with many others of like character, from the shelves of a memory that was overburdened with the details of many horrible crimes that long ago passed out of general remembrance, I had very little respect left for the venerable axiom that "Murder Will Out." Having selected from his tales such as were typical of all, I was desirous of adding to them any homicidal statistics that would determine how often the axiom has been disproved in the late police experiences of New York.

There was but one way of approximating the truth, and I pursued it. Visiting the coroner's office and beginning with the last recorded case of 1868, I worked patiently backward through the mortuary records, until I began to stumble in the scrawling illegibility prior to 1856. As I progressed in my work I encountered facts of such interest, that although not strictly pertinent to the object of my search, I took note of them. I found, for instance, that one person had died of "stricknine," and another by "strycknine;" that one had perished by "poisonous sassage," and another by "gluttony," no particular food being charged with the offence. One man had been "accidentally stabbed while skylarking"—whatever that may be—and another had died of "an overdose of laudanum, but whether taken *internally* or not the jury are unable to say."

Keeping my main object steadily in view, when I had concluded the examination of fifty-two huge volumes, I was able to compile the following startling table:

HOMICIDES OF THIRTEEN YEARS.

Year.	By persons known.	By persons unknown.	Total.	Total number of inquests.
1856.....	24	11	35	1,902
1857.....	42	13	55	1,908
1858.....	47	12	59	1,938
1859.....	36	15	51	2,114
1860.....	32	15	47	2,428
1861.....	37	15	52	2,312
1862.....	31	15	46	2,192
1863.....	33	11	44	2,837
1864.....	42	8	50	2,405
1865.....	49	12	61	2,133
1866.....	26	9	35	2,505
1867.....	24	10	34	2,171
1868.....	39	9	48	2,163
Total.....	467	155	622	29,003

In this table are included as homicides only cases where death was conclusively ascertained to be the result of violence inflicted by human agency. I went over very many cases where the verdict was "from causes unknown," or "supposed drowning," or "injuries received in some manner unknown;" and, giving humanity the benefit of the doubt, classed them all as accidents, although there is every reason to believe that in some of these vague surmises of juries groping helplessly for facts, homicides are hidden. Nor did I seek to swell the list by including among the homicides the nine men who were slain in the Bayard street riot of 1857, nor the ninety-four who were found by the juries to have perished in the great riots of 1863. The table does include, however, seventy-four cases of infanticide, and it is a terrible proof of the ease and safety with which this crime can be perpetrated in a large city, that in only thirteen of these cases were the juries able to discover the criminals.

I must give one more credit to humanity and say that only a very small per cent. of these homicides were murders. Some of the affairs bordered closely upon accidents, others were killings in self-defence, and very few of them ranked legally above manslaughter in the first degree.

Homicidal acts in the metropolis have always been unartistic and hot-blooded, as is conclusively shown by the weapons used. These appear upon the record to have been fire-arms, knives, razors, sword-canes, swords, cords, bludgeons, bayonets, cart-rungs, tumblers, bricks, fire-tongs, smoothing-irons, axes, mallets, hammers, paving-stones, glue-pots, boot-heels, and once the point of an umbrella. It is remarkable that only eight times in these thirteen years has murder been artistically done by poison, and more singular still that in five of these cases the criminals were detected, notwithstanding the popular belief that this meanest and stealthiest mode of feloniously taking life is also the safest. These facts make it apparent that while the average of homicides in New York has been a fraction over one per week for thirteen years, there have been comparatively few wilful and malicious murders. It is true that within the period examined thirty-three wives were slain by their husbands, but even in nearly all of these cases, the "malice prepense," which is the essential ingredient of murder, and the sign of "the wicked and depraved heart" required by the law, was wanting. The killings by persons unknown were more frequently wilful than in the other class, but even here the testimony taken by the coroners shows that the purpose to take life often was not mentally formed before the deed had been physically accomplished.

Deducting the sixty-one infanticides where the culprits were undiscovered, and it is apparent that nine-two adults have, in thirteen years, met violent deaths, and the assailants have escaped detection.

Who dare confidently say, in the face of the Inspector's tales, and of the facts culled from the records of inquests, that "Murder Will Out?"

EDWARD CRAPSEY.

CARLOTTA.

ON the 9th of January, 1814, Charlotte, the only daughter of George IV., and the heiress to the British crown, attained the age of eighteen. Leopold, second son of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, at that time aide-de-camp of the Grand Duke Constantine, accompanied the allied sovereigns in their visit to London, after the great victory of Waterloo. Leopold was then 24 years of age. Napoleon described him as one of the finest-looking men he had ever seen. In all respects he was a very noble and attractive man, richly-endowed with the graces of mind and heart, as well as with personal beauty.

A strong attachment immediately sprang up between Leopold and Charlotte. The nation accepted the match. Parliament, with great unanimity, granted the happy pair an outfit of three hundred thousand dollars, and also an annual income of three hundred thousand dollars. A grant of two hundred and forty thousand dollars annually was conferred upon Leopold should he outlive Charlotte.

The marriage ceremony took place with great pomp, and amid universal national rejoicings, on the 2d of May, 1816. The bridal couple repaired to the beautiful retreat prepared for them at Claremont. There they passed as happy a year as, perhaps, any two mortals ever enjoyed in this world. But sorrow is the inevitable doom of man. None can escape. On the 5th of November, 1817, Charlotte gave birth to a lifeless child, passed into convulsions, and died. Seldom, if ever, has death produced such widespread and universal grief.

Leopold was crushed by the blow. For a time it was feared that his mind was hopelessly wrecked. State funerals are often conducted by torch-light. The night of the burial was dark and gloomy. Funeral bells, muffled drums, wailing requiems, filled the air with notes of woe. Leopold sat in the royal carriage, the picture of despair. Tears blinded his eyes, and it seemed impossible for him to repress heart-rending sobs and groans. At the close of the service, he was invited to pass the night at Windsor Castle. He replied,

"I must return to Claremont to-night, or I shall never return."

For several years Leopold remained in his desolated home, in a state of almost entire seclusion. Seldom was a smile seen to light up his countenance.

About a year after the death of Charlotte, a sister of Leopold married the Duke of Kent, younger brother of George IV. Thus the sister of Leopold became the mother of Victoria, the present Queen of England. But sorrow soon again came to the palaces of England. Two years after the marriage of the Duke of Kent, he died, leaving Victoria a babe but eight months old. The Duchess of Kent, crushed by the sorrows of widowhood, weeping over the tomb of a husband who was in every respect worthy of her love, clung to her brother Leopold.

In 1830, the Greeks, having escaped from the thralldom of the Turks, besought Leopold to accept the crown of their little kingdom. The courts of Europe approved of the choice; but Leopold declined the flattering offer, mainly, it is said, from sympathy with his stricken sister, as he was unwilling to leave her.

After the three days' revolution in France, which dethroned Charles X. and placed the crown upon the brow of Louis Philippe, Belgium, by a popular tumult,

became separated from Holland. The Belgians, with great unanimity, elected Leopold as their king. His sister yielded her consent that he should accept the honor, as Belgium was not so far distant but that she could still enjoy her brother's support and counsels. It was deemed a matter of great importance that Leopold should marry again, that the nation might not be exposed to the perils of a disputed succession.

On the 9th August, 1832, the newly-crowned King of Belgium was united in marriage to Louise Maria, second daughter of Louis Philippe, King of the French. Leopold was a Protestant—Louise Maria was a Catholic; and, if we can judge of the heart by the life, she was one of the truest Christians that ever lived. The testimony is uncontradicted that she, in all the relations of life, attained a degree of perfection which has, perhaps, never been surpassed. Three children were born to them—Leopold, Duke of Brabant, now Leopold II., King of Belgium; Philippe Eugene, Count of Flanders; and Maria Charlotte Amelia, called Carlotta, the subject of this sketch.

In 1850, Louise Maria, who was known throughout her realms as the Holy Queen, died, leaving her daughter Carlotta, a very beautiful child, but ten years of age. Leopold, her father, was one of the purest and noblest of men. He has been called the Nestor of kings. Under his reign the throne was embellished with the most sacred and attractive virtues of private life. Such was the parentage of Carlotta.

The young princess inherited the virtues of both father and mother. She was tall in person, graceful in figure, beautiful in features. Her endowments of mind and attractions of heart won both admiration and love. She often appeared in the public park of Brussels, accompanied by her two brothers, her tutor, and her governess. In one of the private apartments of the palace of Brussels her portrait now hangs, exhibiting her, as she then appeared, in the rare loveliness of childhood.

Her education was conducted with the utmost care, German, French, and English, being all, as it were, her vernacular tongues. She was, of course, trained to perfect familiarity with court etiquette. Her devotion to study was such, and her association with her superiors in age so constant, that she seems never to have enjoyed the ordinary light-heartedness and playfulness of childhood. Deeply saddened by the death of her mother, whom she loved with the utmost tenderness of earthly affection, Carlotta remained for several years after that event quite in seclusion, devoting her time and energies to mental culture.

The intellectual attainments of the young princess consequently became such as few ladies ever acquire. In addition to the English, French, and German languages, she both wrote and spoke Italian and Spanish with fluency.

Her father's court, pure in its character and decorous in all its observances, was never the scene of much gaiety. When sixteen years of age, Carlotta was allowed to attend the court balls, four of which were given each year. None but her brothers were permitted to embrace her in the waltz, and she never accepted, as partners in the dance, any except those of royal blood. Naturally serious and thoughtful, and deriving from both father and mother a pensive frame of mind, she ever manifested rather a disinclination for fashionable amusements.

At an early age, her father accustomed her to be present in the Council of State, when the most important questions of foreign and domestic policy were discussed. Thus she became quite familiar with the diplomacy of Europe, and her powers of thought and of reasoning were strengthened. She seemed to be alike adapted to charm the quiet scenes of domestic life by her amiability, and also to sway, in troubled times, the sceptre of an Elizabeth or a Maria Theresa.

In July, 1857, Carlotta, then but seventeen years of age, was married to Maximilian, the younger brother of the Emperor of Austria. The young prince who was thus fortunate in winning the heart and obtaining the hand of Carlotta, was, in all respects, worthy of the prize he had gained. In person, in mind, in heart, he was everything which a beautiful and noble woman could desire. Seldom has there been witnessed, in a court, so happy a wedding, a wedding in which congenial sympathies were more lovingly blended. The beautiful maiden, young as she was, had already gained the admiration and affection of the inhabitants of Brussels. At the time of her marriage an immense concourse thronged the park of the palace, to obtain a last look of the princess, who was enshrined in all their hearts.

As Carlotta presented herself to them upon the balcony of the palace in her bridal robes, with her tall and handsome husband, in the uniform of an admiral in the Austrian navy, by her side, regret that the princess was to leave them was mingled with the admiration which, in shouts of applause, burst from every lip.

Both Carlotta and Maximilian were deeply imbued with those religious principles without which there may be, it is true, intensity of passion, but not abiding and soul-satisfying love. They were wedded for immortality. The union was as fervent in its strength as that between her father Leopold and Charlotte had been, and alas! it proved even more deeply fraught with woe. The Archduke Maximilian had just received the appointment of Governor-General of Lombard-Venice. He was then twenty-five years of age. Spotless in his private character, liberal in his political views, and devoted to the interests of the people, he was universally beloved. It is reported that Count Cavour said, "Archduke Maximilian is the only adversary I fear, because he represents the only principle that can forever enchain our Italian cause."

Maximilian found in Carlotta not only an amiable companion, but one abundantly able to advise him in great emergencies, and to strengthen him in those severe trials which all must encounter who are born to command. She accompanied her husband in several of the voyages which he made. When he took a long trip to Brazil she sailed with him as far as the Island of Madeira, where she awaited his return. For the entertainment of her numerous friends she wrote a small volume entitled "A Voyage to Madeira." The pages of this unpretending little work not only charm with their polished diction, but indicate general culture, a wide reach of intelligence, and the habit of close and accurate observation.

The beautiful palace of Miramar, situated a few miles from Trieste, upon a promontory jutting into the Adriatic Sea, from the west, became their home. We know not that Europe presents a more attractive abode. The castle, in its architecture, is both massive and grand. Its eastern windows overlook the sea, which rolls in its wide expanse, like an ocean before them, and washing the marble steps by which one descends to those tideless waters. The western front of the castle looks upon gardens, parks, groves and lawns, ever open to the public, and presenting a favorite promenade to the inhabitants of Trieste, by whom they are thronged on every gala day. Wealth and taste had lavished their resources in decorating the grounds, in rearing the palace, and in embellishing its apartments with all the conveniencies and luxuries of modern art.

The castle is built of cream-colored stone, with a tower twenty-four feet square, rising one hundred and forty feet above the water's edge. Upon the first floor of the tower, commanding an exquisite view of sea and land, was Car-

lotta's favorite private apartment. It opened into one of the principal saloons of the main building, and also into her sleeping and dressing-rooms. The reception saloon, richly furnished, and decorated with the choicest paintings, was forty-five feet long by twenty-six wide, and forty-five feet high. The library, crowded with carefully selected books, in all those languages of modern Europe, with which both Maximilian and Carlotta were familiar, was a beautiful room twenty-five feet wide and fifty feet long.

In this Eden-like abode Carlotta, with her husband, spent a few years of happiness. She took great interest in all the governmental affairs of the realm over which Maximilian was called to preside. Quite indifferent to balls and fashionable entertainments, she sought out the poor, visiting them in their humble homes, and contributing, in all the ways in her power, to the relief of the sick and the suffering. Her chief enjoyment seemed to consist in doing good. Her unaffected kindness won the love of all. The Christian principles instilled into her mind by her pious mother never forsook her, and exerted a controlling influence over her thoughts and actions, through all the tragic scenes of one of the saddest of human lives.

The attention of the Imperialistic party in Mexico was early directed to Maximilian and Carlotta. Upon the 3d of October, 1863, a deputation of Mexican notables waited upon Maximilian, in the castle of Miramar, to offer him the Imperial crown. To Carlotta there was nothing extraordinary in this measure. Her father, Leopold, had declined the proffered crown of Greece, and had accepted the crown of Belgium.

Maximilian declined the sceptre of Mexican sovereignty, until he could be assured that his assumption of the crown was the wish of the nation, clearly expressed by the voice of universal suffrage. The deputation retired, and after an absence of six months returned, with the official announcement of the vote, as correctly as it could be taken, in that lawless, war-scourged land. It was the 10th of April, 1864. The dignitaries of the Italian realm crowded the apartments of the palace. The citizens of Trieste thronged its gardens, parks, and avenues. The Archduke awaited the deputation in Carlotta's private apartment, which was suitably decorated for the imposing scene.

Maximilian stood in front of a table, upon whose magnificent tapestry were placed the acts of adhesion of the newly created Empire of Mexico, over which he was invited to preside. On his left hand stood the Archduchess Carlotta. The excitement of the occasion rendered her radiantly beautiful. She was attired in rose-colored silk, trimmed with Brussels lace and decorated with the black cord of the Order of Malta. Her jewelry consisted of a diadem, necklace and earrings of diamonds. Her exquisite grace and loveliness attracted all eyes.

On the 14th the Emperor and Empress took leave of their beautiful palace of Miramar and embarked for their unknown destiny in the New World. Carlotta was very ardent in her affections and clung to her widowed father and brothers with the utmost intensity of love. She supposed that she was leaving her European home and friends forever. We can only imagine what were her emotions as at two o'clock in the afternoon of a lovely day she, leaning upon the arm of her husband, descended the white marble steps to the sea, and entering a boat, was rowed out to the steam frigate which was awaiting them in the offing. The flags of Austria and of Mexico were wreathed together, and the strains of martial melody, from many bands, blended with the voices of cannon which filled the air from ship and tower.

On the 28th of May they cast anchor in the harbor of Vera Cruz. As the *Novara*, the frigate in which they sailed, approached the coast of Mexico, Maximilian and Carlotta stood upon the deck, arm in arm, gazing with deep emotion upon the land where they hoped to regenerate a nation, but where, instead, they were destined to encounter trials such as but few mortals have ever been called to endure.

They were received with great honors at Vera Cruz. The people welcomed them with the ringing of bells, with salutes from ship and castle, and with all other demonstrations of public rejoicing. The prefect of the city, accompanied by a deputation of the most distinguished personages of the newly formed Empire, having addressed the Emperor in the warmest terms of greeting, in the following terms presented to the Empress the pledge of the national homage.

Your Majesty will please condescend to receive the most sincere congratulation and the most perfect homage from the authorities and the inhabitants of this district. While I have the honor to present the committee to your Majesty, on your fortunate arrival, they are struck with admiration by the virtues and talents your noble character presents. Providence has offered Mexico the double benefit of an enlightened sovereign, united in destiny with your Majesty, an object of affection and respect with all good hearts, and Mexico recognizes, in you, a worthy spouse of our elected Emperor. The Mexicans, madam, who expect so much from the influence of your Majesty, in favor of all that is noble and great, of all that bears relation to the elevated sentiments of religion and country, bless the moment in which your Majesty reached our soil, and proclaim, in one voice, Long live the Empress.

Carlotta promptly and gracefully responded, in Spanish, the language in which she was addressed. The journey from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico was a grand ovation all the way. While on the route Carlotta chanced to be at Puebla on the 7th of June, the anniversary of her birth. As usual she celebrated the festival with deeds of beneficence. On the day before, she had visited the hospital, and had found it in a sad state of dilapidation. She sent to the mayor of the city seven thousand dollars out of her own private funds, to be appropriated to repairs. In the letter which accompanied the gift she said :

It is very pleasing to me to find myself in Puebla, the first anniversary of my birthday which I have passed far from my old country. Such a day is for every body one of reflection. And these days would be sad for me, if the care, attentions and proofs of affection, of which I have been the object in this city, did not cause me to recollect that I am in my new country among my people. Surrounded by friends and accompanied by my dear husband, I have no time to be sad ; and I give thanks to God because he has conducted me here, presenting unto Him fervent prayers for the happiness of this country which is mine. United to Mexico long ago by sympathy, I am to-day united to it by stronger bonds, and at the same time sweeter—those of gratitude. I wish, Senor Prefect, that the poor of this city may participate in the pleasure which I have experienced among you.

I send you seven thousand dollars, of my own private funds, which is to be dedicated to the rebuilding of the House of Charity, the ruinous state of which made me feel sad yesterday ; so that the unfortunate ones may return to inhabit it, who found themselves deprived of shelter. Senor Prefect, assure my compatriots of Puebla that they possess, and will always possess my affections.

The beautiful metropolis of Mexico, upon their arrival, blazed with illuminations and rang with rejoicings. In the City of Mexico there was a park called the Paseo, which, in the troubled times through which the realm had long been struggling, had fallen utterly into decay ; its flowers had wilted, its shrubbery perished ; a few large trees alone shaded the uninviting square. Carlotta, whose taste had been refined by the lovely parks of Brussels, and by the exquisite landscape gardening of the palace of Miramar, converted the Paseo, with her own funds, into a tropical Eden, blooming with flowers and sweet-scented shrubs and luxuriant verdure. Her benevolent heart was cheered as she saw the laboring poor, at the close of their days of toil, crowding those shaded and flowery walks which her humanity and self-denial had provided for them. One intimately acquainted with her course in Mexico has said :

“ Her intellectual capacity certainly was great ; and her administrative abilities,

of no mean order, added to a remarkable political sagacity. She was not surpassed by any living woman in those qualities. Had she been a man, at the head of a powerful government, she would have been considered the leading sovereign of the age. With all these qualities, usually sought for and more generally expected to be found in the other sex, she did not fail to possess that grace and refinement of manner, at all times and under all circumstances, which are the peculiar attributes of an accomplished lady."

She was ever, even from childhood, remarkable for her sympathy with the poor and the suffering. Wherever she appeared she endeavored to dissipate sorrow by friendly smiles and kindly words and deeds of charity. She was very methodical and industrious in her habits of life. In Mexico she usually rose a little after six o'clock, and, accompanied by a lady of honor and an officer, took a horseback ride of an hour in the fresh morning air. Then she invariably attended prayers, after which came breakfast, a quiet meal which she often took alone. She then entered her carriage, and accompanied by some one of the ladies of the court, visited the hospitals, the schools, and often the residences of the poor, administering relief with her own hands, at the bedside of the sick, as the almoner of the Society of Charity, of which she was President.

At half-past three she dined with the Emperor, there generally being a number of invited guests at the table. After dinner, accompanied by a few friends, she enjoyed, when the weather was pleasant, a promenade in the beautiful park of the palace. She then returned to her library, where she carefully examined the journals of Europe and of America, following with the utmost care, every thing which was written respecting Mexico and its Emperor. She marked with a pencil every paragraph which she deemed it important to place before the eyes of her husband. Often she amused herself with painting and drawing, in both which arts she was a proficient. At nine o'clock she usually retired.

Her dress was very simple. The material was never showy, seldom costly, plainly made, though admirably fitted to her form. On state occasions, and at grand receptions, she was dressed with the splendor which court etiquette required. She then was robed in white satin, low-necked, trimmed with gold and brilliants. A purple velvet mantle of richest embroidery rested upon her shoulders. A diadem of gold and diamonds encircled her brow, and the insignia of several orders of nobility were worn upon her breast.

The conduct of Carlotta was so exemplary that the breath of scandal never sullied her fame. The biographer of her husband says of her,

Such perfect disinterestedness, manifest in all her acts of charity, such superiority to all selfish considerations, such zeal for good, and such sanctity of life shone so conspicuous in all her behavior, that the unprejudiced, who have been inimical to her form of government and to the reign of their majesties in Mexico, have been free to credit her with the perfection ascribed to her by her friends.

One of Carlotta's ladies of honor, who ever resided with her in the palace, was a beautiful Mexican young lady of twenty-two years, Josefa Varela, a descendant of Montezuma. Nearly a year and a half passed away very pleasantly in the City of Mexico. Lawlessness, however, reigned in the remote and sparsely settled provinces, and guerilla bands committed frequent atrocities upon unfrequented posts. But in all the leading cities and all the most populous regions of the Empire there was peace and prosperity. Soon, however, gloom and peril began to gather around the throne of Maximilian. The people and the Government of the United States, unwilling to see an Empire established upon this continent by the aid of foreign armies, demanded the withdrawal of the French troops, refused to recognize the government of Maximilian, and gave their mor-

al and proffered their physical support to the Republican party, who consequently rallied with increasing strength around the banner of Juarez.

Under these circumstances it was deemed important that a tour of inspection should be made through the distant and important province of Yucatan, to ascertain the feelings of the people and to secure their support to the Empire. The Emperor was so engrossed with the cares of state that he could not leave. The important mission was intrusted to Carlotta.

On the 6th of November, 1865, she left the capital for the long and perilous journey. The Mexicans, the majority of whom could scarcely be called half civilized, were noted for treachery and cruelty. Savage bands, sometimes amounting to several thousands, often appeared where least expected, perpetrating outrages too horrible to be described.

Carlotta took with her her friend Josefa Varela, and an escort of officers, among whom were General José Lopez Uraga, Señor Ramirez, and the Belgian and Spanish ministers. The whole escort consisted of but twenty-four. At Vera Cruz she was greeted with as cordial a welcome as an affectionate and loyal people could give. On her arrival at Merida, the capital of Yucatan, as usual, she first repaired to the cathedral to give thanks to God for her safe voyage. The temple and its surroundings were crowded with a rejoicing multitude. The anxiety of all to see the Empress was so great that she came out upon a balcony and thus addressed them :

We have long wished to visit you, in order to study your necessities and your desires. The Emperor being prevented from effecting this important object, has sent me to you to present to you his cordial greetings. I assure you, from my heart, that he deeply regrets that he cannot be here with me, to tell you how great is his affection toward you. He will regret it still more when I tell him of the enthusiastic reception you have given me. He desires, and by all means will endeavor to secure the prosperity and happiness of the people of Yucatan.

In the following address, glowing with the imagery of ardent but uncultivated minds, the Yucatanese presented their adieus to their illustrious visitor, as she was about to leave them :

The daughter of a king, the wife of a monarch, beautiful and affectionate Carlotta ! As the ship which brought you to our shores appeared in our horizon, we saluted you as the aurora of our happiest day. As you touched the sand of our port we received you as the sovereign benefactor who filled us with hope. On hearing your sweet and consoling words, which you addressed to us at the foot of the throne, we listened to you as the cherub of benevolence. And to-day, madam, as you give us new proof of your goodness, saving us from a great affliction, we contemplate you as the white and pure dove of the ark, the bearer of peace and of reconciliation between God and man. Blessed be thou, imperial dove ! Blessed be thou, imperial Empress ! Were it possible for us to cover your road with pearls and diamonds, we would do it with pleasure, in order that your feeling might palpitate the expression of our gratitude. But since that cannot be, you will comprehend, just and elevated spirit, the gratitude of our hearts. The mothers, the wives and the sons of the poor salute you as their redeemer.

Such were the grateful parting words with which Carlotta was addressed after spending about ten days in Merida. During that time she not only visited but studied the condition of the schools and the hospital. She gave two thousand five hundred dollars for the establishment of a free school for girls ; three thousand dollars to the hospital ; three thousand dollars to be distributed among the poor ; one thousand dollars to repair the cathedral, besides many smaller presents to individuals.

From Merida the Empress passed through Uxmal to Campeachy. A numerous escort of the young men of Merida guarded her on her journey. All classes seem to have been equally delighted with the grace, affability and beneficence of the Empress. A poor Indian woman said to her, "I like your Majesty very much, because you are very good, and because you have an Indian lady of honor, which proves that your Majesty does not dislike but rather loves the Indians."

Early in January, 1866, she returned from her very successful tour. She had scarcely reached the City of Mexico ere her heart was rent by the tidings of the death of her dearly beloved father. In addition to this grief she found that clouds of darkness were gathering around the Empire. France could no longer with her troops protect Maximilian, but at the peril of war with the United States. Maximilian, with a treasury utterly exhausted, could not maintain his throne without some foreign aid. It soon became a matter of the utmost importance that some messenger of influential powers should visit the courts of Europe and intercede for continued support. The arduous mission devolved upon Carlotta. She had but just returned from a long absence from her husband, whom she loved almost to adoration, and now it was her painful duty to leave him again in the midst of great perils, while she placed the wide Atlantic between them. Bravely this heroic woman bowed to her destiny.

On the 8th of July, Carlotta left the City of Mexico. Maximilian accompanied her as far as Rio Frio. Here they sadly parted, never, as it proved, to meet on earth again, and each to encounter a doom so severe as ever to entitle them to the sympathies of humanity. At Orizaba, Carlotta implored the prayers of her friends, saying prophetically, "I shall need them." Her retinue consisted of Castillo, Minister of State, Count de Valle, Grand Chamberlain, and Felipe del Bassio, Chamberlain, Mrs. Gutierrez Estrada y Bassio, Lady of Honor, and her physician, Doctor Bowslaveck. From Havana she wrote to Maximilian, and also wrote a very pleasing, artless, affectionate letter to Josefa Varela, whom she addressed by the pet name of "Pepita." She closed this letter to the Indian maiden with the words, "Good-by, my dear Pepita. My heart remains in Mexico. Write to me and believe in the affection of Carlotta."

Early in August the Empress landed in France. She immediately transmitted to Napoleon the announcement of her arrival. The Emperor of the French chanced, at that time, to be sick—confined to his bed—at St. Cloud. He promptly informed her of his regret that he could not see her then, but promised to see her upon her return from her visit to her brother Leopold, the King of Belgium, at Brussels.

Carlotta, intensely anxious for the success of her mission, feared that this alleged sickness might be merely a pretext, on the part of the Emperor, to avoid seeing her. In deep depression of spirits, she passed the night at Nantes, while members of her suite were sent forward to ascertain if the Emperor were really sick. It was found that Napoleon was perfectly honest in his declaration. Carlotta continued her journey to Paris. The Emperor sent an aide-de-camp to the depot to receive Carlotta with all suitable attentions. There were two routes from Nantes, and two depots, at some distance from each other, in Paris, where the trains stopped. By a misunderstanding, the aide of the Emperor was waiting at one depot while the Empress entered the other. Carlotta thus found herself ungreeted. In the sensitive state of her mind, she was exceedingly pained, and her suspicions of intentional neglect were revived. She had, however, scarcely arrived at her apartments in the Grand Hotel, when the error was explained to her.

Very soon, Carlotta received a visit from the Empress Eugénie. The two empresses embraced each other affectionately. In the conversation which ensued there was no allusion made, on either side, to those great questions upon which the destinies of the Mexican Empire were suspended. Carlotta returned the visit of Eugénie at St. Cloud. The Emperor insisted upon seeing her, for a few moments, in his sick chamber.

It was not, however, until a subsequent visit, on the 24th of August, that they entered upon the discussion of affairs of state. Carlotta presented Napoleon with a long memorial from her husband, and earnestly entreated the continued protection of France. Napoleon was sadly constrained to decline. He could no longer intervene in behalf of the Imperial party in Mexico, without involving France in a war with the United States.

There was but one more hope for the Empress. The cordial support of the Pope, who, through the Mexican bishops, could control the people, might yet save the Empire. But the Pope was estranged from Maximilian, because the Emperor was resolutely introducing reforms in Mexico, upon which the Papal Church sternly frowned.

On the 29th of August, the Empress left Paris for Miramar, in the Imperial train, which Napoleon had kindly placed at her disposal. Arriving upon the coast, she embarked for Trieste. Exhausted by travel, discouraged by want of success, and trembling for her husband, she was in a state of extreme dejection. As the ship which bore her from the shores of France to the waters of the Adriatic approached the palace of Miramar, where she had passed so many happy hours, a violent tempest arose, and the roar of the waves and the crash of thunder blended with the salutes which the cannon uttered from frigates and from forts. After the repose of a few weeks at Miramar, during which the Empress was busy, in various ways, in endeavoring to accomplish the object of her mission, she set out, with a small suite, to visit the Pope. The journey was made by land, in post carriages, through the Tyrol, until they reached Bologna, where they took a special railroad train. As the cars stopped for a moment at Botzen, the Empress alarmed her companions by saying, very deliberately,

"I do not wish to go to Rome, because I am afraid that they will poison me. I wish to go back to Miramar."

Was the mind of the Empress breaking down beneath the great burden which was laid upon it? Was this the incipient stage of insanity? Her friends conversed anxiously, among themselves, upon the subject, and with deep solicitude observed every word and gesture. But there were no other indications of a disordered intellect. A Mexican deputation awaited her at Ancona, and accompanied her through the Apennines. Military and civic bodies were assembled to honor her in all the important towns through which she passed, and she was greeted with the boom of cannon, the ringing of bells and other tokens of popular enthusiasm.

The Papal Court, at Rome, received her with marked distinction. She had given no other indication of insanity, save the very emphatic remark she had made at Botzen. Many distinguished visitors, of different nationalities, paid their respects to her at Rome, and she charmed them all with the grace and fluency with which she addressed them in their several languages. But, suddenly, on the fourth day after her arrival, she again alarmed her friends, by informing them that three of the most distinguished members of her suite, including her physician, were hired by Napoleon to poison her. She made this statement to her friend, Mrs. Kuhachevich, whom she accused of being one of her intended assassins. She then sent for the Mexican Minister at Rome, and to Cardinal Antonelli, and requested that the suspected persons should be arrested. She would no longer allow them in her presence.

Three days after, she visited the Pope, at the Vatican, and informed him that she wished to remain under his protection, in the palace, as nowhere else was she safe from being poisoned. She could not be induced to leave the Vatican,

and spent the whole night upon the sofa, with three of her friends by her side. The next morning she was persuaded to return to her hotel. But the illusion that she was to be poisoned had now obtained a firm hold upon her mind. She was afraid to eat or drink of the food prepared at her hotel. Taking her carriage, she rode to the public fountain and filled a jar with water, and bought some chesnuts at one of the stands. She sent a confidential servant to the market to purchase eggs and a few other articles which she ordered to be cooked in her room.

In this condition she remained for about twenty days, when her younger brother, the Duke of Flanders, arrived, and took her to the Castle of Miramar, at Trieste. Here she was placed under the best medical care. The Queen of Belgium, with a physician eminent for his treatment of the insane, hastened to visit her stricken sister; and they took her, in their loving arms, to Belgium. They were, on their return, met upon the frontier by Leopold, her brother, the King, and by the Prince of Wales; and the Empress was conducted to the regal palace of Tervueren. This palace, elegant in all its adornments, occupies one of the most charming sites in Europe.

It was the 31st of July. In the meantime, Maximilian, betrayed by one of his officers, Lopez, had been captured by Escobedo, condemned by court-martial, and had been shot on the 19th of June. Perhaps God, in mercy, cast a shade over the mind of Carlotta, that she might be spared some of the anguish of the dreadful blow. The Empress was cautiously informed of the death of her husband. At times she was quite frenzied with inconsolable grief. Again, in the languor of exhaustion, she would be calm, and converse sadly of her husband, believing that he died of sickness. Her physicians were led to the opinion that her insanity was caused by poison treacherously administered to her in Mexico. It is probable that she had been cautioned there against poison. It is said that her insanity, as resulting from poisoning, had been talked about in Mexico soon after her departure, before the news of its actual occurrence could have been received from Europe. The report in Mexico was that she had eaten of fruit in which was placed some of the poisonous juice of a tree called *palo de leche*, or the milk tree.

Carlotta now remains under the care of loving friends in the home of her childhood. The dreadful tempest which has swept over her has wrecked all her earthly hopes, and she patiently awaits the hour of deliverance, when death shall come to her release and she may be permitted to join, in the better land, the loved one who has gone before her. The sympathies of every generous heart cluster around the woe-stricken Princess, and from multitudes of churches and thousands of firesides prayers are offered, with tearful eyes, that God may support and comfort the mourner.

Her mental health so varies that at times there are trembling hopes of her recovery, and again those hopes vanish in despair. Upon some points she often seems quite rational, and there are lucid moments in her life of dreams when she recalls all the past; and with pathos, which almost breaks the hearts of those who love her, yields herself without a murmur to her sad destiny. She has listened calmly to all the melancholy details of the trial and execution of Maximilian, and has conferred a generous pension upon the widow of General Miramon, who was commended by Maximilian in his last hours, to her protection. Poor Carlotta! May Heaven recompense thee for the sorrows of thine earthly lot.

JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

TEA AND ITS ADULTERATIONS.

IN an article on coffee in a former number attention was drawn to the prejudices which for so long a time resisted its introduction. The same opposition was shown to the use of tea ; one writer regarded all tea-dealers as immoral men, Patin calls it "*l'impertinente nouveauté du siècle*," and Disraeli says, it is surprising that the learned men of civilized Europe were so obstinate and absurd in their prejudices against the introduction of tea, coffee, and chocolate, being as afraid to touch them as the frozen Norwegians were to handle red roses lest they should burn themselves, or as many of our own ancestors were to be vaccinated, lest they should injure the race by ultimately producing families of minotaurs, in which the intermixture of bovine blood should assert itself, and their children's children should be crowned with horns, shod with cloven hoofs, and well protected against vicissitudes of weather by a shaggy coating of hair.

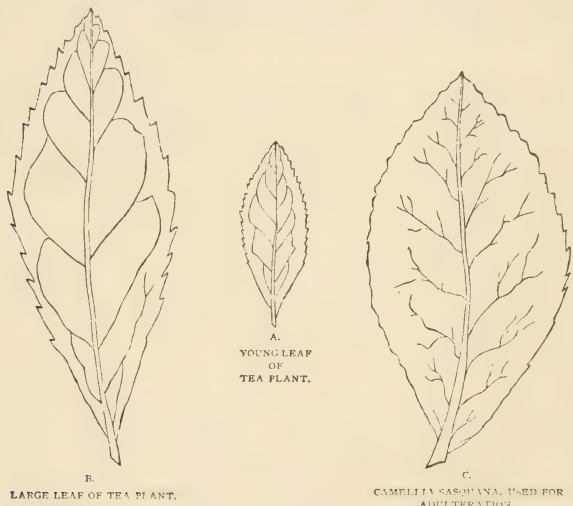
These prejudices have almost entirely passed away, and when we consider how highly we now prize the tea-plant, it is a disgrace to our city that there is no place where it is to be found, unless in a private hot-house or in some musty herbarium, carefully hidden from public view. Living specimens should be seen in our Central Park ; and it is to be desired that some lover of nature who has the means, should establish a conservatory there like those in London or Paris, and even in smaller continental cities, as Brussels, and stock it with such plants as tea, coffee, and cotton, that yield so many of the necessities and comforts of life, and with which but few persons ever have the opportunity of becoming acquainted. Until some Astor or Cooper shall thus endow us, we must content ourselves with the description of that which we yet hope to see growing within our city limits.

Though teas are generally divided into black and green, there are a number of varieties of each offered for sale in our markets, the black being congo, campo, souchong, pouchong, oolong, and pekoe ; their value increasing from the first through the list ; while the green are twankay, hyson skin, young hyson, hyson imperial, and gunpowder, the last of which is the most valuable in its series. With the exception of the imperial, it is said that these commercial varieties are not known to the tea growers, but arise from successive sortings made by the dealers through whose hands they pass. In the tea-growing districts but two kinds of plant are recognized ; viz. : *thea viridis*, and *T. bohea*, either of which will make a black or green tea according to the method of curing ; though the first makes the best green tea. To these we may add a red tea used by the Tartars, though the difference may again be due to the manner of curing, and not to any essential difference in the shrub.

The plant grows best in a southern exposure, and in the vicinity of running water ; those on hill or mountain sides, in a loose gravelly soil of disintegrated large-grained granite, bear the leaves of finest flavor ; those on the bottom lands, on the contrary, bear a larger leaf, and furnish a greater yield, but the flavor is said to be inferior ; they are extensively employed in the manufacture of green tea. A good exposure to sunlight also improves the flavor of the leaves. The plantations are formed by first sowing the seeds in drills, and then transplanting the seedlings, when they are a year old, into rows about four feet

apart, and supporting them with bamboo rods. In four years they reach maturity, and are plucked three or four times a year until they are ten or twelve years old, when they are replaced by new seedlings.

In its wild state the tea-plant is a branching evergreen shrub or bush, a native of China and Japan, where it reaches a height of four or five feet, though Bruce says he saw a tea-tree at Jeypoor three feet in circumference, and sixty feet high. It resembles the camellia so closely that they have been classified by botanists in the same natural family. The leaves are alternate, firm in texture, of a dark green color, and from an inch to two inches in length. They are oblong ovate in form, and serrated from the point to within a short distance of the stalk; in the large leaves the veins form a series of loops along the margin, as is shown in the following figures, which, with the serrated border, will enable the reader by his own examinations to distinguish the true tea leaf from those used for the purpose of adulteration.



The first plucking occurs in the early spring, each leaf being taken singly, and since they are young they make the finest tea; it is reserved for the noble and rich, and passes under the name of imperial tea. The second is at the end of spring, and consists of young and old leaves; it is called tootsjoa, and is used after the Chinese fashion. The third is in the middle of the summer, when the leaves are full-grown and inferior; it is collected carelessly and is used by the common people. The persons employed in these gatherings receive only from eight to ten cents a day, a fair day's work being about fifteen pounds.

In curing the green tea the leaves are roasted very soon after they are collected, one workman throwing them in small handfuls into a flat iron pan which is made almost red hot, while another keeps them continually stirred with his naked hands until they become so hot as to be almost unendurable, when they are tossed out on a mat, from which they are taken by other work-

ers, who roll them between their hands to give them the proper curl, another at the same time keeping up a constant current of air with a fan to cool them quickly and enable them to retain the curl. This operation is repeated three or four times to insure thorough drying; they are then dyed by adding to each pound of tea one teaspoonful of gypsum, one of turmeric, and two or three of Prussian blue, and separated into different classes by a species of winnowing machine, those that fall nearest to the machine, being the heaviest, are called by the exporters gunpowder tea. It is worthy of remark that the Chinese do not use these dyed teas themselves, but only prepare them for the foreign market, and to please the palates of those outer barbarians who know no better than to insist on having turmeric and Prussian blue in their tea.

The black teas are dried in the sun, then beaten with rods and put away. This operation is repeated three or four times. They are then pressed in baskets and closely covered, to ferment. As soon as the latter operation has reached a certain point, they are dried and curled in the same manner as the green teas. The change produced by the fermentation causes the difference in flavor between the two kinds. The Chinese consider that the best teas are produced in the vicinity of Nankin. Those brought to Europe and America are from Fokin. The Russians obtain a better article than that furnished to us, from the district in which their teas are grown, the superiority being due to the difference in the plants and the method of curing, and not to the fact that the tea is not submitted to a sea voyage, as was formerly supposed.

In China, the solution of the leaves is prepared by placing them in the cup and covering them with boiling water, a grating of silver wire being dropped over them to keep them at the bottom when the infusion is completed. The Japanese, on the contrary, pulverize the leaves, infuse them in the water for a short time, and then whip up the powder with the fluid by means of a kind of bamboo brush, until the mixture becomes creamy, when they drink it, swallowing both leaves and infusion, and so obtaining all the nutritive properties of the plant. The common people, since the virtues of the teas they employ are more fixed, usually boil the leaves to extract their useful ingredients; and it is the fashion to keep the pot on the fire at all times, and replenish it occasionally, so that a draught may be obtained at any moment. A similar method of steeping, as it is called, is very commonly employed in this country, and some even add a little soda. It is hardly necessary to say that, though this is well enough with a common tea, it utterly destroys a fine one by expelling the delicate aroma. The English method of pouring boiling water on the leaves at the table is more like the Chinese custom of treating fine teas, and is very well adapted to the preparation of the valuable varieties. The addition of sugar and milk is not practised in the East; and when the tea is good the connoisseur cannot consider it an improvement. An excellent illustration of the difference of opinion in the preparation of tea is given by Victor Jacquemont in one of his letters, in which he states that, at Kurnoar, "the leaves are boiled for an hour or two; the water is then thrown away, and the leaves mixed with rank butter"—the caseine contained in the leaves being the chief ingredient sought.

The use of tea was not general in China till after the year 600; but it had become so common in the dynasty of Tang, about the eighth century, that it was subjected to a tax; and Dampier tells us that, in his time, the consumption was enormous, and that he saw "the women sitting in the streets and selling dishes of tea, hot and ready-made." He adds, "They call it *chau*, and even the poorest people sip it." It was introduced into Japan about the year 810, and is

now as generally used there as in China. In 1610, the Dutch East India Company brought it to Holland, where it was for a long time opposed, and even regarded with ridicule and spoken of as hay-water as late as 1670. Dr. Short states that, in their earlier voyages, the Dutch obtained their cargoes of tea in exchange for dried sage, at the rate of one pound of sage for three or four of tea, and then sold the latter in Europe for from twenty to sixty shillings the pound. This highly remunerative trade continued, until at last the Dutch could not export a sufficient quantity to meet the Chinese demand.

Although there is no account of the importation of tea into England before 1660, it must have been pretty well known there at that time, for a tax of eighteen pence a gallon was laid on the infusion; and in the following year Pepys says, in his diary, "I sent for a cup of tea (a Chinese drink), of which I never drank before." In 1664, the East India Company desired to make a present of two pounds of tea to Charles II., and obtained it on the Continent for two guineas a pound. It is generally stated that the first regular importation was from Holland in 1666, by Lords Arlington and Ossory; but Disraeli says, "This is by no means satisfactory. I have heard of Oliver Cromwell's teapot, in the possession of a collector." The first importation direct from China was by the East India Company, in 1669, when 150 pounds were introduced; but so slowly did it gain a foothold that, in 1678, when 5,000 pounds were imported, the market was so overstocked that only 410 pounds were imported during the succeeding six years; whereas, in 1837, the importation was 36,177,200 pounds.

Soon after its introduction into England it was brought to the United States, and became of great political interest in connection with the questions that finally produced the separation from the Mother Country. The history of the famous Boston Tea Party as given by Bancroft is well known to all, and is an excellent illustration of the manner in which coffee and tea have been more or less connected with political questions at some time during their introduction into different countries.

The consumption of tea in the United States is now about 30,000,000 pounds, and is chiefly in the North-eastern and Northern States. In the Middle States, tea and coffee are both found in general use, while in the Southern and Western States coffee is more generally employed, and in some of the more Southern States tea is almost unknown. This is, in a measure, due to the fact that the American coffee-producing districts are, as it were, almost next door to the Southern States, and tea can only reach them at a greatly-enhanced price through a very roundabout channel.

Many attempts have been made to cultivate the tea-plant, for commercial purposes, in various countries; but the only instances that have thus far met with success are in India, where a native variety is found; and in Brazil, though there seems to be some doubt in the latter case regarding the value of the product.

The physiological properties of tea are similar to those of coffee; it is slightly astringent and tonic, and when used without milk or sugar is a simple remedial agent in nausea and indigestion; but if sugar is added it is converted into a thin syrup, which is more apt to produce indigestion than the consumption of many times its weight of pure candy, since sugar is more digestible in the concentrated than in the dilute state. It is a mild stimulant to the skin and kidneys, prevents sleepiness, counteracts the effects of alcohol, and reduces the rate of waste of the tissues, an action supposed to be due to the theine, or peculiar principle of the plant, the quantity of which is variously estimated from one-half of one to

four per cent., and which closely resembles caffeine, or the principle of coffee. It is also an aphrodisiac of considerable power, and the rapid increase of the population in China is, by some, supposed to be due to its universal use by all classes. In addition to its other properties, the Chinese regard it as a preventive of gout and calculus. It no doubt has the power of preventing the latter; but this action is probably due to the fact that, if water is boiled, the greater part of the carbonate of lime it contains, and which would enter into the composition of a calculus, is precipitated, therefore the drinking of boiled water would be equally effective in influencing the prevalence of this disease. It is also narcotic and sedative, like opium; but like it, its action varies with the individual and the dose. To some, it is exhilarating to the nervous and calming to the vascular system. In the words of Waller,

The Muse's friend, tea, does our fancy aid,
Repress those vapors which the head invade.

To others, on the contrary, it is highly deleterious, producing headache, and sometimes even causing paralysis and diabetes, especially when used to excess, as in tea tasters.

The time of day at which tea is taken in different countries varies with the custom of each nation, as does almost every other human habit. The Chinese drink it at all times, and keep the pot on the fire so that they "may moisten their lips" after the fashion of Sairy Gamp; others consider it almost sacrilege to take it at any other hour than in the evening and at *tea*, while many say with Gay,

At noon (the lady's matin hour)
I sip the tea's delicious flower.

At whatever time it may be used there is no doubt that it acts much more energetically if taken on an empty stomach and without any other food.

From these general matters of interest regarding tea we next pass to the consideration of the adulterations to which it is subjected. They may be described under the following divisions: first, the substitution of inferior for superior varieties; second, the addition of leaves of other plants; third, the employment of what the Chinese call "lie tea;" fourth, the coloring and re-drying of leaves that have already been used or of those that have been damaged, so as to pass them for good green or black tea. These sophistications are all practised by the Chinese, and their imitators are to be found in our own land; but there is good reason for supposing that the greater part of the adulteration takes place before the tea reaches our shores. In support of this opinion we have the statement of Dr. Dickson that "the Chinese annually dry many millions of pounds of leaves of different plants, as those of the ash, plum, etc., and mingle them with genuine tea."

In the first part of this article we have given outline sketches of the true tea leaf, and of the leaf of another plant that is employed by the Chinese for the purpose of adulteration, and which closely resembles the tea leaf; but the reader will notice that the difference in the arrangement of the veins is marked, and suffices at once to distinguish the true from the false leaf, even when they resemble each other in general appearance. The first step in the examination of a specimen of tea is to steep the leaves for a few minutes in hot water until they are soft; they should then be placed on a sheet of paper or other suitable surface, and carefully unrolled and compared with the true leaf, especial attention being paid to the course of the veins and the serrations of the edges. If the leaves are all broken, as in lie tea, it may be necessary to resort to the use of

the microscope, which requires a much more intimate acquaintance with the structure of the leaf than can be given in such an article as this; but for ordinary purposes this is not necessary, for when the leaves are thus broken into small fragments, and intermixed with hard lumps that are evidently held together by gum, and fall apart when they are treated with hot water, we may rest assured that the specimen belongs in all probability to what the Chinese so aptly call lie tea.

The first method of adulteration is practised with such teas as the hyson, which should consist of the leaves of the second plucking, and which is one of the most valuable of the green teas. The sophistication in this case is accomplished by cutting up the leaves of inferior green teas, and sifting the fragments through sieves of suitable size. It is even said that the commonest black teas have been thus divided and then colored to resemble green tea. The fraud is easily detected, for on unrolling the leaves in the manner described above, the true nature of the masses is at once revealed, and instead of finding leaves of moderate size, the examination results in the discovery of nothing but fragments of the large old leaves, and often of portions which cannot be regarded as ever having belonged to the tea-plant.

In his work on the Chinese, Davis says, "The remission of the tea duties in the United States occasioned, in the years 1832 and 1833, a demand for green teas at Canton which could not be supplied by arrivals from the provinces. The Americans, however, were obliged to sail with cargoes of green teas within the favorable season; they were determined to have the teas, and the Chinese were determined that they should be supplied. Certain rumors being afloat concerning the manufacture of green tea from old black leaves, the writer of this became curious to ascertain the truth, and with some difficulty persuaded a Hong merchant to conduct him, accompanied by one of the inspectors, to the place where the operations were carried on. Entering one of these laboratories of fictitious hyson, the parties were witnesses to a strange scene. The damaged black tea leaves, after being dried, were transferred to a cast-iron pan placed over a furnace, and stirred rapidly with the hand, a small quantity of turmeric in powder, having been previously introduced. This gave the leaves a yellowish or orange tint, but they were still to be made green. For this purpose some lumps of fine blue were produced, together with a substance in powder, which, from the names given them by the workmen, as well as by their appearance, were known at once to be Prussian blue and gypsum. These were triturated finely together with a small pestle, in such proportions as reduced the dark color of the blue to a light shade, and a quantity equal to a teaspoonful of the powder being added to the yellowish leaves, these were stirred as before over the fire until the tea had taken the fine bloom color of hyson, with much the same scent."

The second method of adulteration by the admixture of foreign leaves is, as we have already stated, practised to a large extent by the Chinese, and Hassall says that in England the leaves of the beech, elm, horse-chestnut, plane, oak, willow, poplar, hawthorn and sloe have been used for this purpose. These are doctored with rose pink, Dutch pink, catechu, chromate of lead, sulphate of iron, Venetian red, soapstone or French chalk, carbonate of lime, carbonate of magnesia, carbonate of copper, arsenite of copper, chromates of potassa, Prussian blue and indigo, and made to assume the appearance of black or green teas, according to the demand. Here we have a list of poisons that would satisfy a Borgia. Arsenic, copper, lead, etc., some of which even in minute doses are cumulative in their effects, and ultimately produce such appalling results as par-

alysis and other profound nervous disorders. May we not suspect that the prevalence of nervous diseases among the women of the Northern States is in a measure due to the universal use of tea by them? And since there is no good reason for supposing that our green teas are any better than those sold in England, is it not probable that these troubles are owing, not to the injurious action of the tea leaf itself, but to the poisons that are introduced for the purpose of imparting to various leaves appearances similar to those presented by green tea? If this view is correct it is evident that we should avoid the green teas, in the preparation of which such poisonous substances are employed for the purpose of imparting an enticing green color, and use the black teas, in which at the worst we can only introduce into the system a little sulphate or tannate of iron, some catechu, and other less harmful substances.

Some may say, in answer to this, "It is all nonsense, for I know many people who have taken two or three cups of green tea daily and it has never done them the least harm. Why just look at my grandmother, she is the strongest woman of her age in the country, and she has taken her green tea every day for the last fifty years." To such I would answer, We might as well say that arsenic is not a poison, for there are many arsenic eaters who daily consume enough of the drug to kill a dozen healthy men.

From such facts as these we see that we cannot justly argue that teas that have been colored with such mineral poisons are harmless, because we may be able to cite a few cases where no harm has followed their use. We may know instances in which they have been used without injury, we also know instances where they have been harmful, but we do not know how often they have been the unsuspected causes of obscure ailments, that have for years baffled the skill of the best physicians, until at last the patient has found relief in the grave. Painters have, time out of mind, been peculiarly liable to a palsy of the hands, that sometimes extended to other parts of the body, but it has only been known of late that this was due to the absorption of minute portions of lead through the skin of the hands and fingers, and physicians can now frequently relieve such persons by taking suitable means to remove the lead from the system, and so restore vigor to the palsied muscles. Can we now doubt that in minute doses lead is a poison? Some painters may never show evidences of its evil effects, but that does not prove it is harmless. So with tea, there are many to whom even pure tea is harmful and injurious to the nervous system, if used to excess, though advantageous when employed in moderation; but if with the tea mineral poisons are introduced, we cannot estimate the injury they may cause; and we repeat that, in view of these facts, the only safe way is to avoid the use of green tea, for in its preparation mineral poisons are frequently employed. If we must have green tea, let us use it as the Chinese do, without previously having it subjected to a process of dyeing, which cannot improve it and must necessarily injure the flavor to a greater or less extent.

The third form of adulteration in which the lie tea of the Chinese is employed resembles, to a certain extent, that of which we have just spoken. It is made of the dust of tea leaves and sweepings of the warehouses, to which portions of foreign leaves and sand are added, and the whole made up with gum or paste into small masses, which are colored green or black as circumstances require. Considerable skill is shown in the manufacture of this article, and Hassall states that he has met with a dozen different varieties. The Chinese usually mark the chests containing it, lie tea. They also use it for the purpose of adulterating other teas, but at the same time give a certificate of the proportion of

true and false material in the sample. In a paper read before the Chemical Society, in 1851, it was stated that at one time an ingenious attempt was made to pass these lie teas through the English custom-house as manufactured goods, in order to avoid the duty. It would be interesting to learn whether similar attempts have been made with our own custom-house, and with what success; information on this point might perhaps throw considerable light on the varying prices of teas.

The fourth method, by the revamping of exhausted and damaged leaves, was at one time carried on to such an extent in England, that in 1843, there were eight establishments devoted to this purpose in London, in addition to others scattered throughout the country. Agents bought the leaves at the coffee-houses, and delivered them to the factories, where they were treated with gum, sulphate of iron, and catechu, to restore the astringency and color; and then dried and roughly curled. If a black tea was to be made, the requisite gloss or facing was imparted by the judicious use of rose pink and black lead. If a green was required, the leaves were submitted to a dyeing similar to that employed by the Chinese, into which the use of Scheele's green, carbonate of copper, and other poisonous compounds often entered.

The detection of these facings is by no means difficult. A very simple method is to agitate a few leaves for a short time in a tall vessel like a champagne glass or solitaire flower glass, when a portion of the gum and coloring matter is detached and sinks to the bottom before the leaves begin to unfold; another is to moisten half a dozen leaves in a saucer, and when they are soft, if they are pressed on a dry porcelain surface, the particles of foreign matter are forced out and may be examined under the microscope; or we may place the leaves themselves under the instrument, under a power of fifty, when the surface will be found to be covered with minute particles of coloring matter. The differences between a black and a green leaf, when thus examined, are both instructive and suggestive.

In the examination of a number of specimens of tea obtained from the better class of shops, I have thus far found that the green teas are all more or less colored with pigment in exceedingly minute particles. In the black teas the leaf is generally free from such foreign substances. As regards the proportion of tea leaves to dust and fragments of tea and other leaves, my examinations have shown that, in the majority of cases, even when the tea was high-priced, the proportion of perfect leaves was very small, and even where they were from the tea-plant, as is the case with the gunpowder, they were nearly all fragments of the large leaves of the last plucking. These are results that any one who takes sufficient interest in the subject can readily substantiate for himself, since the examinations are simple, and easily made.

In conclusion, we cannot but reflect on the causes that have produced so general a use of an inferior article. Candor requires us to admit that the true reason is the apathy that prevails among the consumers themselves; many do not know what a good cup of tea or coffee is, and even if they suspect that the tea is not good do not take the trouble to submit a portion to such a simple examination as that we have detailed, and even if they know it to be bad, do not require their grocers to furnish them with a better article. Until we thus interest ourselves, and so oblige the importers to take greater pains in the selection of their teas, we must rest content to consume the refuse that the Chinese choose to send us, and either let our tea simmer for an hour or more as a common Chinaman is obliged to do, or put a little soda into the water to extract the properties of the tough old leaves:

JOHN C. DRAPER.

OUR GREAT FARMERS.

AMONG THE HORSE GROWERS.

IN these days of intense competition, when city men are asking, anxiously, "What can I do to make a living?" when young men all through the land are wondering where they can take hold of the work of life to insure a reward for their labors—respect, competence, and, perhaps, wealth—it may be well for us to take a look at the *great producers*, who live off the pavements; who, indeed, create the real wealth of the world from the bountiful earth, and keep a good part of it for themselves. You never hear of failures and bankruptcies among them.

Going into Orange County, you find on every hundred acres a neat and capacious white house, with well-kept fences, a few rose-bushes, a convenient garden, ample barns. Inside these houses you will be apt to find a wholesome, handsome woman and four good children—that is the average. If this woman does not know what good butter is, and how to make it; good bread, and how to make it; if she does not know a good horse or cow when she sees it, a good farmer as soon as she puts her eye on his land, it will be surprising. If every woman in every house does not own and wear a good silk dress, if there is not in every house a newspaper or two, and a magazine or two, and twenty good books, it will be more surprising still. These houses are furnished with good carpets and good beds, and in many of them stands a piano, which some daughter can use passably well. On Sundays and on fair-days, these men and women and children have a good carriage and a horse or two, with which they can ride. They are as well off as mankind can be, and they ought to be content.

For myself, I should like to see introduced here the English fashion of fortnightly market days, where, at the central town on a particular day, buyers and sellers should meet, the one with productions, the other with money, for mutual exchange. I believe this would promote and satisfy the social feeling, which now may sometimes go hungry; and I am sure it would be pecuniarily beneficial. Five good farmers can start it in any district, and I trust they will in Orange County. The principal products of this rich county are butter, cheese, milk, cattle, hay, and horses. It is with the last that we have to do. Three great stud farms are to be seen there; and, beside these, good horses, in ones and twos, are bred on nearly every farm. This, indeed, has been the usual method until within a few years, when capital, brains, and experience combined, have organized great businesses, as to which I only propose to report progress.

About two miles west of Newburg is the Newburg Stud Farm, in a broad, open valley, backed by broken hills, with a swift stream running through it. Comfortable houses and good stables indicate a well-considered expenditure, and with reference to profit rather than show.

On these great farms are to be seen, running loose on the snow-covered fields, herds of yearlings and two-year-olds, rough, unlicked, long-haired. It is not easy for the uninitiated to believe that some of these unkempt creatures are worth more than a thousand dollars as they stand. But, with singular confidence, they come up to you, they put their noses into your hand, they wish to nip at your coat, they have no other idea than that you are their friend. Then you begin to see that they have broad faces, great, intelligent eyes,

quick, flexible ears, and confidence. You are pointed to the depth of chest, which indicates lung power and large hearts. You see that they are even now strongly developed behind, where the great propelling power of the trotter lies. You see, too, that the stifles are wide, and that the muscles creep well down toward the hock-joint, which is low on the leg. Very soon you begin to believe that these uncombed, wild-looking, but gentle colts are, indeed, worth money, and that they are the stock from which is to be developed the Gentleman's Road Horse of Eastern America in the coming time. You go into the open yards and find, in groups of five or six, the brood-mares, as rough-looking, as unpromising as their children; but you learn that most of them have racing blood in their veins—are descendants of Mambrino, or Abdallah, or Clay, or Star, or some other of the noted horses; and nearly all have made their mark, have done their mile in 2.50, 2.40, or 2.30, and so have won their places as mothers of noted offspring.

Now your first impression may be that these colts are hardly treated; that they do not have the shelter or the cleaning they ought. But you will be assured that this open-air treatment insures a hardy and enduring horse, and is infinitely superior to blanketing and sheltering; and you will believe it. If you feel of the skin you will find it loose and the hair very thick and close, more like fur than hair; and you will understand that, with room for exercise, the colt will not be likely to suffer from cold.

Possibly you will be taken into a small yard, inclosed by a high fence, in one corner of which is an open shed. Out of this will rush at you a young three-year-old stallion; he will snort and lash his tail, and stand on his legs, and paw the air, and you may fancy you are going to be devoured. But the manager holds up his hand or his whip, and speaks to him, and then you see he is entirely under control. And this is one of the peculiarities at all these great farms: the horses are intelligent and tractable; they know their masters, and *like them*; they hurt no one, and rarely hurt one another.

I asked the manager at the Newburg Farm, "How many do you lose by accident or injury?"

"Not one in fifty, perhaps not one in a hundred."

And this I found the answer at all the farms. Coming now to some details, at the Newburg Farm, Captain Clark, the manager, brought out for us a three-year-stallion, Thorndale, sired by Edsall's Hambletonian.

"Ah, that looks like a horse, fine color, fine eye, head up. Strength and spirit are here combined—a magnificent youngster."

So we said. Then came out Mambrunello, Kentucky bred from Mambrino Chief. Clear brown, fine crest, strong quarters, clean limbs, brilliant eye—a superb horse.

"There can't be a finer horse than that." So we said.

Then we went into a roomy box, and, in the half-light, saw a dark bay stallion, with clean head and fine, sharp ears. He came toward us, with tossing mane and flashing eye. We hung back.

"Never fear, he'll do no harm," said the manager.

The most obedient creature, he came when called, he went back again, he went this way and that at the word. The bridle was now put on, and he was led out. Was it possible—did he not surpass all the others? He seemed faultless. And when, with a fast runner by his side, we saw the great action of those symmetrical legs, we began to believe in the perfection of the horse. This was Hamlet, eight years old, fifteen and three-quarter hands high, sired by Volunteer,

he by Rysdyk's Hambletonian, and he back to the great thoroughbred stallion Messenger. He has done the half mile in 1.12, the mile in 2.30.

We saw other horses, which it is impossible to mention here; but among them was a great sorrel gelding, called Cloudman, who, they do say, is the fastest horse in the world, one who can trot a quarter of a mile at a two-minute gait. When the fine weather comes, we shall see.

At this farm are five stallions, twenty mares, and forty young horses of different ages, up to five-year-olds.

"Do you practise high-feeding—forcing the colts?" we asked of the manager.

"We give a little grain when they are about three months old—enough to get them accustomed to it, and when we wean them we give some four to six quarts a day through the year, while they are running in the fields. We lessen this the second year to about four quarts, because then the colts are kept up more; do not have so much exercise. We want to give feed enough to keep the colts growing without check."

"How much do you keep them out in the air?"

"All the day except in stormy weather. The more air and sunlight the better they do, the healthier and stronger they grow."

This stud is to be transferred the coming year to Thorndale Farm in Dutchess County, for the sake of more room. At this farm—let us note it—they are combining the best Eastern stock—Hambletonian, with the best Western stock—Mambrino; the results we shall by-and-by see.

Some ten miles west of this is the Walnut-Grove Stud Farm—the home of the now famous horse Volunteer. This farm is finely situated on a high rolling country, and is managed by a most intelligent and careful farmer, as a business, with a keen eye to profit. He has made his money by farming, and uses it in farming. There is less money spent in buildings here than at the other two great farms; doubtless something more will be added as the stock increases.

Volunteer is one of the most distinguished stallions descended from Hambletonian, and is a worthy son. We saw him in his box. Clear brilliant bay, with black points, except the hind feet, which are white like his sire; deep through the chest, broad in the haunches, clean and strong limbed, with an arching neck and a fine head and eye, he leaves nothing to be desired; in appearance, a perfect horse. He was led out upon the snow, and there he showed his superb form to advantage. We could not see him move, but his tremendous pace and strength have been seen again and again at the fairs. He never has trotted on the course.

"What does the fine reputation of Volunteer arise from?" we asked of Mr. Goldsmith.

"In the first place he inherits strength, vigor and speed from his sire and dam. He has the strong points of the old Hambletonian; he has a fine neck and a clean head, showing high breeding; without training he has made good time—2.36, and he has the power of producing horses distinguished for size, style, speed, endurance and color. Of four horses sired by him in this country before I had him, and who are old enough to trot, three have made 2.40 time and the fourth is very fast."

Volunteer is now in his prime, being thirteen years old; he stands fifteen and three-quarter hands, and is a model of fine proportion. Among his progeny are the stallions Hamlet and Dictator, and the geldings Idler and Matchless; the last in Mr. Goldsmith's stud; all superb horses.

At this farm are also Woburn, a fine dark brown Hambletonian stallion, now five years old and sixteen hands; and Sharpshooter, a bay Volunteer stallion, who has made 2.40 time with the ordinary handling practised on the farm.

I cannot specify each individual horse of the Walnut-Grove stud; it is enough to say that there are here four stallions, about twenty brood mares, many of them "Stars"—and some sixty young stock, mostly sired by Volunteer.

I come now to a curious and still open question—Whence comes this tremendous trotting action, as shown in the American road horse? Racing men assert that the natural *fast* gait of the horse is the run, and that no high-bred horse trots fast *naturally*—therefore that the thoroughbred *must be* crossed with the "dunghill" or "cold-blooded" mare to secure a fast trot. We introduced the subject to Mr. Goldsmith.

"I will show you a little of the *natural* fast gait."

Then were brought in succession three young horses, three-year-olds. They were turned loose in the open field and went trotting away at a great stride, head and tail erect. Then they were scared along by running at them; the dog went after them, and still they trotted *fast*; if they broke into a run they came down again almost instantly; it was evident that they had a fast trot, which was the gait they *preferred*.

"What is your explanation of this matter?"

"I will tell you. There have stood in this country the following stallions, all except Bellfounder and Abdallah thoroughbreds, and they nearly so:

Messenger, about 1795.

Baronet, about 1795.

Seagull, about 1820.

Bellfounder, about 1831-'32.

American Star, about 1840.

Abdallah, about 1848-'50.

and some others. Of these, Messenger, Bellfounder, American Star, and Abdallah were *natural trotters*, and it is asserted that Messenger has come in at the end of a running race on a fast trot. Out of these natural thoroughbred *trotters* have come our great road horses."

For the first time we non-professional men got what seemed a reasonable explanation of a great fact. The great road horse is not a mere accident.

We must hasten onward, some six miles north, to the largest stud in Orange County, though the most recent—to Stony Ford Farm. It is a tract of some five hundred acres, sloping down to the valley of the stream, along the level of which is laid out a mile track for the use of the establishment. The barns and buildings are extensive, excellent and expensive, too much so for profit. We estimated that the rent of each box was some thirty dollars a year, which of itself, in five years, adds a price to the horse. The manager was most attentive and obliging, and gave us every opportunity to see and know more than the coming sunset would allow us to enjoy. At this farm are two Hambletonian breeding stallions, Idle and Messenger Duroc, and three others who are fast advancing to perfection. Besides these are some seventy brood mares, and some sixty young stock, nearly all children or grandchildren of Hambletonian. It is the largest collection of Hambletonian horses ever made. The young horses are as yet too young—none exceeding three years—to be fully developed; but there are horses among them which have all the signs asked for by experts; and some of the young stallions are magnificent already. Bismark and Bolton "coming two," impressed us as stallions of magnificent promise. Here we had an opportunity to see again the natural trot in a yearling colt from Volunteer. He went around the great yard at a three-minute gait, and it was almost impossible to get him out of it.

Before I go on to some general speculations and statements let me indulge

in a few figures, always valuable to the practical American mind. I have no means of knowing what amount of capital has been invested in these three great establishments; but great as it undoubtedly is, will it not come back?

For Volunteer \$30,000 has been refused, and \$50,000 will not buy him. Messenger Duroc cannot be bought for less, or Hamlet, in all probability. Let us start with this—only a guess at the present value of these studs:

WALNUT GROVE FARM.		STONY FORD FARM.		NEWBURG STUD FARM.	
Volunteer, - - - -	\$30,000	Messenger Duroc, - -	\$30,000	Hamlet, - - - -	\$30,000
Two other Stallions, - -	20,000	Two other Stallions, - -	20,000	Four others, - - - -	30,000
Twenty Mares, - - - -	10,000	Seventy Mares, - - -	35,000	Twenty Mares, - - -	10,000
Sixty young Horses, - -	42,000	Sixty young Horses, - -	42,000	Forty young Horses, - -	30,000
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\$102,000		\$127,000		\$100,000	

It must be said that this is not in any way an estimate made by the proprietors and is the merest guess. But it may be mentioned that, in 1867, at a sale by Mr. Thorne of this kind of stock, the young stallions sold, on a bad day, at an average of \$1,225, the mares and fillies, not the best, at an average of \$400.

These three great farms are now applying capital, skill, knowledge, and care, and may we not expect great results therefrom? This is certain, that at none of them are they content with mere speed; they demand, also endurance and style. We may hope therefore to see the scrubby and shuffling trotter supplanted by a strong and handsome race. Let me here put on record the result of a conversation with one of the most experienced horsegrowers.

"How nearly thoroughbred should the trotting horse be?"

"Most thoroughbreds are stiff in the knees; but there are thoroughbreds which have trotting action—when so, the trotter should be thoroughbred. Messenger, Bashaw, American Star, and others, had this natural action, which they transmitted to their progeny. If the thoroughbred stallion and mare are both natural trotters, they will, in all probability, produce the best trotters."

"Does the sire show most distinctly in the fillies, and the mare in the stallions?"

"Hambletonian's stallions were most remarkable. The Star's fillies were most remarkable. Hard to lay down any rule."

"Would you allow the mare to work, and how much, when in foal?"

"Ordinary work or driving would not injure her. Hard work would be injurious."

"What system of feeding would you pursue for the mare in foal?"

"I would make no change from the accustomed feed."

"How long would you allow the colt to suck the mare?"

"From four to six months."

"Would you feed the colt with grain; at what age; and how much?"

"Commence feeding about weaning time; from two to four quarts a day until grass, then no grain."

"What grain do you prefer for the colt?"

"Oats, and wheat bran or shorts."

"What do you require in the mare?"

"First, that she be sound; second, well-bred; third, with a natural trotting action. As to age, there is no general rule. Imperfections are dangerous and are liable to be transmitted."

"Would you practise high feeding so as to produce an early development of the colt?"

"If a man wishes to perfect the colt at the age of three or four years, I would force; otherwise, not."

"Between what ages do you consider the American road horse at his best?"

"Horses commonly reach their best from eight to twelve years of age. A horse left to perfect himself slowly, till he is six or seven years old, before he is put to hard work, will last very much longer, and will probably be much better and more profitable in the end. Dutchman, Flora Temple and Goldsmith-Maid are illustrations."

"What size do you prefer for the American road horse?"

"From fifteen to fifteen and a half hands."

"At what age would you bridle the colt and begin to handle him?"

"They should be halter-broke broke before they are weaned. The earlier they are used to the bit and the harness after that the better, but should not be put to work of any sort before the age of three or four; and should not be trained for speed sooner than four years, and later rather than earlier."

"At what age is it safe to put a horse into the trainer's hands to bring out his greatest speed?"

"Not earlier than his eighth year."

"Is the colt to be induced to do his best by kindness or by fear?"

"When put to training, most horses will require a mixture of kindness and fear."

"Is it of the first consequence that the colt should be handled gently, so as to prevent nervousness?"

"Of great importance."

"Is the whip ever to be used in training trotters?"

"The whip should be seldom used; very seldom."

"Have you any theories or prejudices as to color?"

"Horses of strong constitution are apt to impart positive colors; deep bays, browns or chestnuts."

"What are the peculiarities of the gaits of Hambletonian and his progeny?"

"Stride long, open-gaited behind, great knee action. As age gives strength, the long stride is quickened, and the two insure great speed. The stride of these horses often reaches from eighteen to twenty-one feet."

"When did Hambletonian come into possession of Mr. Rysdyk?"

"About 1850 he was bought, with his dam, for \$125."

"How old is he now?"

"Eighteen, coming nineteen."

"How many colts do you estimate he has sired?"

"Between eleven and twelve hundred."

"What were the prevailing colors?"

"Bay and brown, rarely grey or black, and never sorrel."

"What proportion of Hambletonian's colts do you estimate as having been better than three minutes?"

"I believe cultivation would have brought three-quarters of them to that standard."

"Are any of his progeny equal to himself?"

"Many of them are faster, and the stallions Wilkes, Volunteer, and Winfield, rank high; also Edsall's Hambletonian, now dead."

"What are some of the prominent qualities of the Hambletonians?"

"Strong limbs, full size, good colors, with extraordinary feet; and rarely unsound."

"Are the Hambletonians easily trained to do their best?"

"They train^a very easily, and need to be worked to bring them into condition."

"What do you estimate the cost of raising a horse per year?"

"Not less than one hundred dollars."

The Arabs say, that God wished to make a perfect animal, and he said to the south wind, "Be condensed!" and thus the horse was produced.

Might we not say that the north wind has been condensed and thence we have the trotter?

If America has produced no other remarkable thing, it certainly has produced one of the most remarkable of animals—the Gentleman's Road Horse, or trotter.

This is not a creation out of nothing, but is a wonderful modification or adaptation of a known animal to answer peculiar purposes; which are, by a combination of speed, endurance, toughness, spirit, and beauty, to produce the best and most satisfactory road horse possible. If it has not altogether reached perfection, it has come so close to it that we hardly know what more to ask for.

It is not in the interest of the trotting-course that this article is written; but it will be necessary to refer to the doings of the course to show what this horse has come to be. It seems to be generally accepted that the race-course improves horses and demoralizes men; and among the professional horse men Hiram Woodruff is pointed to with pride, as *the* man who was honest. I hope however, for the credit of this noble animal, and of our own race, that he is not the only exception; and I further hope that the present tendencies will grow stronger, and will prevail. These tendencies are shown in that such men as Mr. Bonner and others keep, in their own stables and for their own use, some of the fastest horses in the world, which are never used as decoys for the betting-ring. These tendencies are also shown in that this class of horses is more and more in demand for gentlemen's use solely; as is to be seen on fine autumn afternoons, by the hundred or thousand, on the broad avenue which leads to Macomb's Dam. It is estimated that there are, in New York City alone, over ten thousand horses, noted for speed, which are worth from one thousand dollars upward to thirty-three thousand dollars—the price paid for Dexter.

But it may be well to caution our young men—and our old ones—against a vice which besets some, and may easily spread. It is the mania for buying trotters, in the expectation that, now and then, they will prove a prize like Flora Temple or Dexter. This is worse than useless. It can be shown, as I believe, that these horses, which once might have been bought for a song, have cost somebody all they at last brought. It has taken five or more years of constant training and outlay, and a vast deal of time and thought, to make such horses what they are; and only one out of a hundred of those which are so treated is a great prize. A young man who begins to act upon this theory is almost sure to be ruined. No; gentlemen must and will own this fine quality of horse—but as gentlemen, not as jockeys; if, by chance, such an one finds himself the possessor of a prize, let him call it a piece of luck, and not try to do it again, and not expect it at all. A gentleman will enjoy his horse, not the money he can make out of it. But there is a danger, too, for the farmers—the ordinary farmers—in this matter. Some of them already are possessed with a great desire to grow a great horse, and, in attempting to gratify it, they may neglect the real business of their farms; they may get into habits of lounging away from their homes; and they may fall into grog-shop society. Then, good-by to honor, comfort, success, or wealth.

No farmer should wish to be, or attempt to be a "sporting man." He may raise a fine colt or two every year, and he should attempt to secure the best blood—he will make money by doing so; but this is all he should expect. When he goes beyond this, and fancies himself a trainer and trader, it will cost him more than he can afford to pay. The farmer should be careful to put his mares to the best horses, and he will be amply compensated for it in the increased value of his colts. Then if he sells his colts at three years old, and allows other people to train them, he will make more money than by spending time on them, to the neglect of his business. No farmer can get fancy prices for his horses, and he had better not expect it. Such prices can only be got by the sporting men.

In this connection, let me say that it is urged, and I believe with truth, that the day of the slow, stately, great flat-footed Flanders carriage horse is over; the day of the fleet, compact, enduring trotting horse is come. Not only will gentlemen hereafter ride after such delightful animals, but ladies will, by-and-by, seek them, and the light, open, graceful phaeton will take the place of the heavy, gloomy, lumbering coach. We, who love to look at pretty women as well as gamey horses, will welcome that day.

These horses will undoubtedly come more and more into favor as gentlemen's saddle horses also, which will develop a class of daring and graceful riders, who will make both horse and rider a picture to look at.

Let us look very briefly at what the trotting horse has done in the way of speed.

Trustee trotted twenty miles within an hour.

Bellfounder trotted seventeen and a half miles within an hour.

Dutchman trotted a three mile race in 7 m. 32 s., and could have done better—which was but 2 m. 30 2-3 s. a mile.

Top-gallant trotted, in 1828, four heats of four miles each, the fastest in 11 m. 6 s.; the slowest in 12 m. 15 s., and the whole sixteen miles in 45 m. 44 s.

Flora Temple trotted a two-mile heat in 4 m. 50 1-2 s., and Dexter in 4 m. 51 s.

Ethan Allen, with running mate, trotted the mile in 2 m. 15 s.

Peerless went to the wagon a mile in 2 m. 23 1-4 s.

Flora Temple trotted her mile in 2 m. 19 3-4 s.

Dexter has done a half mile in 1 m. 6 s., and a mile in 2 m. 17 1-4 s.

Lady Palmer and Flatbush Maid have trotted together—one mile in 2 m. 26 s., and two miles in 5 m. 1 1-4 s.

The fastest double time appears to be that of Bruno and Brunette, who went the mile in 2 m. 25 1-4 s.

And it is quite true that there are besides these, many horses who rank "low down in the thirties." Wonderful as this is—and it is wonderful—it is not because he can do a mile in 2 m. 17 s. that I value Dexter or any other horse; not as a *fancy* horse that the American trotter deserves praise, but because he is the horse for *use*, the horse for the road, the horse for a gentleman. Used in this way, as he ought to be used, he is undoubtedly nigh perfect, and in our fine days on good roads, through verdant country, he is capable of imparting—and he does it—a greater and purer flush of pleasure and a more perfect sense of relaxation from care and toil, than any animal existing. In this way, and not on the race-course, the trotter is a blessing to man; and in our land of exacting business he is one not to be lightly contemned. It is because to-day ninety-nine men can ride at a three-minute pace, not because one can ride at 2 m. 17 s. that I value this wonderful animal. Speed holds a first place, but it is not speed alone

that is demanded in the perfect road horse. Endurance and style must be added to speed. These qualities have in a great degree been combined. The horse must not only go *fast* but he must go *far*, and he must *last*. Let me mention a few facts which illustrate this matter of *endurance*:

Trustee, already mentioned, trotted twenty miles within the hour, and others have done the same feat.

Lady Blanche trotted when she was twenty-three years old in 2 m. 40 s.

When twenty-two years old, Top-gallant (in 1829) trotted four four-mile heats against Whalebone, and won. He was more than fourteen years old before he became known as a trotter.

Dutchman was fifteen years old when he trotted at Baltimore against Oneida Chief and Lady Suffolk.

Ripton was nineteen years old when he trotted three heats in 2 m. 42 s. each.

Lantern, now nineteen, can do as well as he ever could—so it is said.

This endurance is making a change in the value of horses, and in men's minds. A horse that lasts till he is twenty is worth probably ten times as much as if he were spent at twelve. Once no man was willing to buy a horse twelve years old. Who would hesitate now, if he came of good stock? Woodruff states that many of our famous trotters reached their best age when they were eight to ten years old, and lasted till they were fifteen and sometimes twenty. To insure these things great size is not needed or desired. It may be interesting to glance at this list of some of our most remarkable horses:

Lady Blanche, 15 hands 2 1-2 inches.

Ajax, 14 hands 3 inches.

Dutchman, 15 hands 3 inches.

Lady Suffolk, 15 hands 1 inch.

Pony, 14 hands 3 inches.

Rifle, 15 hands.

Ripton, 15 hands.

Duchess, scant 15 hands.

Kemble Jackson, 15 hands 3 inches.

Gray Eagle, 15 hands.

Trustee, 15 hands 2 inches.

Flora Temple, 14 hands 2 inches.

[Four feet ten inches only.]

Highland Maid, 15 hands 1-2 inch.

Black Hawk, 14 hands.

Ethan Allen, 15 hands.

Whalebone, 15 hands.

Dexter, 15 hands 1 inch.

Here we have a list of *small* or smallish horses, wonderful for their power, spirit and endurance. The secret of it all is, that every ounce is in its right place, and where it can be most effectively used; nothing for show, all for use.

How have these valuable road horses been produced? I shall here only attempt to give to the non-professional reader a brief but comprehensive statement. Two breeds of road horses—very conspicuous—are known as “Morgans” and “Hambletonians;” the former raised in Vermont, the latter in Orange County, New York. Twenty years ago the Morgans were most famous, and the production was large; to-day the Hambletonians are vastly in the ascendant. To the Kentucky trotting horse I should have to devote an entire article.

What is known of the Morgan horse (foaled about 1793), leads to the conclusion that he was a cross between the Arabian, or thoroughbred racing stock, and the common or ordinary road horse of Massachusetts. To this race of horses belong Fanny Jenks (who trotted one hundred miles in 9 h. 24 m. 30 s.), Black Hawk, Lady Sutton, Pizarro, Ethan Allen, Black Ralph, Know-Nothing, Whalebone, Lady Sherman, etc. These are among the fast ones; but besides these there have been thousands which rank as valuable road horses.

We come now to the Hambletonians. Before speaking of the sire of this stock it may be well to say that he is a direct descendant of the old imported grey Messenger, a thoroughbred racing stallion whose sire in England was Mambrino. Everywhere this horse is felt. He stood for some twenty seasons in this country and produced about a thousand colts. These colts carried his

wonderful constitution and trotting power through Hambletonian into Vermont ; through Bush Messenger into Maine ; through Abdallah, Mambrino, Mambrino Chief and Mambrino Paymaster into New York State and Kentucky.

At the town of Chester in Orange County, is still to be seen the remarkable stallion known as Rysdyk's Hambletonian. He is now nineteen years old, and is the sire of more fast and valuable horses than any horse we have any knowledge of. He lives at his ease in a great box which man might envy, and stands on a carpet of clean sweet straw every day. Well he may live at his ease, for he has brought to his owner over one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, money of the realm, and has produced some twelve hundred colts. He is not a thoroughbred, but is near it ; and is a direct descendant of Messenger, both by his sire and dam. This horse is so well known that it is not necessary to describe him.

In Mr. Rysdyk's stables, besides some most promising young horses, is to be seen Bellfounder, a superb stallion, 15 1-2 hands high, rich brown bay, a fine son of the old horse. There are some other very fine young horses, and Mr. Rysdyk is a believer in high feeding and fast growth. His colts are not easily surpassed.

Besides these original stocks are the descendants of the Bashaws, imported Barbary horses. From this stock have come Andrew Jackson, Henry Clay, Long Island Black Hawk, Lantern and George M. Patchen, all famous horses. American Star, a descendant of the Virginia thoroughbred Henry, is the sire of a great family, famous for its mares of trotting excellence ; probably no stock is more in demand at the present time than this to cross with stallions of greater bone.

England has produced or perfected the race-horse, America the road horse. England, by great care, great skill, and vast expenditure of money, has perfected the race-horse ; wonderfully fine and altogether useless. America, by great care, great skill, and a considerable expenditure of money, has produced the trotter ; altogether valuable—that is the difference.

This quality—the swift trot—has been, in a sense, created by man, and is now transmitted and perpetuated. How ?

By breeding from such horses as showed such a tendency, and by training the progeny so as to create increased speed, which increased speed has been transmitted and intensified. It has now reached a single mile in 2 m. 17 1-4 s., and twenty miles within the hour. What more can be done ? No man can tell.

Transmission of quality from parent to child is one of the marvels of animal life. This is exhibited singularly in the pointer-dog, who, originating with the foxhound, has, by training, had that instinct for the fox transmuted to an instinct for the partridge ; and now conveys it to his descendants. There is also no longer a doubt that the peculiar conformation which has been induced in the trotter by training is, in some degree, transmitted to his or her progeny ; but to what extent it is impossible to say.

While all claim that "blood," by which is meant that of the Barbary or race-horse, when combined with the bone and muscle of the common mare, and, as some hold, with the Canadian pony, has produced the great road horse, it remains true that some of the most remarkable of these have come before the world and have swept the field, with no pedigrees at all. Of these, two most striking instances are Dutchman and Flora Temple. Of Dutchman there is no guess, while of Flora Temple we know but this : a little rough-coated mare, afterward known as Flora Temple, was bought by a Mr. Velie, of Dutchess County, from the tail of a drover's wagon, for \$175, in 1850 ; and whether she had blood in her he knew not. But it was afterward discovered, so they fan-

cied, that she was descended from a Kentucky horse known as One-Eyed Hunter. When she was four year old, she was so wilful and unserviceable that she was sold by her owner for thirteen dollars. She was afterward sold for \$8,000, and would, at this day, have brought twice or thrice that sum.

Early training all experts seem to deprecate, but not early handling. High feeding and early training have filled the English racing stables with weedy colts who come to nothing. A few trotters have made fast time at three years, but it is considered dangerous for a horse, who is meant to do his best and to last, to urge him so early. Woodruff, admitted to be an authority upon this point, strongly deprecates early training, and states that the best horses have not been so trained. But early handling—gentling—is of the first importance.

"What," I asked of a great and most intelligent grower, "do you consider of most importance, next to blood?"

"Handling, gentling, so that the colt knows you as his friend. He must never be frightened. Once frightened it is impossible for him to do his best. He must have perfect confidence in man."

"Then," said I, "you believe in training, not in breaking?"

"Exactly."

As a matter of public economy, perfecting the horse is of vast importance. There are in this country some seven millions of horses.* Increase their value ten dollars each, and the wealth of the nation is increased \$70,000,000; increase it one hundred dollars each, and it is \$700,000,000.

As we are now exporting trotters to Europe, and may increase the exportation, it is well to impress it upon our farmers that the improvement of their stock means the increase of their purses.

We may as well make up our minds that the day of cheap, or, rather, low-priced horses has ended. A good road horse cannot now be sold for less than four hundred dollars, and that upward. The cost of a good four-year-old is not less than that amount, and may be more. Whoever, therefore, buys a horse for less than this, may be sure that he is not getting a good horse. And there is better economy, too, in buying this class of horses than low-priced ones; they are really cheaper. A horse that has the blood and training which will insure him to be good at the age of twenty is cheap at anything under one thousand dollars.

Whoever values the pleasure of driving and the security of a sound horse will not haggle much at price.

We come, then, to some conclusions:

First. By raising horses from healthy parents only, are we sure of healthy offspring.

Second. To secure the best road horse, we demand size, style, speed, and endurance. These can be got only by obtaining colts from parents having these qualities.

Third. These qualities can be secured in almost every case now, and there is a probability that we shall, by-and-by, reach certainty; so, then, there is no excuse for raising a poor, "dunghill" horse.

Fourth. Qualities, good or bad, are transmitted. Beauty is transmitted as well as speed and endurance.

Fifth. Early forcing, either with food or work, is injurious.

Sixth. Harsh treatment spoils the *mind* of the colt, produces nervousness and permanent injury.

* Census of 1860, 6,249,174.

Seventh. Good stock, good air, good food, careful handling and work, insure the production of perfect horses, which are the easiest raised, and, of course, are vastly most profitable.

In the language of the clergy, permit me to make a personal application.

At this moment ten times as much care and thought and money are devoted to the production of perfect horses or pigs, as to men and women. By observance of the same care and application of the same rules, it is possible to produce a race of men and women which shall be healthy, spirited, handsome and enduring. The world is full of weedy, homely, suffering human beings, and who is to blame? Who doubts that most of us eat, and drink, and smoke, and do all sorts of things that we know to be pernicious, and that we permit them in our children; while we should consider ourselves as mad if we allowed our colts and pigs to do the same kind of things? A man has as good a claim to be handsome as a pig, a woman as a horse, certainly.

Are we then demented? It is a very curious question, one which we commend to the careful consideration of the "Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals."

CHARLES WYLLYS ELLIOTT.

P. S. The writer will be glad to receive further facts and light upon this interesting matter.

THE TELEGRAM.

DEAD! did you say? he! dead in his prime!
 Son of my mother! my brother! my friend!
 While the horologe points to the noon of his time,
 Has his sun set in darkness? is all at an end?
 ("By a sudden accident,")

Dead! it is not, it cannot, it must not be true!
 Let me read the dire words for myself, if I can;
 Relentless, hard, cold they rise on my view—
 They blind me! how did you say that they ran?
 ("He was mortally injured,")

Dead! around me I hear the singing of birds
 And the breath of June roses comes in at the pane;
 Nothing—nothing is changed by those terrible words;
 They cannot be true! let me see them again!
 ("And died yesterday.")

Dead! a letter but yesterday told of his love!
 Another to-morrow the tale will repeat;
 Outstripped by this thunderbolt flung from above,
 Scathing my heart, as it falls at my feet!
 ("Funeral to-morrow.")

Oh! terrible Telegraph! subtle and still!
 Darting thy lightnings with pitiless haste!
 No kind warning thunder—no storm-boding thrill—
 But one fierce deadly flash, and the heart lieth waste!
 ("Inform his friends.")

SARAH E. HENSHAW.





Ch. Gornod

THE GALAXY MISCELLANY.

GOUNOD.*

GOUNOD, in consequence of the great popularity of his principal opera—"Faust," has unquestionably become one of the most honored and famous names in the musical world. The German, French and Italian stage—the latter, with all its offshoots, from London and St. Petersburg to Madrid, Rio Janeiro and New York—have produced his "Faust" with great and continued success. We may say, indeed, that since the production of the "Huguenots" by Meyerbeer, twenty-five years ago, no great opera has achieved so brilliant a renown as "Faust," and that it is, as yet, not only unrivalled but unequalled. It may, therefore, safely be assumed that a brief sketch of Gounod's life, of his character, and of his works, some of which are unfortunately too little known outside of France, may not be unacceptable to the musical public.

I first made Gounod's acquaintance during the past summer, in Paris, where he lives in a pleasant hotel in the quiet Rue de la Rochefoucauld. His reception rooms are in the *entresol*, while the apartments occupied by his family are on the *premier etage*. In personal appearance Gounod is not unlike a German, being of middle height, strongly built, with blonde hair and beard; his black, flashing eye, however, is altogether French. The expression of his countenance is singularly open and intelligent, and his whole air and bearing have the ease and elegance of a man of the world, and make a most agreeable impression upon all who are fortunate enough to know him. His fifty years are not at all apparent. Gounod does not belong to the silent, dreamy order of composers like Schumann, but the vivacious and sympathetic, out of whose wide and varied culture and ready flow of conversation, the desire to speak of their toils and struggles naturally springs. In this he reminded me somewhat of our Richard Wagner. With all his vivacity of temperament, however, Gounod is a thoroughly earnest man, somewhat inclined to enthusiasm, taking the very highest view of art, and serving it with a religious fidelity and jealousy.

He had just returned from one of the last rehearsals of his "Romeo," and began—having been rendered somewhat more animated and talkative than usual by the excitement—to complain of the various hindrances which stage traditions and customs put in the way of the best intentions of composers. The director of the Théâtre Lyrique, it seems, was anxious to omit an entire chorus in "Romeo," as making the act in which it occurred too long, and the prima donna encouraged him in this by her own dislike to sing in it. While relating the history of this difficulty, Gounod suddenly sat down to the piano, and played and sang the air in question, with an agreeable tenor voice and a good deal of dramatic expression. It was the marriage song in the third act (*O Juliette, sois heureuse*), a noble, smoothly flowing choral, and a real ornament to the score. "Self-denial," said Gounod, "is the highest virtue of a singer, as it is the highest duty of a composer. I honor no artist who does not identify himself with his art, and who, instead of absorbing himself utterly in his work, has his own personality ever in view. If a singer executes a piece of music otherwise than as the composer has written it, is this anything but a defamation and a slander?"

* Adapted from the German.

In private life we have some means of redress for slander, but in art none. A composer has no appeal—is often blamed, indeed, if a singer sings an aria with indifference or a want of sympathy. To be true, and to deny one's self," he continued, with increasing warmth, "is the first and highest law of the dramatic composer. Woe to him who does not find his best reward in his own labor! The music of 'Romeo and Juliette' has for years past filled my whole soul, day and night, with mingled joy and pain; I owe to it the happiest hours of my life, and in the labor I have expended upon it I have already had my reward. What follows upon the completion of an opera—the rehearsals, the representation, the subsequent success—is nothing but vexation and disappointment. If God were to give me the power to create a masterpiece as perfect and as immortal as Shakespeare's, with the condition that no human being should ever know or suspect the composer's name, I should be a thousand times happier than I now am in the possession of the greatest success that ever crowned the works which I know to be but faulty and imperfect." Such and many similar remarks fell from Gounod in the fire of his enthusiasm, and enabled me to recognize again in him the young enthusiast, who, as a boy, devoted himself entirely to the service of the church, took the first vows, and only twelve or fifteen years ago still went about in his abbé's habit. He was dispensed from his vows, however, some years since, and is now a happy husband and father. His wife is the daughter of the late Professor Zimmermann, pianist and professor at the Conservatory, who was also of German descent.

Charles François Gounod was born in Paris on the 17th of June, 1818. He studied counterpoint in the Conservatory there with Halévy, and took lessons in execution of Lesueur and Ferdinand Paës. In the year 1839, he won the first premium for composition given at the Conservatory, and immediately repaired to Rome, where, in accordance with the regulations of the "*grand prix de Rome*," he remained for several years as stipendiary of the Government. During his residence in Rome he confined his studies almost entirely to sacred music. In the year 1843, he spent some months in Vienna, and while there produced a vocal mass and a requiem. Upon his return to Paris, Gounod assumed the direction of the music in the Church of the Missions Etrangères, and showed a marked leaning toward a religious life. Until the year 1851, a profound silence as to Gounod and his works reigned in the musical world, the only allusions to him being contained in a few musical journals which published an announcement that he had taken holy orders. There appeared, however, a musical sketch in the London "*Athenæum*" (written by M. Louis Viardot, the husband of the famous prima donna), praising some of Gounod's compositions, which had been produced in London, with unusual warmth, and prophesying for him a brilliant future. The article made a sensation in Paris, where, a few months later (on the 16th of April, 1851,) Gounod's first opera, "*Sappho*," was represented. Although a fine and original talent was universally recognized in this opera (the principal rôle of which was sung by Madam Viardot Garcia), it had only a limited and brief success. People found fault with the length of the recitative, the attempt at novelty in the musical forms, and the ignorance of stage effect. Half of the failure of this opera, however, was unanimously attributed to the libretto, which was the work of Emile Augier.

Gounod's "*Sappho*," interesting in itself, acquires a yet higher interest when compared with the "*Saffo*" of Pacini, that once famous, and, in most Italian theatres, still favorite opera. In unity of conception, as well as in the broad and clear movement of its second finale, the Italian "*Saffo*" is superior to the

French, quite apart from the mere conventional advantage which the clearly established traditional technique of the Italian opera style has, as compared with the more subjective and experimental style of the young Frenchman. But how far superior is Gounod's opera to Pacini's, in soul and in delicacy of conception ! How much more tenderly imagined and finely expressed is everything in his "Sappho !" The difference between the French libretto and the Italian is worthy of note, though not entirely to be praised. While the Italian poet Cammerano confines himself to the old simple story of love and jealousy, Emile Augier (Gounod's poet), unites with this the history of a political intrigue. The Italian poet makes beauty victorious, and marries Phaon to Glycere ; the French poet gives the victory to genius and to renown ; for Sappho's sake Phaon puts aside his love for Glycere as a delusion and a dream. The last scene, where Sappho dies, is of great poetical beauty in Gounod's opera. The profound yet gentle earnestness which breathes through it is infinitely finer than the trivial bravura in which Pacini's Saffo coquettes with death.

The next composition in which Gounod appeared before the public, was the chorus of "Ulysse," a tiresome tragedy by Ponsard, which was given in 1852, in the Théâtre Française. In this chorus the composer endeavored, as far as possible, to preserve the antique character of the music, and, by this means, has secured individuality of conception and great and original beauty. Unfortunately, the tragedy itself lacked the element of immortality, and, therefore, has dragged the music with it into oblivion. The chorus of "Ulysse," however, has occasionally been given in concerts in Paris, and by many of the composer's friends is considered to be his most solid composition.

In 1854, Gounod produced a long, five act opera, entitled "La Nonne Sanglante," which speedily vanished from the stage, I cannot speak of this opera from personal observation ; indeed, its frightful title always prejudiced me against it. Fétis praises a duo in the first act, almost the whole of the second act, and an aria and a duet in the third act, as compositions of remarkable beauty. The strides which the composer had made in the management of musical formulas and in technique generally, he declares to be undeniable, but adds that, from the middle of the third act, his creative power grows gradually weaker. The libretto was again the cause, in a great measure, of the failure of the "Bleeding Nun." Gounod took the material for his next opera from Molière's comedy of "Le Médecin malgré lui," which, although it is, in its broad humor, especially opposed to musical treatment, is, nevertheless, congenial to Gounod's peculiar talent. This opera has very little comic power, but some very charming movements. It was given for the first time in the year 1858, in the Théâtre Lyrique, and in the past summer was reproduced with great success.

On the 19th of March, 1859, a day never to be forgotten in Gounod's artist life, "Faust" was given for the first time in the Théâtre Lyrique, in Paris. The high rank which this opera at once took in Paris, and still maintains, soon extended its fame throughout the whole musical world of Europe. Darmstadt was the first German city which ventured to produce the novelty. The experiment succeeded admirably ; but as one German theatre after another showed signs of following the example given at Darmstadt so much the more vehemently did a passionate Teutonic opposition elevate itself against it. The new opera was positively pronounced to be a libellous parody of Goethe's "Faust," the performance of which on the German stage merited punishment, as a kind of musical high treason. But the German people did not sustain their critics ; greatly to their disgust, they listened to "Faust" with delight.

If Germans wish to suppress Gounod's operas, they must remember that they can only do it by themselves composing better operas. Unrivalled, we may almost say unequalled in symphonies, in chamber and in piano music, the Germans have for a long time shared the fate of the Italians in regard to operas, and, like them, suffer from a famine which we can only hope will not last long.

After the great success of "Faust," fortune again turned her back upon Gounod. None of the operas which he produced between "Faust" and "Romeo" had any run in Paris or any success abroad. The first of these was an opera in three acts, "Philemon and Baucis," which appeared in the year 1860, in the Théâtre Lyrique. Various graceful details were admired in this; but the music was built upon sand, upon a story without dramatic life and interest, and the excellent old couple speedily vanished from the stage. Then followed a greater production, this time not for the modest Théâtre Lyrique, but for the Grand Opera—the "Queen of Sheba." The first representation of this opera was given in Paris, on the 28th of February, 1862, and later, in Darmstadt also, under the personal direction of the composer. Unfortunately, we are again obliged to find fault with the libretto, by (MM. Carré and Barbier). The authors have depended too much upon splendor of decoration and unheard-of scenic effects, and have given too little attention to the dramatic interest of the story.

Gounod's next opera "Mireille" succeeded better, though it was far from meeting with as brilliant a reception as "Faust." This opera was given for the first time in the Théâtre Lyrique, on the 19th of March, 1864, and had a tolerably long run.

Gounod's next and latest opera, "Romeo and Juliette," is by far the best and most successful that he has produced since "Faust." "Romeo and Juliette" was given for the first time in the Théâtre Lyrique, on the 27th of April, 1867," and very soon after in London, Milan, and Vienna; and subsequently made the round of all the German theatres. The great interest with which this opera was expected in all quarters, and the success which it has achieved, will justify us in a somewhat lengthy disquisition upon its merits and demerits.

It is but natural that the composer of the "Liebes Duet" in "Faust," should have been strongly tempted by Shakespeare's tragedy of "Romeo and Juliette," which was "written by love itself." Gounod does not need to plead for the musical adaptability of this drama. The history of music does that for him, for we find half a dozen "Romeo" operas mentioned in it. The first of these, Benda's opera of "Romeo and Juliette," in three acts, was a favorite with the Germans nearly a century ago, and was ranked by Forkel high above Gluck's operas. Then there is another "Romeo," composed by Zingarelli, in 1796, another by Vaccai, in 1826, and a fourth by Bellini, in 1830. The existence of these operas rests entirely upon two or three sweet melodies; and their success, upon the skill of the most famous Italian singers. Shakespeare's tragedy was simply a framework, upon which these composers hung their arias, trills, and difficult passages; and in thinking of them we must bear in mind that Zingarelli, Vaccai and Bellini wrote the *rôle* of Romeo for a soprano voice. No one will deny that Gounod's conception is far higher and more profoundly earnest. Naturally enough, he is accused in Germany of a poetical *crimen læsæ majestatis*, and of a profanation of Shakespeare's works, as before of Goethe's. In all ages the dramas of great poets, however, have been universally recognized as fit material for composers, and we can only with justice use the term profanation, when we see classical tragedies as thoughtlessly and frivolously treated as Schiller's have been by Verdi. It is trivial music only which profanes. Nor

do I know of a single instance in which either a good or bad opera has disgusted readers with its classical original, or driven it from the stage. It is certainly to be desired that librettoists should be possessed of finer poetic fancy and some creative power; but in this regard we must, it appears, content ourselves with some literary skill and a certain amount of facility. Of all Gounod's operas, the two which have been founded upon classical models have had the greatest success. The others, for which original librettos have been composed, have fallen into oblivion, in a great degree on account of the poor quality of the librettos. We must at least praise MM. Barbier and Carré for skill and considerable literary ability in the arrangement of "Romeo." They follow the original as closely as possible. The only exceptions worthy of note are in the case of the Page and the celebration of Juliette's wedding with Paris in the fourth act. The finale, too, is different; Gounod's Juliette finds Romeo still living when she awakes, while in the original, as is well known, he lies dead beside her bier. The poet secures by this ending a deep and tender impression, but in the opera this could not be. Without a final duet between Romeo and Juliette no opera of this kind can exist. What a well-spring of musical suggestiveness exists in the Shakespearian drama can scarcely be estimated. Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliette is, in itself, a mighty duet. In the opera, which necessarily develops the lyrical element still more, all the light falls upon the two lovers, and leaves the other personages in deep shadow.

"Romeo" had a long run in Vienna, and is still played with great success, although it is evident that the public is by no means so powerfully moved by this music as by Gounod's "Faust." Had "Romeo" as effective contrasts to the tender scenes as many powerful and passionate ones, the arrangement of the opera would be beyond question. The single scene of this kind, where both anger and the wildest passion use the entire power of both chorus and orchestra, is the duet scene in the third act. The tempest, however, lasts too short a time to succeed in cooling the heavy atmosphere. The ball in the first, and the wedding in the fourth act, are not made of sufficient importance; but everything is exhausted upon these two scenes, which, in Gounod's score, called for a greater display of richness and energy of material. Finally, there are so many and so frequently recurring slow movements in the opera, a vigorous handling of the orchestra is so rare, that the voice of the auditor must necessarily declare itself against the lengthy conclusion of the opera. "Romeo" succeeds rather through a few isolated and beautiful movements than through the effect of the whole. Delicate and original thoughts and fine traits of character are to be met with in abundance, but, as a whole, "Romeo and Juliette" is wearisome.

The next opera which we are to expect from Gounod, and upon which he is already at work, is "Francesca di Rimini," the libretto of which has been arranged by J. Barbier and M. Carré, from Dante's "Divina Comedia." This opera will be given in the course of the next two years, in the Grand Opera at Paris. The first foreign representation will be given in the Royal Opera House in Vienna, and Fraülein Ehnn has been assigned the rôle of Francesca."

THE SORROWS OF CHILDHOOD.

"YOU are seeing all your best days," said my father, by way of consoling me for a childish grief which I verily thought would last forever; and he went on to show that childhood was a sort of paradisiacal state, and that all misery came with the responsibilities of mature life.

I did not believe him then, nor do I now. In my own case, I can truly say that most of the keen anguish of my life I can refer back to my childhood days.

Those who think that children are happier than grown-up people, reason falsely. They consider that the causes which make a child unhappy, would be inadequate to produce any such effect in a man. True; but we should judge causes by their effects. The princess in the story who was made all black and blue by sleeping on a crumpled rose leaf, was none the less black and blue than if she had slept on a bed of oyster shells; and those who

Die of a rose in aromatic pain

are none the less dead than if hit in the head by a cannon ball.

Children often suffer the most poignant grief from injustice; and often the suffering is increased by the utter helplessness of their case—the absence of any court of appeals. With some children the sense of justice is developed very early; and where the sensibilities are also great, circumstances may be such that the child is the most unhappy, most wronged individual in the kingdom.

I think it may be shown that, until the advent of something better, there ought to be organized, in every community, societies for the protection of children. Are not children of vastly greater importance than cats, or dogs, or rabbits? and yet who interferes between the child and its brutalized parent or guardian. For six months past I have heard, at intervals of a few days, the most heartrending cries in the next house—a boy's voice imploring mercy of his father! How often have I heard him shriek, "don't, don't, father, you'll kill me!" It is now some weeks since I have heard any outcries, so I suppose the boy is killed. If I were hopeful I should perhaps say that my protests have made the man ashamed of himself, and that he has taken more reasonable means to improve his child. My protests were furious hammer strokes on the wall.

Anger is a kind of madness. Now we do not allow people to expend their anger upon the persons of other people, or, indeed, upon their horses or dogs; yet everybody knows that parents frequently expend their anger in blows upon their children. Ought society to allow it? Ought we to witness, without a protest, such things as I have described?

The truth is, there is no place in the world for children. Society is not made for them, but for grown-up people. In its organization children's wants are not consulted; and hence they grow up as they can, not one hundredth part receiving a tithe of the discipline and freedom necessary for perfect mental and physical development.

There is, indeed, no place for them. If you don't believe it, go and hunt through the city for houses or apartments. If you confess that you have children, the more respectable proprietors will not consider your credentials for a moment. A friend of mine, last spring, searched all over the city for rooms, but was everywhere refused, because she had two children. At last, after many weary fruitless days, she found just the thing she wanted, water, bath-room, gas, and the rent within her means. She waited in breathless fear, lest the proprietor should ask the fatal question, "Have you any children?" She had nearly escaped it. She decided to take the rooms; but at last it came with the well-known significant accent, and, for a moment she was exasperated beyond control, and savagely replied, "Yes, I have two; but I am going right home to kill them both. I can then come in, I suppose." I forget what she told me was the answer, but I believe it was a very polite "Certainly, madam. I shall be most happy."

In some parts of this country, for example, the child's wrongs commence with its entrance into the world, when it is immediately scrubbed with Castile soap-suds and then mummied up so tight that it can scarcely breathe, and made to swallow physic before touching its mother's milk. I speak advisedly. I have known such cases, the mother uttering no protest. From this, and many other things which I have observed, I conclude that the generation of children in no way capacitates parents for rearing them. The requisite knowledge for this does not come with paternity or maternity, but through a physiological study of the child's nature; and it is absurd to think that either can be a substitute for this.

When I reflect upon the difficulties children have to overcome, I wonder not that they develop into such monstrous caricatures of humanity, but that they develop at all.

I remember once seeing, on the top of a rock in the Central Park, a miniature oak tree, about eighteen inches high. I went regularly to see it every time I entered the Park, each time expecting to find it scorched up by the sun. It was quite perfect in its proportions, and stretched out its tiny branches as proudly as if it thought itself a monarch of the forest. How it lived was a mystery; for there seemed scarcely a spoonful of soil to hold and nourish it. One day, in the second year of my observations, my fears were realized; for, on mounting the rock as usual, I found the ill-conditioned plant all withered up and dead. What a perfect parallel, I said to myself, is there between the fate of this little tree and that of myriads of human beings who perish early for want of proper nourishment for mind and body. How many, like it, are frail in form; yet, with a fictitious harmony in their dwarfish proportions, stand out boldly, as if to defy time and false conditions; but the trials and disappointments that strong natures bear prove too much for these miniature men and women. They lose all their comeliness at twenty and become superannuated a few years later.

Children born in the city require more training than those born in the country; but they seldom receive it. Hence, the children of the poor in cities are often squalid and sickly, while the same class of children in the country are more plump and hardy. Training in cities, of course, will do more than nature alone, in the country; but every child should have, first of all, good muscular discipline. It will, some day, come to be seen that a school without a gymnasium attached, especially in the city, will be passed over by those looking after schools for their boys and girls, as house-hunters now abandon the idea of a house which has not "the modern conveniences."

For the great mass of the children in the city there is no proper exercise. How many things are children forbidden to do out of respect to their clothes? Of course, to get out of the house where there is no freedom; to get away from the everlasting injunctions to be careful of making a noise; to not kick out the carpets, rub the furniture, etc., etc.—to get away from this to the comparative freedom of the street—Willie and Minnie will promise anything, even to avoid sliding down the plank which some enterprising boy has taken off the pile over the way, and placed at the proper angle for this seductive exercise. Willie and Minnie promise in good faith; but, in nine cases out of ten, they come home with torn shoes, dresses, and trowsers. They are questioned; they resort to falsehood to avoid the shame of breaking their promises. They are detected, and, by all short-sighted, exemplary guardians, punished, and perhaps sent supperless to bed. The effect upon the child is sad indeed. Out of the very desire to be honorable and true he becomes mean and false. He has lied, by accident, to protect

his honor ; henceforth he will lie, with design, to avoid detection and punishment.

Children are often cruelly wronged, even by those who love them. I will illustrate this by an anecdote told me once by my friend Leland, one of the best men I ever knew. He was at a boarding-school, where his good conduct made him a favorite with his teacher. He slept, of course, in a dormitory with several other boys, and there was, every night, a great temptation to disobey orders by playing after the lamps were carried out. The favorite amusement was throwing slippers ; and one night there was an unusually smart fire of these missiles kept up after prayers had been said, and the boys were supposed to be soundly sleeping. The fun ended disastrously, for an ill-fated slipper was shot straight through the window-pane into the street. Dire event ! The next morning a final council was held, in which Leland took active part ; and it was decided to go immediately before the master and frankly confess the fault. The malefactors, by chance, met the master on the stairs, and then and there told the tale and begged extenuation for the misconduct. Leland noticed that all of his companions looked hypocritically contrite, with eyes dismally cast down ; accordingly, he put on a natural face, and greeted the master with his usual smile. The latter surveyed the group silently a few minutes after hearing the story.

"I will excuse you all," he said, "except Leland. He laughed when he met me, and did not look at all sorry. I shall write home to his parents at once."

"Of course," said my friend, telling me the story years after, "I could not tell him that the other boys were little hypocrites all ; that we had all laughed and joked over the accident, and didn't care a fig, except for the effect it might produce ; that if there was one who repented the disobedience more than he feared the consequence it was myself, for I really liked my teacher and the school."

Well, for a whole month, poor little upright, conscientious Leland was kept *in terrorem* by this threat of writing home. During the time he suffered cruelly. He felt his best feelings outraged, and there was no redress. The wrong had to be borne, and there seemed literally no end to it ; for, though the threat was never carried into execution, Leland's confidence in the penetration of his teacher was gone, and he lost heart for the rest of term.

The season of childhood is one capable of great enjoyment and great suffering. It is the season of deep and lasting impressions. The child brain is a freshly-waxed tablet, only half written over ; hence, impressions are clear and the memory good. In mature life, the brain is like a palimpsest, where there is a confused mass of old and new impressions, with scarcely a fresh place to write upon, and the memory is poor, except for abstractions and generalizations. The importance of proper early education cannot be overestimated. How often whole years of the best part of life are spent in obliterating what some shallow-seeing teacher has impressed. Timotheus, the rhetorician, would always have a double fee from those pupils who had been taught by others ; for, he said, in such cases, he had not only to put in, but also to take out.

I believe that more than one-half of all children born of pious parents are so haunted through life by early-inculcated visions of hell that they cannot contemplate death philosophically ; and how often the early expounding of the Bible has hampered the student in his studies of geology and cosmogony !

From my consideration of the subject of childhood's trials, I am led to believe—

First, That parents, as a general rule, are not necessarily the best guardians of their children.

Second, That home is not a paradise for children ; and that they are very apt to be glad to get away from it.

Third, That children's rights are but partially understood, and that they are the greatest sufferers in the community from injustice.

Fourth, That the State ought to consider children as its greatest promise of wealth, and, therefore, make large investments of capital in State nurseries and schools, where its future citizens could have the highest known means for development, physically and morally, as we say.

MARIE HOWLAND.

THE GASTRONOMICAL ALMANAC.

MARCH.

THE month of March is one of the less favored of the year, both for profusion and varieties of food. It is called by gastronomers the intermediate month (as far as food is concerned) between winter and spring. It partakes of either, and, at the same time, of neither. If the weather be cold, what is good in winter may be kept until the end of March. Several persons think that at every season of the year, such kinds of food as beef, mutton, veal, potatoes, etc., are good, because they can procure them at the market at any time ; but it is far from being so.

In cities, especially, the demand for meat is so great that such staple articles as beef, chicken, etc., are supplied the whole year round, without any regard to the quality or wholesomeness of the article. Is the butcher, or poulterer, or fishmonger to be blamed ? Not in the least ; it is an unavoidable consequence of an excessive demand, growing out of concentrated population. Many cases of sickness, as well as serious diseases, come from eating articles of food entirely out of season ; articles of food that do not kill outright, but that act on the system as a slow but sure poison. Who has not seen a relative, or friend, or acquaintance taken suddenly sick without any apparent cause ? A sudden disease may be brought on in the same way. But we are so busy, so careless about our welfare, (when we are in good health) that we often do all we can to get sick, by eating anything, drinking everything, and doing generally several other things that we should not do.

Let us behave like Christians and not blame anybody but ourselves for our own faults. The reasons why every kind of food is not as good at one season of the year as at another, are various, and are all indicated by nature. Some are due to temperature, some to climate, some to season ; others to the state of the article when used, etc.

I shall try, as far as possible, to tell the readers of THE GALAXY what is good and in season during the month of March, with the understanding, as a matter of course, that some of the articles of food that I enumerate may only be good or in season at the beginning or at the end of the month, according to the state of the weather. To make myself better understood, I shall take the liberty of giving an illustration of what I mean by the state of the weather. For instance, when we have an early spring, we have greens, such as dandelion, dock, etc., in March ; cherries, in May, etc. ; if, on the contrary, we have a late spring, greens are not found until late in April, and cherries in July. It is in the latter part of March that the system begins to experience an every-day growing appetite for greens.

It is, also, at the same time, generally, weather permitting, that Mother Earth begins to give to her children the benefit of her green dress in the shape of corn-salad, water-cress, spinach, dandelion, etc. March is the last month, for the time being, in which to partake of beets, salsify, spinach, lamb, carp, prairie-chickens, and game that has been kept in a frozen state the winter through. Besides the articles referred to, I give below a list of articles of food that are good and in season during the present month, being confident that my readers will not swell their doctors' bills by following my directions.

To facilitate the selection of dishes to compose a dinner, I put every article in the order in which it should be sent to the table, commencing with the soup :

POTAGES.—Rice Crécy, Vermicelli, Consommé, Purée of Lentils, Julienne, Tomato, Green Turtle, Bru-noise, Tapioca, Terrapin, Macaroni, Pea, Italian paste, Croutons.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.—Sardines, Pickled Beets, Horse-radish, Olives, Anchovies, Oysters (raw or pickled), Fish (salt, smoked, or pickled), Tunny, Saucisson.

RELEVÉS.—Striped Bass, Carp, Codfish, Pike, Ray, Salmon, Sea Perch, Trout, White-fish, Smelts.

ENTREES.—Beef, Lamb, Mutton, Fresh Pork, Prairie Chicken, Veal, Guinea-fowl, Game (kept frozen during winter), Ham, Eels.

ROTIS.—English Snipes, Wild Pigeons, Chickens, Birds, (game birds that have been kept frozen during winter.

SALADS.—Dandelion, Watercress, Corn-salad, Lettuce.

ENTREMETS.—Beans, Eggs, Macaroni, Parsnips, Potatoes, Salsify, Spinach, Lentils, Turnips, Poke, Rice, Sorrel.

DESSERT.—Bananas, Apples, Almonds, Dates, Cranberries, Oranges, Prunes, Raisins, Nuts, Figs.

The following may also be used :

Clams, Halibut, Muscle, Herrings, Turnips, Tapioca, Hominy, Corn-starch, Sago, Chocolate, Cocoa, etc.

With the above lists before them, it will be very easy for housekeepers to make bills of fare, and to make them as varied as they please. It will also be just as easy to make them simple or complicated, cheap or expensive, according to taste, or to the amount of money that one wishes to spend.

Nearly every article can be prepared in several ways; and some, such as beef, mutton, veal, etc., contain so many different parts that bills of fare can be made every day during the whole month, without having two alike.

There seems to be a diversity of opinion about one of Cleopatra's breakfasts. It was the most costly breakfast that has ever been served to a single human being. I will, therefore, tell what I know about it. After having partaken of Cleopatra's necklace, Mark Antony determined to devise the costliest breakfast ever given. After several days of gastronomical meditations, not having found what he was looking for, he summoned his cook to his presence, and told him that, if he could get up a dainty breakfast for a lady, which should be composed of as few and as small dishes as possible, and, at the same, be most costly, he would reward him accordingly.

Several weeks afterward, the cook entered Mark Antony's study, and told him that he was ready to serve the dainty breakfast asked of him, and that it was composed of one olive only.

At the appointed hour, the cook entered the dining-room, followed by one hundred men carrying the olive (in its artificial envelope) on their shoulders. They deposited it on a table made for the occasion, and fifty carvers were set to work on it.

After several hours of hard work, the triumphant cook placed the olive before the Egyptian Queen, who looked at it with amazement, still with perfect delight.

The olive had been prepared in the following way: After having been stoned, it was stuffed with a rich custard, then put inside of a boned canary, which was used to stuff an ortolan. The latter was placed inside of a boned oriole, which was used to stuff a thrush, which thrush stuffed a boned lark. A boned snipe was stuffed with the lark and placed inside of a robin, which was used to stuff a plover, and which latter bird filled a quail, which was then placed inside of a pigeon. The pigeon filled a woodcock, the woodcock a partridge, the latter a grouse, the grouse a pheasant, the pheasant a chicken, the chicken a Guinea-fowl, which was placed inside of a goose; the goose filled a turkey, the turkey a swan, the latter an ostrich, which was used to stuff a sheep, the sheep a calf, the calf an antelope, the latter a pig, the pig a deer, the deer a bear, the bear a heifer, the latter an elk, the elk an ox, the ox a hippopotamus, the latter an elephant.

The olive was then roasted in its envelope, which envelope was thrown away and the olive only was served.

PIERRE BLOT.

FAIR.

FAIR for his sake who thinks me fair,
 Fair for none other can I be.
 Ah, what new change shall fairness wear
 That his sweet eyes be pleased of me?
 How vain in love I seem to grow!
 No matter; love will have it so.

Fair but for him who finds me fair;
 And fairer still these flowers shall make
 I tangle round my brow and hair—
 While southern-warm their odors break.
 How very, very vain I grow!
 No matter—love will have it so.

Fair but for him who thinks me fair.
 These golden arts I now amass
 On throat and arm shall make more rare
 The sight of me. O regal glass,
 If words were thine, what words would flow!
 No matter; love will have it so.

He comes. Ah, will he find me fair,
 And shall I find him grown more fond?
 "O sweet, you are not what you are;
 Your simple smile is far beyond!"
 O Jealousy! Well, there they go—
 What matter; he will have it so!

A. W. BELLAW.

DRIFT - WOOD.

MODERN POETS—THEIR EYES AND ELBOWS.

IN responding to a toast given at the Burns dinner, in New York, the other night, in honor of the "Poets of the Age," the poet Bryant said :

I wonder how they would look if they could be all brought together, with their "eyes in a fine frenzy rolling," and some of their number, I fear, sadly out at elbows. What would the denizens of Wall street think of them if they were marched in procession through that quarter of the city? If an army of stock-jobbers could be mustered, and another of bedlamites, and a third of poets, to which of the other two would the troop of poets seem, by their demeanor, to be most nearly related? To that question, I fear, I could not give an impartial answer.

I fear a procession of poets, other things being equal, would hardly make more sensation in Wall street than a file of Fenians, or Freemasons, or policemen, or any other people who daily march in thoroughfares. Nay, the poets would recognize some of their own craftsmen in the Wall street throng; and before the procession had passed it might be sadly shorn and gapped by desertions to the counter and the gold mart.

Why, Wall street and State street are well provided, in these modern days, with men of letters. Who is that sharp stock-jobber yonder? His publishers are Harper & Brothers. Who is buying and bidding so furiously on the stone steps? 'Tis the calm historian of the war. What figure is this, with eyes in a fine frenzy rolling, shouting like a bedlamite, "I sell Central at three and an eighth?" His pastorals were reviewed in the last number of the "Umpire," and pronounced to be worthy of Theocritus, charming in their simplicity. "Nature," said the critic, "has repaid one who loves her so well by revealing herself as she does not to the worldling." I should not be surprised some morning to see this fresh sign over a Wall street office:

CLIO & EUTERPE,

Bankers, Brokers, and Dealers in Stocks,
Bonds, and Gold.

Everybody has read Robinson's Poems? In that little bucolic, "The Poet's Wish," what Robinson wishes is a "lowly cot," situate, if I remember rightly, in or near a "fairly grot," where (considering the rent) he would put up with a "humble lot." He is,

in point of fact, a well-to-do gentleman of five-and-forty, weighing 220 pounds, very happy with his third wife, and his "lot" is a double corner one; he lives, I say, in a 25-foot-front house in Madison Avenue, heads the Kitchen Committee of the Loungers' Club, takes a fortnight's recreation at Long Branch every year (generally turning a couple of pretty stanzas while there), and has made his fortune by strict attention to banking. "I know a bank"—it is *his* bank, and a heavier crop than of wild thyme or oxlips he cuts from it. No, no; the poet's "eye" has better business now-a-days than to be "in a fine frenzy rolling." There should be "*speculation*" in those eyes which he doth glare with."

In the world of commercial business—in the mercantile and financial world—there are more men of "liberal education" than anywhere else outside of the "learned professions." I venture to say that one in ten of prominent business men have been familiar with the Muses in early years; have written, and perhaps still have the run of the publishers. Should you ever fail to find a literary man in the magazine office, you may very likely find him in a Government office, doing very faithful work. Sometimes when a stranger asks me a writer's address, "on important business" (probably his "autograph"), I reply, absently, "Try the Custom House."

Yes, there in Wall street itself may the poet be found, keeping himself and his "eye" very steady on the business of his official position, not at all "rolling," and not at all a bedlamite. So has it been with poets and novelists from Addison to Trollope, not omitting even the Burns we celebrate—so may it be for centuries to come.

Most unquestionably "there is a pleasure in poetic pains which only poets know;" but our age makes havoc of the pleasing myth that the poet "dwells apart," and lives by musing,

Nor seeks nor finds he mortal blisses,
But feeds on the aerial kisses,
Of shapes that haunt Thought's wilderness.

Is Rogers the less musical for being a banker-poet? Or Halleck as a banker-poet? Or Stedman as a broker-poet? It stands

to reason that Shakespeare was a thrifty man of business ; and what we wonder at in Scott is not that we find him the "Co." of "James Ballantyne & Co.," but that he did not push his business to success. Reade and Dickens are practical business men. Browning takes good care that his publishers do not outwit him. Victor Hugo is said to be almost supernaturally sharp on a bargain. And as for Bryant—name ever memorable, the first great name in American poesy—I protest that it is a daily omen and encouragement to younger poets, to read this advertisement, significant of a sound and wholesome condition, far removed from being "out-at-elbows :

W. C. BRYANT & Co.,

Book and Job Printing. Printing of Every Description executed at Shortest Notice and at Lowest Cash Prices. W. C. Bryant & Co., *Evening Post*.

The truth is that a man who has sung of Zeus and Europa, or penned an ode to Ursa Major, has warrant for dealing with bulls and bears, and compromises nothing in turning from hexameters to six per cents., from elegiacs to Erie, from Danae's Tower to the fall of gold. The notion that a poet keeps his eyes always rolling and his elbows ragged, is going out of date. Even the painters care no longer to be *outré* and shocking in dress. In modern England, according to Emerson, is the man "with no marked manners or features" that "unexpectedly discloses wit and learning, until you think you have fallen on some illustrious personage." Let Lowell and Longfellow walk through Wall street, or Tennyson, with Dickens and Reade on either side, traverse Lombard street, and they would be thought hale and hearty men, in the mellow age of life ; and should the first two encounter Vanderbilt and Drew, or the other three a trio of great London stock-jobbers, they would all take each other to be well-clad and well-mannered gentlemen, men of genius, invention, power of concentrating thought, far sight, and profound knowledge of human nature. A procession of poets from every country, in every costume, would, to be sure, be bedlam ; so would a procession of shoemakers ; but in poets, as poets, we presume that Wall street would find nothing to draw it from keeping its averted eyes, like the man in Bunyan, on its muck-heap of stocks and its literally "filthy lucre" of greasy greenbacks.

For, O worthy reader, Pegasus, in our days, is mainly a well-shod, well-shorn, well-groomed animal, well-fed on substantial oats, and well-broken to go in harness, if need be,

without giving you his heels. The profound saying has been uttered by publishers that "poetry does not pay"—experience shows it to be abnormal when a volume of poetry pays even the cost of publication. The bread-and-butter of life must ordinarily come from another source—as, indeed, young Boggs (not a bad poet) of the Eureka Land Association, told me the other day, in selling me a lodge in some vast wilderness—which, by-the-by, I "O for" still.

A better day has dawned for the "man of letters" than when he was a dependant on the bounty of the rich and the patronage of the powerful—when he was a retainer, to whom the great lord or knight might call, at his good pleasure, "come hither, minstrel, and"—so forth. The modern poet does not wait to be "come-hithered" at anybody's beck, and, accordingly, wears as whole a coat-sleeve as you or I.

THE "TRUTH OF HISTORY."

I WAS reading this morning a picturesque description of the battle in Mobile Bay—one of those vivid historical sketches which bring the scene before your eyes—Gaines and Morgan vomiting flame ; between them, our ships blazing back broadsides from out their smoky folds ; ahead, the grim Tennessee ; yonder, the ill-starred Tecumseh, hearse of Craven and his crew, in act of bearing them to their ocean grave ; and here—here the battle-scarred Hartford, flagship of Farragut, the "mast-head hero," who, says our author, "before the contest, went to the mast-head, had himself securely lashed there, and thence signalled," as occasion required. "Do not glide too often to the mast-head," jocosely telegraphed Secretary Seward to the Admiral, as the latter was departing from New York on his late European cruise. You may see the gallant sailor perched at the same dizzy height, in popular prints, bound like Prometheus, yet, like a Jove on high, directing the strife below, where

Furious Yank and fiery Reb
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

As a matter of fact, however, the great Admiral was *not* at the mast-head, or anywhere near it ; was not lashed ; did not go aloft "for the purpose of encouraging his men by his fearless exposure," and did not "signal" from his position. The plain story is, I believe, that he stepped into the rigging to get a good view of the situation ; and, as the smoke rolled up, went higher and higher, until he found himself, as says

his official report, "in an elevated position in the main rigging, near the main-top." So, accordingly, sings our American Campbell :

High in the mizzen-shroud
(Lest the smoke his sight o'erwhelm)
Our Admiral's voice rang loud,
"Hard-a-starboard your helm!"

And again—

From the main-top, bold and brief,
Came the word of our grand old chief—
"Go on!" 'Twas all he said,
And the Hartford passed ahead.

So hard, is it, to tell the truth, when it lies under our very noses? Ever since Commissioner Ould showed how Andersonville, as a boarding-house, has been abused, and called on us to canonize that pious martyr Wirz—"poor Wirz," the sympathetic Commissioner affectionately styles him—and proved the gallant jailer to be, if not an out-and-out saint, at least a hero of the first water, whose foible was excess of tenderness; and gave, at last, as a sole reason for this great revelation, his "desire to vindicate the truth of history"—ever since then, I say, I have found something exquisitely satirical in this glib phrase, "the truth of history."

Oh, History, what fibs have been told in thy name! To this day, the French historians tell you the famous story of the Vengeur, substantially thus: Riddled in the combat of June 1, 1794, by three English ships, the Vengeur began to fill. Her crew fought her lowest tier of guns till the rising water poured through the ports; then running to the next tier, they fired its guns till again the water drove them off; then they took to the deck guns; and at last, grouping, with arms stretched to heaven, and shouting *Vive la République*, their colors still flying, and *préférant la mort à la captivité*, the waters rolled over them. It was very well for many years, and quite in the Ercles vein, till a letter of the French captain, written on the ship to which he had surrendered, was discovered, showing that the Vengeur had struck, that her captain and a good part of her crew were taken from her, that she sank as a British prize, and that a British prize-crew went down with her.

Turning from sailors to soldiers—everybody for a century has read of the chivalry of Fontenoy; how two French and English regiments approached on the hill, and the officers rode out from either front, bowing and doffing hats, while the gallant Hay cries, "Gentlemen of the French Guards, fire first!" To which the Count (or Marquis) d'Auteroche responds, "We never

fire first." Not everybody has read the truth, as set forth by Carlyle, that the bowing was mockery, the polite speeches huzzas, the chivalry mere "chaffing," and that, as a matter of fact, the French *did* fire first, and this, too, without standing on the order of firing, but straightway upon catching sight of the English, and without even waiting to say, "By your leave." Carlyle had been trapped with the false story of the Vengeur in the first edition of the "French Revolution," and was circumspect and suspicious in "Friedrich II."

Have we all of Cæsar's mistakes and reverses in the "Commentaries"? All of Napoleon's failings and failures in the "Mémoires"? Did Cambronne say at Waterloo, "The Guard dies, but does not surrender"? Did Old Zach send back this message to Santa Anna at Buena Vista, "Tell Santa Anna that General Taylor never surrenders"? Oh, the "truth of history"!

"Go, mocker, and read Bacon and Boalingbroke on the "Study and Uses of History," breaks in the indignant reader. Will you warrant that to drive out of mind the fine tribute of Commissioner Ould to the "truth of history," or the stories of Fontenoy, Farragut, Cambronne, the Vengeur? What selfish and sordid men have been embellished into saints and heroes; what events taken as hinges whereon swung the fate of empires, which were but side-shows! Are official dispatches usually made to tell what is true, or what it is thought best to have believed? In our anecdotes of great men, do we sift the true from the false, and go to the bottom of each before we publish it? Compare Scott's "Life of Napoleon" with Abbott's. To prove a cause wrong or right, three men out of five will distort the deeds and characters of the actors, magnifying here, belittling there, and not always maliciously, but often with a kind of jesuitical theory that the end sanctifies the means, whereby, lest others should give or deny proper credit to a cause, they resolve to bepraise or be silent upon certain incongruous facts or persona^l traits of actors. Look at the rival accounts of our own civil war; or at the successive praises and curses by the same courtier or critic of the General at the zenith of his fame and the nadir of his disgrace:

*Tel qui long-tems lécha ses bottes
Lui mord aujourd'hui les talons.*

When the historian gets at and tells the truth, without color or bias, suppressing

nothing, letting everything carry its own moral, often indignation over dethroned demi-gods or disenchanted monsters visits him; and you then hear it said, as by a fine English scholar it has been said, that "the assertion that historians, in general, have been the true friends of virtue, will be rejected by all except the credulous or the indifferent."

I hear the reader interposing that the very examples just cited show how history sooner or later rights itself. Yes, history is a brave worker in this way; but, after all, this theory is like the other that "murder will out." So *some* murder will out—thereby proving, as it were, what undiscovered and undiscoverable secrets are reserved for the Day of Judgment, even as so much human history is known only to God.

We are often loth even to accept discovered truth, so that sometimes it probably lapses again unnoticed into oblivion. Thackeray saw in the Louvre a great painting of the Vengeur going down with colors flying, and played upon by the fire of British sailors "in red coats," in 1841, *i. e.*, after the exposure of the fiction. That picture indicates "the truth of history" by its silent witness to this day, as do popular histories by noisier attestation, while, to save the national credit, the French captain's official letter is pronounced a "forgery." "Are not sham stories," asks Thackeray, therefore, "as good as real ones?"

The odds are that the fictitious Fontenay will outlast the true one; Nelson's embroidered coat is an inalienable part of the stage wardrobe of history; as for Cambronne and Taylor, be sure that, as the decorous muse cannot tell everybody what they *did* say, she will attest for most people the truth of what they did not. Poets and painters resent being supplanted by historians; and the dramatists contest with these their own field, often fixing in popular belief their theatric images of bygone personages. We cannot spare anything of the grandiose and grandiloquent; we cannot lose the jests, the happy inspirations, the "dying utterances" of great men from our possession. We cannot sacrifice a single epigram. The five words of Francis I. at Padua, "All is lost save honor," will form the "truth of history," despite the five-and-twenty he really wrote. Where historians make havoc, poets repair their ravages.

The historians themselves, however, sometimes have a fine notion, called "poetic

justice," to substitute for barren truth. How else, pray, can you make history to be "Philosophy teaching by examples?" The author of this last phrase was himself a good instance of untrustworthiness; and Swift, with fine irony, in drawing from him a moral, says, "I have always borne that laudable partiality to my own country which Dionysius Halicarnassensis with so much justice recommends to an historian. I would hide the frailties and deformities of my political mother, and place her virtues and beauties in the most advantageous light." As for Swift's own "history" of a part of Queen Anne's reign, it was a partisan thesis, a mere political tract, meriting no better name.

For, in history, no greatness of genius is a warranty against deceit or a pledge of veracity. Such is the pride of opinion in men, and such their self-confidence, that often the most learned suppress their knowledge for the sake of their opinion, and decline to disseminate truth lest it should check the dissemination of theory. We spoke of soldiers and sailors, and we now might speak of saints; for I suppose there is no such deluge of mendacity in all history as in the department of saintly biography. If it will do any good, by all means let us call this particular sort of Munchausenism "pious fraud;" but of all travesties on the "truth of history" doubtless it is the most ludicrous. How many old authors have been tampered with by people who wished to steal the power of their influence! Fleury sets out an incredible array of counterfeits and fabrications in mediæval and later literature, which the monks employed their leisure in making. Of one La Higuera he says "This man is not only the author of the false Dexter but of the false Maximus, of the false Luitprandus, and of a crowd of other impostures, published in Spain, in the seventeenth century."

We deftly bridge one great gap in history by a word—the word "mythology:" what we know to be untrue in the early annals of all races, we call "mythic," so giving an aspect of positiveness to mere negative information. But not to speak of the fables and legends of state, *gens*, and hero, wherewith all history abounds, historians have, in all ages, defiled the stream of history by mingling fiction with fact. As even Sallust put speeches in the mouths of Cæsar and Cato, though the speeches they actually made

were in existence, so historians are usually willing to touch up a little, and to generously play the secretary or proof-reader for the extemporaneous words of great men. Of Dion Cassius it has been said that he always paints a personage whom he dislikes as black as he can, and of Suidas that he was accustomed to "invent a horrid death" for those whose doctrines he disliked—but of course there is no Suidas in modern times.

Trained in the schools of the rhetoricians, many of the latter classic historians made their histories mere rhetorical narratives, which proved incongruous mixtures of myths and truths, more attention being paid to style than to fact. Lucian's "True History" (source, perhaps, of Gulliver, Gargantua and Munchausen) and the "How To Write History" tell us by their satire what some historians were in his day. Cannot men with genius to fabricate speeches for historic characters accommodate us with missing links in a chain of historic events? Swift found Lilliput and Brobdiagnag not only in Greek and Jewish historians, but in modern travellers; and many witnesses to giants and pigmies—in Africa, India, Britain, Scandinavia—are extant in literature. After the Jamestown colony was founded, a traveller from Virginia pronounced certain Indian tribes there to be a "giantly people," and as for the Patagonians, I own to a vague impression, coming down as if by mental *inheritance* from some ancestor who dreamt o' nights over Magellan, that there are giants in Patagonia to-day.

Ah! but the travellers, from Mandeville to Marryat, they are the fine historians! There is true imagination in Prester John's country, with the sea with the "rockes of adamand" that draw the "yron nayles out of shippes," and in the America of Dickens and Basil Hall.

Contemporary history is more fortunate than that of early ages; since, even as steam, by making us all travellers, explodes old delusions, so the printing-press, by making us all writers and readers, multiplies the means of history. But the chief hindrance to trust-

worthy history is in human nature itself—and that is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. Human ignorance, extravagance, and credulity are not more fatal in this respect than the trait which leads us to distort history in order to establish theories; against which steam and types are no guarantee. Mrs. Trollope says, in her preface to the "Domestic Manners of the Americans," that "the chief object the writer has had in view is to encourage her countrymen to hold fast by the Constitution that insures all the blessings which flow from established habits and solid principles." The secret of her ensuing tirade is explained. What wonder that it is what it is?

Of course, when doctrine or money is a historian's sole inspiration, it is a question which shall be more conspicuous, his lack of candor or lack of care. As of old, for one Tacitus you have a dozen like Diodorus Siculus, so now for one Hallam you have a dozen Headleys. Take most of the so-called "Histories" of our late war—bah! what trash! Everything sacrificed to dramatic effect on the one hand, or to political frenzy on the other. Turn over their pages, and look at the silly stories clipped out of daily newspapers (where they were pardonable), and posted unaltered, certainly unexamined, into grave treatises pretending to be histories. See the petty crossroad skirmish magnified into a pivotal action. Mark the thousand errors of fact. Note the proof that meets you on every page, not only of the writer's mental and spiritual unfitness for his task, but of the audacity with which, instead of lessening that lack by industry, he has dashed through his work with pen, scissors, and paste-pot, all flying without pause, in a parody on history. Ah, the "truth of history!"

All this, in fine, let me whisper in confidence to the reader, Philip Quilibet says, not in disgust at the science of history, but out of profound admiration for it—admiration of that sort which discriminates, which cries out against the imposture only that the genuine may be the more respected and cherished.

QUILIBET.

LITERATURE AND ART.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE moralists who deplore the material tendency of the age, and their brother critics, who not long ago declared that the Muses had been driven from the earth by Mammon, have encountered some disturbing facts within the last few years. The appearance of certain poets and the way in which the world has received those poets, have refuted the assertion of the critics, and shown the moralists that the eager pursuit of material good is not incompatible with mental and moral elevation. It would seem as if the nineteenth century were destined to emulate, if not to rival, the poetical glories of the seventeenth, and as if the advent of a woman to the throne which is the cynosure, although not the political centre of the Anglo-Saxon people, had been accompanied by a manifestation of poetic genius which should make the Victorian age second in the annals of literature only to the Elizabethan. The intermediate period produced little that will live as poetry, except in the memories of those to whom literature is a study, if not a profession. It seems to be the well settled judgment of the world that Pope's varnished verses, smooth and bright, are to be valued rather as an epigrammatic embodiment of worldly wisdom than as true poetry, to be which they lack both imagination and fancy, and that these, with Gray's *Elegy* and *Ode*, Goldsmith's "*Deserted Village*," and Johnson's "*London*" are the only enduring poetical fruit of the century that began in wigs and ended in powder. The early years of the present century gave us Scott, Burns, Byron, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley and Keats—an admirable array of names; although Southey, much vaunted in his day, has already disappeared, never to rise again, and Wordsworth is slowly and surely declining, soon to set, leaving behind him (except his "*Ode on Intimations of Immortality*," and a few thoughtful couplets) only the influence of his career. He had much of "the vision" but little of "the faculty divine," and notwithstanding his wisdom, his purity, and his art—too visible—he, in his principal works, is garrulous and tiresome; and to be garrulous and tiresome with impunity is

not given to the archangels. Whether the poetry of the present day is of a higher and more enduring type than that of our fathers it would be imprudent to attempt the decision, so fallible is contemporary appreciation. He who fails to please the public he addresses may be sure that he will please no other; but the history of literature is full of examples which show us, as in Southey's case, that a poet may be lauded by them as one of the eternal ones, and yet be the merest mortal, affecting the divine style of utterance. Of the poetical activity of our day, however, there can be no question. While Tennyson is in the full strength of maturity, Browning, his contemporary in years, is broadening and deepening a reputation of slower growth, but probably not less enduring than that of the poet of friendship; and the early work of Swinburne and Morris has hardly received full recognition, when there comes before the world a new singer of the highest grade—Charles Heavyside, whose poem, "*Saul*," is before us in a group of volumes that we owe to the publishing house that seems to be the fortunate and the worthy medium of communication between poets of mark and the "American" public. Longfellow's translation of Dante has just taken its place in the first rank of works combining scholarship with poetry, when we hear that Bryant is to give us Homer, in a version that can hardly fail to present the great Greek epic in a worthier form than any into which it has yet transfused for English readers. For a gross and grovelling age it would seem that we are gathering a rich poetical harvest.

Perhaps, however, it is true, as Lowell says in the first of these volumes that we take up,* that

—No age was e'er degenerate,
Unless men held it at too cheap a rate;
For in our likeness still we shape our fate.

Never did poet believe more firmly than Lowell does in now and here. His cry continually is, Don't look back; or if you do, look to learn that the great men of your past were great because they dealt boldly

* "*Under the Willows*." By James Russell Lowell.
Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

and wisely with their present, finding in that and not in their past the substance of their faith, the spring of their hope, and the law of their action. And as to what is around him, has he not said that he knows a man who thinks that Cambridge—chilly Cambridge—is the most charming place on earth! This interest in the things and doings of the day, working in a nature which seems to be notably proof against the spur of ambition, it is, we may be sure, that has deprived us of a sustained continuous poetical work from Mr. Lowell, and has given us instead three volumes filled chiefly with poems of the occasional sort. He did not mean that this should be, as he himself sees and tells us that it is.

O dream-ship-builder, where are they all,
Your grand three-deckers, deep-chested and tall,
That should crush the waves under canvas piles,
And anchor at last by the Fortunate Isles?

Instead of a fleet of broad-browed ships,
To send a child's armada of chips!
Instead of the great guns, tier on tier,
A freight of pebbles and grass-blades sere!

There is something touching in this whimsically sad confession; or there would be, were it not for the high position that Mr. Lowell has so honorably won. For his pebbles are jewels; and his grass-blades, however they may seem to his too exacting eyes, have to ours the true perennial tint. For instance, here is "After the Burial," written manifestly to express a genuine emotion after a real burial—an occasion that has produced more honest twaddle than Tupper or — could write in a century; and yet half the verses have an edge on them that cuts down to the very quick of feeling in the general heart. He is rejecting the commonplace of consolation, and claiming his right to clasp his great grief in his empty arms:

In the breaking gulfs of sorrow,
When the helpless feet stretch out,
And find in the depths of darkness
No footing so solid as doubt,
Then better one spar of Memory,
One broken plank of the Past,
That our human heart may cling to,
Though hopeless of shore at last.
To the spirit, its splendid conjectures;
To the flesh, its sweet despair—
Its tears o'er the thin, worn locket,
With its anguish of deathless hair!
Console, if you will; I can bear it;
'Tis a well-meant alms of breath;
But not all the preaching since Adam
Has made Death other than Death.

The lines emphasized in this passage give such an impressive form to such a general

feeling that they seem sure to become a part of the common phraseology of life. And so it must be with a stanza in the next poem, "The Dead House," which, however, with all its pathetic beauty—a beauty that should make the poet great forever among women—is not so full of utterances of general application as its predecessor:

To learn such a simple lesson,
Need I go to Paris or Rome,
That the many make the household,
But only one the home.

No, one need not go to Paris or to Rome to learn that lesson; whether by absence, or, still less, by what one learns at those great capitals. For this view of home is not remarkably French or Italian, but English; and although Mr. Lowell has recently let it slip from him (in an unguarded moment, I hope,) that we are worth something only just in so far as we have ceased to be English, I shall venture to say that the best of him is his thoroughly English constitution of mind and body, and that he and all the rest of his fellow Yankees are good only in so far as they are made so by a purely English nature developed in circumstances and under influences in many respects more favorable to a healthy and harmonious growth than those to which they would have been subjected if Charles the First had not driven our forefathers across the sea.

One part of Mr. Lowell's English-hood, which he wears, of course, with a difference, is a humor that is purely English in spirit, although it wears the dress of Yankee provincialism. The voice is still the voice of Jacob, although the hands are the hands of Esau. This trait of Mr. Lowell's mind appears in several of the poems in his last volume, although it seems to have been purposely excluded from its two predecessors. It has made one poem—"Without and Within"—which must have been familiar to many readers heretofore who were ignorant of its authorship—one of the most perfect and picturesque as well as one of the most sharply satirical *vers de société* in the whole range of English literature. Who of the thousands that, with its author, have been wearied with the waste of life in "hunting still that same old coon" through the thick-grown solitude of society, has not, amid laughter, thanked Mr. Lowell for this epigrammatic little satire, which a mingling of humor and good-nature almost Falstaffian prevents from falling into cynicism.

Mr. Lowell, in his introduction to the second series of the "Biglow Papers," has said that, at the time when the first series won their world-wide favor, he was an almost unread poet. He exaggerates a neglect which, however, did exist to a certain degree. The reason thereof is not much to the honor of the public, and is to be found in a singular trait of his serious style, which, although it cannot be regarded as a fault, is yet somewhat faulty. He sometimes packs his thought too close, and overloads his lines with variously suggestive images. This is particularly the case with the poems in his second volume. In many lines of several poems in that volume he was not content to present a single thought in strong and clear relief, but allowed the image suggested to him by his main idea to lead him to another idea and another image, and these again to lead him on to others; and all these he undertook to work together into a unitary whole. He attained his end in a remarkable degree by the firmness of his mental grasp and his plastic power over language. But he did so at some sacrifice of simplicity and clearness of expression. The same trait marks some of his prose sentences. His purpose was high, and his teeming brain furnished ample material for its accomplishment; but it has been given only to one man since the world began to make one phrase stand up firmly under the weight of two serious ideas. A part of our enjoyment of humor, and particularly of puns, arises from our amusement at the breakdown of language when thus overloaded. The poems in the present volume are less marked by this embarrassing richness of style than those in its immediate predecessor. They bristle less with sharp, bright thoughts; and what they thereby lose in seeming wealth they gain in solid, homogeneous value. They are the fruit of calmer contemplation and less uneasy labor.

Of all that Mr. Lowell has written, his "Legend of Brittany," the first poem in his first volume—a beautiful book published twenty-five years ago in Cambridge—is perhaps the most completely indicative of a rich poetical nature. It surpasses in imaginative power all that he has since produced—partly, if not chiefly, by reason of the nature of its subject—and it is strewn thickly with bright-hued fancies. It is the work of a young poet, but of a thoughtful; and it has the freshness and the bloom of youth in every stanza. The man who wrote

it is capable of any flight that has been taken by any poet of the century. Certainly, Tennyson, at the age at which Mr. Lowell was when it was written, had produced nothing to be named with it in comparison. Those who are taking delight in the idyllic beauty of "Under the Willows" and "Auf Wiedersehen" should be led thereby to the enjoyment of their author's earlier and less ripened, but hardly less beautiful poems. Among these are songs full of all the lyric charm that lingers in our language, and to which so few poets are able to give voice. Of these, one beginning "Violet, sweet violet," has the highest and last-attained quality of a perfect song, in that it sings itself, without need of other music. But it is in his "Commemoration Ode" that its author shows most completely the compass and high quality of his powers. It has a largeness and simplicity of style which is the sign manual of a master in any art. Its closing passage rises to the topmost height of lyric grandeur.

Be proud, for she is saved, and all have helped to save her—

She that lifts up the manhood of the poor,
She of the open soul and open door,
With room about her hearth for all mankind!
The fire is dreadful in her eyes no more.
From her bold front the helm she doth unbind,
Sends all her handmaid armies back to spin,
And bids her navies, that so lately hurled
Their crashing battle, hold their thunders in,
Swimming, like birds of calm, along the unharmed shore.

No challenge sends she to the elder world,
That looked askance and hated; a light scorn
Plays o'er her mouth, as round her mighty knees
She calls her children back, and waits the morn
Of nobler day, enthroned between her subject seas.

O Beautiful! my Country! ours once more!
Soothing thy gold of war-dishevelled hair
O'er such sweet brows as never other wore;

And letting thy set lips,

Freed from wrath's pale eclipse,

The rosy edges of their smile lay bare.
What words divine, of lover or of poet,
Could tell our love and make thee know it,
Among the nations bright beyond compare?

In this ode, Mr. Lowell has sung the pæan of a great nation in a style in stirring accord with the grandeur of his theme. It will live always as the worthy embodiment of the feeling elicited on the conquering side by the greatest civil war known to history. This must be admitted even by those who do not agree with the author in all his political opinions, or share, at present, all his enthusiasm in regard to the effect of the war upon the country.

R. G. W.

JUNIUS BRUTUS BOOTH.*

SIXTEEN years have elapsed since the fitful fever of Booth's life came to its sudden end. His unquiet soul fretted its tenement to decay at an age when his powers should have just reached a golden maturity.

Three actors divide almost equally the histrionic honors of the first half of our century, Cooke, Edmund Kean and Booth; the last was the most cultivated and, intellectually, much the greatest. He died unappreciated and unrewarded; but his youthful triumphs are renewed in his son, and the new generation, hailing with generous enthusiasm the rising genius of Edwin Booth, will eagerly read the conscientious work of Mr. Gould, and endeavor to gather from his careful notes and accurate recollections what manner of actor the father of our great artist was.

The elder Booth was born with all the good gifts of nature necessary to his profession. He was fortunate in his education and training. He became an admirable linguist, and showed fair literary taste and ability.

The strong bent of his genius led him to the theatre at the early age of seventeen. He had immediate success, and three years later he reached London, the goal of an English actor's hopes. His first engagement was at Covent Garden, where he at once commanded the attention of the town, and became the rival of Kean, then regnant at Drury Lane. This success showed, not merely good talents, but good fortune also.

Cooke had passed middle age ere he could get before a London audience and wring from them an endorsement of what he felt, that he was "the best actor speaking the language." Kean, poor and friendless, strolled, starved, and dreamed of Drury Lane, until his heart was as a broken reed, and sick with hope deferred. But Booth, while yet a stripling, became Kean's rival, and had it in his power to succeed the tragedian whose popularity was somewhat waning and whose sceptre began to lose its magic.

Such a position meant a great deal at that theatrical time. It was not only to hear the mighty thunder of the crowded pit and enjoy the glory of the moment, but it meant also enduring fame, history, guineas; it was to be applauded by Byron, Hazlitt, Godwin,

other men of genius who loved the drama and who petted Kean, overlooking his vulgar tastes and low life in his splendid talents.

The frequently-quoted line of Dryden,

Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
frequently finds apt confirmation in the records of Booth's life, and especially at this important commencement of his career. The tide in the affairs of men which floats them to fortune was, for him, at its full flood; his destiny was in his own hands, to make or to mar. Acting from one of those irrational impulses which overcast his whole life, Booth disappeared from London and crossed the ocean. Landing near Richmond, Va., he made his way to the theatre there, and, without a credential, presented himself to the half-incredulous manager, asking an opportunity to show who he was. The new country had a charm for him; he was a lover of nature and its wildest scenes; his poetical soul was soothed by solitude and the wide expanses of the New World. But grand and beautiful as the wilderness appeared, it was not the congenial home of art. The great drama of real life absorbed all the energies of men; there was no leisure for esthetic study, no rich and idle class seeking excitement and amusement; there was but little attempt at criticism, and that was merely injudicious laudation. That dreary barrack, the "Old Park," was the "Drury of America." In Boston the drama was frowned upon. Such was the public for which the impassioned young genius exchanged the crowded theatres of London. But, reckless of his true vocation, Booth rejoiced in the change.

Not long after his arrival he made an unsuccessful application for the station of keeper of Cape Hatteras light-house. Then he bought a farm in the wilderness of Maryland, where he allowed no tree to be cut and no animal life to be destroyed. He occasionally acted short engagements, and his studies were incessant. He so perfected himself in modern languages that, in 1828, at New Orleans, he enacted the part of Orestes, in the "Andromaque" of Racine, with such effect that he was compared to Talma. His powers matured and culminated early. His acting was always strikingly original and impassioned; frequently he was sublime. His voice was flexible, sympathetic, and equal to his full desire; he could modulate it to his will. In the later years of his life his face had lost its beauty, was deeply lined, and had an expression of sad dignity. His

* "The Tragedian: An Essay on the Histrionic Genius of Junius Brutus Booth." By Thomas A. Gould. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

features were cast in the tragic mould—tender emotion, tempestuous passion, regal majesty, grief unutterable, were fully expressed in their action. His stature was low, but like Lear he was “every inch a king.”

It is not unjust to Booth to say that the romantic or passionate school of acting to which he belonged was revived by Edmund Kean. After the death of Garrick the wooden reign of the Kembles commenced. It was the era of cold stateliness and dull respectability, somewhat relieved by the force of Mrs. Siddons in a few characters. The career of Cooke was so short in London that he made little impression, and dulness reigned supreme until in a fortunate hour Edmund Kean, bursting the bonds of obscurity and poverty, sprang upon the London stage, overleaping at a bound the barriers of cotemporary criticism, overthrowing established rules, sweeping away the hoary traditions of the theatre and storming with such irresistible passion the breasts of his auditors that he led them captive in an unbroken triumph of ten years. A new school of acting was the result, and to this school Booth belonged.

In this country it was fully conceded that Booth was as original as Kean in all his conceptions of character. In Lear, Macbeth and Hamlet he far surpassed Kean. Before Booth left London both Hazlitt and Charles Lamb criticised Kean's Lear bitterly, while the former praised the Lear of Booth. In the popular melodramas so much acted by Kean he was adjudged a superiority Booth never cared to contest.

Mr. Gould's book is made up of a series of essays upon all of Booth's important personations, written in a tone of enthusiastic and critical appreciation. He had the opportunity of studying the actor in his prime, and made copious notes of his impressions. His work is probably the best description that can now be given of the great tragedian.

In every age since the establishment of the drama it has been lamented that the fame of the actor could live only by attestation of those who participate in his momentary triumph,

Unvouched by proof, to substance unallied;
that while poets flourish immortal in verse,
painters and sculptors in color and in more
enduring stone, the art blending all in one,

which makes verse glow in speech and sculpture animate with living grace, stealing but a passing glance from time, dies in the exquisite moment of its birth or faintly glimmers through the dim light of tradition. This is the actor's fate. Let us then be thankful to Mr. Gould that he has accomplished all that can be done for the memory of Booth. Those who remember the thrilling voice, “the magic circle of the eye,” the triumph of illusion, cannot but feel how inadequate is the language of description to tell what he was, and realize the embarrassment of Cibber, who, in his old age, vainly endeavoring to portray the powers of Betterton, exclaimed in despair, “He gratified at once the eye, the ear, the understanding; to conceive the pleasure arising from such harmony, you must have been present at it, 'tis not to be told you.”

—THE last number of the “Quarterly Journal of Psychological Medicine” contains an article on “Europeans and their Descendants in North America.” The writer exposes the assumption of certain British ethnologists that the climate of North America is unadapted to the existence of the white race in its highest development, and shows that while certain physiological changes have taken place in the European races that have migrated to this country, these changes indicate neither degeneracy nor decay, but simply adaptation to the altered conditions of life and nature. As to the question of prolificacy, he shows that it is here governed by laws that are of no exceptional application, but affect the human race conformably to fixed and definitive principles. He makes one rather startling exception, however, in reference to the limitation of prolificacy in this country from “moral causes growing out of the doctrines of the self-styled progressive school,” terminating his remarks with a sting, thus: “The practical working of the present sensation about woman's rights will be that the female champions of these transcendental notions will leave few of their lineage to perpetuate their system.” This remark, though hardly rising to the dignity of philosophy, is certainly not calculated to add to the placidity of Misses A, B, and C, or to the repose of Mrs. X, Y, and Z.

NEBULÆ.

—THE question of giving the suffrage to women has been one of the prominent political problems of the day; and it is precisely because it has become such a question—one for calm and candid consideration, one that cannot be crowded down or thrust aside—that the strong argument of one of its most brilliant advocates appears in *THE GALAXY*. We shall make free to acknowledge, however, that even this able presentation of the case has failed to convince us of the necessity or the utility of extending the elective franchise to women. We look upon suffrage from but a single side, whenever we regard it simply as a privilege. It is a *duty*, rather than a "right;" it is a duty growing out of the imperfections of humanity, whereby in order to preserve society, it is necessary to erect and maintain governments, in order to enforce laws and inflict penalties. As such, it is only one of a series of duties, of which others are the military and legislative duties. Were this simply a question of privilege to be conferred, we believe that men would be glad to admit women to share it. But, in reality, it carries with it, or should carry with it, all the responsibilities of citizenship, including whatever service a State has the right to exact from its subjects.

But at present it is clear that the majority of women do not desire and will not accept such a revolution in their destiny. If this be so, the question simply is, shall we force upon the greater part of women a state of things distasteful to them in answer to the demands of a few? It seems to us that this would be working an injustice quite as gross as that which is now complained of in depriving women of suffrage. We should be yielding to the claims of the few against the protest of the many. We should be forcing a change of duty and destiny upon the greater part of women, because a few are dissatisfied. Mrs. Howe takes the very sensible ground that there is no such thing as a "natural right" of suffrage, thereby separating herself from illogical reformers. It is, in fact, a duty imposed by government. If it be answered that we may let such women vote as choose, while the

others stay at home, we reply that this would be practically impossible. The greater part of men now go the polls, not because they like to go, but because otherwise a few intriguing people would control elections, and so commit the country, and them with it, to unwise measures. So it would be with women, *all* of whom would be bound to go to the polls. Mrs. Howe might answer that women should be educated up to these new duties. We have only to rejoin that that is a matter for women to settle among themselves; but until this practical unanimity is reached, it is not for a few to call upon the country to impose upon all women the burden of the elective franchise. Meanwhile we have done our part, perhaps, toward that preliminary "education," by presenting the argument of an illustrious advocate.

—ALL the black beasts of history, from Cain to Iscariot, from Nero and Domitian to Henry VIII., Philip II., and Bluebeard, have been whitewashed in modern times, and are now set before the world as rather worthy personages, if not positive saints. The latest instance of historical reconstruction we have seen appears in a New York weekly newspaper, under the following caption: "CAPTAIN KIDD.—'I SPIED THREE SHIPS FROM SPAIN, AS I SAILED, AS I SAILED.'—WAS HE A PIRATE?—HOW A BRAVE NEW YORK SAILOR HAS BEEN MALIGNED BY HISTORY.—THE VICTIM OF A CONSPIRACY.—THE SCENE IN EXECUTION DOCK, MAY 23, 1701."—ETC., ETC. The writer shows—as such things are "shown" by such writers now-a-days—that from the time Captain Kidd entered upon what has heretofore been considered his buccaneering career on the high seas until the day he marched to the gallows-tree, his whole course displayed the highest qualities, while his humanity and honesty were especially noble and pathetic. "To the last," we are told, "he was a brave and true man," and when finally he stood upon the gallows, at Execution Dock, in London, "he died with charity for all the world and with hopes of salvation through the merits

of his Redeemer." This is revolting enough, certainly. But nevertheless, such things find believers, and are popular. We are surprised that some enterprising publisher does not collect and publish in a volume all the attempts that have recently been made to reconstruct the historical and traditionary monsters of the human race.

—THE learned and witty "Carl Benson" has written a note of inquiry, based upon Professor Peaslee's recent lecture, "*How much will the coming man weigh?*" The professor said that the "perfect physiological man" should weigh 140 pounds, but "Carl Benson" holds this opinion to be "rash and mischievous;" and though he might be supposed to favor light-weights on account of being an inordinately light-weight himself, he argues that the professor marks the figures too low by at least fifteen pounds—that is to say, in his opinion, the "coming man" ought to weigh 155 pounds. He says that, among our cotemporaries, those who possess the greatest capacity for mental and physical work are heavy, that the average weight of the leading men of the world, in all countries, at the present day, is over Peaslee's standard; that though thin, light men may be active and brilliant, they are usually deficient in vitality and solid thought, and wear out prematurely; and he argues that both young men and young women should make it their aim in life to increase their avoidupois. Now, "Carl Benson's" views are all very well so far as they go; but, in our estimate they do not go half far enough. We can only judge what the perfect coming man will be, by comparing him with what the perfect bygone man was. We imagine that both Peaslee and Carl will be willing to admit that the best specimen and the highest type of the "perfect physiological man" of other times was Hercules. The magnificent development and imperial proportions of his limbs, breast, neck and head, constitute an ideal of "physiological" manhood which the artistic genius of Greece undoubtedly formulated from real life and embodied in marble for the perennial admiration of the human race. Though, unfortunately for the present discussion, the Greeks left us no record of the weight of Hercules, we are sure that no one able to calculate masses and measurement can look upon his form, as embodied in any of the existing statues, without concluding that he weighed at least 300 pounds. It is to

this sublime bulk and heft that the human race must yet attain if it would hereafter produce such manhood as has been displayed in the past. And therefore—to cut short a discussion which we would like to make long—we conclude that the "coming man" will weigh 300 pounds to a dot.

—Now that we have diamond weddings—occasionally—and golden weddings, and silver weddings, and paper weddings, and wooden weddings, why not have leather weddings? Leather, especially the kind known as Russian, may be applied to a great variety of uses and of beauties. We cannot approve of leather hair nets for ladies, or of bows of highly-colored, fancifully-perforated leather worn on the bosom, and even leather bows for boot-toes are barely admissible. Yet for a thousand-and-one articles of home and personal comfort, "there's nothing like leather." How admirably it covers tables and cushions chairs; how effectively it forms flowers and tracery for cabinets and cases that look like carvings, at a tithe of the cost. In Paris, it is now highly appreciated—being "all the rage" for belts and bracelets, watch chains and chatelaines, bandeaux for the hair, waterproofs and parasols, opera-glasses and pockets, card-cases, tobacco-boxes and cigar-cases, and even for "jewelry" and watches.

—AMONG the articles offered at a recent jewelry sale of some pretension, was a valuable palette set, consisting of earrings and brooch. The palette was of dead gold, studded with gems, to represent paints. The setter's ignorance of artistic usage in the matter of the position of paints on a palette, was equal to his want of taste in arranging them even as gems. First, there was a dot of jet, then an emerald, then a diamond, then a ruby, then an opal, then a dab of amber, then a drop of pearl. This arrangement is what an artist would call "slovenly." It was painful to contemplate; yet the set had many competitors, and was run up to an enormous price. Why jet and pearl and amber were called jewels, and why, in a set of colors, blue was not represented, as it might have been by turquoise or amethyst, or both, we do not query. We only say that, as it was, the arrangement should have been: Diamond, pearl, opal, amber, emerald, ruby, jet. Scale: Three whites (order of white from the most trans-

parent to the most opaque), yellow, green, ruby, black.

— VERY rich men seem to be now, more than ever, the favorites of political parties. The three Republican candidates for the Senatorship, at the last election in New York, were very rich—though both Morgan and Roberts were richer than Fenton, the successful candidate. The Republican candidate for the Governorship of New Jersey, at last election (Mr. Blair), was one of the very richest men in the State. Senator Sprague is the richest man in Rhode Island. Senators Cameron and Scott, of Pennsylvania, are among the richest men in the Keystone State. And we could go on enumerating dozens of the richest men in the different States, who have lately been nominated for office by one or other of the political parties. We fancy that Massachusetts and Kansas have, in Senators Wilson and Ross, the two poorest men who are in any of the highest public offices. Why is it that very rich men are now such general favorites among the politicians?

— IT is a curious fact that while we suppose the English people to be growing more liberalized or democratized in their feelings and their institutions, the annual tax on armorial bearings is becoming every year more productive to the revenues. But it is still more curious to learn that the fees received from this country by the Herald's College in London, during late years, have constituted one of the most important sources of its income. In the latest edition of the "Handbook of Heraldry" (London), there is a chapter on "American Heraldry," which might furnish a lively topic of discussion to some of our popular writers. We have heard it as a fact that heraldic books are consulted by more people at the Astor Library, in New York, than any other class of books.

— THE mania for new creations in house decoration and table-service has ceased, and, as in personal adornment, the souls of women have gone over to the antique. Indeed, we are having another *Renaissance*, with its attendant defects and virtues. This first displayed itself in a fierce outbreak of

Etrusco-mania. Then, delicate creatures in gossamer, who would scream "fit to kill" at sight of a little cupboard mouse, sipped souchong complacently out of *tête-à-tête* tea-services of deepest vermilion, showered over with horrid big black flying mice. But already hope gleams in a signalized longing for old Sevres, old Saxony, and Henri II. china, as well as for the elegant cabinet and boudoir bagatelles of the period of Louis XV.

— THE "Irish Yankee" is a new species of the *genus homo* which turns up very frequently of late in the newspaper reports of criminal trials before the British courts. We notice that "Irish Yankees" are arrested, not only for being Fenians, but for being "drunken and riotous," for "assaulting a policeman," for "breaking a head," and all such things. It would seem that of late years we must have sent back to British shores an immense number of our Irish exiles, and it would seem that they must all have "registered an oath" to prepare themselves for the more active military duties of the future by exercising their belligerent propensities at every possible opportunity in the meantime. But we should like to know the exact proportion of Irish and of Yankee in the composition of this new race which has been invented by the English newspapers.

— THE gored dress, with its lines of beauty—lines which Ruskin calls "infinite curves"—no longer delights urbane eyes. It is sent, together with chalk beads and glass jet, to the provinces, and instead of it we have the pannier, or hump dress. The lengths of silks and lawns that fell with such queenly grace over full-trained crinolines are now contracted and shortened, as if all women were dancing girls and all dances were redowas. The bald-headed gold-cane-carrying old gentlemen who affect orchestra chairs in the théâtres du ballet, are delighted with the change; but the souls of the artist and *flâneur* lounging in squares or on corners are dimmed with regrets at the sad disappearance of the delicate contours of busts and of torsos.

GALAXY SUPPLEMENT.

CIPHER:

A NOVEL.—PART SECOND.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE GOBLET FRAME.

WHEN Neria awoke from a brief and disturbed sleep, it was some time before she found it possible to understand what change had come upon her life. And as one after another of the strange revelations which Fate, after withholding them from her most urgent researches, had capriciously piled before her in a single day, rose to her mind, she set it aside to turn to another, which for the moment seemed more important. She was herself a Vaughn then! She had the same right by birth to his proud name, as the husband who had bestowed it upon her. She might name her mother with tears, perhaps, but without a blush. And her sister? Did not that dying woman say that the Venetian goblet was an inheritance from her own family, and was it not in exact similitude with the bracelet which Vaughn had, soon after their marriage, given her as her sole inheritance, the only relic of her parents? And was it not thus—and as this thought flashed into Neria's mind she caught her breath sharply as if the poisoned tongue of the golden serpent had pierced her own flesh—was it not the resemblance in her father's picture, to the face of that most unhappy and foully-wronged of women which had haunted her when she first beheld it? Had she not sufficient ground for the conviction that Doctor Luttrell's wife had been her own and only sister? And he? With what emotions must she henceforth meet him? And what was her duty, in regard to communicating her suspicions to those who would sharply investigate their foundation? And even were they verified, what satisfaction could the result bring to the life already broken upon the dark and cruel purpose of this insatiable man?

And Francia! Brilliant, careless, beautiful Francia! whose life had yet known no darker shadow than a lover's quarrel, how could she bear the shame and misery of the story the old nurse had told of Vaughn's first wife, and her mother? But at this point Neria once more paused aghast. Vaughn! Her husband, the man whom if she had not wholly loved she had revered and trusted, and accepted, in his every deed and thought, as worthy to be her law! What was this story of his early life, almost his present life indeed? Mrs. Rhee had lived at Bonniemeer until Vaughn's marriage with herself, and Chloe had distinctly said that the housekeeper had loved her master with an idolatrous passion, and had jealously sought the life of the woman to whom he had given the love for which she had pined through so many years. How had this woman dared to love him thus, and how had he received her love?

Neria hid her face in her hands, and a hot blush tingled over her face and neck, and even to her fingers' ends. O, if Vaughn was not pure and good, what hope was there that she should ever love him better than she had done? And

the hereditary secret of the Vaughns, whose solution became more binding upon her than even before, now that she was herself a party to it, and now that a certain clue had been placed in her hands—what was she to do in this matter?

A sudden resolution formed itself in her mind, and seating herself at the table, she hastily wrote a few lines to Fergus, merely saying that she needed his help and counsel, and begging him to come to her without delay. The address was hardly written, when, after a gentle tap, the door was opened by Francia, who entered so quietly that Neria, looking up in surprise, was startled to see how pale and haggard she looked, and how large her eyes had grown in a single night of watching and weeping.

"I have come to see if you are ill, dear," said the girl, gliding behind Neria's chair to avoid her questioning eyes.

"No, Franc, but I can see that you are," and Neria, rising, took Francia's hands in hers, and looked into her fair face, while the malign assertion of the old negress rushed back upon her memory—"She got de brack drop in her veins for all her pooty looks."

With a sudden and womanly impulse, Neria opened her arms, and taking her adopted sister close to her heart, kissed her tenderly, and with a warmth very unusual to her ordinarily reticent temperament. Francia, whose heavy eyes needed but this invitation to overflow, hid her face upon the other's neck, and wept unrestrainedly, while Neria, gently smoothing the ripples of her hair, found something terrible in the thought that this poor child had come for shelter and comfort to her of all others—to her, who had become the recipient and possible betrayer of a secret, before which these tears should dry as morning dew before the terror of a devouring flame. The very idea that she must hide so much, even while appearing to receive and repay the mute confidence of these tears, made Francia's presence distasteful to Neria's sensitive truthfulness, and after a few moments she gently withdrew from the embrace, and said, with an attempt at cheerfulness,

"I fancy we are neither of us very well or bright this morning, darling. Will you please tell them to send me some coffee up-stairs, and then take something yourself? I will not come down just now."

"Yes, Neria," and Franc, wiping her eyes, and a little hurt at feeling her confidence repelled, was turning away, when her eye caught the direction of the letter upon the table. A quick wave of color swept into her wan face; and as she hurried away, a second burst of tears gave a significant clue to the origin of the first.

Neria looked after her thoughtfully, and from the door her eyes turned to the letter upon the table. "Yes," said she, aloud, "it is right that I should tell Fergus all—everything. He has as much right to know these matters as I."

An hour latter, Mrs. Vaughn ordered her pony-carriage, and drove herself along the beach to Cragness, at which place Doctor Luttrell still lingered. Inquiring for him, she was shown at once to the library where he was sitting. Surprised, and yet relieved that she should come to see him, Doctor Luttrell advanced to meet his guest with outstretched hand. Neria looked at him quietly, and the hand sunk as if palsy-smitten.

"I supposed by your coming to see me that you were my friend," said he, sullenly; "or is this a business call? I am aware that my lease has expired."

"It is a business call, but not connected with your lease," said Neria, calmly disregarding the sneer. "I wish to ask you some questions with regard to the

late Mrs. Luttrell." She fixed her eyes upon him as she spoke, and he, resisting the impulse to evade or quail before that straightforward glance, held his feline eyes unwaveringly upon hers, although in the effort his lips grew white, and contracting slightly upon themselves gave a cold gleam of his glittering teeth between. To speak was impossible, but a haughty bow signified his assent to the proposed inquiry. "Will you tell me Mrs. Luttrell's maiden name?" asked Neria, presently. An expression of relief crossed Doctor Luttrell's face. "I thought all the world knew her to have been Miss Davenport," said he, with a sneer.

"I knew that she was so called, but I have reason to suppose that she had the right to another name by birth," pursued Neria, undauntedly.

Dr. Luttrell considered for a moment, but seeing no sufficient reason for attempting to conceal facts with which Neria appeared, at least, partially acquainted, he assumed an appearance of candor, and said, "Certainly. You have very probably heard that Mrs. Luttrell was actually the daughter of an Italian noble, the Count or Marquis Vascetti, who, like many of his countrymen, retained nothing of the ancient splendor of his house, except its haughtiness and its traditions. Mr. and Mrs. Davenport, spending a summer in Venice, hired the palazzo of the Marquis, who retained a modest corner for himself, his daughter, and one old servant, the last survivor of the hereditary retainers of the family. The Davenports became much interested in the daughter, whose name was Beatrice, and when, one fine morning, the old marquis was found dead in his bed, and it seemed probable that the bed itself must be sold to pay for burying him, they stepped in, as the *Deus ex machina*, put the old man decently under ground, or under water, (as it is of Venice that we speak), pensioned the servant, left the palazzo to the Jew who had foreclosed his mortgage upon it, and taking the poor little orphan under their paternal and maternal wings, brought her home as their adopted daughter. *Voilà tout!* And if you find this bit of family history a bore and out of taste, remember, madam, that it is you who have asked it of me."

In the course of his long address he had recovered his native coolness, and in speaking the last words, looked into Neria's face with an assured smile, mingled with something of supercilious inquiry, as to her motive in thus questioning upon matters which, as he intimated, were not her own.

To this unspoken taunt Neria quietly replied. "You will excuse the apparent intrusiveness of my inquiries when I tell you that Mrs. Luttrell was my only sister. I will not trouble you with particulars; but of the fact, your late account of her parentage has enabled me to speak with certainty. With this explanation I think you will no longer wonder that I should feel a more than common interest in her life, or in her death." And with this last, she fixed upon him such clear bright eyes that he shrunk as from the pitiless gaze of the noonday sun, and could only stammer with averted eyes,

"Your sister?"

"Yes, my sister; and it is of you—of you, her husband—the sworn protector and defender of the life and happiness of that unfortunate girl, that homeless orphan—poor in the midst of wealth, because denied the ties and the love that make the humblest home a happy one—it is of you, Wyvern Luttrell, that I ask a reckoning of my sister's year of married life—the year which has closed, in pain and terror, the story of her young life. Why is she dead at two-and-twenty, she who should have lived to see the glory of maturity—the peaceful joy of age? Why is she dead?"

As her regard had pierced his heart, so did her thrilling voice strike through his brain. He shrunk together, and, with sidelong, sullen look, that dared not rise above her feet, muttered, "How am I to tell? Her time had come?" Neria paused a moment, while her soul gathered its strength, and the solemn light of prophecy made her face awful in its angelic beauty. Then she said: "And God's time will come at last for you and for me. Dare not approach me until that hour." Livid and shrunken with terror and impotent rage, he made no reply, offered no response to her gesture of farewell, but stood, with down-dropped head and hanging arms, like Eugene Aram, when, in the clear morning light, he saw, in all its hideous meaning, the vision of his sleeping hours.

At the door she turned and said, coldly: "My sister, in her last moments, gave me the remnant of that ancient jewel of our house, whose Venetian glass was shattered by the draught you were about to administer to her. It is a sacred relic to me, but can hardly be so to you. Will you give it to me?"

He looked toward but not at her, muttered something in his throat which his white lips refused to articulate, then left the room, and presently returning with the goblet frame in his hand, offered it, without a word, to Neria.

She took it as silently, hastily sought and found the minutely engraved initials and crest which completed the chain of evidence establishing her own and Mrs. Luttrell's parentage, and then, with no pretence of leave-taking to the guilty man who stood watching her with doubt and terror struggling in his feline eyes, she withdrew, leaving him alone with the shadows and the memories of that ghostly chamber.

The next morning brought Fergus again to Bonniemeer. Neria welcomed him joyfully, and at first felt as if half her perplexities were removed, now that she had so efficient a counsellor and assistant to whom she might confide them. But, when seated with him in the library, she began to consider at what point of the story she should commence, she found herself restrained by delicacy toward Francia, by honor toward Vaughn, from repeating the details given her by Chloe, while a reluctance to show her suspicions of Doctor Luttrell with any one whomsoever, deterred her from giving more than a vague outline of her sister's life and death.

But the finding of her father's journal and its contents, the proof obtained from it of her own and Mrs. Luttrell's parentage, as well as the identity of the bracelet and Venetian goblet with the hereditary jewels of the Vascetti, all these she related fully, as also the story of the secret trust bequeathed by Reginald Vaughn to John Gillies, and by him to herself; all this she repeated clearly and without reserve, ending by placing before the young man the letter of his granduncle, the few lines left with it by Gillies to her, and the journal containing the key to the cipher.

Fergus listened attentively, read minutely, and then asked:

"Is Doctor Luttrell still at Cragness?"

"Yes, but leaves to-day."

"Then to-morrow we will go over there, and I shall try to prove the correctness of a theory which suggests itself to me in connection with this story of the cipher. Meantime, allow me to congratulate myself upon the relationship newly discovered between us. I had rather consider you as my own cousin than as my uncle's wife." He took her hand and kissed her cheek as he spoke, and Neria felt a strange thrill in this her first recognition by her kindred. "Now show me, if you please, your father's journal and picture, with the bracelet and goblet frame," continued Fergus.

Neria laid them upon the table, and the young man took first the picture, which he examined minutely.

"Yes, this is a Vaughn," said he, at length, "there is no mistaking either the family likeness or the likeness to yourself. You show no trace of your Italian blood, unless in your golden hair, which is truly Venetian and like that of Titian's women."

Neria looked up in surprise, for a compliment from the truthful and exact Fergus was a circumstance; but he, not noticing the look, was now curiously examining the bracelet and goblet frame.

"Yes," said he, "here is the name on each, 'F. V.,' for Fiamma Vascetti. And the fact of Mrs. Luttrell's inheriting this goblet is certainly proof of the strongest in support of your consanguinity. Do you imagine the bracelet still to possess its death-dealing powers, or has time destroyed them?"

"I have never been able to move the spring which should project the little shaft mentioned in father's description," said Neria. "Perhaps he or my mother had it destroyed, and sacrificed the romance of the thing to the safety of its wearer."

"Probably," replied Fergus, after some futile efforts to move the emerald in the head of the serpent, who seemed to writhe and coil beneath the torture of the attempt. "That would have been the common-sense course to adopt with regard to so dangerous a plaything, and I presume you are correct. Now, if you please, I will take this journal to my own room, and see what I can make of it."

Neria signified assent, and, when Fergus was gone, sat for some time indulging the pleasant consciousness that she might safely rely upon his clear head and decisive judgment for important aid in her various perplexities. Unconsciously, she compared him with Vaughn, and found herself better content with the uncompromising integrity, commanding will, and stern self-control of the one, than with the other's more suave, more polished and finely graduated characteristics.

Francia did not appear until teatime, and then scarcely looked at Fergus, who treated her politely, but with indifference. Neria watched both uneasily.

"She loves him only too well," thought she; "but he—how does he regard her? and, even if their love should be mutual, what would Fergus think of Chloe's story?" With these questions perplexing her mind, Neria became more silent than her wont. Francia scarcely spoke at all, and Fergus evidently only talked to avoid silence.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE RIDDLE READ.

THE next morning, after a *tête-à-tête* breakfast, for Francia kept her room, Fergus and Neria drove to Cragness.

Nancy Brume opened the door to them, and in answer to Mrs. Vaughn's inquiry, said that Doctor Luttrell had left upon the previous evening.

"And though the old place ain't the delightsomest of housen at the best," pursued the worthy woman, as she opened the door to the library passage, "it's perked up wonderful since he took his black favored viznomy and his cat's eyes out'n it."

In the library, with closed doors, and with the solemn mystery ever brooding more or less tangibly over the house and its inmates, boldly confronting and as it were daring her to its solution, Neria sank into the arm-chair of the bay window, her sensitive organization succumbing, even while her spirit rose to the crisis which instinctively she felt approaching.

Before her dazed eyes the dim room seemed to reel and shimmer like objects seen through mirage; the black books crowding the shelves on every side seemed gathering momentum for a forward plunge, which should bury the intruders beneath an avalanche of dead men's thoughts and fancies—thoughts and fancies which, instead of peacefully perishing with the brains where they were bred, had been condemned to some such life-in-death as befell the maiden chilled to sleep for a hundred years, in company with the bear, the crocodile and the serpent. Above the fireplace the knight in his golden armor seemed stirring in his saddle, and fixing, through his visor, eyes of gloomy menace upon the irreverent descendants of his house who dared attempt to pluck from his hand the secret of a lifetime. From the dusty corner, where stood the organ, shadowy forms seemed to wave hands of ominous warning, to sigh and moan in a voiceless lamentation that their realm was to be invaded, their unnamed charge to be snatched from their guardianship.

Doubt, mystery and menace embodied themselves on every hand, expressed themselves in every form the place contained, except in the figure of the man who stood upright in their midst, strong, hard, unimpressible, and regnant.

Upon his thoughtful face Neria's eyes at last rested, and there found support and reliance. Fergus was the first to speak.

"This secret, Neria," said he, slowly, "is one that must now be known. If Reginald Vaughn had been a man of decision and character he would never have left it for us to settle the quarrel between himself and his conscience, which seems to have tormented him into his grave. Certainly the absurd compromise of half concealing and half revealing it to Gillies, a perfect stranger to him and to the family, could have given him little comfort in his perplexity, and was the occasion of infinite annoyance to the unfortunate monomaniac, upon whose shoulders he, in dying, foisted it. He should either have carried it to his grave or revealed it at once."

"Do not judge harshly of the dead, Fergus," said Neria, softly.

"Every man, dead or living, must consent to be judged by his life, and those of Reginald Vaughn and his legatee seem to me to have been miserable failures," replied Fergus, coldly. "Vaughn, as I have said, showed a pitiable weakness in neglecting to either keep or tell his secret; Gillies, an unpardonable want of determination in neglecting to unravel it—"

"He could not," interposed Neria, "and his anxiety to conquer the impossibility hurried him to his grave."

"Impossibility is merely an arbitrary sign representing an unknown quantity," returned Fergus, with a slight smile. "I do not think it need be used in this instance at all. I already have a theory upon the subject, and shall be somewhat surprised if we do not, by its aid, spell out this wonderful secret before we leave the room."

"We already know, through the key contained in your father's note book, that the words *Edaolu oe Oludlud* may be translated Father of Heralds, and it is easy to infer that this sentence, meaningless in itself, contains a reference to something more important."

"The oldest English herald of note is Guillim, and in fact I have seen him

referred to by this very title of Father of Heralds. Now, do you know, Neria, of a copy of his work in this library?"

"No," replied Neria, doubtfully, "I don't think I have ever heard of him."

"Then let us look," returned her cousin briefly, and immediately commenced the search, while Neria forgot other occupation in watching his energetic movements and the rare emotion betrayed by his glittering eyes and flushed cheek. An hour passed thus, and an impatient frown was beginning to darken Fergus's face, when from the depths of one of the sunken book-cases he drew a black, moth-eaten quarto volume, evidently of great age. Opening at the title page, the young man inhaled his breath with a quick sound of joyful surprise, exclaiming, "The very thing! Old Guillim himself, venerable Father of Heralds. Now let us see."

He seated himself, the book upon his knee, and Neria looked anxiously over his shoulder. With deliberate hand Fergus began to turn the leaves one by one, searching for some loose paper laid between them, but the end of the volume was reached in this tedious manner, with no result. Blank leaves at the beginning and end there were none, and Fergus remained staring a moment at the quaint colophon in a sort of angry disappointment at the result of his well-laid calculations.

"Perhaps there is a false cover," suggested Neria, quietly.

"Of course not. The outside is leather," replied Fergus, somewhat impatiently closing the book. "And yet," continued he, examining it more minutely, "I don't know but you may be right, Neria. This outside leather slips a little—yes, I think it has been placed over the original cover and glued down upon the inside. Let us see."

A sharp penknife soon established the correctness of this theory, and after a breathless moment of expectation Fergus drew from between the two covers a sheet of thin paper, yellow with age and covered with the crabbed and peculiar manuscript of Reginald Vaughn. It was written in cipher, but with the key before them the cousins readily translated it to this effect:

"The sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children," says the Book whence Christendom receives its law. The Book is to me no more than the earliest historical record of mankind; but in this axiom is closed a great law of human nature. The destiny of my house has pursued and overtaken me unawares, and I know not how to deal with it, other than by leaving it to its own fulfilment.

Many years ago the weakness of my own and another's nature, crushed beneath my father's iron prejudices, led to certain results; chief of which was the birth of an unfortunate child, whose mother died in the same moment, whose father never will, never can recognize him as his own. Nor yet has he been utterly abandoned.

It was a heavy bribe from me which induced the Scotchman Gillies to select from among the inmates of the asylum, where I had placed him, the child whom he as little knew to be my son, as the child of his own lost sister, and consequently his own nephew. Could I have done better for the miserable little creature than to place him under guardianship of his maternal uncle? As he grew to man's estate I found him amply able to care for himself, and consequently dropped from my fingers the invisible thread which had so far bound his life to mine. Now I am about to resume it, and under peculiar circumstances.

My earliest recollections are of the stormy scenes constantly occurring between my two elder brothers, or between one or both of them, and my father, and I still remember the relief I experienced when after a violent quarrel, in which all three had taken part, it was announced that Alfred, the younger, had left home, as he professed, forever. Not that he was to me the most disagreeable of my two brothers, for his storms and freaks of rage

were as temporary as violent, while Egbert's temper was of the sullen and vindictive turn far more dangerous as well as unpleasant to encounter.

I was, at this period, about twelve years old and, when soon after Alfred's departure, Egbert married and settled at Bonniemeer, I became my father's companion and friend. This was the happiest period of my own life ; and, as I think, of his also. Our amusements, our studies, our interests were identical ; he treated me as an equal, even while he adapted himself to my youth and inexperience, and, within certain limits, I was allowed to treat him with a familiarity upon which his elder sons had never presumed.

Upon certain points, however, he was inflexible, and I, cowardly and secretive by nature, never dreamed of opposing him openly, however I might secretly disobey him. The most positive of these restrictions was one never distinctly expressed, but most distinctly understood, debarring me, as I grew to manhood, from seeking the society of the other sex. Lazarus Graves was our only attendant, and no woman's face ever brightened the dim chambers of our home. My father never visited, even at Bonniemeer ; and I should as soon have ventured upon the grossest insult toward him, as to have noticed by more than a distant salutation the pretty daughters and wives of the fishermen who occasionally met us in our walks or rides. But strong passions and weak principles are the distinctive brand of the Vaughn character from the earliest record, as the story of Marion Gillies and her luckless boy would prove were it here set down, as it most certainly will not be.

Absorbed in my own secret and the precautions with which I surrounded it, I hardly noticed my father's failing health and increasing gloom. He preferred to be much alone, and when in my company fell often into profound reverie, from which he aroused himself with a scrutinizing glance at me that more than once sent the guilty blood to my heart with the conviction that I was discovered. Now, I do not doubt that my father was considering the safety of intrusting me with a mystery which weighed even more heavily upon his mind than the disease already leading him to the grave.

He died, and in his last moments struggled piteously to speak to me. I do not doubt it was the secret, the shameful secret which even then tortured him with its demand for an utterance denied to it by death. I could not guess at his Nemesis, nor did I care to do so, for my own had overtaken me. Marion had died the day before.

I laid my father in the ground and returned to Cragness, the lonely, loveless man I have remained ever since. The years since then are so nearly a blank that I pass them over in silence until a day, now years ago, when, in some curious examination of the carved woodwork above the fireplace of the library at Cragness, I hit accidentally upon a secret spring, distant six inches in a right line from the spear-head of the knight in heraldic device there blazoned. Within the crypt, disclosed by the movement of this spring, I found the secret which, having driven my father to his grave, then turned back to fasten upon me, and will, as I am certain, never release me until I lie beside him. How to dispose of it is to me a question as unsettled as my own existence beyond the grave ; and after tormenting myself with it for years I have at last resolved to make this plain statement of my own personal interest in the affair, to hide the statement as securely as possible, and then to fly from this accursed house forever. Once abroad I shall die to the world, soon, as I doubt not, to earth also, and in my legal death I shall bequeath this place, the secret, and the knowledge of his own, his mother's, and his father's shame, to my son, John Gillies. I shall place a blind clue in his hand at starting, and after that I leave him to Destiny, and to the slow and terrible justice of Destiny, which will sooner or later ordain that through the wrong done by me to him and his, the wrong done by another to the proud name of Vaughn shall be exposed.

The manuscript closed thus abruptly ; and, at the last word, Fergus and Neria, raising their eyes to each other's face, withdrew them suddenly, while the frown upon his brow, the burning blush on her's, already verified Reginald Vaughn's bitter application of the curse ordaining that the shame and suffering of the father's sin shall be surely visited upon the innocent children so long as the world endures.

Then, without a word, Fergus folded the yellow sheets together, and hiding them in a desk upon the table, went to the fireplace, and stood for a moment minutely examining the carved scroll-work surrounding, like a frame, the dim blazonry of the shield. From its midst the golden horseman looked sullenly through his closed visor at his opponent; and, to Neria's strained fancy, the lance in his grasp seemed quivering with the rage of an approaching onset.

"Six inches in a right line from the spear point," muttered Fergus, measuring the distance with quiet exactitude. "And this," pursued he, after an instant, as he pressed his finger upon a slight projection half hidden beneath a rib-like scroll—"this must be the spring."

As he spoke, the spring yielded to the pressure, and, with noiseless motion, the shield, with its baffled knight, its solemn crest and haughty motto, slid away, revealing a small closet or crypt constructed in the thickness of the massive chimney. From its interior Fergus silently took a folded parchment and an old-fashioned pistol, primed and loaded.

"These are all," said he, returning to the table, where Neria sat watching his movements with dilated eyes and pallid cheeks. The panel, released from the pressure of the spring, slid noiselessly back to its former position, and from its face the effigy of the baffled and impotent guardian of old Egbert Vaughn's secret, looked down with ghastly rage upon its audacious heirs.

Beneath the lock of the pistol was closed a strip of paper with these words written upon it:

If one of my sons shall discover the secret place where is hidden this pistol and the confession of his father's follies and crimes, I counsel him to lay the latter upon the fire, and to discharge the first into his own head. So best shall he shield the memory of his ancestors, and spare himself their inheritance.

These ominous words read Fergus; and withholding them from Neria's outstretched hand, said, softly:

"No, my cousin. It was not meant for us, and will only shock you. Let us look at the parchment."

Laying the parchment upon the table, Fergus carefully laid open its stiff and yellow folds, and seated himself beside his cousin, that they might together learn the mystery which for a century had hung over the fortunes of their house, and for more than one of its members had mingled its dusky shadows with those of the grave itself. A gleam of sunshine, piercing of a sudden the stormy sky, flashed across Neria's pallid face and wildly-lighted her sombre eyes, glanced over the bent head and dusky face of her cousin, and touched, as with the finger of Fate, the secret lying before them. Then, flickering upward, it lighted to a flame the golden blazonry upon the wall, lingered yet a moment upon the closed visor of the knight, and was gone, leaving a darkness and chill behind which struck upon Neria's sensitive nerves like a breath from the tomb, whence, as it seemed to her, they were about to pluck its sacred mysteries.

"O Fergus," whispered she, pressing closer to his side, "let us leave it as we find it. It is not good to meddle with the secrets of the dead. Put this paper back, leave it for another to find, and let us begone. This place is killing me."

"Hush, child. Do not yield to womanish fancies now, when all is accomplished. Give up the secret when it is within our grasp? What folly! Remember, Neria, we are performing a solemn duty."

He placed his arm about her as he spoke, and Neria sheltered within its fold as quietly as on her mother's breast. So together they read:

When I, Egbert Vaughn, was but a boy, I loved my Cousin Maud, and she, in the pride of wit and beauty, sneered at my passion. I left her with the silent oath that we would yet change places, and that it should be my turn some day to triumph and hers to plead.

Three years after, when I returned from my distant voyage, I forgot my oath in wonder at her beauty and the sweetness of her welcome. I loved her more than I had ever done, and she confessed to an equal passion. I pleaded for an immediate marriage, and she and her cunning mother opposed me only so much as to excite my ardor and give impetus to my wishes.

We married; and I waked from my fool's elysium to find myself the dupe of an infamous plot.

My cousin, true to the violent passions, the rampant pride and easy principles of her race, had chosen to secretly marry, during my absence, a fellow so low, so debased, so disgraceful in every manner that even she dared not acknowledge him before the world, or even to her own family. He was a sailor—a common foremast hand—and some weeks after their marriage, had been induced, during a drunken frolic, to ship with some comrades on board a whaler just ready for sea, and when he recovered his senses found himself out of sight of land, with a three-years' voyage before him.

This was only a month previous to my return, and Maud Vaughn, remembering that her marriage was without witness or proof, and under a feigned name, and, moreover, already weary of her folly, at once resolved to forget the secret chain binding her to it, secure that, even in case of her husband's return, he would never dare to claim her without proof or even probability to adduce in support of a pretension which she should indignantly deny.

In the first moment of my return she spread her lures, and baited her cunning snare with the smiles and sighs, the blushes and half-uttered regrets for former misconduct, which might have led a sounder judgment, a colder heart captive. She had not intended to reveal the secret even when her object was effected; but, cunning and resolute though she was, she had found in me her master, and I forced the confession from her lips, word by word, without her finding the power to resist.

When she had done, she cast herself at my feet and implored me to shield her, to aid her in ridding herself of her disgraceful connection, for the sake of the love I had borne her, for the sake of the life she would lead in the future—for the sake of her unborn child. I laughed in her face.

Then she stood up, her eyes all ablaze with the haughty fire of her blood, and bade me, if I dared, to tarnish the name we both were proud to bear, to cast dishonor on the time-honored race whence we both were sprung. When she was willing to lay a woman's nature in the dust, to deliberately break the laws of God and man rather than live degraded in her father's house, where the proofless marriage would never be credited, was I, she said, was I—a man—to be less brave, less daring in shielding the honor of our house?

"O noble house!" sneered I, "as all its daughters are '*sans reproche*,' so should its sons show themselves '*sans peur*.' I do not wonder, fair cousin, that you exhort me to be brave."

I left her without any promise as to the future; and, day by day, and week by week, and month by month, I watched the gnawing terror consuming her heart as I dallied with the secret, half-revealing it to some chance visitor, or pretending solemn confidences with her own relatives, whom I encouraged to frequent the house. Many a time, as, after a stern and warning look at her, I have beckoned her grey-haired father or her fiery brother from the room, have I seen her eyes darken, her lips blanch with the anguish she could not quite conceal. I never went farther. I did not wish to spoil my own sport; but chose rather, at times, to quiet the sufferer by periods of cool kindness, or even indifference. Then, when a feeling of security had nursed her to a little strength, a new blow fell, waking in an instant all the old terrors.

Was this amusement a little cruel? Does it remind one of the Inquisition or its archetype and patron down below? Perhaps; but remember that this woman had deliberately

plotted to injure me as never man was injured yet and forgave the injury. I had loved her with all the trust and strength of my ardent nature ; and now I hated her ; yes, hated her with the rancor of a love poisoned at its spring, and I took my revenge after my own fashion.

Her child was born. The old serpent, her mother, her only confidante, had not yet discovered that I made a third in the pleasant little family secret, and so came to me the day after the child's birth with her honeyed congratulations, and an inquiry if my son should be christened by my own name.

"Give the boy his father's name by all means, my dear madam," said I, looking her in the eye until her cheeks grew white beneath her rouge, and her false mouth quivered with rage and fear. But she mastered herself as only so well-drilled a votary of Satan could have done, and, looking back my look, said, defiantly :

"Certainly ; we will name him Egbert."

"Ah ! I do not wish to be inquisitive ; but it is a curious coincidence if it is so," said I.

She did not ask what I meant, but left the room and the house. They named the boy Egbert—and I allowed it ; for I had resolved to suffer him to grow to manhood before I should reveal his true birth, and turn him, as an impostor, from my doors. Through the son, too, lay a new road to the mother's heart, a new weapon in the life-long punishment I had ordained for her.

It was about a year after this that a returning whaler brought tidings that the ship on which my cousin's husband had embarked was lost at sea, with all hands on board.

This news I hastened to communicate to the widow, adding the suggestion that, as she was now free, she might marry whom she would, and that I advised her to make the whole story public at once, to withdraw from my protection, and make arrangements for a more reputable life.

I could have pitied her then, if pity had not died out of my heart in the first year of our quasi-marriage. She implored me not to cast her off, not to compel her to reveal her early folly and subsequent crime. She confessed, with sobs and groans, her sins toward me ; but she protested that, through all my harshness, she had learned to love me, and that now no new misery could equal the parting from me, and she ended by a passionate petition that I should privately marry her again, and, accepting her for the future such as she would make it, should forget the past and suffer her to forget it.

I have never, even among the beautiful daughters of my race, seen a woman so gorgeously beautiful as Maud Vaughn ; I have never heard so sweet a voice, never felt the witchery of so seductive a manner, so tender or so winning an appeal. As I stood and looked at her, kneeling at my feet, every nerve in her graceful body trembling with the passion of the entreaty she had made, I felt the hard determination which had cased my heart tremble and crumble beneath the magic of her presence. The old love rose up like a mighty sea, and swept over all that had come between, burying it fathoms deep. Already I stooped to gather her to my heart, when the door opened and the old mother entered with the child in her arms ; the child whom they had impudently named by my name and imposed upon my bounty.

The sight sent back that mighty flood of love and forgiveness with as mighty an ebb. I spurned the woman at my feet with such words as I never before had spoken to her. I fiercely bade the wrinkled hypocrite at her side begone, and never darken my doors again. I snatched the screaming child from her arms and would have tossed it through the window to the roaring waves below ; but its mother caught it from my arms, and stood before me, defiant and beautiful as a Judith, braving me to my cruel worst.

I rushed from the house and wandered the whole night upon the beach. At daylight my determination was reached. I would put all future relentings out of my own power, destroy at a blow all hope for the future in the heart of my temptress, and in so doing prepare a new torment for her in revenge for the weakness into which she had so nearly surprised me.

I married another woman, a woman who supposed me already married, and who considered the ceremony proposed by me as an idle farce to quiet her own conscience.

It was no innocent victim whom I thus deceived, but a woman as wily, as full of passion, and as lax in moral strength as if she had been born twin sister of my Cousin Maud, instead of merely being her dressing-maid.

I do not care to linger upon this part of my story, or to give it in detail. It is not pleasant to remember the white face and steadfast eyes with which Maud listened to my boast of what I had done, or to remember the year that followed. If when I saw the only woman I had ever loved slowly dying of a broken heart and a bruised spirit, I found my own heart as slowly crushed beneath the weight of that dying woman's curse, my own spirit writhing and tortured beneath the burden of its almost accomplished revenge—if these things were, I will not tell of them, I will not satisfy the Nemesis which has overtaken me, by an admission that her work is accomplished. As I have lived, so will I die.

When I found that my real wife, still unconscious of her rights, was likely to become a mother, I sent her away, and after a time followed with the lady whom all the world but herself, myself and the wicked old mother supposed to be my wife. Returning to Cragness after some months, we were accompanied by an infant, who was introduced to the world as our second son, Alfred by name.

The lady's-maid had returned to England, where some years after she died, never having suspected for a moment that her generous protector was in fact her lawful husband, or that the brat whom she believed dead, was actually the legitimate heir of his father's name and property.

In less than a year after this my Cousin Maud died. Of this occurrence, or of my own feelings in connection with it, I will say nothing.

Years after I married again, my lady's-maid being as I supposed dead, although I have since found reason to doubt whether the date of the marriage or the death should be placed first. Nor did I particularly care, being in those days somewhat reckless, and more than somewhat contemptuous of life, and law, and my fellow-creatures, especially of women.

My son Reginald's mother was a pretty and innocent girl whom I loved as I did my dog, my horse, my tame doe. She loved me, too, as far as she was able, and respected me fearfully. We were happy together, and I was sincerely sorry when she died in childbirth.

Egbert and Alfred Vaughn as they grew up displayed the honest antagonism to be expected from their birth and antecedents. They hated each other cordially, and I hated both, the one for his father's sake, the other for his mother's. On my youngest child I centred such affections as I yet had to offer, and in my own heart recognized him as my only true son, and heir of such property as I felt at liberty to bestow upon any one; the estate of Bonniemeer, derived from my Cousin Maud, I had always destined to Egbert her only child.

With these arrangements in my mind, it was no cause of regret to me when my son Alfred announced his intention of leaving home forever, in consequence of the constant quarrels between himself and Egbert, and the harshness and injustice which he complained of having always received from me. I presented him with a thousand dollars, my malediction, and a plain warning to let me see or hear of him no more. He sailed for Europe, and was a few years after reported dead. I have since learned through a reliable but secret source, that this report was circulated by himself in a childish desire to annoy me, and to cut off all possible attempt at reconciliation on the part of his friends at home.

He little knew the utter indifference to his life or death which possessed my mind. I accepted the contradiction without taking the trouble to make it public, and for many years as completely set aside the memory of my son Alfred as I did that of the vicious and disgusting woman his mother.

But now arrives the time when failing Nature warns me to be done with the concerns of earth and resign myself to the great oblivion; and now I prepare the Parthian bolt, which even from my grave shall reach and punish, through their descendants, those who half a century ago stung and warped to boundless evil a nature formed by God for boundless good. The son of Richard Grant and Maud, his wife, born and bred as the eldest son of the house of Vaughn, and heir to its wealth and honors, now in middle life, with all

the pride, the prejudice, the luxury of his assumed station fastened irrevocably upon him, is now to learn, and to learn in face of the whole world, his own ignoble parentage, his mother's weak and criminal subterfuge, and the relentless hate and vengeance that even in his cradle prepared this grand finale to the drama in which he has played so important although unconscious a part.

Before my death I shall confide this paper to my son Reginald Vaughn, with peremptory orders to convey it at once to my solicitors, instructing them to take immediate steps for depriving Egbert Grant of his wrongfully assumed name of Egbert Vaughn, and of certifying the fact that Alfred Vaughn and his children are my only assuredly legitimate descendants. The estate of Bonniemeer pertaining to Maud, wife of Richard Grant, in her own right, devolves upon her son, but failing heirs of his body reverts to me, her nearest living relation, and in case of such reversion I hereby express my intention of bequeathing said property to my son Alfred and his descendants, and if sufficient time is allowed me, shall draw up a formal instrument to that effect.

My son Reginald, rest content with this decision. You alone are, and have ever been the son of my heart and my hopes. Whether the law would recognize your legitimacy or not I cannot say, and the question need never be agitated, as I shall leave to you by name the slender patrimony of Cragness, sufficient, if you are prudent, for all your needs, especially as I have striven to imbue you with so much of my distrust and aversion to womankind as shall keep you from the arch-folly called marriage. Over the property now called Bonniemeer I do not consider myself to have any control, as I never was legally married to its possessor. It descends, of right, to her son, Egbert Grant.

In concluding this confession, a model father would naturally deduce for the benefit of his son, various moral conclusions and warnings. I prefer to leave them to your own common-sense.

The characteristics of our race are almost unfailing in each generation. Their errors only vary in ranging from folly to crime, according to the constitution of each member. I have little hope that you will avoid them, but should you find it possible to do so, I earnestly recommend the course. The old age of lawless youth is not a comfortable one, even to a man *sans peur*.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE ORGAN'S REQUIEM.

THE darkening sky was black with the approaching tempest now, and a low peal of thunder mingled with the deep tones of Fergus's voice as he pronounced the last words, and suffered the parchment to fall from his hands.

In the gloomy chamber seemed to have fallen an uglier shadow than all those crowding there before; the very air seemed thick with the passion and the wrong, the crime and the misery summoned from their uneasy graves by the recital just finished. Out from the record of that wicked life seemed to have emanated a curse ready to fall upon the heads of those, his luckless descendants already trembling in its presence. Already it had set its seal upon the wan face of the girl, the hard rebellious brow of the man. Each looked at the other through the gloom, as might the children of Cain have looked at each other when first they learned to read the sign upon their father's brow.

Fergus was the first to speak, and his tone was harsh and bitter:

"Allow me to congratulate you, Neria. You are, it seems, the only veritable Vaughn among us, although you have lost the name by marriage. Your husband, my uncle, has as little right to it as my mother had. I wonder where we shall find our relatives of the Grant connection."

"Richard Grant's wife was as much a Vaughn as her cousin, our great grand father," said Neria, timidly.

"Ah, yes, I forgot; we may claim cousinship still through that immaculate woman—that woman '*sans reproche*,' as her cousin so aptly called her," sneered Fergus.

In the growing gloom, Neria crept a little closer to his side, and put her hand in his, saying, softly:

"Dear Fergus, they are dead long years ago. Let their sin and their suffering rest with them. Let us live as if we had never learned their dismal secrets; let us hold ourselves in the sunshine and leave these mournful shadows to themselves. Why should we clasp them to our hearts to darken what should be all brightness. Let us look for our own faults which, with God's mercy, may yet be set right; and let us only remember this sad confession when we pray to God to forgive those who sinned before us, and to keep our own feet from the bitter path they trod."

"This paper directs that the children of Richard Grant shall no longer bear the name of Vaughn. It belongs alone to you," persisted Fergus; but his face brightened, his voice softened as Neria spoke and looked.

"Could he speak to us now he would take back that cruel wish. In the grave all is forgiven. Make peace with his memory, dear Fergus, as you yourself need pardon. Forgive and be forgiven."

As she spoke, the tempest, risen to its height, broke in a fearful thunder-clap directly above their heads; the bolt splintering the topmost crag of the Lion's Head, and sending its blackened fragments plunging into the flat and pallid sea at its feet. The old house rocked to its foundation, and the great organ in its recess quivered through every fibre. Then, like the swan who dies, its agony found voice, and from the long-silent pipes crept a strange wild sound, as fantastic and as thrilling as the supernatural tones of the *Æolian* harp. For one moment its wild waves filled the chamber, then sank, trembling through fine gradations to a whisper—a sigh faint as that of a dying infant, and were gone. "It is the answer to my words—it is the promise of peace and pardon," murmured Neria.

Fergus made no reply. His hard reason refused to accept this solution of the phenomenon, yet failed to furnish a better. While he still hesitated, another flash of lightning, yet more blinding than the last, filled the room, and in the same instant a clattering peal of thunder seemed to burst upon their very heads.

"The house is struck—quick, Neria!" cried Fergus; and, seizing her in his arms, rushed from the room, through the long corridors, and into the open air, leaving the storm, the shadows, the grim, golden knight, the confession of Egbert Vaughn, the memory of his son Reginald, of Lazarus Graves, of John Gillies, of Giovanna Vascetti, of all the sin and misery which a hundred years had gathered there, to hold revel together in the dreary house.

But the measure of its days was full; its heaped iniquities might no longer be forgiven. With a thunderous crash the western wall, riven stone from stone, fell out, and through the chasm Fergus pointed silently to the organ already wreathed in flame, whose agile fingers ran across the keys, whose waving garments fluttered from the choir, whose passionate breath crept through every tube, and flaunted, banner-like, from the desecrated cross at the top.

Neria looked and hid her eyes.

"Some attempt must be made to save the house or its contents," said Fergus, looking impatiently down the empty road.

"Do nothing; it is the hand of God," replied Neria, solemnly. "Let house and secret perish together, and let us trust that, with fire from His own hand, God has purged away the guilt of each."

CHAPTER XXVI.

ULYSSES REDIVIVUS.

THE tempest without was less terrible than the flames and ruin within, and the cousins resolved upon immediate flight. But Mrs. Vaughn's ponies had already decided the question on their own part, and tearing themselves free had dashed down the road and out of sight just as the last fatal bolt descended.

Nancy Brume, waiting only to satisfy her conscience by informing her employers of her intentions, had followed them, and Fergus saw no other course but to wrap Neria as securely as possible, and with his arms about her, to half carry and half lead her down the cliff, hoping to find some shelter at its base. But Neria, wrought upon almost to frenzy by the scenes she had passed through, was now inspired with a wild terror of the spot and its neighborhood, and refused to listen to any proposition of lingering, even for a few moments.

"No, no! Let us get on. Anywhere away from this," was her only answer to the expostulations of her companion, and when Fergus had marked the rigid pallor of her face, the wild light of her eyes, and the convulsive trembling of her limbs, he no longer resisted her entreaties, but led her on through the storm, shielding her as best he could from its fury, and silently longing to take upon himself the double of her pain, fatigue and terror, if so she might be spared. And still as they struggled onward through the tempest, the flames of the burning house shed a lurid light along their path, and as they turned to look shot upward in a torrent of fire and smoke, as if earth, refusing longer to conceal the ghastly secrets of the house, committed them once for all to the Prince of the Power of the Air, to do with them as he would. Then the fierce flame smouldered down to an angry glow, and a cloud of smoke and mist wrapped the ruin from sight.

The way was long and rough, and yet a mile from the gates of Bonniemeer, Neria's fictitious strength suddenly gave out, and she would have fallen to the earth but for Fergus, who hastily threw an arm about her waist, and found her in the next moment swooning helplessly upon his breast.

No human habitation lay nearer than Bonniemeer, but some rods from where they stood, Fergus remembered a ruined smithy whose broken roof might yet afford some shelter from the storm; and, tenderly raising Neria in his arms, he made his way toward it as rapidly as his burden, the blinding rain, and the approaching darkness would allow.

As they approached the shed Neria, recovering consciousness, struggled to regain her feet, and Fergus suffering her to so, supported her by an arm about her waist while with the other hand he drew the light shawl more closely around her neck. But as they gained the shelter of the smithy and paused, Fergus looking earnestly into the face of his companion was startled by its unearthly pallor and the vacant stare of the usually animated eyes. With a rare impulse of tenderness he clasped her to his heart and kissing her cold cheek, murmured:

"You are too nearly an angel, for the sin and trouble of this world, darling."

With a faint sigh Neria's head sank upon his breast, and he, not knowing that she had swooned again, bent his own above it in caressing tenderness.

At the same moment, a man who had, at their entrance, secreted himself behind the chimney of the forge, and thence attentively watched and listened to all

that passed, stepped quietly through a chasm in the wall of the ruin, and with bent head and muffled form, made his way through the storm in the direction of Bonniemeer.

An hour later, Neria, leaning heavily upon her cousin's arm, reached the house, and was met at the door by Francia.

"Why Neria! How came you to walk in such a dreadful storm, and where is the carriage? But what do you think? Papa is here."

"Here!" exclaimed Neria, faintly.

"Yes, indeed. He came in the stage-coach, and one of Burrough's men drove him over about three o'clock. He wanted to go on to Cragness and meet you, but you had the ponies, and the carriage horses are both sick, John says, so—but you musn't stand here in your drenched clothes. Go up stairs, please, and I will run and tell papa you are come home."

"No, no, not yet," cried Neria, catching at Francia's dress as she turned toward the library door.

"I am so tired and wet, he would be disturbed," pursued she, in answer to the look of surprise upon the young girl's face. "Let me go up stairs first and change my dress."

"Come then, I will go and help you. Let us be as quick as we can. Papa must be asleep or he would hear your voice."

"Wait a moment, Neria," interrupted Fergus, and drawing her a little aside, whispered,

"Shall you tell my uncle what we have discovered?"

"O no," returned Neria, in the same tone, "what need of disturbing him with it? Let us forget it, or at least appear to forget."

"Fergus, you shouldn't keep Neria now, she is very wet and will take cold. Besides, she wants to see papa," called Francia, from the foot of the stairs; and Neria obeyed the summons, while Fergus, with rather an angry glance at his cousin, sought his uncle for the double purpose of greeting him and of relating the catastrophe of Cragness.

Half an hour later when Neria, refreshed, but still pale and worn with her recent fatigue of body and mind, came to greet her husband, Vaughn met her with a grave and even pitiful tenderness very different from the fond devotion he had been wont to exhibit in the first days of their marriage. And as Neria raised her eyes to his face she was shocked to see how it had changed since their separation.

"You are not looking well, *Sieur*. Have you been ill?" asked she, kindly, and yet with a timid reserve in her voice, painfully familiar to her husband's ear.

"Not at all, only hard at work," replied he, releasing the hand he had taken as he kissed her cheek. "I have found plenty to occupy my time, especially of late, and I have only asked a furlough now for a week. I shall return to-morrow."

"So soon?" asked Neria, and to Vaughn's sensitive ear it was as if she had said, "It is well it is no longer."

He made no reply, but Francia's voice volubly filled the silence with regrets, entreaties and exclamations of dismay. Fergus standing in a distant window with his back to the room, took no part in the conversation. He had fancied his uncle's greeting to him strangely cold, and his manner repellant although strictly courteous; and Fergus, man of the world as he was, was still young enough to allow a slight he could not resent to obviously disturb his mind.

Tea was served, and under the genial influence of the brilliant table, the ex-

quisite beverage, and the harmonious influence of social feeling, a certain superficial cheerfulness veiled for a time to each mind its substantial anxieties and troubles. But when in the great drawing-room they gathered about the smouldering fire, and looked each in the other's face, a shadow of reserve and isolation seemed to stand between, dividing those who should have been nearest, and replacing the fond confidences of a reunited family by the ominous sentence, "Every heart knoweth its own bitterness, and there is a grief with which the stranger intermeddleth not." Only Francia, in whose mind the necessity of concealing her feelings from Fergus was even more urgent than the feelings themselves, assumed a liveliness so forced as to border on levity, and without perceiving that no one listened, no one applauded, that Vaughn was abstracted and gloomy, Neria pre-occupied with her own thoughts, and Fergus with Neria.

The evening dragged wearily on, and at an earlier hour than usual Neria rose, pleading fatigue, and bade good-night. Vaughn accompanied her to the foot of the stairs, and taking her hand looked deep into her eyes.

"Sleep well to-night, pale nun," said he, sadly. "To-morrow I shall be gone."

"O Sieur! you do not think I wish it? You do not feel your visit unwelcome?" asked Neria, in pained surprise.

"My visit? You are right, Neria, I have no home, no wife. Good-night, child, do not be grieved at what I say, do not think I blame you. You have been as courteous to me as to any gentleman who might have been the guest of the house for a night. More, I did not expect, or if I did, I deserved to be again disappointed." He smiled as men have smiled while death tore at their hearts and drank their blood, and left her to wearily climb the stairs and sink forlorn upon the floor of her chamber, crying,

"O mother, broken-hearted mother, why did you not cast me into the sea before you died upon its brink? Cruel, cruel life, and O most merciful death!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

THE next morning, Colonel Vaughn, returning from his morning walk, was overtaken by a ragged boy, who thrusting a billet into his hand with the injunction, "Miss Rhee says you must look at it right off," turned and shot away in the direction of Carrick with a rapidity strongly suggestive of a reward in prospect.

Vaughn looked after him a moment in some surprise, and then opening the paper read,

"I am dying. Come to me once more for the sake of Francia's mother, if not for the sake of poor Anita."

As he read, Vaughn's haggard face grew yet paler, and he muttered:

"Does not the day bring its own troubles without calling back those of yesterday? Anita, Gabrielle, Francia, if I have wronged you, be content, for Neria revenges all."

Tearing the paper into atoms, he scattered them upon the fresh autumn wind and walked slowly homeward.

The unsocial breakfast over, Vaughn took his hat and left the house, but paused a moment on the terrace, doubting whether he should not mention his destination, and yet disliking to enter upon the subject of Mrs. Rhee with any member of the family who had been taught to avoid her name.

Standing thus, Fergus's voice reached his ear through the closed blinds of the library. "You look ill and worn, Neria. Are you disturbed at anything?"

"How can you ask, Fergus? This terrible secret crushes me to the earth. It will kill me with its shame and sin," murmured Neria in reply; and Vaughn starting as if a serpent had lain at his feet, sprang down the steps and struck toward Carrick, his brows drawn low above his glittering eyes, his mouth hard and white with the emotion he suppressed.

Arrived at the little cottage, he was admitted by the old domestic as an expected guest, and conducted at once to Mrs. Rhee's bedchamber.

"You have come!" exclaimed the dying woman, extending her wasted hands and fastening her eyes hungrily upon his face. "I was afraid you would not."

"Why should I refuse, Anita? If you indeed are dying, I shall lose in your death a heart that once, at least, loved me well."

And Vaughn, half bitterly, half tenderly pressed the thin hands to his lips; and, seating himself, retained them in his grasp. Upon the wan face of the dying woman came the flush and light of almost incredible joy, and the ebbing life seemed to rush back in a flood to her heart as she cried:

"And you say it! O Frederick, not once, but always—now—this very moment, I love you as no woman ever will or ever can love you. Believe that, and tell me you believe it before I die, for it is so many, many years that you have forced me to be silent, that you cannot know how unswerving my love has been from then till now."

"And has this love been joy or sorrow?" asked Vaughn, abruptly.

"A bitter joy, a cherished sorrow," replied Anita, after a pause.

"So is love always to one of the two it falls between," returned Vaughn, harshly. "Be content, Anita, your love is as happy as mine; happier, for it had its day, a brief one, perhaps, but bright while it lasted. You were content while we were abroad?"

"Content!" exclaimed Anita, while the flush upon her cheek deepened to a fever glow. "Each moment of that time has made tolerable a year of the life since. I die because those moments are expended."

"Pity me, then, Anita," groaned Vaughn, hiding his face upon the bed. "Pity me, for I have no such memories to support me, and I am a man and cannot die."

"She does not love you then, this pale girl, whom you have placed above all the queens of the earth by giving her your heart and your name?" asked the octoroon, fiercely.

"She does not love me! She loathes my presence, my voice, my face. If I touch her she swoons with disgust and terror."

As the bitter words dropped from his lips Vaughn would, if he could, have snatched them back, but it was too late. Anita's jealous ears had caught every one, and she murmured passionately, "If I could but live, if I could but live!"

Vaughn did not hear her. He was pacing the little room through and through, and already had forgotten the presence of the dying woman, when she said meaningly,

"There is good cause, no doubt, for such coldness. Does Fergus Murray remain at Bonniemeer since your return?"

Vaughn was at her side in an instant, her hands grasped in his, her eyes chained by the terrible inquisition of his gaze. "Anita! What does this mean? Explain yourself, or you shall die repenting that you had ever spoken."

"You should have learned in the old time that to threaten was to seal my lips," returned Anita sullenly.

"Yes, but speak! Woman, you will drive me mad! Speak out, for God's sake."

"For your sake, who are my God, I will speak. Do you not know that long before the fatal idea of making her your wife occurred to you, your nephew loved her and she him? She would have married him, but it was better to be mistress of Bonniemeer than the wife of a young man with his fortune yet to make—"

"No. There you are wrong, I will swear," interposed Vaughn, sternly. "She has nothing mean or calculating about her. She is above the world in her errors as in her virtues."

"O well then," sneered Anita. "Very likely it was some romantic idea of gratitude, of sacrificing her own wishes to those of the man who had been a providence to her when Providence deserted her. She offered herself a victim to your passion."

Again Vaughn started to his feet, stung to the heart by an explanation tallying so cruelly with the experiences of his married life. "And I, who loved her so far beyond myself, accepted the sacrifice."

"The sacrifice was incomplete it seems, for she could not conceal, even in your arms, her regrets for another," said she, cunningly.

Vaughn paused in his stride, looked at her as looks the wounded lion at the foe who has hurt him unto death and yet holds himself beyond his reach, and said nothing.

"It is not for myself that I speak," resumed Anita; "I am dying, and even though I lived, I have long since relinquished all hope of your love; but it is Francia—it is the child of my child who is the true sufferer, the real victim. Long ago, before you forbade her to visit me, I knew that she loved Fergus, and when I found her suffering and troubled, I drew from her the secret that was poisoning her life. She loved Fergus, and Fergus would have loved her, but that Neria stood between, and drew him to her with the wonderful magic of her smile. I tried to soothe and quiet her, but the child inherits the passions of her mother's race with the pride of yours, and she threw herself away upon a man whom already she despises. Neria married you, and now rewards herself for the sacrifice by indulging her passion for Fergus in your absence. "Do you know where they were yesterday?"

"At Cragness," replied Vaughn, briefly.

"Yes. The whole day alone in that deserted house. Even the woman who lived there was sent to Carrick, and it was night before they returned home."

"What scandal are you trying to make of this? The place was struck by lightning and burned to the ground. Mrs. Vaughn's horses were frightened and escaped, and she was forced to walk home; of course it was late when they arrived. Be careful, Anita, not to go beyond the truth."

"Beyond!" exclaimed the octoroon, with an evil laugh. "Be careful you, not to go so far as the truth if you still would hold to your idol. How engrossing the conversation or the business which took them there must have been, when neither the lady nor the gentleman perceived the tempest gathering in time to escape it! Nancy Brume had watched it for hours, and went to the library door to warn them of it, but, although she knocked loudly, no one replied. Mrs. Vaughn is a great business woman, I believe; probably she was engaged in settling old accounts."

"That is enough. Not one word more," groaned Vaughn, and his torturer, looking in his livid face and meeting the gaze of his burning eyes, saw that it

was enough, and sank back upon the pillows exhausted with the vehemence of her own passion. When she spoke again it was in an altered tone. "Frederick, shall not I see Francia once more before I die?"

"To poison her ears with this?"

"No; I swear before God not to reveal one word of all that has passed between us. I only wish to bid her good-by, to kiss her lips and feel her pure breath upon my cheek. Remember, she is the only creature of my blood in the whole world. You will not deny my dying wish?"

"I dare not. She shall come, if you will promise also not to reveal yourself."

"I promise. When shall she come?"

"To-day." I shall not return to Bonniemeer, but you may send for her."

"You will not return! Will you not let them know that they are discovered?"

"Discovered? I do not comprehend you, Mrs. Rhee," said Vaughn, with a haughty coldness. "The scandalous suspicions you have suggested with regard to my wife and my nephew, inspire in my mind only a feeling of contempt for the slanderer who can utter them. They harmonize well with the anonymous letter whose author I now recognize."

Anita started to her elbow. "An anonymous letter relating to Neria and Fergus!" cried she, in tones of genuine surprise. "Have you such a one? It was not from me. I swear it by all that is sacred."

"It is sufficient. I believe you," said Vaughn, briefly.

"And this letter, from an entirely different source—does this also excite only contempt for the slanderer who wrote it?" sneered the doctoroon.

Vaughn hesitated; but only for a moment, only until the chivalrous honor of his nature could assert itself. Then he said: "Yes; I will not believe Neria guilty of more than the fatal error of sacrificing herself to me, until my own eyes or her own tongue convict her."

"Such proof you will never have. She is too careful," muttered the baffled woman, bitterly.

"Such proof I shall never have, for a lie cannot be proved. To connect sin or shame with Neria is to drag the heavens down and trample on them." But as the words left his lips, a fiend's echoed in his ear those that Neria had that morning spoken to Fergus:

"This terrible secret crushes me to the earth. It will kill me with its shame and sin," and his proud heart quailed within him. He threw himself upon his knees. "My God, my God!" groaned he. "Let me not lose my reason, let me not lose my faith in her. Take life, take honor, happiness, all, but leave me my faith in her—let me die with her pure image in my heart." Never prayer was thus wrung from the centre of a tortured soul, and remained unanswered, never since He, hanging on the cross, called upon the Father and was comforted. Vaughn arose pale and serene. The temptress, looking at him, knew that her power was over, her work done, and with a bitter moan she turned her face to the wall and was dumb. Without another word Vaughn left the room, and an hour later was on his way to the great battle he knew to be approaching, and in whose front he now hoped to lay down the life he no longer cared to keep. He had not, however, forgotten his promise. In the hurried note of leave-taking, written to Francia, from Carrick, he had bidden her go to Mrs. Rhee as soon as possible, and had sent word to Neria that she would receive a letter from him in a day or two, explaining his abrupt departure in full.



GRACE CARDEN'S LESSON.

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PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE.*

BY CHARLES READE,

Author of "Foul Play," "Griffith Gaunt," etc

CHAPTER IV.

ANY one who reads it by the fireside may smile at the incongruous mixture of a sanguinary menace with bad spelling. But deeds of blood had often followed these scrawls in Hillsborough, and Henry knew it: and, indeed, he who cannot spell his own name correctly, is the very man to take his neighbor's life without compunction; since mercy is a fruit of knowledge, and cruelty of ignorance.

And then there was something truly chilling in the mysterious entrance of this threat on a dagger's point into a room he had locked over-night. It implied supernatural craft and power. After this, where could a man be safe from these all-penetrating and remorseless agents of a secret and irresponsible tribunal?

Henry sat down awhile, and pored over the sanguinary scrawl, and glanced from it with a shudder at the glittering knife. And, while he was in this state of temporary collapse, the works filled, the Power moved, the sonorous grindstones revolved, and every man worked at his ease, except one, the best of them all beyond comparison.

He went to his friend Bayne, and said in a broken voice, "They have put me in heart for work; given me a morning dram. Look here." Bayne was shocked, but not surprised. "It is the regular routine," said he. "They begin civil; but if you don't obey, they turn it over to the scum."

"Do you think my life is really in danger?"

"No, not yet; I never knew a man molested on one warning. This is just to frighten you. If you were to take no notice, you'd likely get another warning, or two, at most; and then they'd do you, as sure as a gun."

"Do me?"

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by SHELDON & COMPANY, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

"Oh, that is the Hillsborough word. It means to disable a man from work. Sometimes they lie in wait in these dark streets, and fracture his skull with life-preservers; or break his arm, or cut the sinew of his wrist; and that they call *doing* him. Or if it is a grinder, they'll put powder in his trough, and then the sparks of his own making fire it, and scorch him, and perhaps blind him for life: that's *doing* him. They have gone as far as shooting men with shot, and even with a bullet, but never so as to kill the man dead on the spot. They *do* him. They are skilled workmen, you know: well, they are skilled workmen at violence and all, and it is astonishing how they contrive to stop within an inch of murder. They'll chance it though sometimes with their favorite gunpowder. If you're very wrong with the trade, and they can't *do* you any other way, they'll blow your house up from the cellar, or let a can of powder down the chimney, with a lighted fuse, or fling a petard in at the window, and they take the chance of killing a houseful of innocent people, to get at the one that's on the black books of the trade, and has to be *done*."

"The beasts! I'll buy a six-shooter. I'll meet craft with craft, and force with force."

"What can you do against ten thousand? No: go you at once to the Secretary of the Edge-tool Grinders, and get your trade into his union. You will have to pay; but don't mind that. Cheetham will go halves."

"I'll go at dinner-time."

"And why not now?"

"Because," said Henry, with a candor all his own, "I'm getting over my fright a bit, and my blood is beginning to boil at being threatened by a sneak, who wouldn't stand before me one moment in that yard, knife or no knife."

Bayne smiled a friendly but faint smile, and shook his head with grave disapprobation, and said, with wonder, "Fancy postponing Peace!"

Henry went to his forge, and worked till dinner-time. Nay, more, he was a beautiful whistler, and always whistled a little at his work; so to-day he whistled a great deal: in fact, he over-whistled.

At dinner-time he washed his face and hands, and put on his coat to go out.

But he had soon some reason to regret that he had not acted on Bayne's advice to the letter. There had been a large trades' meeting over-night, and the hostility to the London craftsman had spread more widely, in consequence of remarks that had been there made. This emboldened the lower class of workmen, who already disliked him out of pure envy, and had often scowled at him in silence: and, now, as he passed them, they spoke at him, in their peculiar language, which the great friend and supporter of mechanics in general, the "Hillsborough Liberal," subsequently christened "THE DASH DIALECT."

"We want no — cockneys here, to steal our work."

"Did ever a — anvil-man handle his own — blades in Hillsborough?"

"Not till this — knobstick came," said another.

Henry turned sharp round upon them haughtily, and, such was the power of his prompt defiant attitude, and his eye, which flashed black lightning, that there was a slight movement of recoil among the actual speakers. They recovered it immediately, strong in numbers; but in that same moment Little also recovered his discretion, and he had the address to step briskly toward the gates and call out the porter; he said to him in rather a loud voice, for all to hear, "If anybody asks for Henry Little, say he has gone to the Secretary of the Edge-tool

Forgers' Union." He then went out of the works ; but, as he went, he heard some respectable workman say to the scum, "Come, shut up now. It is in better hands than yours."

Mr. Jobson, the Secretary of the Edge-tool Forgers, was not at home, but his servant-girl advised Little to try the "Rising Sun ;" and in the parlor of that orb he found Mr. Jobson, in company with other magnates of the same class, discussing a powerful leader of the "Hillsborough Liberal," in which was advocated the extension of the franchise, a measure calculated to throw prodigious power into the hands of Hillsborough operatives, because of their great number, and their habit of living, each workman in a tenement of his own, however small.

Little waited till the "Liberal" had received its meed of approbation, and then asked respectfully if he might speak to Mr. Jobson on a trade matter. "Certainly," said Mr. Jobson. "Who are you ?"

"My name is Little. I make the carving tools at Cheetham's."

"I'll go home with you ; my house is hard by."

When they got to the house, Jobson told him to sit down, and asked him, in a smooth and well-modulated voice, what was the nature of the business. This query, coming from him, who had set the stone rolling that bade fair to crush him, rather surprised Henry. He put his hand into his pocket, and produced the threatening note, but said nothing as to the time or manner of its arrival.

Mr. Jobson perused it carefully, and then returned it to Henry. "What have we to do with this ?" and he looked quite puzzled.

"Why, sir, it is the act of your Union."

"You are sadly misinformed, Mr. Little. *We never threaten.* All we do is to remind the master, that, if he does not do certain things, certain other things will probably be done by us ; and this we wrap up in the kindest way."

"But, sir, you wrote to Cheetham against me."

"Did we ? Then it will be in my letter-book." He took down a book, examined it, and said, "You are quite right. Here's a copy of the letter. Now surely, sir, comparing the language, the manners, and the spelling, with that of the ruffian whose scrawl you received this morning—"

"Then you disown the ruffian's threat, sir ?"

"Most emphatically. And if you can trace it home, he shall smart for interfering in our business."

"Oh, if the trade disowns the blackguard, I can despise him. But you can't wonder at my thinking all these letters were steps of the same—yes, and Mr. Bayne thought so too ; for he said this was the regular routine, and ends in *doing* a poor fellow for gaining his bread."

Mr. Jobson begged to explain.

"Many complaints are brought to us, who advise the trades. When they are frivolous, we are unwilling to disturb the harmony of employers and workmen ; we reason with the complainant, and the thing dies away. When the grievance is substantial, we take it out of the individual's hands, and lay it before the working committee. A civil note is sent to the master ; or a respectable member of the committee calls on him, and urges him to redress the grievance, but always in kind and civil terms. The master generally assents : experience has taught him it is his wisest course. But if he refuses, we are bound to report the refusal to a larger committee, and sometimes a letter emanates from them, reminding the master that he has been a loser before by acts of injustice, and hinting that he may be a loser again. I don't quite approve this form of communi-

cation. But certainly it has often prevented the mischief from spreading farther. Well, but perhaps he continues rebellious. What follows? We can't lock up facts that affect the trade; we are bound to report the case at the next general meeting. It excites comments, some of them perhaps a little intemperate; the lower kind of workmen get inflamed with passion, and often, I am sorry to say, write ruffianly letters, and now and then do ruffianly acts, which disgrace the town, and are strongly reprobated by us. Why, Mr. Little, it has been my lot to send a civil remonstrance, written with my own hand, in pretty fair English—for a man who plied bellows and hammer twenty years of my life—and be treated with silent contempt; and two months after, to be offering a reward of twenty or thirty pounds, for the discovery of some misguided man, that had taken on himself to right this very matter with a can of gunpowder, or some such coarse expedient."

"Yes but, sir, what hurts me is, you didn't consider me to be worth a civil note. You only remonstrated with Cheetham."

"You can't wonder at that. Our trade hasn't been together many years: and what drove us together? The tyranny of our employers. What has kept us together? The bitter experience of hard work and little pay, whenever we were out of union. Those who now direct the trades, are old enough to remember when we were all ground down to the dust by the greedy masters; and therefore it is natural, when a grievance arises, we should be inclined to look to those old offenders for redress in the first instance. Sometimes the masters convince us the fault lies with workmen; and then we trouble the master no more than we are forced to do in order to act upon the offenders. But, to come to the point; what is your proposal?"

"I beg to be admitted into the union."

"What union?"

"Why, of course, the one I have offended, through ignorance. The edge-tool forgers."

Jobson shook his head, and said he feared there were one or two objections.

Henry saw it was no use bidding low. "I'll pay £15 down," said he, "and I'll engage not to draw relief from your fund, unless disabled by accident or violence."

"I will submit your offer to the trade," said Jobson. He added, "Then there I conclude the matter rests for the present."

Henry interpreted this to mean that he had nothing to apprehend, unless his proposal should be rejected. He put the £15 down on the table, though Mr. Jobson told him that was premature, and went off as light as a feather. Being nice and clean, and his afternoon's work spoiled, he could not resist the temptation: he went to Woodbine Villa. He found Miss Carden at home, and she looked quietly pleased at his unexpected arrival: but Jael's color came and went, and her tranquil bosom rose and fell slowly, but grandly, for a minute, as she lowered her head over her work.

This was a heavenly change to Henry Little. Away from the deafening workshop, and the mean jealousies and brutality of his inferiors, who despised him, to the presence of this beautiful and refined girl, who was his superior, yet did not despise him. From sin to purity, from dirt to cleanliness, from war to peace, from vilest passions to Paradise.

Her smile had never appeared so fascinating, her manner never so polite yet placid. How softly and comfortably she and her ample dress nestled into the corner of the sofa and fitted it! How white her nimble hand! how bright her

delicious face ! How he longed to kiss her exquisite hand, or her little foot, or her hem, or the ground she walked on, or something she had touched, or her eye had dwelt on.

But he must not even think too much of such delights, lest he should show his heart too soon. So, after a short lesson, he proposed to go into the lumber-room and find something to work upon. "Yes, do," said Grace. "I would go too ; but no ; it was my palace of delights for years, and its treasures inexhaustible. I will not go to be robbed of one more illusion. It is just possible I might find it really is what the profane in this house call it—a lumber-room ; and not what memory paints it—a temple of divine curiosities." And so she sent them off, and set herself to feel old, "Oh so old."

And presently Henry came back, laden with a great wooden bust of Erin, that had been the figure-head of a wrecked schooner ; and set it down, and told her he should carve that into a likeness of herself, and she must do her share of the work.

Straightway she forgot she was worn out ; and clapped her hands, and her eyes sparkled. And the floor was prepared, and Henry went to work like one inspired, and the chips flew in every direction, and the paint was chiselled away in no time, and the wood proved soft and kindly, and just the color of a delicate skin, and Henry said, "The Greek Statues, begging their pardons, have all got hair like mops ; but this shall have real hair, like your own ; and the silk dress, with the gloss on ; and the lace : but the face, the expression, how can I ever—"

"Oh, never mind *them*," cried Grace. "Jael, this is too exciting. Please go and tell them 'not at home' to anybody."

Then came a pretty picture : the workman, with his superb hand, brown and sinewy, yet elegant and shapely as a Duchess's, and the fingers almost as taper, and his black eye that glowed like a coal over the model, which grew under his masterly strokes, now hard, now light : the enchanting girl who sat to him, and seemed on fire with curiosity and innocent admiration : and the simple rural beauty, that plied the needle, and beamed mildly with demure happiness, and shot a shy glance upward now and then.

Yes, Love was at his old mischievous game.

Henry now lived in secret for Grace Carden, and Jael was garnering Henry into her devoted heart, unobserved by the object of her simple devotion. Yet, of the three, these two, that loved with so little encouragement, were the happiest. To them the world was Heaven this glorious afternoon. Time, strewing roses as he went, glided so sweetly and so swiftly, that they started with surprise, when the horizontal beams glorified the windows, and told them the brightest day of their lives was drawing to its end.

Ah, stay a little while longer for them, Western Sun. Stand still, not as in the cruel days of old, to glare upon poor, beaten, wounded, panting warriors, and rob them of their last chance, the shelter of the night ; but to prolong these holy rapturous hours of youth, and hope, and first love in bosoms unsullied by the world—the golden hours of life, that glow so warm, and shine so bright, and fleet so soon ; and return in this world—Never more !

CHAPTER V.

HENRY LITTLE began this bust in a fervid hour, and made great progress the first day : but, as the work grew on him, it went slower and slower ; for his ambitious love drove him to attempt beauties of execution that were without

precedent in this kind of wood-carving ; and, on the other hand, the fastidiousness of a true craftsman made him correct his attempts again and again. As to those mechanical parts, which he intrusted at first to his pupil, she fell so far short of his ideal even in these, that he told her bluntly she must strike work for the present ; he could not have *this* spoiled.

Grace thought it hard she might not be allowed to spoil her own image ; however, she submitted, and henceforth her lesson was confined to looking on. And she did look on with interest, and, at last, with profound admiration. Hitherto she had thought, with many other persons, that, if a man's hand was the stronger, a woman's was the neater ; but now she saw the same hand, which had begun by hewing away the coarse outlines of the model, bestow touches of the chisel so unerring and effective, yet so exquisitely delicate, that she said to herself " No woman's hand could be so firm, yet so feather-like, as all this."

And the result was as admirable as the process. The very texture of the ivory forehead began to come under those master-touches, executed with perfect and various instruments : and, for the first time perhaps in the history of this art, a bloom, more delicate far than that of a plum, crept over the dimpled cheek. But, indeed, when love and skill work together, expect a masterpiece.

Henry worked on it four afternoons, the happiest he had ever known. There was the natural pleasure of creating, and the distinct glory and delight of reproducing features so beloved ; and to these joys were added the pleasure of larger conversation. The model gave Grace many opportunities of making remarks, or asking questions, and Henry contrived to say so many things in answer to one. Sculptor and sitter made acquaintance with each other's minds over the growing bust.

And then young ladies and gentlemen dropped in, and gazed, and said such wonderfully silly things, and thereby left their characters behind them as fruitful themes for conversation. In short, topics were never wanting now.

As for Jael, she worked, and beamed, and pondered every word her idol uttered, but seldom ventured to say anything, till he was gone, and then she prattled fast enough about him.

The work drew near completion. The hair, not in ropes, as heretofore, but its silken threads boldly and accurately shown, yet not so as to cord the mass, and unsatin it quite. The silk dress ; the lace collar ; the blooming cheek, with its every dimple and incident ; all these were completed, and one eyebrow, a master-piece in itself. This carved eyebrow was a revelation, and made everybody who saw it wonder at the conventional substitutes they had hitherto put up with in statuary of all sorts, when the eyebrow itself was so beautiful, and might, it seems, have been imitated, instead of libelled, all these centuries.

But beautiful works, and pleasant habits, seem particularly liable to interruption. Just when the one eyebrow was finished, and when Jael Dence had come to look on Saturday and Monday as the only real days in the week, and when even Grace Carden was brighter on those days, and gliding into a gentle complacent custom, suddenly a Saturday came and went, but Little did not appear.

Jael was restless.

Grace was disappointed, but contented to wait till Monday.

Monday came and went, but no Henry Little.

Jael began to fret and sigh ; and after two more blank weeks, she could bear the mystery no longer. " If you please, Miss," said she, " shall I go to that place where he works ? "

"Where who works?" inquired Grace, rather disingenuously.

"Why, the dark young man, Miss," said Jael, blushing deeply.

Grace reflected, and curiosity struggled with discretion; but discretion got the better, being aided by self-respect. "No, Jael," said she, "he is charming, when he is here; but, when he gets away, he is not always so civil as he might be. I had to go twice after him. I shall not go nor send a third time. It really is too bad of him."

"Dear heart," pleaded Jael, "mayhap he is not well."

"Then he ought to write and say so. No, no; he is a radical, and full of conceit: and he has done this one eyebrow, and then gone off laughing and saying, 'Now let us see if the gentry can do the other amongst them?' If he doesn't come soon, I'll do the other eyebrow myself."

"Mayhap he will never come again," sighed Jael.

"O yes, he will," said Grace, mighty cunningly, "he is as fond of coming here, as we are of having him. Not that I'm at all surprised; for the fact is you are very pretty, extremely pretty, abominably pretty."

"I might pass in Cairnhope town," said Jael, modestly, "but not here. The moon goes for nought when the sun is there. He don't come here for me."

This sudden elegance of language, and Jael's tone of dignified despondency, silenced Grace, somehow, and made her thoughtful. She avoided the subject for several days. Indeed, when Saturday came, not a word was said about the defaulter: it was only by her sending for Jael to sit with her, and by certain looks, and occasional restlessness, she betrayed the slightest curiosity or expectation.

Jael sat and sewed, and often looked quickly up at the window, as some foot-step passed, and then looked down again and sighed.

Young Little never came. He seemed to have disappeared from both their lives; quietly disappeared.

Next day, Sunday, Jael came to Miss Carden, after morning church, and said, meekly, "If you please, Miss, may I go home?"

"Oh, certainly," said Grace, a little haughtily. "What for?"

Jael hung her head, and said she was not used to be long away. Then she lifted her head, and her great candid eyes, and spoke more frankly. "I feel to be drawn home. Something have been at me all the night to that degree as I couldn't close my eyes. I could almost feel it, like a child's hand, a-pulling me East. I'm afeard father's ill, or may be the calves are bleating for me, that is better acquaint with them than sister Patty is. And Hillsborough air don't seem to 'gree with me now not altogether as it did at first. If you please, Miss, to let me go; and then I'll come back when I'm better company than I be now. Oh, dear! Oh, dear!"

"Why, Jael, my poor girl, what *is* the matter?"

"I don't know, Miss. But I feel very unked."

"Are you not happy with me?"

"'Tis no fault of yourn, Miss," said Jael, rustic, but womanly.

"Then you are *not* happy here?"

No reply; but two clear eyes began to fill to the very brim.

Grace coaxed her, and said, "Speak to me like a friend. You know, after all, you are not my servant. I can't possibly part with you altogether; I have got to like you so; but, of course, you shall go home for a little while, if you wish it very, very much."

"Indeed I do, Miss," said Jael. "Please forgive me, but my heart feels like

lead in my bosom." And, with these words, the big tears ran over, and chased one another down her cheeks.

Then Grace, who was very kind-hearted, begged her, in a very tearful voice, not to cry; she should go home for a week, a fortnight, a month, even. "There, there, you shall go to-morrow, poor thing."

Now, it is a curious fact, and looks like animal magnetism, or something, but the farm-house, to which Jael had felt so mysteriously drawn all night, contained at that moment, besides its usual inmates, one Henry Little; and how he came there is an important part of this tale, which I must deal with at once.

While Henry was still visiting Woodbine Villa, as related above, events of a very different character from those soft scenes were taking place at the works. His liberal offer to the Edge-tool Forgers had been made about a week, when, coming back one day from dinner to his forge, he found the smoky wall written upon with chalk, in large letters, neatly executed—

"Why overlook the Handlers?"

"MARY."

He was not alarmed this time, but vexed. He went and complained to Bayne; and that worthy came directly and contemplated the writing in silence for about a minute. Then he gave a weary sigh, and said, with doleful resignation, "Take the chalk and write. There it is."

Henry took the chalk, and prepared to write Bayne's mind underneath Mary's. Bayne dictated:

"I have offered the Handlers the same as the Forgers."

"But that is not true," objected Henry, turning round, with the chalk in his hand.

"It will be true in half an hour. We are going to Parkin, the Handlers' Secretary."

"What, another £15! This is an infernal swindle."

"What isn't?" said Bayne, cynically.

Henry then wrote as desired; and they went together to Mr. Parkin.

Mr. Parkin was not at home. But they hunted him from pillar to post, and caught him, at last, in the bar-parlor of "The Pack-saddle." He knew Bayne well, and received him kindly; and, on his asking for a private interview, gave a wink to two persons who were with him. They got up directly, and went out.

"What, is there anything amiss between you and the trade?" inquired Mr. Parkin, with an air of friendly interest.

Bayne smiled, not graciously, but sourly: "Come, come, sir, that is a farce you and I have worn out this ten years. This is the London workman himself, come to excuse himself to Mary and Co. for not applying to them before; and the long and the short is, he offers the Handlers the same as he has the Smiths—fifteen down—and to pay his natty money; but draw no scale, unless disabled. What d'ye say? Yes, or no?"

"I'll lay Mr. Little's proposal before the committee."

"Thank you, sir," said Little. "And, meantime, I suppose I may feel safe against violence from the members of your union?"

"Violence!" said Mr. Parkin, turning his eye inward, as if he was interro-

gating the centuries. Then, to Mr. Bayne, "Pray, sir, do you remember any deed of darkness that our union have ever committed, since we have been together; and that is twelve years?"

"*Well*, Mr. Parkin," said Bayne, "if you mean deeds of blood and deeds of gunpowder, etc., why, no—not one; and it is greatly to your honor. But, mind you, if a master wants his tanks tapped, and his hardening liquor run into the shore; or his bellows to be ripped, his axle-nuts to vanish, his wheel-bands to go and hide in a drain or a church belfry, and his scythe-blades to dive into a wheel-dam, he has only to be wrong with your union and he'll be accommodated as above. I speak from experience."

"Oh, rattening!" said Mr. Parkin. "That is a mighty small matter."

"It is small to you, that are not in the oven, where the bread is baked, or cooled, or burned. But whatever parts the grindstones from the power, and the bellows from the air, and the air from the fire, makes a hole in the master's business to-day, and a hole in the workman's pocket that day six months. So, for heaven's sake, let us be right with you. Little's is the most friendly and liberal offer that any workman ever made to any union. Do, pray, close with it, and let us be at peace—sweet, balmy peace."

Parkin declared he shared that desire, but was not the committee. Then, to Henry: "I shall put your case as favorably as my conscience will let me. Meantime, of course, the matter rests as it is."

They then parted; and Henry, as he returned home, thanked Bayne heartily. He said this second £15 had been a bitter pill at first; but now he was glad he had offered it. "I would not leave Hillsborough for fifteen hundred pounds."

Two days after this promising interview with Mr. Parkin, Henry received a note, the envelope of which showed him it came from Mr. Jobson. He opened it eagerly, and with a good hope that its object was to tell him he was now a member of the Edge-tool Forgers' Union. The letter, however, ran thus:

"DEAR SIR,—I hear, with considerable surprise, that you continue to forge blades and make handles for Mr. Cheetham. On receipt of this information, I went immediately to Mr. Parkin, and he assured me that he came to the same terms with you as I did. He says he intimated, politely but plainly, that he should expect you not to make any more carving-tool handles for Mr. Cheetham till his committee had received your proposal. He now joins me in advising you to strike work for the present. Hillsborough is surrounded by beautiful scenes, which it might gratify an educated workman to inspect, during the unavoidable delay caused by the new and very important questions your case has raised.

"Yours obediently,

"SAML. JOBSON.

"P. S.—A respectable workman was with me yesterday, and objected that you receive from Mr. Cheetham a higher payment than the list price. Can you furnish me with a reply to this, as it is sure to be urged at the trade meeting?"

When he read this, Little's blood boiled, especially at the cool advice to lay down his livelihood, and take up scenery; and he dashed off a letter of defiance. He showed it to Bayne, and it went into the fire directly. "That is all right," said this worthy. "You have written your mind like a man. Now sit down and give them treacle for their honey—or you'll catch pepper."

Henry groaned, and writhed, but obeyed.

He had written his defiance in three minutes. It took him an hour to produce the following:

"DEAR SIR,—I am sorry for the misunderstanding. I did not, for a moment, attach that meaning to anything that fell either from you or Mr. Parkin.

"I must now remind you that, were I to strike work entirely, Mr. Cheetham could discharge me, and even punish me, for breach of contract. All I can do is to work fewer hours than I have done; and I am sure you will be satisfied with that, if you consider that the delay in the settlement of this matter rests with you, and not with me.

"I am,

"Yours respectfully,

"HENRY LITTLE.

"I furnish you, as requested, with two replies to the objection of a respectable workman that I am paid above the list price.

"1. To sell skilled labor below the statement price is a just offence and injury to trade. But to obtain above the statement price is to benefit trade. The high price that stands alone to-day will not stand alone forever. It gets quoted in bargains, and draws prices up to it. That has been proved a thousand times.

"2. It is not under any master's skin to pay a man more than he is worth. If I get a high price, it is because I make a first-rate article. If a man has got superior knowledge he is not going to give it away to gratify envious Ignorance."

To this, in due course, he received from Jobson the following:

"DEAR SIR,—I advised you, according to my judgment and experience; but, doubtless, you are the best judge of your own affairs."

And that closed the correspondence with the secretaries.

The gentle Jobson and the polite Parkin had retired from the correspondence with their air of mild regret and placid resignation just three days, when young Little found a dirty, crumpled letter on his anvil, written in pencil. It ran thus:

"Turn up or you'll wish you had dropped it. You'll be made so as you'll never do hands turn agin, an never know what hurt you.

"(Signed)

MOONRAKER."

Henry swore.

When he had sworn (and, as a Briton, I think he had denied himself that satisfaction long enough), he caught up a strip of steel with his pincers, shoved it into the coals, heated it, and, in half a minute, forged two long steel nails. He then nailed this letter to his wall, and wrote under it, in chalk, "I offer £10 reward to any one who will show me the coward who wrote this, but was afraid to sign it. The writing is peculiar, and can easily be identified."

He also took the knife that had been so ostentatiously fixed in his door, and carried it about him night and day, with a firm resolve to use it in self-defence, if necessary.

And now the plot thickened; the decent workmen in Cheetham's works were passive; they said nothing offensive, but had no longer the inclination, even if they had the power, to interfere and restrain the lower workmen from venting their envy and malice. Scarcely a day passed without growls and scowls. But Little went his way haughtily, and affected not to see, nor hear them.

However, one day, at dinner-time, he happened, unluckily, to be detained by Bayne in the yard, when the men came out; and two or three of the roughs took

this opportunity and began on him at once, in the Dash Dialect, of course ; they knew no other.

A great burly forger, whose red matted hair was powdered with coal-dust, and his face bloated with habitual intemperance, planted himself insolently before Henry, and said, in a very loud voice, "How many more — trade meetings are we to have for one — knobstick ?"

Henry replied, in a moment, "Is it my fault if your shilly-shallying committees can't say yes or no to £15. You'd say yes to it, wouldn't you, sooner than go to bed sober ?"

This sally raised a loud laugh at the notorious drunkard's expense, and checked the storm, as a laugh generally does.

But men were gathering round, and a workman who had heard the raised voices, and divined the row, ran out of the works, with his apron full of blades and his heart full of mischief. It was a grinder of a certain low type, peculiar to Hillsborough, but quite common there, where grinders are often the grandchildren of grinders. This degenerate face was more canine than human ; sharp as a hatchet, and with forehead villanously low ; hardly any chin ; and—most characteristic trait of all—the eyes, pale in color, and tiny in size, appeared to have come close together, to consult, and then to have run back into the very skull, to get away from the sparks, which their owner, and his sire, and his grandsire, had been eternally creating.

This greyhound of a grinder flung down a lot of dull-bluish blades, warm from the forge ; upon a condemned grindstone that was lying in the yard ; and they tinkled.

"— me, if I grind Cockney blades !" said he.

This challenge fired a sympathetic handle-maker. "Grinders are — right," said he. "We must be a — mean lot and all, to handle his — work."

"He has been warned enough ; but he heeds noane."

"Hustle him out 'o works."

"Nay, hit him o'er th' head and fling him into shore."

With these menacing words, three or four roughs advanced on him, with wicked eyes ; and the respectable workmen stood, like stone statues, in cold and terrible neutrality ; and Henry, looking round, in great anxiety, found that Bayne had withdrawn.

He ground his teeth, and stepped back to the wall, to have all the assailants in the front. He was sternly resolute, though very pale, and, by a natural impulse, put his hand into his side-pocket, to feel if he had a weapon. The knife was there, the deadly blade with which his enemies themselves had armed him ; and, to those who could read faces, there was death in the pale cheek and gleaming eye of this young man, so sorely tried.

At this moment, a burly gentleman walked into the midst of them, as smartly as Van Amburgh amongst his tigers, and said steadily, "What is to do now, lads ?" It was Cheetham himself. Bayne knew he was in the office, and had run for him, in mortal terror, and sept him to keep the peace. "They insult me, sir," said Henry ; "though I am always civil to them ; and that grinder refuses to grind my blades, there."

"Is that so ? Step out, my lad. Did you refuse to grind those blades ?"

"Ay," said the greyhound-man, sullenly.

"Then put on your coat, and leave my premises this minute."

"He is entitled to a week's warning, Mr. Cheetham," said one of the decent workmen, respectfully, but resolutely ; speaking now for the first time.

"You are mistaken, sir," replied Mr. Cheetham, in exactly the same tone. (No stranger could have divined the speakers were master and man.) "He has vitiated his contract by publicly refusing to do his work. He'll get nothing from me but his wages up to noon this day. But *you* can have a week's warning, if you want it."

"Nay, sir. I've naught against you, for my part. But they say it will come to that, if you don't turn Little up."

"Why, what's his fault? Come now; you are a man. Speak up."

"Nay, I've no quarrel with the man. But he isn't straight with the trade."

"That is the secretaries' fault, not mine," said Henry. "They can't see I've brought a new trade in, that hurts no old trade, and will spread, and bring money into the town."

"We are not so — soft as swallow that," said the bloated smith. "Thou'st just come t' Hillsborough to learn forging, and when thou'st mastered that, off to London, and take thy — trade with thee."

Henry colored to the brow at the inferior workman's vanity and its concomitant, detraction. But he governed himself by a mighty effort, and said, "Oh, that's your grievance now, is it? Mr. Cheetham—sir—will you ask some respectable grinder to examine these blades of mine?"

"Certainly. You are right, Little. The man to judge a forger's work is a grinder, and not another forger. Reynolds, just take a look at them, will ye?"

A wet grinder, of a thoroughly different type and race from the greyhound, stepped forward. He was thickset in body, fresh colored, and of a square manly countenance. He examined the blades carefully, and with great interest.

"Well," said Henry, "were they forged by a smith, or a novice that is come here to learn anvil work?"

Reynolds did not reply to him, nor to Mr. Cheetham: he turned to the men. "Mates, I'm noane good at lying. Hand that forged these has nought to learn in Hillsbro', nor any other shop."

"Thank you, Mr. Reynolds;" said Henry, in a choking voice: "that is the first gleam of justice that I—" He could say no more.

"Come, don't you turn soft for a word or two," said Cheetham. "You'll wear all this out in time. Go to the office. I have something to say to you."

The something was soon said. It amounted to this—"Stand by me, and I'll stand by you."

"Well, sir," said Henry, "I think I must leave you if the committees refuse my offer. It is hard for one man to fight a couple of trades in such a place as this. But I'm firm in one thing; until those that govern the unions say 'No' to my offer, I shall go on working, and the scum of the trades shan't frighten me away from my forge."

"That's right; let the blackguards bluster. Bayne tells me you have had another anonymous."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, look here: you must take care of yourself outside the works; but I'll take care of you inside. Here, Bayne, write a notice that, if any man molests, intimidates, or affronts Mr. Little, in my works, I'll take him myself to the town-hall, and get him two months directly. Have somebody at the gate, to put a printed copy of that into every man's hand as he leaves."

"Thank you, sir!" said Henry, warmly. "But ought not the police to afford me protection, outside?"

"The police! You might as well go to the beadle. No; change your lodg-

ing, if you think they know it. Don't let them track you home. Buy a brace of pistols, and, if they catch you in a dark place, and try to do you, give them a barrel or two before they can strike a blow. Not one of *them* will ever tell the police, not if you shot his own brother dead at that game. The law is a dead letter here, sir. You've nothing to expect from it, and nothing to fear."

"Good Heavens! Am I in England?"

"In England? No. You are in Hillsborough."

This epigram put Cheetham in good humor with himself, and, when Henry told him he did not feel quite safe, even in his own forge, nor in his handling-room, and gave his reasons, "Oh," said cheerful Cheetham, "that is nothing. Yours is a box-lock; the blackguard will have hid in the works at night, and taken the lock off, left his writing, and then screwed the lock on again: that is nothing to any Hillsborough hand. But I'll soon stop that game. Go you to Chestnut street, and get two first-class Bramah locks. There's a pocket-knife forge up-stairs, close to your handling-room. I'll send the pocket-knife hand down-stairs, and you fasten the Bramah locks on both doors, and keep the keys yourself. See to that now at once: then your mind will be easy. And I shall be in the works all day now, and every day; come to me directly, if there is anything fresh."

Henry's forge was cold by this time; so he struck work, and spent the afternoon in securing his two rooms with the Bramah locks. He also took Cheetham's advice in another particular. Instead of walking home, he took a cab, and got the man to drive rapidly to a certain alley. There he left the cab, ran down the alley, and turned a corner, and went home roundabout. He doubled like a hare, and dodged like a criminal evading justice.

But the next morning he felt a pleasing sense of security when he opened his forge-room with the Bramah key, and found no letters nor threats of any kind had been able to penetrate.

Moreover, all this time you will understand he was visiting Woodbine Cottage twice a week, and carving Grace Carden's bust.

Those delightful hours did much to compensate him for his troubles in the town, and were even of some service to him in training him to fence with the trades of Hillsborough: for at Woodbine Villa he had to keep an ardent passion within the strict bounds of reverence, and in the town he had constantly to curb another passion, wrath, and keep it within the bounds of prudence. These were kindred exercises of self-restraint, and taught him self-government beyond his years. But what he benefited most by, after all, was the direct and calming effect upon his agitated heart, and irritated nerves, that preceded, and accompanied, and followed these sweet, tranquillizing visits. They were soft, solacing, and soothing; they were periodical, and certain. He could count on leaving his cares, and worries, twice every week, at the door of that dear villa; and, when he took them up again, they were no longer the same; heavenly balm had been shed over them, and over his boiling blood.

One Saturday he heard by a side wind, that the unions, at a general meeting, had debated his case, and there had been some violent speeches, and no decision come to; but the majority adverse to him. This discouraged him sadly, and his yearning heart turned all the more toward his haven of rest, and the hours, few but blissful, that awaited him.

About 11 o'clock, that same day, the postman brought him a letter, so vilely addressed, that it had been taken to two or three places, on speculation, before it reached its destination.

Little saw at once it was another anonymous communication. But he was

getting callous to these missives, and he even took it with a certain degree of satisfaction. "Well done, Bramah! Obligated to send their venom by post now." This was the feeling uppermost in his mind. In short, he opened the letter with as much contempt as anger.

But he had no sooner read the foul scrawl, than his heart died within him.

"Thou's sharp but not sharp enow. We know where thou goes coorting up hill. Window is all glass and ripe for a Peter as shall blow the house to atoms. There's the stuff in Hillsbro and the men that have done others so, and will do her job as wells thine. Powders a good servant but a bad master.

"ONE WHO MEANS DOING WHAT HE SAYS."

At this diabolical threat, young Little leaned, sick and broken, over the handle of his bellows.

Then he got up and went to Mr. Cheetham, and said, patiently, "Sir, I am sorry to say I must leave you this very day."

"Don't say that, Little, don't say that."

"Oh, it is with a heavy heart, sir; and I shall always remember your kindness. But a man knows when he is beat. And I'm beat now." He hung his head in silence awhile. Then he said, in a faint voice, "This is what has done it," and handed him the letter.

Mr. Cheetham examined it, and said: "I am not surprised at you being taken aback by this. But it's nothing new to us; we have all been threatened in this form. Why, the very last time I fought the trades, my wife was threatened I should be brought home on a shutter, with my intestines sweeping the ground. That was the purport, only it was put vernacular and stronger. And they reminded me that the old gal's clothes (that is Mrs. Cheetham; she is only twenty-six, and the prettiest lass in Coventry, and has a row of ivories that would do your heart good; now these Hillsborough hags haven't got a set of front teeth among 'em, young or old). Well, they told me the old gal's clothes could easily be spoiled, and her doll's face and all, with a pennorth of vitriol."

"The monsters!"

"But it was all brag. These things are threatened fifty times for once they are done."

"I shall not risk it. My own skin, if you like, but not hers; never, Mr. Cheetham—oh, never, never!"

"Well, but," said Mr. Cheetham, "she is in no danger so long as you keep away from her. They might fling one of their petards in at the window, if you were there; but otherwise, never, in this world. No, no, Little, they are not so bad as that. They have blown up a whole household to get at the obnoxious party; but they always make sure he is there first."

Bayne was appealed to, and confirmed this; and, with great difficulty, they prevailed on Little to remain with them until the unions should decide; and to discontinue his visits to the house on the hill in the meantime. I need hardly say they had no idea the house on the hill was Woodbine Villa.

He left them; and, sick at heart, turned away from Heath Hill, and strolled out of the lower part of the town, and wandered almost at random, and sad as death.

He soon left the main road and crossed a stile; it took him by the side of a babbling brook, and at the edge of a picturesque wood. Ever and anon he came to a water-wheel, and above the water-wheel a dam made originally by art, but now looking like a sweet little lake. They were beautiful places; the wheels

and their attendant works were old and rugged, but picturesque and countrified; and the little lakes behind, fringed by the master-grinder's garden, were strangely peaceful and pretty. Here the vulgar labor of the grindstone was made beautiful, and incredibly poetic.

"Ah!" thought poor Little, "how happy a workman must be that plies his trade here in the fresh air. And how unfortunate I am to be tied to a power-wheel in that filthy town, instead of being here, where Nature turns the wheel, and the birds chirp at hand, and the scene and the air are all purity and peace."

One place of the kind was particularly charming. The dam was larger than most, and sloping grass on one side, cropped short by the grinder's sheep; on the other, his strip of garden; and bushes and flowers hung over the edge and glassed themselves in the clear water. Below the wheel, and at one side was the master-grinder's cottage, covered with creepers.

But Henry's mind was in no state to enjoy these beauties. He envied them; and, at last, they oppressed him; and he turned his back on them, and wandered, disconsolate, home.

He sat down on a stool by his mother, and laid his beating temples on her knees.

"What is it, my darling?" said she, softly.

"Well, mother, for one thing, the unions are against me, and I see I shall have to leave Hillsborough, soon or late."

"Never mind, dear. Happiness does not depend upon the place we live in; and oh, Henry, whatever you do, never quarrel with those terrible grinders and people. The world is wide. Let us go back to London; the sooner the better. I have long seen there was something worrying you. But Saturday and Monday—they used to be your bright days."

"It will come to that, I suppose," said Henry, evading her last observation. "Yes," said he, wearily, "it will come to that." And he sighed so piteously that she forbore to press him. She had not the heart to cross-examine her suffering child.

That evening, mother and son sat silent by the fire. Henry had his own sad and bitter thoughts, and Mrs. Little was now brooding over the words Henry had spoken in the afternoon; and presently her maternal anxieties found a copious vent. She related to him, one after another, all the outrages that had been perpetrated in Hillsborough, while he was a child, and had been, each in its turn, the town talk.

It was a subject on which, if her son had been older and more experienced in her sex, he would have closed her mouth promptly, she being a woman whose own nerves had received so frightful a shock by the manner of her husband's death. But, inadvertently, he let her run on, till she told him how a poor grinder had been carried home to his wife blinded and scorched with gunpowder, and another had been taken home all bleeding to his mother, so beaten and bruised with life-preservers that he had lain between life and death for nine days, and never uttered one word all that time in reply to all her prayers and tears.

Now Mrs. Little began these horrible narratives with a forced and unnatural calmness; but, by the time she got to the last, she had worked herself up to a paroxysm of sympathy with other wretched women in Hillsborough, and trembled all over, like one in an ague, for herself; and at last stretched out her shaking hands, and screamed to him, "Oh, Harry, Harry, have pity on your miserable mother! Think what these eyes of mine have seen—bleeding at my feet—there—there—I see it now—(her eyes dilated terribly at the word)—oh, promise me,

for pity's sake, that these—same—eyes—shall never see *you* brought and laid down bleeding like *him*!" With this she went into violent hysterics, and frightened her son more than all the ruffians in the town had ever frightened him.

She was a long time in this pitiable condition, and he nursed her; but at last her convulsion ceased, and her head rested on her son's shoulder in a pitiable languor.

Henry was always a good son; but he never loved his mother so tenderly as he did this night. His heart yearned over this poor panting soul, so stately in form, yet so weak, so womanly, and loveable; his playmate in childhood, his sweet preceptor in boyhood; the best friend and most unselfish lover he had, or could ever hope to have, on earth; dear to him by her long life of loving sacrifice, and sacred by that their great calamity, which had fallen so much heavier on her than on him.

He soothed her, he fondled her, he kneeled at her feet, and promised her most faithfully he would never be brought home to her bruised or bleeding. No; if the unions rejected his offer he would go back to London with her at once.

And so, thrust from Hillsborough by the trades, and by his fears for Miss Carden, and also drawn from it by his mother's terrors, he felt himself a feather on the stream of Destiny; and left off struggling; beaten, heart-sick, and benumbed, he let the current carry him like any other dead thing that drifts.

He still plied the hammer, but in a dead-alive way.

He wrote a few cold lines to Mr. Jobson, to say that he thought it was time for a plain answer to be given to a business proposal. But, as he had no great hope the reply would be favorable, he awaited it in a state bordering on apathy. And so passed a miserable week.

And all this time she, for whose sake he denied himself the joy and consolation of her company, though his heart ached and pined for it, had hard thoughts of him, and vented them too to Jael Dence.

The young are so hasty in all their judgments.

While matters were in this condition, Henry found, one morning, two fresh panes of glass broken in his window.

In these hardware works the windows seldom or never open; air is procured in all the rooms by the primitive method of breaking a pane here, and a pane there; and the general effect is as unsightly as a human mouth where teeth and holes alternate. The incident, therefore, was nothing, if it had occurred in any other room; but it was not a thing to pass over in this room, secured by a Bramah lock, the key of which was in Henry's pocket; the panes must have been broken from the outside. It occurred to him directly that a stone had been thrown in with another threatening scrawl.

But, casting his eye all round, he saw nothing of the kind about.

Then, for a moment, a graver suspicion crossed his mind; might not some detonating substance, of a nature to explode when trodden upon, have been flung in? Hillsborough excelled in deviltries of this kind.

Henry thought of his mother, and would not treat the matter lightly or unsuspiciously. He stood still till he had lighted a lucifer match, and examined the floor of his room. Nothing.

He lighted a candle, and examined all the premises. Nothing.

But, when he brought his candle to the window, he made a discovery: the window had two vertical iron uprights, about three-quarters of an inch in circumference: and one of these revealed to his quick eye a bright horizontal line. It had been sawed with a fine saw.

Apparently an attempt had been made to enter his room from outside.

The next question was, had that attempt succeeded?

He tried the bar; it was not quite cut through.

He locked the forge up directly, and went to his handling-room. There he remained till Mr. Cheetham entered the works; then he went to him, and begged him to visit his forge.

Mr. Cheetham came directly, and examined the place carefully.

He negatived, at once, the notion that any Hillsborough hand had been unable to saw through a bar of that moderate thickness. "No," said he, "they were disturbed, or else some other idea struck them all of a sudden; or else they hadn't given themselves time, and are coming again to-morrow. I hope they are. By six o'clock to-night, I'll have a common wooden shutter hung with six good hinges on each side, easy to open at the centre; only, across the centre, I'll fix a Waterloo cracker inside."

"A Waterloo cracker!"

"Ay, but such a one as you never saw. I shall make it myself. It shall be only four inches long, but as broad as my hand, and enough detonating powder in it to blow the shutter fifty feet into the air; and, if there should be one of Jobson's lads behind the shutter at the time, why he'll learn flying, and naught to pay for wings."

"Why, sir, you are planning the man's death!"

"And what is *he* planning? Light your forge, and leave the job to me. I'm Hillsborough too; and they've put my blood up at last."

While Henry lighted his forge, Mr. Cheetham whipped out a rule, and measured the window exactly. This done, he went down the stairs, and crossed the yard to go to his office.

But, before he could enter it, a horrible thing occurred in the room he had just left; so horrible, it made him, brave as he was, turn and scream like a woman.

Some miscreant, by a simple but ingenious means, which afterward transpired, had mixed a quantity of gunpowder with the smithy-slack or fine cinders of Henry's forge. The moment the forge was hot, the powder ignited with a tremendous thud, a huge mass of flame rushed out, driving the coals with it, like shot from a gun; Henry, scorched, blackened, and blinded, was swept, as by a flaming wind, against the opposite wall; then, yelling, and stark mad with fright (for nothing drives men out of their wits like an explosion in a narrow space), he sprang at the window, head foremost, and with such velocity, that the sawed iron snapped like a stick of barley-sugar, and out he went head foremost; and this it was made Cheetham scream, to see him head downwards, and the paving-stones below.

But the aperture was narrow: his body went flying through, but his right arm went round the unbroken upright, and caught it in the bend of the elbow.

Then Cheetham roared "Hold on, Little! Hold on, I tell you!"

The scared brain of a man accustomed to obey received the command almost without the mind; and the grinders and forgers, running wildly into the yard, saw the obnoxious workman, black as a cinder, from head to foot, bleeding at the face from broken glass, hanging up there by one hand, moaning with terror, and looking down with dilating eye, while thick white smoke rushed curling out, as if his body was burning. Death by suffocation was at his back, and broken bones awaited him below.

THE GREAT DANGER OF THE REPUBLIC.

IN the history of mankind the question is yet to be determined whether Republican government can be long maintained over a populous and largely extended country. The territory and population of the ancient republics of Greece were relatively small. As the arms of Rome extended the boundaries of the Republic, the liberties of the people expired beneath the despotism of military rule. In modern times a fair measure of prosperity and longevity has been enjoyed by the Federal Republic of Switzerland, but the country is sparsely populated and is only about one-third the size of New York, embracing about 15,000 square miles of the most mountainous and sterile, and least wealthy and commercial portion of Europe, while the little Republic of San Marino, with its twenty-one square miles of territory and its 8,000 inhabitants, has had an undisturbed life of nearly fourteen centuries, amid the rugged acclivities of the Alps.

The present territory of the United States, including Alaska, embraces about 3,500,000 square miles. Add to this the 400,000 square miles of the Canadas, New Brunswick, Prince Edward's Island and Newfoundland, which naturally gravitate toward, and will doubtless in a few years, at the urgent instance of the people of those provinces, be annexed to this country, and our territory will just about be equal to that of all Europe. But the expansion of our territory which began with the purchase of Louisiana, and has been followed since by other large additions, is doubtless destined to continue until we absorb Mexico, the West India Islands, and probably all the residue of North America. The population, too, of this country, at the beginning of the next century, it may be assumed, will equal, if not exceed 100,000,000. Can republican government be long successfully maintained over so large an extent of country, and over so large a population? We are, at the close of the great war of the rebellion, at the second great epoch in the existence of the United States. We are now to take a new departure and start upon a new career of national progress and development. The suppression of the greatest rebellion and the successful prosecution and termination of the greatest war that was ever waged among men, have made us one of the greatest powers among the nations of the globe, and left us in a position to promote and advance the highest interest and attainments of liberty and civilization among mankind.

In thus taking a new departure in our career of national life and advancement, it is the part of wisdom to exercise a careful foresight, in respect to the great and controlling influences which determine the action and influence the conduct of communities of men and of nations. It is wise at such times to recur to first principles, and to make progress in the light of past experience. The founders of our National Government, acting upon the theory or opinion that republican governments could not be successfully maintained by a consolidated government covering a large extent of country and a large population, sought to combine a number of small republics into one federal government, invested only with such powers as were of a general and national character.

The three millions of people, who carried on a seven years' successful warfare for freedom and independence, with the most powerful nation of Europe, were, at that time, stretched along a narrow strip, upon the Atlantic coast, from Maine to Florida, and were separated into thirteen distinct colonies, or states,

all of which had previously, more or less, been accustomed to exercise most of the powers of independent states, for self-government. To combine these several states into one confederate national government was the great achievement of the Constitution. And when this great achievement was accomplished it required the wisdom and character of a Washington to start the ship of state in a career of success and prosperity, and guide it between the rock of consolidation on the one hand, and that of State rights on the other. Great embarrassment attended the successful starting and working of the National Government in the outset, and has ever since, arising from the jealousy among the States and the want of homogeneity among the people. Except that they mostly spoke the English language and owned an allegiance to the British Crown, there was very little connection, and no particular ties, between the inhabitants of the different colonies before the period of the Stamp Act in 1765. The sympathies of a common interest and a common danger constrained them to combine and act together, during the war of the Revolution, but as soon as its pressure had passed, the colonies generally relapsed into their former state of jealousy in respect to each other, and of considering chiefly the interests of their particular States. This spirit of selfishness and exclusiveness—in the South—in the great and absorbing interest of slavery, became an intensified pertinacity in regard to State rights. The Rebellion found, in this doctrine of State rights in the Southern States, its pretence of justification.

The war has exploded the heresy of nullification and secession, which were most unwarrantable and illegitimate extremes from the doctrine of State rights, as held by the authors of the Constitution and the founders of the National Government. But the principle and the fact remain, nevertheless, that our National Government is a federal republic, resting for its foundations upon a large number of separate States, each possessing all the attributes of independent governments and all the powers of sovereignty, except so far as such powers have been expressly delegated to such Federal Government, as the common agent of all. The danger of the present hour, and in the future, is that these elementary principles in our federative system may be overlooked or disregarded, and the rightful power of these State governments be diminished or encroached upon by the overshadowing power and authority of the General Government. The danger lies in the excessive tendency to consolidation induced by the war.

The exigencies of the war necessarily invoked the latent powers of the Constitution and called into action and exercise every principle or theory, in respect to our Government, which could strengthen the national arm, or contribute to common defence. The necessities of our great war, confessedly called into exercise powers never before exercised or claimed under the Constitution, and the General Government, for the time being, practically became a great consolidated National Government. Independently of the States, it raised armies, created navies, levied taxes and customs, and took from the States the power long exercised by them, of creating banks of issue, and assumed the right of control over the money and currency of the country. During the war the country was virtually one vast military camp, and the writ of *habeas corpus* being suspended, our people everywhere were substantially under martial law and under the national authority. It is not surprising that the national machine acquired such momentum, under these circumstances, that it was hard to stop it when the war ceased.

Aside from the great increase of the power and patronage of the General Government, and the multiplication of offices unavoidably incident to the war,

and resulting from the legacy of debt and structural difficulty and embarrassment which it has left to the country, it is quite apparent that there is at present existing in the public mind a growing disposition to look to the General Government as the great source of power and fountain of privilege and dispenser of benefits, and to urge upon the national authorities the extension of the sphere of its legislative action much beyond its former limits. Congress is pressed with applications to induce the Government to embark in new schemes and enterprises of internal improvement, to grant special privileges or subsidies, and to create new occasions for the expenditure of the public money, or other appropriations of the public property to private uses. These applications seek Congressional legislation upon many subjects heretofore regarded as peculiarly within the domain of State legislation.

The evident tendency of these applications to Congress, and the necessary consequence of granting them, would be to divert power from the States and greatly increase the number of national offices and the power and patronage of the General Government. Before the war, for instance, it was scarcely supposed by any among the statesmen or public men of this country, that Congress had power to grant charters of incorporation, except to citizens of the District of Columbia, or where the operations of the corporations were to be carried on within that district. Except the charter for the Bank of the United States, granted in 1791, and the charter for the second Bank of the United States, granted in 1816, Congress had not, before the war, granted charters for any private corporation, aside from those granted, as above stated, for the District of Columbia.

The right of eminent domain was universally regarded as vested in the States, and, except in the Territories, where the General Government owns the soil, the title to land could not, according to the received opinion of the country, be acquired by the National Government for forts, naval stations, or other national purposes, except by purchase, with the consent of the State legislatures. The received doctrine of the country was, that the National Government was one of special and enumerated powers, and that all powers not delegated in express terms, or by necessary implication, were reserved to the States or the people. It is doubtless true, that, in the interest of State rights, the Constitution was formerly construed too strictly, in some particulars, and the war and the logic of the war have, unquestionably and most properly, modified the views of most of our citizens in respect to the powers of the General Government, in favor of the national authority and in furtherance of the national interests.

Such, for instance, is the change of views in respect to the money and currency of the country. Congress, with the almost universal assent of the people, at one blow extirpated the whole brood of State banks, by stripping them of the monopoly, which they had long previously enjoyed, of furnishing the country with a paper currency, much of it utterly worthless, and all of it of narrow credit, chiefly circumscribed to State bounds. The country will not, probably, be willing soon to exchange a national currency, such as is now in circulation, everywhere of equal and uniform value, for such State bank circulation as we possessed before the war, or return to the system of State banks. In many other particulars the authority of the General Government is greatly strengthened by the necessities and result of the war. It has secured advantages of infinite importance to the national welfare in establishing universal liberty and equality before the law and in removing all impediments to the free and unobstructed intercourse among our people, of all sections of the country. It has secured to

the country, and particularly to the Southern States, freedom of speech and freedom of the press, in a greater degree than formerly, and the right of every citizen to the full enjoyment, in every part of the land, of the fruits of his own industry and enterprise; and has thus secured the certain progress and improvement of all parts of the country, in all the arts of civilized life, and a large perspective development of its immense natural resources. So far as relates to the ascendancy of sound national principles, and the reclamation of its rightful powers, heretofore denied to the General Government or usurped by State jealousy, much advantage has, doubtless, been gained by experience during the administrations of Lincoln and of Johnson, favorable to the national authority, and the promotion of increased permanency to the Government. But, nevertheless, the stability and durable prosperity of the National Government must still depend upon the retention of, and adherence to, the original design and symmetry of our system. The preservation of the State governments, with all their original and rightful powers, is essential to the maintenance of the National Government. The Federal Government is a superstructure reared and standing at present upon thirty-seven pillars, each of which constitutes a material part of its support. Independently of the question of constitutional power, Congress cannot enter upon the field of legislation in respect to local interests or public improvements of a local nature, so urgently pressed upon it from many quarters, without encroaching upon the just rights of the States, and converting the National Government, in the end, into a great consolidated central despotism.

It is impossible in the nature of things, and is in conflict with the whole theory of Republican governments, that a national legislature can legislate wisely in regard to the local concerns of a widely extended country. If Congress had full constitutional powers to grant private charters and special privileges, to be exercised within the States, it would be highly unwise for it to do so. Such legislation would build up huge monopolies and otherwise foster, in a large degree, anti-republican tendencies. Some of the States of the Union are large enough for empires of themselves: Texas is larger than France; Oregon is larger than Spain; California is larger than all the British Islands, or the Kingdom of Prussia before the additions following the late war between that country and Austria; North Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Arkansas, Missouri, Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin, and Iowa, are respectively larger than England; and New York and Pennsylvania each nearly as large. The multifarious interests of such large States can obviously only be properly taken care of by resident legislators, intimately acquainted with the affairs and wants of the State, and with the constituency. It is in this view that small republics have the best chance of permanent prosperity. Under a representative system the nearer a representative is to his constituents the more faithfully and honestly will he carry out their wishes and guard their interests. In our small States, there is much greater purity in the administration of affairs than in the large States. And experience in respect to official conduct shows, that the further power exercised by a public officer is removed from the people, the larger the constituencies, and the more remote the objects of legislation from the particular attention of the people, the more the sense of individual responsibility is lost, and the greater will be the opportunity and temptation for misrepresentation, infidelity, and corruption on the part of the representative. In small States the public officers perform their duties in the very presence and under the immediate eye of their constituents. They cannot abuse their trust without immediate exposure and dishonor. This is the chief cause of the success of the Swiss Republic. And, in this particular, our Government

is like that of Switzerland, except that it has its foundations in the towns, a smaller political division of the country, and a most invaluable nursery of republicanism. The cantons of Switzerland correspond with our counties, and these are composed of the towns, each of which possesses considerable power of self-government in its domestic affairs. Our counties, also, exercise a large degree of local legislation and control in respect to matters of internal administration, and these counties compose the States. The strength of our system lies in this distribution of powers. The small local republics of our towns and municipalities educate our people in the principles and the practice of self-government, and thus preserve among them, pure and fresh, the spirit of freedom and republicanism.

It is, perhaps, true that the spirit of monopoly under the protection of State legislatures may, in some instances, obstruct the freedom of intercourse which should exist between the inhabitants of different States, and conflict with the general interests; but, if so, competition, under general State laws, will soon rectify the evil, and if in any State a narrow policy, or the obstacle or opposition of formidable corporations or other associations of wealth, prevent the passage of suitable general laws, and the State legislature refuses to afford any proper remedy, Congress doubtless may, under the grant of express power "*to regulate commerce among the several States,*" by proper fines and penalties, or other appropriate legislation, remedy the mischief. Republicanism rests upon the principle, that the self-interest of men is a sufficient reliance to secure to them safe and proper government, and the best government that men can have in any state of society. This, doubtless, is true within certain limits, while the members of society all stand upon a common plane, and no great inequality exists among them in respect to their intelligence and physical condition. But, as a people advance in wealth and refinement, and States become powerful and populous, the struggle for the accumulation of riches and for the acquisition of power and position modifies this principle in a large degree. The interest of the few, in such cases, will be adverse to that of the many, and the power of government, consequently, will be likely to fall into the hands of the rich, the ambitious, or the unscrupulous. Such is the condition of man throughout most, if not all, the governments of Europe. It is, however, doubtless, true, as a general proposition, that the material interests of a people will, in the end, if not at all times, control their political conduct and shape their destiny.

The surest way, therefore, to maintain our National Government, and to perpetuate it is, to make and keep it for the interest of all our people, in every State, to give it their honest and faithful support. It must rest, ultimately, upon the interests and affections of the people. Nothing can be worse for our people than to accustom them to look away from themselves and their home government to the National Government, constantly, for help and assistance to do for them their own proper work. Let the American people alone; under the protection of wise and equal general laws, and their industry, activity and enterprise, fostered by State laws as need be, will work out for themselves and the nation a glorious destiny.

The great extent and newness of the country, the importance of opening every part of it to settlement, and of promoting the largest and freest intercourse and intercommunication among the people and facilitating internal trade, make the subject of the construction of works of internal improvement by the General Government, and upon what principles, one of great public consequence. So far as relates to works or expenditures for the improvement of harbors upon

the great lakes, the removal of obstructions to navigation upon the large rivers of the country, there is no longer any room to doubt that appropriations for the construction of such works are just as constitutional and proper as for like improvements upon the seaboard. Nor is it doubtful that Congress may make appropriations to aid in the construction of works of internal improvement authorized and prosecuted under State laws, and may make grants of the public lands, or loan the credit of the Government in aid of such enterprises; and may also provide for the construction of such works in the Territories, as it did in the case of the Pacific Railroad.

But it is a very different question when the General Government assumes to construct works of internal improvement within the States, without the consent of the State legislatures. The assumption of such a power would obviously be subversive of the whole theory and practice of the Government from the adoption of the Constitution. If the National Government can do this, it can, without due compensation, destroy the value of all the canals, railroads, telegraphs, turnpikes, bridges, plank-roads, and other public works constructed by the States, or under State laws. It can construct a canal parallel to the Erie Canal, a railroad parallel to the Central, of New York or Pennsylvania, or the Erie, or any railroad in any other State. The principle once admitted in effect, annuls all State charters to private corporations, and obliterates State lines, if it does not subvert the State governments. There is an obvious distinction between works of a public nature designed to benefit internal commerce and trade—like the improvement of a public river—and works of a local and speculative character, designed to create governmental monopolies and to make money for the Government out of the people.

So far as the Government assumes the construction of such works, and adopts and appropriates them as public enterprises, it commits a double wrong. In the first instance, it enlarges the power and patronage of the General Government, and multiplies the opportunities and inducements to official corruption. And, secondly, it would substitute a swarm of public offices in the place of private individuals, and thus most injuriously compete with private industry and enterprise. It would thus injuriously affect large classes of the people, in respect to the occupations and employments by which they obtain their livelihood. Nothing could be more unjust and unwise than for the Government thus to enter into competition with its own citizens, in the very field of their ordinary business. Much rather should it adopt the opposite principle of action, and encourage individual enterprise to the utmost, and increase, as far as possible, the opportunities and facilities for the citizen to obtain a living in a private capacity, by honest industry. Nothing should be done by governmental agency that can as well be done by private citizens. We should reverse, in this particular, the policy and the practice of European governments. When our Rebellion broke out, and ten States proclaimed their secession from the Union and prepared to support their pretended right of secession by arms, Europe supposed our Republic was at an end; that it had followed the fate of previous republics, and had exploded like a bubble. This was the opinion and belief, as it was the wish, of the monarchs, the nobility, the statesmen and aristocrats of Europe. This opinion was based upon their observation and experience in respect to republics. They had seen numerous attempts at the establishment of republican governments miserably fail in the Old World, and they knew nothing to lead them to think that men were different in the New. France had twice, since our Revolution, attempted to found a republic, and failed. Hungary had attempted it, as had also some of

the States of Italy, and had failed ; and the opinion was almost universal among the statesmen of Europe that stability in government could only be maintained by a strong executive supported by military power. They had no conception of the nature and inherent strength of our system. They did not understand that the foundation of our national strength was at the base, and not at the top of our political fabric. It was the *States* that saved our Union. It was volunteer troops from Massachusetts, New York and Pennsylvania who rushed first to the support of the national authority and the defence of the Capital. Our standing army was small, and that was greatly scattered, and most of it surrendered in Texas to the rebels. But from every town, every county, every State—volunteers rushed to the field, to oppose rebellion and defend the national authority. If France had been divided into thirty or more separate states, a revolution in Paris could not have overthrown the government. A political disturbance in the cities of New York, Philadelphia, or Washington, might overthrow the local civil authorities, but could not revolutionize our Government. Mob rule in such a case might prevail for awhile, but it would be limited to the locality, and would soon be suppressed. Such disturbance, instead of effecting a revolution, would rise no higher than to the simple dignity of a riot. If our Government be overthrown and our Union broken up, it will proceed from rottenness at the core. Corruption at the centre may become so rank, from excessive centralization, and the absorption of the just rights of the States, and the abuse of its legitimate powers, that the attachment of the people to the Union may be gradually undermined, until they become satisfied to see State after State fall away and assert and establish a separate independence. The National Government can only be strong by confining itself to the exercise of its clear and undoubted powers and refraining from all encroachments upon the just rights of the States. Andrew Jackson has admirably stated the true doctrine on this subject, in his veto message, in 1832, returning the bill for the re-charter of the United States Bank, in these words : “ Nor is our Government to be maintained, or our Union preserved, by the invasion of the rights of the several States. In thus attempting to make our Government strong, it makes it weak. Its strength consists in leaving individuals and States, as much as possible, to themselves ; in making itself felt, not in its power, but in its beneficence—not in its control, but in its protection—not in binding the States more closely to the centre, but leaving each to move unobstructed in its proper orbit.”

E. DARWIN SMITH.

TO MARRY, OR NOT TO MARRY?

“TAE WANG retired to the Ke Mountains,” says Mencius, “during an invasion of his country by the Tartars, and there builded a town, to which his subjects flocked. Here all enjoyed happiness. All the women had husbands, and all the men had wives ; hence there was no cause for grumbling or complaint.”

What an exodus to the Ke Mountains would take place from these States, could it be found out upon what railway the Ke Mountains' station is situated ! Millions of Anglo-Saxon bachelors and spinsters, however, will never reach that happy country. The town which the Chinese ruler builded, and the very province in which it stood, are now as mythic and remote as the Delectable Mountains themselves.

But I shall not talk about the causes of celibacy, or enter upon a question that may before long become a prominent question of the time—that of the scientific re-statement of the relations of the sexes. Let us rather look together upon some aspects of the marriage question as it presents itself—a practical and interesting one—to the unmarried and marriageable millions of our modern communities. Whatever new sexual philosophy may be attained in future—whether conservatism shall hold its ground, or the Oneida Communists shall succeed in proving that marriage is a “twin relic” of barbarism—the question of to-day is the one I have already stated—To marry, or not to marry ? Plenty of answers are to be had, divisible mainly into yes and no.

Some advisers say, “Yes, by all means ; the earlier the better.” Others counsel deliberation, delay ; a careful study of characters and tastes, assured means of supporting a family before entering upon so considerable an enterprise as that of marriage. Some are to be found who have constructed their view of the question, as the German philosopher built up the idea of the camel, from the depths of their internal consciousness. They assure us that marriage is an institution no longer adapted to modern conditions ; that there is an intolerable bondage in its legal element, and that marriage settlements and the statute books are incompatible with love.

The truth is that a question so complicated as this cannot be answered in a word. Let us look at it from several points of view ; commencing with what is at present the most popular objection to wedlock—“It costs too much to marry.”

In respect to this question of expense, there are four kinds of marriages, each worthy of separate consideration. A bachelor of economical habits may marry a wife who is either prudent or a spendthrift ; or, reversing the condition of sex, a spendthrift husband may have either an economical or an extravagant wife.

There are numerous well-intentioned people who regard marriage as the paramount institution of the world, and who are fond of exhorting every well-to-do bachelor thus : “Marry and become a member of society. Marry to reduce your expenses. A good wife will help you to save money.” But this advice does not well bear analysis. A bachelor of economical habits can live comfortably in one of our capitals and frequent the best city society, on a salary of, I will say, fifteen hundred dollars per year. Should he marry a lady of equal thrift, and retain the same social rank as before, his living expenses must be more than doubled. He must now entertain as well as be entertained ; he must

become a "pillar of society," and must assume a hundred expenses of which neither himself nor his partner knew anything as bachelor and maid. Their individual costs of living, already reduced to the lowest point consistent with their social position, cannot be less after marriage than before ; while the new expenses of society and family are added. It is more than likely, indeed—especially if the happy pair go to housekeeping in the city—that a bachelor of economical habits will find his expenses trebled upon marrying even the most economically-disposed wife. If, however, he undertakes the support of a wife addicted to reckless habits of spending money, his cost of living will be multiplied by some uncertain but enormous factor. Such a man may well regard it as a solemn thing to stand up before the altar and promise to pay a young woman's board for her lifetime. And if, himself a spendthrift, he marries a woman of the same lavish disposition, it is not evident where the saving will occur, unless the pair should be frightened into economy by seeing each other's wastefulness.

The last case is that of a man who cannot take care of his own money, and who marries a maiden with a gift of economy, one who "looketh well to the ways of her household." This is the man who needs to marry in order to save money. It is a golden chance to combine bliss and economy, a sort of a low-priced paradise. The bachelor is sadly mistaken who lets slip a piece of fortune like this ; for in this case, at least, it is cheaper to marry than to live single. There are not a few bachelors like these, men who need a wife as they need a pocket-book or a banker, to keep their money for them. But these are often the very men who are the least disposed to marry. Rich bachelors are fond of spending their income in other ways than upon a household.

On the other hand, the young men of character, culture, and force, the men who are yet to make their mark and their fortunes, have often no more than enough for one, at the beginning of their career. It is idle to tell them to marry upon their income. They must achieve a position before they can marry. Yet it often happens that marriage proves an aid rather than a hindrance to such men. The spice of indolence which tempers the finest natures and restricts their exertions to the limit necessary for a bachelor's support, is neutralized by the stimulus and the responsibility of marriage. The careless bachelor becomes the active, ambitious, provident husband.

But ere I saw your eyes, my love,
I had no notion of my own ;
For scarce my life with fancy play'd
Before I dreamed that pleasant dream—
Still hither, thither, idly sway'd
Like the long mosses in the stream.

Love and marriage, however, are in this case less like the enjoyment than the end of an indolent dream. The husband finds that it is not more difficult to provide for a family than it once was to provide for himself. Exerting, for the first time, his full powers in business or in a profession to which he had never really devoted himself before marriage, he wins a fortune that he would not take the pains to win as a bachelor. These are the men who tell us that they married upon nothing, "and lived happy ever after." Men of this temperament often date the beginning of their fortunes from their wedding-day ; and these are the wives who "are the making of their husbands," "the right sort of women," in the encouraging phrases of matrons to young bachelors meditating upon matrimony.

But there is a quite different class of men who say, not idly, but with meaning, why should I sacrifice to marriage my freedom, my finest independence, my liberty to think and to act according to my genius ? You say that I need **more**

interests and occupations in my life. But perhaps my leisure is more valuable than my work. Only independently can I accomplish anything; I would escape, as far as possible, the dictation of circumstances. Whether idle or busy, free or responsible, I must be a law to myself, and moved by my own impulses; not moved by a want of money, fame, or sympathy. The care, the occupations, the anxieties of a family would simply mar my individuality. If I should marry, people would speak of me as having gotten a wife and a home; but what if it should prove that I was in captivity to them—that the wife and the home had got me? In short, I have no genius for marriage.

Such is the honest argument of a minor proportion of natures. Men and women of the highest refinement and the clearest sincerity of thought have felt in this way respecting marriage—men and women who have attained the most of strength and variousness of purpose. (For singleness of purpose, in spite of the high reputation of the idea, is too often narrow and faulty; while apology may perhaps be found for the bachelor's or maiden's purpose of singleness.)

The best example of this social protestantism that I know is the example of Henry D. Thoreau. Thoreau represented a subtle reaction against popular ways of thought, feeling, action, against whatever habits of mind and of life have proved themselves to be adapted to the majority of men. A product of the highest civilization, he built a hut for himself upon the shore of Walden Pond, and lived in it like an Indian; an American, he read the Vedas and the Bhagavad-Gitá instead of the newspapers; a descendant of the Puritans, he denounced marriage. Thoreau illustrated that occult quality of opposition and counter-statement which nature introduces into all of her domains, as the darkness in the light, the heat of the ice, the pauses in a symphony or in a storm, the trace of goodness in the most debased and the tinge of evil in the best of men. Coleridge recognized this truly universal principle, and named it "the actual Immanence of All in Each." A philosopher of our own day and country calls it "the Inexpugnability of Prime Elements;" and the formula of the French is "*Tout est en tout*." In every domain which Thoreau entered, he saw and expressed those subtle and latent truths which seem the most widely opposed, to outward appearances, but which, underlying them, are yet essential to the understanding of the simplest fact. Every life that is based upon deep principles tends to isolation. A great thought is always a protest. Thoreau's "Walden" is a minority report upon the universe.

This fine genius refused to marry; and for better reasons than those for which many people resolve to marry. Shelley's views of wedlock were not more favorable. Though the poet was himself twice wedded, he repented of his first marriage, as of a hasty and boyish resolution; and his second one was, in his own phrase, "a marriage under protest." Both Shelley and his bride believed that love and honor were the only law necessary in marriage. But this judgment, made from the standpoint of elevated and ideal natures, was not enough for the friends and family of the romantic pair. They were legally united, in order to keep the peace with society. But Shelley's vote stands recorded against the law, if not against the fact, of marriage: and those who disagree the most completely with his opinions and his practice can yet appreciate his sincerity of devotion to what he thought to be the truth. "With all his scepticism," said Leigh Hunt, "Shelley's disposition was anything but irreligious. The greatest want of religious feeling is not to be found among the greatest infidels, but among those who never think of religion except as a matter of course."

Whoever criticises marriage as ably as Shelley and Thoreau criticised it, is

entitled to a hearing. Very few people, however, look at the subject from a standpoint like theirs. And the classes that we have thus far considered—the provident, the thrifless, and the independently critical—comprise, after all, but a small proportion of those who ask the question, To marry or not to marry?

There is a large class, especially in our seaboard cities, who may be spoken of as people who *cannot afford to marry*. They are the ignorant and improvident poor. They generally *do* marry. They are precisely the people who rush into wedlock and into the tenement-houses of great cities; and their offspring is the main source of our increasing metropolitan populations. It is not the intelligent, well-to-do citizen to whom society mainly intrusts the perpetuation of the race, but the unintelligent and squalid immigrant.

In Prussia, and in other European countries which have reached a more complex civilization than our own, legal provision is made against thus organizing poverty and degradation through marriage. Society, the rulers argue, has a right to protect itself against debasement, ignorance, want; and to protect itself by the most radical methods—those of arbitrary prevention rather than of cure. Are not a few thrifty farmers and laborers of more value to the State than a whole community of paupers? Acting upon this principle, the State permits no man to marry until he can give evidence of his ability to support a family; and each bride is required to bring some dowry to her husband. By thus imposing a *standard of qualification* for marriage, a stimulus is offered to thrift, and a check is placed upon improvidence; and the development of the higher rather than the lower quality, both in parent and offspring, is favored.

But the consideration of a measure like this opens up a subject as deep and difficult as any question of life—the question of governmental interference. That question I shall not consider here—ten numbers of *Maga* would not contain the tenth part of what might be said, and said to the point, upon it. I will leave it with the single reflection—one that is not sufficiently familiar to any of the writers who have discussed the subject—that such interference is largely a question of *present* against *future* advantage. When, for instance, we permit the destitute to marry, degenerate, and starve, after the spontaneous system of the tenement-houses, we allow the strictly natural laws of life to operate, and we look for a future time when poverty, like the dodo, shall become extinct by a slow process of elimination through competition—for a time when “Natural Selection” shall accomplish its perfect work, and leave none but the most splendid, strong, and healthy specimens of men and of institutions upon the planet. Nature is doubtless tending to the accomplishment of this result at some very distant day. The *survival of the fittest* specimens of life is the expression of a more and more perfect adjustment between the increasingly complex elements of the world. If we leave things quite alone, they will doubtless adjust themselves after a time. But what, meanwhile, is to become of a thousand generations of the poor?

“The process of things upon this earth,” says Professor Tyndall, “has certainly been one of amelioration. Yet it is a long way from the Iguanodon and his cotemporaries to the President and Members of the British Association.” It is certain that the present, as well as the future, has claims to consideration. And it is certain that the strictly natural methods of development, *i. e.*, those methods which are unmodified by human agency, are not always or presumptively the best ways. It was and is natural for men to eat raw beefsteaks, to burn heretics, and to go to bed at sunset; but civilization has given us our *cuisine*, toleration, our evenings, and their resultants in the highest phenomena of modern life—a dinner, for instance, with Tyndall or Emerson. No impulse is more *natural* than

that which leads a beggar to marry; but the mere fact that this is Nature's prompting is not a sufficient proof that the prompting should be followed.

Stroll with me, any pleasant afternoon, in the poor neighborhoods of New York City, and I will show you a great multitude of children, the offspring of parents who had no business to marry. The number of these parents and children is greater than is generally supposed. In this metropolis nearly four hundred thousand of them are crowded into foul tenement houses—immense buildings, to the centre of which light and pure air never penetrate. Twelve families are sometimes packed upon a single floor of one of these reeking buildings, where they live without means of comfort or of culture, unable to do more than to keep body and soul together for a period considerably shorter than the average term of human life. Yet these are the people who insist upon reproducing their own likenesses and conditions in the world; while the more highly organized, cultivated, and valuable natures among us are restrained by foresight and unselfishness, from thus imprudently undertaking to found families. The quality of the future community is thus left to depend largely upon those individuals who are precisely the least fitted to perpetuate their sort.

But if I touch upon the well-nigh millennial condition that might result from human improvement through scientifically regulated marriage—a subject hitherto almost unexplored—I shall have little space left for another phase of the subject, for considering the sources of attraction in marriage. These may be classified in four divisions. The man or the woman who desires to marry, in these modern days and under modern conditions, looks for one or more of the following qualifications in a partner :

I. Affection.

II. Culture—including under this term all the higher forms of education.

III. Money, in amount at least sufficient for a comfortable support.

IV. Superior organization in the individual.

This division is, as I shall show, exhaustive, though at first sight it may appear to take no account of either health or beauty. These, however, will be found to be intimately related to organization.

A wife, then, may be wooed and won, a husband chosen, for the sake of one or more of these attractions. Half of the marriages that exist do not secure, at least at the beginning, more than one of the four. Lovers who find two of the conditions I have enumerated, may count with a good deal of confidence upon happiness. If three concur, the marriage will be exceptionally blessed; but if all the four prizes are won by the fortunate pair, it will be one of those extremely rare and happy unions which are described by the proverb as “made in heaven.” How many marriages like this have any of us known—marriages in which true love, ample culture, and abundant means were combined in the wedded fortunes of high and generous natures? It will take none of us long to count their number. What is the order of importance among these four conditions? Shall the roll of charms be headed by Love, Culture, Riches, or Superior Organization? The popular answer is that Love alone gives a presumption of happiness in marriage, and that Love alone is a sufficient justification of marriage. Is it so?

Women generally regard any question of this view as flat heresy and treason toward the autocrat whom Chaucer has praised so fervently :

The God of Love—ah, *benedicite* !
 How mighty and how great a lord is he !
 For he of low hearts can make high : of high
 He can make low, and unto death bring nigh :
 And hard hearts, he can make them kind and free

And also would I that they all were dead
 Who do not think in love their life to lead ;
 For who is loth the God of Love to obey
 Is only fit to die, I dare will say.

It was an eloquent nightingale that sang so sweet a plea as this. But let us see whether we may not dissent in part from the melodious reasoning of the bird.

That love is the leading element of the highest happiness in marriage ; that love, while it lasts, covers a multitude of errors, privations, misfortunes—even sins—I do not doubt. But the question is, How far is love, when unaccompanied by any other of the conditions which I have mentioned as belonging to a perfect marriage, itself a justification of marriage ? True love works wonders ; but it cannot prevent the physical and mental ailments which develop themselves in people of feeble organisms. It cannot supply a lack of intelligence, a want of force, in either husband or wife ; and, as all housekeepers know, it cannot “make the pot boil.” Love alone, when we consider its proverbial instability and the small chance it has of surviving under bleak conditions, is certainly an insufficient capital upon which to commence the partnership of marriage. This is true of even the highest and strongest love ; how much more so of the hasty and passionate attachments which lead to so many thousands of marriages !

There is an infinity of false sentiment about the passion of love. While I would not cast a doubt upon the existence of noble love, of devotion, and of passion which no sorrow or trial can tire, which is even refined and strengthened by suffering, yet the value, the office, the very nature of love in our ordinary life is greatly misunderstood. Love is the most exaggerated passion in literature. It holds, in our imaginations, a position which it does not hold in the life of one man or woman in a thousand. “Being the supreme passion of modern art,” says a recent writer, “it becomes necessary to sound high its praises. We should suppose, if we read only novels and poetry, that the one thing interesting in life is the relation of the sexes and the anxieties of pairing. Many young people are so dizzy with love that they are unable to go on with the other interests of life. They cannot see men as they are, engaged in their daily work, pursuing their various ends and living a multifarious life, of which love is but a single element.” Our regard for the passion oversteps the healthy limit, and becomes morbid ; we judge of it untruly ; we attend to its promptings with absurd expectations ; we teach ourselves that the passion is uncontrollable, and regard it as a kind of fate ; and we glorify the supremacy of a first love, as if the heart did not require a training as varied as the intellect. Considering the widespread misery which our misconceptions of love have wrought, we might doubt whether this passion was not the greatest misfortune as well as the greatest blessing in the world. We may conclude, in spite of Chaucer, that Love’s allegiance is not the *only* thing needful to make a permanently happy marriage.

Culture alone is an even less satisfactory condition of wedded happiness. Yet it is one of the most frequent allurements of Hymen. How many a man has been ensnared by his Angelina’s knowledge of poetry, or of piano playing, into a lifelong alliance with a frivolous invalid ; or has sworn eternal constancy, in the phrases of Ollendorff’s text-books, to some maiden who had captivated him by the perfection of her French accent ! I knew a gentleman who married a lady affected with incurable disease, for the insufficient reason that “She sat up and talked like a book.” He provided a comfortable home for his bride ; but she brought to that home small dower of health and of healthy affection.

Culture alone, then, is not enough. Love and culture combined, however, make a fair capital stock at the start. How much happiness can be expected from money, the third condition on our list and the sole one in many a fashionable

marriage? Of this question the popular view is right. No amount of money can buy love, health, or happiness; and yet there was a grain of wisdom in the Frenchman's saying, "Never marry *for* money; but never marry *without* it." Love grows wonderfully well in a soil that is rich. In such a soil, indeed, it often seems to sprout with incredible alacrity, as if originated by an equivocal or spontaneous process of generation. What ardent vows rich heiresses hear! It is with them that suitors fall in love at first sight, and fall out of love the day after the wedding. A fortune, it is clear enough, does not necessarily mean happiness. And yet, if the example of the Germans be not forgotten when the new Atlantis shall be rediscovered, no couple will be allowed to marry in that isle until they possess sufficient means of support.

One condition, of the four that I have mentioned, remains to be considered—superior organization. Let us suppose the case of a pair who have but the slenderest means, and who marry without the existence of romantic affection or of superior culture upon either side, but who possess excellent natural gifts, sound and healthy bodies, intelligent minds, warm and sweet emotional natures. What promise of happiness have they? They will have physical health, with its infinite blessings—the delight in life that a high and buoyant vitality confers; that mental endowment which makes a manifold culture possible—an inherent tendency toward development. They will have that overflowing wealth of the heart which, far more than any charm of education, is the basis of intense and lasting love; and they will have that geniality and that seemingly magnetic power which, more than any business training, confers personal popularity, and consequently, business success. Nor can either husband or wife be quite without something of the noblest beauty. Popular beauty, the charm of delicate complexion and regular features, is inferior to that beauty which is the aspect of complete and fine organization. Mere health has an attractive beauty which is not rated as highly as it deserves to be; for health is not yet thoroughly fashionable. There will be a great gain in the world's happiness when Dr. Samuel Johnson's dictum shall come to be understood, that "disease is crime." Health, buoyancy of temperament, the intrinsic loveliness of a fine nature—these are a better foundation for love, and give more promise of permanent happiness than the romantic passion, the wealth, or the intellectual culture of inferior persons.

We have not yet reached, however, the final statement of the question. Admitting that a superior organization, above all things else, is to be sought in marriage, there must also be a right adaptation of partners to each other. The finest natures may be mismatched. What principle of likeness or dissimilarity, unity or variety, should direct lovers and temper the zeal of match-makers?

It is said by some, that people of similar tastes and character should marry each other, in order to secure mutual sympathy. On the other hand it is argued that similar natures tire of each other's society, and find marriage monotonous; and that persons of opposite temperament should be united, that husband and wife may find variety in each other and escape the terrors of *ennui*.

Here are two theories, exactly opposed to each other, of one of the most important questions in life. Each bears an appearance of reason, and each is supported, apparently, by numerous instances of wedded happiness resulting from its practice, and of wedded misery as a consequence of its rejection. How shall we reconcile these conflicting views? Can no general statement be made that shall cover the whole question of physical and mental adaptation in marriage?

There is a peculiar attraction between persons of opposite physical temperament and opposite constitution of mind. Such opposition exists in a majority of cases of devoted friendship, whether among men or women, and whether the

friends are of the same or different sexes. In marriage, it mates the blonde beauty with a swarthy suitor, and the yellow Saxon with some "Dark Ladie;" it assigns a *petite* sweetheart to a stately wooer, a practical miss to a romantic lover, and a person of quick, intuitive, emotional nature to be the partner and complement of a more deliberate intellect. This is as it should be. The opposite poles of temperament, both physical and spiritual, combine to produce the very magnetism of love. In respect of *natural organisation*, there cannot be too much dissimilarity between the members of a married pair.

Organization, however, is but one half of character. Education, circumstance, habit of thought and action, all that is superinduced in life upon our original natures, form an equally important part of our individuality. In this domain a true mating in marriage demands a principle precisely opposite to the one I have just stated. Instead of diversity there must be similarity of purpose, similarity of culture, unity of thought and of the leading ideas of life. There are some reflective natures, indeed, that find a high pleasure in comparing differences of sentiment, however radical; but this is not the general law of a happy marriage. To have been trained under like social conditions, to belong to one country and to speak the same language, are strong presumptive points of fitness—points which some of our American girls, who go abroad and marry among a foreign nobility for the sake of a title, would do well to bear in mind. But the second essential point is, similarity of education and of purpose.

Here, then, we have the twofold answer to the question of adaptation. The secret of fitness in marriage is, *opposition of temperament with identity of aim*. Partners thus mated are in perfect sympathy of interests and purpose; while the difference of the methods which they use in seeking these common interests supplies a stimulus, a novelty, an unfailing variety, to the daily experience of their lives. Each is thus the complement of the other's nature. One may be grave, the other gay; one mainly intellectual, the other all heart; one impetuous, the other cool and deliberate; the most timid and delicate bride may wed the sturdiest and loudest-voiced Ajax of a husband; but these very differences will be mutually attractive, delightful, adjuvant to married lovers that have a single heart and will. Unity of purpose, variety of means toward that purpose—these are the conditions which lead to the truly happy marriages—the marriages in which each partner

Fulfils

Defect in each; and always thought in thought,

Purpose in purpose, will in will, they grow,

The single, pure, and perfect animal,

The two cell'd heart, beating, with one full stroke—

Life.

And when this unity of purpose and difference of temperament combine in a pair whose natures, intrinsically superior, have been developed by sufficient culture and warmed by genuine love, do not all the conditions seem to exist that make life as well as marriage happy? When men and women aspire toward strength, fineness, nobility of nature in themselves, and require this intrinsic excellence in their mates, when they choose their partners according to these laws of inherent fitness, they gain possessions which are not trivial, like the culture with which the coarsest human grain is often veneered; which are not unstable, like fortune, which are not mistaken or transient, like so much of love. "Where the superior man dwells," says Confucius, "how can there be wretchedness?" The superior man, the superior woman, these are the prizes in any relation of life; and especially in that of marriage. Finding them, one need not ask the question with which I began. Their well-mated love is sweet; their happiness their highest fortunes, are secure.

T. M. COAN.

THE EXILE-WORLD OF LONDON.

L EICESTER SQUARE and the region that lies around it are conventionally regarded as the exile quarter of London. The name of Leicester square suggests the idea of an exile, as surely and readily, even to the mind of one who has never looked on the mournful and decaying enclosure, as the name of Billingsgate does that of fish-woman, or the name of the Temple that of a law-student. Yet, if a stranger visiting London thinks he is likely to see any exile of celebrity, while pacing the streets which branch off Leicester square, he will be almost as much mistaken as if he were to range Eastcheap in the hope of meeting the wild Prince and Pains.

Many a conspiracy has had its followers and understrappers in the Leicester square region; but the great conspirators do not live there any more. The place is falling, falling; the foreign and distinctive character of the population remains as marked as ever, but the foreigners whom London people would care to see are not to be found there any longer. The exiles who have made part of history, whose names are on record, do not care for Leicester square. They are to be found in Kensington, in Brompton, in Hampstead and Highgate; in the Regent's Park district; a few in Bloomsbury, a few in Mayfair. A marble slab and an inscription now mark the house in King street, St. James's, where Louis Napoleon lodged; and there is a house in Belgrave square dear to all true Legitimists, where the Count de Chambord ("Henri Cinq") received Berruyer and his brother pilgrims. Only poor exiles herd together now in London. Only poverty, I suppose, ever causes nationalities to herd together anywhere. The men who group around Leicester square are the exiles without a fame; the subterranean workers in politics; the men who come like shadows, and so depart; the men whose names are writ in water, even though their life-paths may have been marked in blood.

Living in London, I had of late years many opportunities of meeting with the exiles of each class. I know few men more to be pitied than the great majority of those who make up the latter or Leicester square section. On the other hand, I should say that few men, indeed, are more to be envied by any of their fellow-creatures who love to be courted and "lionized," than the political exiles of great name who come to London and do not stay too long there.

Far away as the days of Thaddeus of Warsaw and the conventional and romantic type of exile now seem, there is still a fervent yearning in British society toward the representative of any Continental nationality which happens to be oppressed. No man had ever before received such a welcome in London as Kossuth did; but Kossuth stayed too long, became domesticized and familiarized, and society in London likes its lions to be always new and fresh. Moreover, the late Lord Palmerston, a warm patron of exiles when the patronage went no further than an invitation to a dinner or an evening party, set his face against Kossuth from the first; and polite society soon took the hint.

The man who most completely conquered all society, even the very highest, in London, during my recollection, was the man who probably cared least about it, and who certainly never sought to win the favor of fashion—I mean, of course, Garibaldi. To this day I am perfectly unable to understand the demeanor of the British peerage toward Garibaldi, when he visited London for a few days

some years ago. The thing was utterly unprecedented and inexplicable. The Peerage literally rushed at him. He was beset by dukes, mobbed by countesses. He could not by any human possibility have so divided his day as to find time for breakfasting and dining with one-fifth of the noble hosts who fought and scrambled for him. It was a perpetual torture to his secretaries and private friends to decide between the rival claims of a Prime Minister and a Prince of the blood; an Archbishop and a Duchess; the Lord Chancellor and the leader of the Opposition. The Tories positively outdid the Whigs in the struggle for the society of the simple seaman, the gallant guerilla. The oddest thing about the business was, that three out of every four of these noble personages had always previously spoken of Garibaldi—when they did speak of him at all—with contempt and dislike, as a buccaneer and a filibuster.

What did it mean? Was it a little comedy? Was it their fun? Was it a political *coup de théâtre*, to dodge the Radicals and the workingmen out of their favorite hero? Certainly some of Garibaldi's friends suspected something of the kind, and were utterly bewildered and confounded by the unexpected rush of aristocratic admirers, who beset the hero from the moment he touched the shore of England.

It was a strange sight, not easily to be forgotten, to see the manner in which Garibaldi sat among the dukes and marchionesses—simple, sweet, arrayed in the calm, serene dignity of a manly, noble heart. There was something of Oriental stateliness in the unruffled, imperturbable, bland composure, with which he bore himself amid the throng of demonstrative and titled adulators. I do not think he believed in the sincerity of half of it, any more than I did, but he showed no more sign of distrust or impatience than he did of gratified vanity.

The thing ended in a quarrel between the Aristocracy and the Democracy, between Belgravia and Clerkenwell, for the custody of the hero, and Garibaldi escaped somehow back to his island during the squabble. But I think Lady Palmerston let the mask fall for a moment, when, growing angry at the assurance of Garibaldi's humbler friends, and perhaps a little tired of the whole business, she told some gentlemen of my acquaintance, that quite too much work had been made about a person who, after all, was only a respectable brigand. This was said (and it *was* said) at the very meridian of the day of noble homage to the Emancipator of Sicily.

Garibaldi has never since returned to England. Should he ever do so, he will find himself unembarrassed by the attentions of the Windsor uniform and Order of the Garter. The play, however it was got up, or whatever its object, was played out long ago. But the West End is, as a rule, very fond of distinguished exiles, when they come and go quickly; and Lord Palmerston's drawing-room was seldom without a representative of the class. No man ever did less for any great cause than Lord Palmerston did; but he liked brilliant exiles, and, perhaps, more particularly the soldierly than the scholarly class. Such a man as the martial, dashing, adventurous General Tiirr, for example, was the kind of refugee that Lord and Lady Palmerston especially favored.

Many English peers have, indeed, quite a *spécialité* in the way of patronizing exiles; but, of course, in all such cases the exile must have a name which brings some gratifying distinction to his host. He must be somebody worth pointing out to the other guests. I know that many Continental refugees have chafed at all this, and some have steadily held aloof from it, and declined to be shown off for the admiration of a novelty-hunting crowd. Many, too, have been deceived by it; have mistaken such idle attention for profound and practical sympathy, and

have thought that two or three peers and half a dozen aristocratic petticoats could direct the foreign policy of England. They have swelled with hope and confidence ; have built their plans and based their organizations on the faith that Park Lane meant the British government, and that the politeness of a Cabinet Minister was as good as the assistance of a British fleet ; and have found out what idiots they were in such a belief, and have gone nigh to breaking their hearts accordingly. Indeed, the readiness of all classes in England to rush at any distinguished exile, and become effusive about himself and his cause is very often—or, at least, used to be—a cruel kindness, sure to be misunderstood and to betray—a love that killed.

Nothing could, in its way, have been more unfortunate and calamitous than the outburst of popular enthusiasm in England about the Polish insurrection four years ago. Some of the Polish leaders living in London were completely deceived by it, and finally believed that England was about to take up arms in their cause. An agitation was got up, outside the House of Commons, by an earnest, well-meaning gentleman, who really believed what he said ; and inside the House by a bustling, quickwitted, political adventurer, who certainly ought not to have believed what he said. This latter gentleman actually went out to Cracow, in Austrian Poland, and was received there with wild demonstrations of welcome as a representative of the national will of England and the precursor of English intervention. The Polish insurrection went on ; and England wrote a diplomatic note, which Russia resented as a piece of impertinence ; and there England's sympathy ended. "I think," said a great English Liberal to me, "that every Englishman who helped to encourage these poor Poles and give them hope of English help, has Polish blood on his hands." I think so, too.

I have always thought that Felice Orsini was in some sort a victim to the kind of delusion which English popularity so easily fosters. I met Orsini when he came to England, not very long before the unfortunate and criminal attempt of the Rue Lepelletier ; and I was much taken, as most people who met him were, by the simplicity, sweetness, and soldierly frankness of his demeanor. He delivered some lectures in London, Manchester, Liverpool, and other large towns, on his own personal adventures—principally his escape from prison—and though he had but a moderate success as a lecturer, he was surrounded everywhere by well-meaning and sympathizing groups, the extent of whose influence and the practical value of whose sympathy he probably did not at first quite understand. He certainly had, at one time, some vague hopes of obtaining for the cause of Italian independence a substantial assistance from England. A short experience cured him of that dream ; and I fancy it was then that he formed the resolution which he afterward attempted so desperately to carry out. I think, from something I heard him say once, that Mazzini had endeavored to enlighten him as to the true state of affairs in England, and the real value of the sort of sympathy which London so readily offers to any interesting exile. But I do not believe Mazzini's advice had much influence over Orsini. Indeed, the latter, at the time I saw him, had but little respect for Mazzini. He spoke with something like contempt of the great conspirator. It would have been well for Orsini if he had, in one thing at least, followed the counsels of Mazzini. People used to say, some years ago, that odious and desperate as Orsini's attempt was, it at least had the merit of frightening Louis Napoleon into active efforts on behalf of Italy. There was so much about Orsini that was worthy and noble that one would be glad to regard him as even in his crime the instrument of good to the country he loved so well. But documentary and other evidence has made it

clear since Orsini's death that the negotiations which ended in Solferino and Villafranca were begun before Orsini had ever planned his murderous enterprise. The fact is, that, during the Crimean war, Cavour first tried England on the subject, through easy-going and heedless Lord Clarendon—who hardly took the trouble to listen to the audacious projects of his friend—and then turned to France, where quicker and shrewder ears listened to what he had to say.

I have spoken of Orsini's contempt for Mazzini. Such a feeling toward such a man seems quite inexplicable. Many men detest Mazzini; many men distrust him; many look up to him as a prophet, and adore him as a chief; but I am not able to understand how any one can think of him with mere contempt. For myself, I find it impossible to contemplate without sadness and without reverence that noble, futile career; that majestic, melancholy dream. But it must be owned that an atmosphere of illusion sheds itself around Mazzini wherever he goes. I believe the man himself to be the very soul of truth and honor; and yet I protest I would not take, on any political question, the unsupported testimony of any devotee of Mazzini to any fact whatsoever. Mazzini's own faith is so sublimely transcendental, so utterly independent of realities and of experience, that I sincerely believe the visions of the opium-eater are hardly less to be relied on than the oracles and opinions of the great Italian. And yet the force of his character, the commanding nature of his genius, are such that his followers become more Mazzinian than Mazzini himself. There is something a good deal provoking about the manner of the minor followers of Mazzini. I mean in England. I do not speak of such men as my friend, Mr. Stansfeld, now a Lord of the Treasury, or my friend, Mr. P. A. Taylor, M. P. These are men of ability and men of the world, whose enthusiasm and faith, even at their highest, are under the control of practical experience and the discipline of public life. But I speak of the minor and less responsible admirers, the men and women who accept oracle as fact, aspiration as experience, the dream as the reality. The calm, self-satisfied way in which they deal with contemporary history, with geography, with statistics, with possibilities and impossibilities, in the hope of making you believe what they firmly believe—that Italy could, if only she had proclaimed herself Republican, have driven the Austrians into the sea in 1859, and the French across the Alps in 1860, while at the same time quietly kicking Pope, Bourbon, and Savoy out of throned existence. The confident and imperturbable assurance with which they can do all this—and I have never met with any genuine devotee of Mazzini who could not—is something to make one bewildered rather than merely impatient. For it is true in politics as in literature or in fashion, the admiring imitator reproduces only the defects, the weaknesses, the mannerisms and mistakes of the original. Mazzini himself is, I need hardly say, a singularly modest and retiring man. While he lived in London, he shrank from all public notice, and was seen only by his friends and followers. He sought out nobody. "Sir," said Mr. Gladstone, addressing the Speaker of the House of Commons, one night, when a fierce and factious attack was made on Mr. Stansfeld as a follower of the great exile, "I never saw Signor Mazzini." Yet Gladstone was by far the most prominent and influential of all the English sympathizers with the cause of Italian liberty. One would have thought it impossible for such a man as Mazzini to live for years in the same city with Gladstone without the two ever chancing to meet. But for the modest seclusion and shrinking way of Mazzini, such a thing would, indeed, have been impossible.

Louis Blanc is, perhaps, the only Revolutionary exile who, in my time, has been everywhere and permanently popular in London society. The fate of a

political exile in a place like London usually is to be a lion among one clique and a *bête noir* in another. But Louis Blanc has been accepted and welcomed everywhere, although he has never compromised or concealed one iota of his political opinions. I think one explanation, and, perhaps, *the* explanation of this somewhat remarkable phenomenon, is to be found in the fact that Louis Blanc never for an hour played the part of a conspirator. He seems to have honorably construed his place in English society to be that of one to whom a shelter had been given, and who was bound not to make any use of that shelter which could embarrass his host. In London he ceased to be an active politician. He refused to exhibit himself *en victime*. He appealed to no public pity. He made no parade of defeat and exile. He went to work steadily as a literary man, and he had the courage to be poor. When he appeared in public it was simply as a literary lecturer. He was not very successful in that capacity. At least, he was not what the secretary of a lyceum would call a success. He gave a series of lectures on certain phases of society in Paris before the great Revolution, and they were attended by all the best literary men in London, who were, I think, unanimous in their admiration of the power, the eloquence, the brilliancy which these pictures of a ghastly past displayed. But the general public cared nothing about the *salons* where wit, and levity, and wickedness prepared the way for revolution; and I heard Louis Blanc pour out an *apologia* (I don't mean an apology) for Jean Jacques Rousseau in language of noble eloquence, and with dramatic effect worthy of a great orator, in a small lecture-room, of which three-fourths of the space was empty. Since that time he has delivered lectures occasionally at the request of mechanics' institutions and such societies; but he has not essayed a course of lectures on his own account. Everyone knows him; everyone likes him; everyone admires his manly, modest character and his uncompromising Republicanism. Lately he has lived more in Brighton than in London; but wherever in England he happens to be, he lives always as a simple citizen; has never been raved about like Kossuth, or denounced like Mazzini; and has occupied himself wholly with his historical labors and his letters to a Paris newspaper.

Another exile of distinction who lived for years in London apart from politics and heedless of popular favor was Ferdinand Freiligrath, the German poet. Freiligrath had to leave Prussia because of his political poems and writings. He had undergone one prosecution and escaped conviction, but Prussia was not then (twenty years ago) a country in which to run such risks too often. So Freiligrath went to Amsterdam and thence to London. He lived in London for many years, and acted as manager of a Swiss banking-house. His life was one of entire seclusion from political schemes or agitations. He did not even, like his countryman and friend, Gottfried Kinkel, take any part in public movements among the Germans in London—and he certainly never went about society and the newspapers blowing his own trumpet, and keeping his name always prominent, like the egotistical and inflated Karl Blind. Indeed, so complete was Freiligrath's retirement that many Englishmen living in London, who delighted in some of his poems—his exquisite, fanciful, melodious "Sand Songs," his glowing Desert poems, his dreamy, delightful songs of the sea, and his burning political ballads—were quite amazed to find that the poet himself had been a resident of their own city for nearly half a lifetime. Freiligrath has now at last returned to his own country. His countrymen invited him home, and raised a national tribute to enable him to give up his London engagement and withdraw altogether from a life of mere business. In a letter I lately received from

Freiligrath's daughter (a young lady of great talent and accomplishments, recently married in London), I find it mentioned that Freiligrath expected soon to receive a visit from Longfellow in Germany—the first meeting of these two old friends for a period of some five-and-twenty years.

Alexander Herzen, the famous Russian exile, the wittiest of men, endowed with the sharpest tongue and the best nature, has left us. For many years he lived in London and published his celebrated *Kolokol*—"The Bell," which rang so ominously and jarringly in the ears of Russian autocracy. He has now set up his staff in Geneva, a little London in its attractiveness to exiles; and his arrowy, flashing wit gleams no longer across the foreign world of the English metropolis. I do not know how long Herzen had lived in London, but I fancy the difficulties of the English language must have proved insurmountable to him—a strange phenomenon in the case of a Russian. Certainly he never, so far as I am aware, either spoke or wrote English.

The latest exile of great mark whom we had among us in London was General Prim. When his attempt at revolution in Spain failed some two years ago, Prim went into Belgium. There some pressure was brought to bear upon him by the Ministry, in consequence, no doubt, of certain pressure brought to bear by France, and Prim left Brussels and came to live in London. He lived very quietly, made no show of himself in any way, and was no doubt hard at work all the time making preparation for what has since come to pass. To all appearance he had an easy and careless sort of life, living out among his private friends, going to the races and going to the opera. But he was incessantly planning and preparing; and he told many Englishmen candidly what he was preparing for. There were many men in London who were looking out for the Spanish Revolution months before it came, on the faith of Prim's earnest assurances that it was coming. So much has of late been written about Prim that his personal appearance and manner must be familiar to most readers of newspapers and magazines. I need only say that there is in private much less of the *militaire* about him than one who had not actually met him would be inclined to imagine. He is small, neat, and even elegant in dress, very quiet and perhaps somewhat languid in manner, looking wonderfully young for his years, and without the slightest tinge of the Leicester square foreigner about him. He is rather the foreigner of Regent street and the stalls of the opera house—any one who knows London will at once understand the difference. Prim impressed me with a much greater respect for his intellect, even from a literary man's point of view, than I had had before meeting and conversing with him. I think those who regard him as a mere *sabreur*, the ordinary Spanish leader of a successful military revolution, are mistaken. His animated and epigrammatic conversation seemed to me to be inspired and guided by an intellectual depth and a power of observation and reflection such as I at least was not prepared to find in the dashing soldier of the Moorish campaign.

There is one class of the obscure exiles, different from both the favored and the poorest, whose existence has often puzzled me. A political question of moment begins to disturb the European continent. Immediately there turns up in London, and presents himself at your door (supposing you are a journalist with acknowledged sympathies for this or that side of the question) a mysterious and generally shabby-looking personage, who professes to know all about it, and volunteers to supply you with the most authentic information and the most trustworthy "appreciation" of any events that may transpire. He wants no money; his information is given for the sake of "the cause." You ask for cre-

dentials, and he produces recommendations which quite satisfy you that his objects are genuine, although, oddly enough, the persons who recommend him do not seem to have anything whatever to do with the cause he represents. He comes, for example, to talk about the affairs of Roumania, and he brings letters and vouchers from literary friends in Paris. He professes to be an emissary from the Creians, and his recommendations are from a Manchester cotton-firm. Anyhow, you are satisfied; you ask no explanations; you assume that your Paris or Manchester friends have enlarged the sphere of their sympathies since you saw them last, and you repose confidence in your new acquaintance. You are right. He brings you information, the most rapid, the most surprising, the most accurate. Such a man I knew during the Schleswig-Holstein agitation, which ended in the Danish war of four years since. He was a Prussian—a waif of the Berlin rising of 1848. Was he in the confidence of Von Beust, and Bismarck, and Palmerston, and all the rest of them? I venture to doubt it; yet if he had been, he could hardly have been more quick and accurate in all the information he brought me. Evening after evening he brought a regular minute of the proceedings of the day at the Conference of London, which was sitting with closed doors, and pledged to profoundest secrecy. Perhaps this was only guesswork! Here is one illustration. The Conference was held because some of the European Great Powers, England and France especially, desired to save Denmark from a struggle against the immeasurably superior force of Prussia and Austria. A certain proposal was to be made to the Conference by England and France on the part of Denmark. So much we all knew. One evening my friend came to me, and bade me announce to the world that the proposal had been made that day, and indignantly rejected—by Denmark! The story seemed preposterous, but I relied on my friend. Next day I was laughed at; my news was denounced and repudiated. The day after it was proved to be true—and Denmark went to war.

The last time I saw my friend was in the spring of 1866. He came to tell me that Prussia had resolved—at least that Bismarck had resolved—on war with Austria. “Stick to that statement,” he said, “whatever anybody may say to the contrary—unless Bismarck resigns.” I took his advice. At this time I am convinced that the English government had not the least idea that a war was really coming. The war came; but I never saw my friend any more.

Another of my mysterious acquaintances was an old, white-haired, grave, placid man who turned up in London during the early part of the French occupation of Mexico. He was a passionate Republican and anti-Bonapartist. He was a friend and apparently a confidant of Juarez, and was thoroughly identified with the interests of the Republicans in Mexico, although himself a Frenchman. I doubt whether I have ever met with a finer specimen of the courtly old gentleman, the class now beginning to disappear even in France, than this mysterious friend of the Mexican Republic. He might have been fresh from the Faubourg St. Germain, such was the grave, dignified, and somewhat melancholy grace of his courtly bearing. Yet he had evidently lived long in Mexico, and he was an ardent Republican of the red tinge; there was something of the old *militaire* about him, too, which lent a certain strength to his bland and placid demeanor. I never quite knew what he was doing in London. He was not what is called an “unofficial representative” of Juarez (at this time diplomatic relations between England and Mexico were of course broken off) for he never seemed to go near any of our ministers or diplomatists, and his only object appeared to be to supply accurate information to one or two Liberal journals which he believed

to be honestly inclined toward the right side of every question. His information was always accurate, his estimate of a critical situation was always justified by further knowledge and the progress of events, his predictions always came true. He looked like a poor man, indeed, like a needy man: yet he never seemed to want for money, and he neither sought nor would have any compensation for the constant and valuable information he afforded. His knowledge of European and American politics was profound; and though he spoke not one word of English he seemed to understand all the daily details of our English political life. He was a constant visitor to me (always at night and late) during the progress of the Mexican struggle. When the Mexican Empire was nearly played out he came and told me the end was very, very near, and that in the event of Maximilian's being captured it would be impossible for Juarez to spare his life. He did not tell me that he was at once returning to Mexico, but I presume that he did immediately return, for that was the last I saw or heard of him.

During the quarrels between the Prussian Representative Chamber and Count von Bismarck (before the triumph of Sadowa had condoned for the offences of the great despotic Minister), I had a visit, one night, from a mysterious, seedy, snuffy old German. He came, he said, to develop a grand plan for the extinction of the Junker or Feudal party. Why he came to develop it to me I do not know, as it will presently be seen that I could hardly render it any practical assistance. It was, like all grand schemes, remarkably simple in its nature. Indeed, it was literally and strictly Captain Bobadil's immortal plan; although my German visitor indignantly repudiated the supposition that he had borrowed it, and declared, I believe, with perfect truth, that he had never heard of Captain Bobadil before. The plan was simply that a society should be formed of young and devoted Germans who should occupy themselves in challenging and killing off, one by one, the whole Junker party. My friend made his calculations very calmly, and he did not foolishly or arrogantly assume that the swordsmanship of his party must needs be always superior to that of their adversaries. No; he counted that there would be a certain number of victims among his Liberal heroes, and made, indeed, a large allowance, left a broad margin for such losses. But this, in no wise affected the success of his plan. The Liberals, were many, the Junkers few. It would simply be a matter of time and calculation. Numbers must tell in the end. A day must come when the last Junker would fall to earth—and then Astrea would return. Now the man who talked in this way was no lunatic. He had nothing about him, except his plan, which denoted mental aberration. His scheme apart, he was as steady and prosy an old German as you could meet under the lindens of Berlin or on the Lutherplatz of Königsberg. He was, moreover, as earnest, argumentative, and profoundly wearisome over his project as if he were expounding to an admiring class of students the relations of the Ego and Non-Ego. I need hardly add that one single beam, even the faintest, of a sense of the ridiculous, never shone in upon him during his long and eloquent exposition of the patriotic virtue, the completeness and the mathematical certainty of his ingenious project.

Let me close my random reminiscences with one recollection of a sadder nature. Some three or four years ago there came to London from Naples an Italian of high education and character—a lawyer by profession; a passionate devotee of Italian unity, and filled naturally with a hatred of the expelled Bourbons. This gentleman had discovered in one of the Neapolitan prisons a number of instruments of torture—rusty, hideous old iron chairs, and racks, and screws, and “cages of silence,” and such other contrivances. He became the

possessor of these, and he obtained from the new government a certificate of the genuineness of his treasure-trove—that is to say, a certificate that the things were actually found in the place where the owner professed to have found them. The Italian authorities, of course, could say nothing as to whether they had or had not been used as instruments of torture in any modern reign. They may have lain rusting there since hideous old days when the Inquisition was a fashionable institution; they may have been used—public opinion and Mr. Gladstone said things as horrible had been done—in the blessed reign of good King Bomba. The Neapolitan lawyer firmly believed that they had been so used; and he became inspired with the idea that to take these instruments, first to London and then to the United States, and exhibit them, and lecture on them, would arouse such a tempest of righteous indignation among all peoples, free or enslaved, as must sweep kingcraft and priestcraft off the earth. This idea became a faith with him. He brought his treasure of rusty iron to London, and proposed to take a great hall and begin the work of his mission. I endeavored to dissuade him (he had brought some introductions to me). I told him frankly that, just at that time, public opinion in London was utterly indifferent to the Bourbons. The fervor of interest about the Neapolitan Revolution had gone by; people were tired of Italy, and wanted something new; the Polish insurrection was going on; the great American Civil War was occupying public attention; London audiences cared no more about the crimes of the Bourbons than about the crimes of the Borgias. He was not to be dissuaded. He really believed at first that he could induce some great English orator, Gladstone or Bright, to deliver lectures on those instruments and the guilt of the system which employed them. Then he became more moderate, and applied to this and that professional lecturer—in vain. No one would have anything to do with a project so obviously doomed to failure—he himself spoke no English. At last he induced a lady who was somewhat ambitious of a public career, to lecture for him; and he took a great hall for a series of nights, and advertised largely, and went to great expense. I believe he staked all he had in money or credit on the success of the enterprise; and the making of money was not his object; he would have cheerfully given all he had to create a flame of public indignation against despotism. Need I say what a failure the enterprise was? The London public never manifested the slightest interest in the exhibition. The lecture-hall was empty. I believe the poor Neapolitan tried again and again. The public would not come, or look, or listen. He spent his money in vain; he got into debt in vain. His instruments of torture must have inflicted on their owner agonies enough to have satisfied Maniscalco or Carafa. At last he could bear it no longer. He wrote a few short letters to some friends (I have still that which I received—a melancholy memorial), simply thanking them for what efforts they had made to assist him in his object, acknowledging that he had been over sanguine, and intimating that he had now given up the enterprise. Nothing more was said or hinted. A day or two after, he locked himself up in his room. Somebody heard an explosion, but took no particular notice. The lady who had endeavored to give voice to my poor friend's scheme came, later in the day, to see him. The door was broken open—and the poor Neapolitan lay dead, a pistol still in his hand, a pistol bullet in his brain.

JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

SUSAN FIELDING.

BY MRS. EDWARDS,

Author of "Archie Lovell," "Steven Lawrence Yeoman," etc.

CHAPTER XI:

"FOR my part," said Miss Collinson, "I should call a nice brooch set in garnets as suitable a gift as could be made. Susan has not got a garnet brooch, that I know; and garnets can be worn in half mourning—in any mourning short of crape—and they look well by day or candle. I don't see, brother, that you could do better than decide upon the garnet brooch at once."

Tom Collinson was sitting at his breakfast: the late substantial breakfast that cost more than a day's provisions used to cost in Miss Collinson's frugal household; a sporting newspaper on one side of his plateful of cold pie; on the other, carefully outspread on cotton wool, a dozen or so old-fashioned brooches, rings, and locket. His desire, yesterday afternoon, of making Susan a birthday present had not been a momentary impulse merely: to give comes just as readily as to take to people of Tom Collinson's temperament: and as there did not happen to be any jewellers' shops on Hounslow Heath, the most obvious and natural course in the world was, he felt, to choose whatever trifle Susan might be likely to fancy out of Eliza's trinket-box.

"It will come exactly to the same thing in the end," he had remarked, with Sultan-like generosity, as he ordered his sister to produce her small, longhoarded stock of treasures. "The next time I go to town I shall bring you back something handsome in my pocket, and so have the pleasure of making two presents instead of one!"

And poor little Miss Collinson, who had never found heart to say "nay" to any male creature in her life, obeyed on the instant. The dearest possession she had, a diamond ring given her once by Mr. Fielding after an illness of Susan's, was safe, she felt. Impossible that Tom even could propose to return the father's gift to the daughter. And her pearl locket, the locket that she had kept and cried over since she was seventeen, and to which so tender a story was attached, surely Tom would never wish her to part with this! From all the rest he might make free choice—the jet cross, or the plain gilt locket, or the brooch set in garnets; Miss Collinson herself inclined, as we have seen, with artful warmth to the many merits of garnets.

"They would suit Susan's complexion nicely," she began anew, "and they are the very best of stones. I got the brooch when Aunt Hannah died. You know all Aunt Hannah's things were good, and—"

"Aunt Hannah be —," interrupted Collinson, pushing the brooch contemptuously aside. "She left me a chandelier and a pair of plated side-dishes, a nice bequest, wasn't it, to a man without a roof over his head, like me? Out of the lot there are just two things worth giving. This," he raised his left hand, upon the little finger of which he had slipped the diamond ring, "and the locket. Now I'll take whichever you like, Eliza;" and nothing could be more affable than the manner in which he made this concession. "Whichever you like—the ring or the locket."

Miss Collinson blushed up to her eyes. She was a thin, neat-featured woman



Drawn by Sol Eytinge.

THE WALK WITH TOM COLLINSON.



of eight-and-thirty, or thereabouts, neutral-tinted in her complexion and dress, as in her life and character, with a faded, transitory smile and an apologetic little girlish voice and manner. "The ring, as you know, Tom, was Mr. Fielding's gift to me. He put it on my finger himself. Susan was sitting up for the first time after measles, as white and large-eyed as an owl—she took every sickness she had had—and he put it on my finger."

"Oh well, I suppose it wouldn't do to give the ring back into the family," interrupted Tom; "its a very nice stone; I'll air it for you sometimes, Eliza—so that brings us to the locket. For a girl of Susan's age perhaps the locket is the most suitable. Have you a box for it?"

"A—a box?"

"A—a box:" Tom Collinson mimicked his sister's tone with perfect temper, looking up at her with a smile upon his good-looking, impudent face; "and moreover, if you have one, to look as if it came from the jeweller's. I wish, too, you'd patch up a note—a copy I mean, the note itself must be written in my own exquisite list. Something about birthday wishes and the poorness of the present, and—and my admiration and so on—the usual thing."

Miss Collinson stood for a minute, nervously twitching the frilled edge of her black silk apron; at last she gathered up all the little courage she possessed and spoke:

"I've had that locket the best part of my life, Tom. I was a girl when it was given me, and—I know it's very foolish, but I like it like a living thing! I'd rather lend you the money, please, to buy something for Susan Fielding, than give up my locket."

"Money to buy something! At one of the numerous jewellers' shops between this and Addison Lodge, I suppose? Now, don't you be a fool, Eliza;" he proffered this advice with admirable directness and decision. "About the time I was born, and when you were a school-girl, some young donkey—a parson, wasn't it? in a fit of spooning gave you this locket. He married some one else, of course, and you didn't marry at all—you didn't marry at all, Eliza! and now, a quarter of a century later, you pretend to go in for sentiment about this trashy present of a fellow who forgot you in a fortnight! Go and look for a box and help me write the note to Susan. Don't I tell you I'll bring you something double the locket's value the first time I go to London?"

Poor Miss Collinson listened to this epitomized account of her youthful romance with shame tingling to her very fingers' ends. In the hazy atmosphere of unmarried, soft-hearted women's lives, the vaguest semblance of love-making is, we know, apt to assume spectral and magnified proportions. Eliza Collinson had never in sober fact received an offer of marriage from any one. But on two occasions of her life, in youth and middle age, she had had kind words spoken, gifts offered to her by men in marriageable positions; and her heart clung to the remembrance of both with a tenacity highly ludicrous to Tom, who, as you may imagine, relished all the stock jests common to minds of his class on the subject of old maids.

"Say you can't bring yourself to part with the Reverend Jeremiah's gift, and I have done," he cried, as Miss Collinson still stood blushing and silent. "It isn't often I ask a favor of you; but, if you are so desperately enamored of your locket, say so! and I can go up to town this afternoon and get what I want. I really thought your last love—the gentleman for whom you still wear weeds—had cut out the Reverend Jeremiah in your affections, or I wouldn't have asked you!"

He helped himself to another liberal wedge of pie, pushed all the trinkets

aside, and took up his newspaper with the air of a man who looks upon a discussion as ended.

"You—you must let me take out the hair?" said Miss Collinson, after a minute more of burning shame and indecision. "Don't be cross, Tom, I was ill-natured for a minute, I know, but I've got over it, and you shall have the locket. I've a nice little morocco box up-stairs, and I'll try to write the kind of note you mean to Susan."

"You are a brick, Eliza!" cried Tom, all his facile good temper restored. "See if I don't give you—not a trumpery locket, but something really handsome, a chain, or a watch, or—or that!" Tom Collinson's promises were vague as their fulfilment. "Now get a pen and ink at once, and we'll send off the present—the girl can run with it—and, by the way, why shouldn't you ask Susan Fielding over to dinner this afternoon? I said something about our never seeing her, yesterday, and she seemed ready enough to come if you would invite her."

Poor Eliza now ran for the morocco box and her writing-case. A lock of time-dried, whitey-brown hair was taken tenderly from the pearl locket wherein it had rested more than twenty years; a note written, first in Miss Collinson's fine governess hand, then in Tom's big scrawling one; and the little packet made up.

"The girl's trustworthy, I suppose?" inquired Collinson. "I ask because I know you get them from the Sunday-school. Well, send her off directly, then, and bid her wait for an answer. Wanted in the house? Nonsense. *I'll* help you—answer the bell, and do everything else you like while you are in the kitchen."

And so it was settled. The small girl of thirteen, Miss Collinson's maid-of-all-work, was dispatched (walking her slowest, and enjoying her liberty to the utmost) across the heath, and the brother and sister set about their division of the morning labors of the household; Tom in an easy-chair, his feet higher than his head, smoking his pipe and reading his paper at the open parlor window, Eliza washing the breakfast things, shelling peas, seeing about the stuffed goose and gooseberry tart for Tom's dinner, in the kitchen. "Poor dear boy," she was accustomed to say, "Tom liked to have everything nice about him, and no wonder, after such a rough life as his has been. And then he was *inclined* to be wild—boys have such temptations!—and it was a great thing to make him comfortable at home. Nothing, if a boy was inclined to be wild, like giving him everything nice and comfortable in his own home."

The habit of considering her brother in the light of a boy who must be petted and indulged, no matter at what cost to herself, was too strong with Eliza Collinson for her to get cured of it even now that Tom was a man of three-and-twenty, even after all the bitter experience of the past! When old Mr. Collinson, the Halfont brewer, died, leaving his wife and her infant son destitute, Eliza, the child of a former marriage, at once found herself, by the most natural process in the world, in the position of bread winner to the family. "Some one will really have to do something," said the poor, ailing, fine lady widow, plaintively, "or Tommy and I go to the workhouse." And as Eliza was tolerably well educated, and there happened to be nothing in the shape of a morning governess in the village, the young woman's life within a month after her father's death was shaped for her.

"Dear Eliza's duty lies so plainly, so close to her hand," said the widow, "that we both feel she must accept it without a murmur." And from that time

until the present Miss Collinson had continued to teach ; to teach English, French, drawing, piano ; all she knew, all she knew not ; but conscientiously ever, poor patient soul, not developing any particular ability in her pupils—to do that requires special ability—but never allowing them to skip an observation in grammar, to slur a difficult bar in music, to leave uncorrected a devious line in their drawings. If art, or literature, or music, thus taught could be a source either of use or pleasure hereafter to her pupils was no question for Miss Collinson. Her conscience, like her life, was bounded by a perfectly narrow horizon. She undertook to teach so much, for so many pounds a year, and to the best of her small might she fulfilled her bargain ; the pounds all going toward the support of Mrs. Collinson and her son. As time went on the delicate widow ailed and ailed more, then died, Eliza's hard-earned money paying for dainty invalid fare, doctors, nurses, everything. After this came the education and putting out in the world of Tom.

He was educated upon a by no means exceptional feminine system of educating boys ; alternate indulgence and injustice, pious kisses and feeble bullyings ; and the system bore its accustomed fruits. When he really wanted a whipping—about twelve times a year, this—Tom, by adequate hypocrisy, could at once convert Eliza's wrath into a sermon and tears. When he really wanted to be running wild with the other little lads on the common he was imprisoned, because it was after dusk, or damp, or because his shoes were thin, or because good boys never played of a Sunday evening. The poor woman fretted over him, prayed over him, tormented him, slaved for him, and at last in the middle of a grand scene, was told abruptly that she was an old woman and that Tom, now fifteen years old, would not knock under to her or go to school any more. He was the strongest. He would never obey her again while he lived.

At this juncture Eliza, I need scarcely say, succumbed. Tom *was* too big, she felt sure, for petticoat government any longer—dear spirited fellow ! Mr. Mildmay, the curate, must take him seriously in hand for a while ; and to Mr. Mildmay the boy, it was settled, should go daily to read. (There might have been an opening, an honest chance of life for him just then, in the firm of the people who succeeded his father in business, but Master Collinson did not consider brewing the occupation of a gentleman, and poor Eliza had visions of sending him to college, and of his ultimately entering the church.) Nothing, it seemed, could be happier than the new arrangement. The forenoon reading and afternoon liberty suited Master Tom to a nicety, and all went on smoothly for the first quarter. Then came abrupt discoveries of the lad being in debt, having bad companions, drinking, smoking, driving up in a tandem on Sunday—horrible climax—to London. He promised amendment ; was forgiven ; in a month fell into more flagrant disgrace than before. Finally, by everybody's advice, his tutor's most of all, was shipped off to a Scotch sheep-farmer, a distant connection of Mr. Mildmay's, in New Zealand ; his sister mortgaging the best part of her coming twelvemonth's income to pay the cost of his passage money and outfit.

The years that followed were perhaps the least troubled ones of Eliza Collinson's life. Instead of wearily journeying, in all weathers, from one farmhouse to another after pupils, she had now sole charge of little Susan Fielding. She had the friendship of Mr. Fielding, with the constant mild stimulus of seeking to convert that friendship into a warmer feeling. And she had good hopes and good news of Tom's colonial life. The healthy out-door employment, the absence of temptation of the New Zealand sheep farm, had, Miss Collinson felt,

proved the instruments of her brother's salvation. For a space—that slippery, transitional space over which every boy must tread ere he becomes a man—her hand, she acknowledged humbly, had proved too weak to guide him. Now, far away, alone with Nature and his conscience, were being shown forth those pious dispositions which she had fostered in him from his earliest childhood. At a time when other little lads were wasting their golden hours in the frivolous, oft-times gambling games of marbles and pitch-and-toss, Tom had been committing to memory words of wisdom that should guide him hereafter through the deceitful labyrinth of the world; and now—now the good seed sown was already whitening for harvest! He wrote to her regularly—always wanting money; that was natural, considering the scantiness of his wages, but expressing such beautiful sentiments, such touching contrition over his old wildness, as left no doubt on poor Eliza's mind as to his being a changed, a converted man. At last, some five or six years after he quitted England, he sent a letter to say that his employer—a rattling good fellow, wrote Tom, a fellow who turned all he touched into gold—was about to take him into partnership, and that he Tom, was engaged to be married to his sister. By the time Eliza got the letter he expected he would be a married man; a year later would be the owner of so many thousand sheep, for certain; and if ever his dear sister wanted a home she would know where to find one. With more in the same grand style, and the sisterly love of his intended wife added in a postscript.

After this came a lapse of a great many months without a single letter. An occasional New Zealand paper directed in Tom's hand relieved Miss Collinson from any positive suspense about her brother's fate; but this was all. "He is married now," thought poor Eliza, with half querulous resignation. "Married and prosperous, and I am second in his love. I ought to be happy at his silence. When trouble or trial overtake him again, Tom will write." So she waited and waited, fretting anew every time that the New Zealand mail came in and brought no letter for her; at last, one March evening, found herself, without a minute of warning, in Tom's arms.

It was a day or two after Mr. Fielding's sudden death; and Eliza was sitting drearily alone by her small fire, speculating one moment, with sad tears, as to whether any preparation, any moment's repentance had been granted her friend at the last; wondering, the next, if people would think it "odd" that she should put on mourning for a man who was no relation; also whether, when it was made up, the crape that had lain by since she went out of mourning for her Aunt Hannah, would look brown or black. "For if it looks brown it will be a mockery to wear it," thought Miss Collinson, "and if I buy new every one will know, through Miss Budd, before Sunday comes, and do nothing but talk of me, and say what a fool I am, and how I cared for him. Oh, I did care for him—I did care for him! Nothing's left to me but Tom now, and Tom has forgotten me."

And she started up, hearing the parlor door open, and in the indistinct fire-light saw a stranger cross the room to her side. It was Tom—Tom, with a deep man's voice, with whiskers; Tom very nearly in rags, and without a farthing in his pocket. His partner had turned a scoundrel—standing on the hearthrug, his face in shadow, his hand clasped in his sister's, Tom Collinson made fullest confession of his misfortunes during the first ten minutes of their meeting—had speculated with their common savings, failed, and gone off to Melbourne with every farthing he could touch, leaving Collinson a ruined man. No use for him to stop in the colony. The colony was going to the dogs; everybody bankrupt; sheep rotting off by thousands; water failing. He had worked his hard-

est. No one could say he had not worked ; and after all these years' labor had not got a five pound note in the world. People might talk as they liked, England was a better place for an honest man to get on in than any colony. At all events, he meant to stick to England. Nothing easier than to get employment—in London, anywhere one chose. He rather thought he would take some kind of easy place under government, this time ; and meanwhile all he asked of Eliza was that she would let him look upon her house as home for a few days.

"And your wife?" faltered Eliza, not without a jealous tremor in her voice.

Tom Collinson was silent for a moment ; then he burst out into a laugh, not a natural one, Eliza thought, though, to be sure, his laugh, like everything else about him, must be altered now that he was a man. His wife ! That was a fine idea. What did he want of a wife ? He had written that he was on the eve of marrying his friend's sister ? . . . Yes, he knew he had ; but writing was a very different thing to acting. One of the family had proved quite enough for him. No, he was *not* married, or thinking of marrying, then—this as his sister continued to hover round the subject—he wished, strengthening the wish by such an expletive as had never startled Miss Collinson's walls or ears before, that she would leave questioning alone. He had been home ten minutes, and already she was at the old work—"the catechizing and cross-questioning that sent me to the devil when I was a boy," said Tom, savagely. "Yes, that sent me to the devil," he repeated, Miss Collinson having interposed a faint expression of horror. "I don't believe I was worse than most boys to start with ; but I became worse—for I became a hypocrite ! Don't you try the pious game with me any more, Eliza. I'm not any honester, perhaps, than other men, now ; but, at least, I've done with snivelling and repentance. Repentance—faugh ! I hate the word. It smells of the Reverend Mr. Mildmay and his New Zealand friends. No doubt that Scotch blackguard who cheated me out of all I had is *repenting* over his misdeeds at his leisure in Melbourne."

And, long before they quitted the parlor fire that night Miss Collinson realized to the full what manner of man the contrite, reformed young brother of her dreams had become ; realized it, and felt that in her inmost heart she did not respect the poor fellow less in consequence. He smoked pipe after pipe of strong tobacco—when he must have seen, too, that the winter curtains were still up ; he ordered her, an hour after he arrived, to send out for brandy ; he used words that almost dislocated her, mentally and bodily, with shocked surprise ; but then—he ruled her, pooh-poohed her attempts at lecturing, bade her ask no questions, pointed out to her, in perfectly clear and forcible language, the boundary line over which he did not choose that she should pass. And this was precisely the kind of treatment that agreed best with Eliza Collinson. Nature designed her, as it designs ninety-nine out of every hundred women, as it designs races, for contented servitude. If Tom had made his appearance heart-stricken, repentant, humble, a hundred to one some of the weakly-tyrannical spirit of old days would have awakened in his sister. Does not a trite maxim tell us that those who are born to obey wear authority badly ? An outspoken bully, he succeeded in impressing her at once with the wholesome sense of her own inferior strength ; and from that first evening onward she had never striven, never wished to free her neck from his yoke. It was not to be denied that Tom was changed, much changed ; but would she wish, said Miss Collinson, to find a man of three-and-twenty a school-boy still ? His language was not, perhaps, at all times what it should be ; but, then, he was such a fine, manly young fellow—hasty-tempered and impetuous certainly, but no hypocrite

—nothing she detested like a hypocrite ! Tom borrowed her money, the hard-got savings of years, and cast it to the winds on his own amusements. He bought smart clothes, flash jewelry, kept bad hours, or, rather, no hours at all ; required hot breakfasts, late dinners, never went to church, did things, not a few, outraging the whole public opinion of Halfont ; and still Eliza bore it all, still no word of rebuke rose to Eliza's lips. The blank that Mr. Fielding's death had left in her quiet, aimless existence had been filled, as if by a miracle, by Tom's return. To hear Tom's cheery voice, singing or swearing, as his humor might prompt, through the small house, to light his pipe for him, brush his clothes, stitch him fine wristbands, cook him savory meats—yes, even to sit up in her night-cap waiting to see Tom walk home unsteadily down the village street at daybreak—all this slavery of affection seemed to lend a new zest, to instil a faint experience of what the dearer servitude of marriage *might* have been, into Miss Collinson's sterile life.

"I feel as if I hadn't really kept house before since father died," she would say when, occasionally, her friends hinted that they hoped poor Mr. Tom would soon get employment, or that it must make a wonderful difference in the week's bills now that poor Mr. Tom was home. "Wish Tom to leave ? Why, I shouldn't know what to do with myself without him. Having Tom's dinner to cook and his linen to see to—yes, and actually having the smell of smoking in the parlor, though it does cling sadly to the curtains, makes me feel as if father was alive again."

And Tom being much too practical a philosopher to fret after work (even an easy place under government) so long as he had the chance of play, it seemed to be growing a settled thing that their present life should continue. Eliza cooking, sewing, giving lessons in her leisure hours, and generally slaving for his benefit ; he eating, drinking, smoking, spending money, and amusing himself. The kind of labor division of which we have just seen an example when Tom's generous birthday gift had been dispatched to Susan Fielding—out of Eliza's arinket case.

Toward two o'clock, and when the young man was beginning to swear and stamp about the room, and deliver himself of pretty strong commentaries on the subject of Sunday-schools and the kind of servant girls foolish women took from them ; the small servant bounced in, her face scarlet, her bonnet hanging down her back. "Miss Fielding's kindest love to Mr. Collinson, please mum, and were much obliged ; and she'll come."

The message gave Tom such a shock of surprised pleasure that he not only forbore to swear at the girl for her long delay, but actually tossed her three halfpence (of Eliza's) off the mantel-shelf. "You young baggage ! how dare you say such a thing ? You've been to the Rose, I can tell it by the color of your face. How dare you say Miss Fielding sent her love to me ?"

"But it was to you, Master Tom ;" poor Eliza still spoke of her brother as "Master Tom," and Betsey followed suit. "Miss Fielding came out in the garden herself 'Give my kindest love to Mr. Collinson,' she says, 'and were much obliged. And she'll come.'" During the two hours in which Betsey had played truant, with another serving-woman of her years, on the heath, she had revolved this message, full stop and all, in her head ; and no judge on the bench could have made her swerve from it by a syllable.

Miss Fielding's kindest love to Mr. Collinson ! Tom walked across to the window, whistled, played an accompanying tattoo with his thick fingers on the glass, then with a well satisfied look on his face ran up to his bedroom, from

whence he issued forth, later in the afternoon, resplendent: bright flowered waistcoat, polished boots, coral brooch, curry-colored gloves, riding-whip—nothing like a riding-whip for giving one the air of a man of means. He stopped at the kitchen door immediately behind the parlor, and glanced in at Eliza, who with her dress pinned back, her face afire, was basting the goose. “I’m just going out for a turn, Eliza, shall meet Susan Fielding as likely as not, on the common. For God’s sake try and cool yourself by then we are back!” he added, considerably. “Nothing more disgusting than to see a woman sit down with a purple blistered face to dinner. Can’t Sunday-school look to the dinner?”

And without waiting for an answer Mr. Collinson began to draw on his over-tight gloves, stuck his hat on one side his head, then sauntered forth jauntily from the house. The village clock was striking four; and he turned his steps at once across the heath towards Addison Lodge.

CHAPTER XII.

So when Susan reached her accustomed halting-place on the bridge, she found, to her dismay, Tom Collinson awaiting her. The little girl who yesterday stood on the same spot bemoaning her loneliness, wondering if life could ever bring her another happy hour, was already at a stage of feeling when to be alone is to have the best of all companionship: that first sweetest stage of intoxication in which love, void as yet and without form, itself lends a memory or a hope to every common object in the external world. The sleepy wash of the canal, the wind droning low among the sedges, were the sounds she had heard as she walked by Blake’s side last night; this blank white road led to London, where he lived; only last night he had traversed this heath, among whose soft afternoon purples she was to have an hour’s walk alone. . . . And now here was Tom Collinson, in gamboge gloves and tawdry jewelry. Tom Collinson, with his terrible atmosphere of bergamot and tobacco, to mar all.

“You have put me in very good spirits, I can tell you, Miss Fielding,” he remarked, in his deliberate, self-satisfied voice, and looking full, as he spoke, into Susan’s face—the face which the stirring of new emotions had already robbed of half its vacancy. “I haven’t felt such a happy man for many a month past, as I did when I got your message.”

“My message! why, I never sent a message to you, at all,” said Susan. “It was to Miss Collinson—I mean the message about coming to dinner. Of course, though”—the color rose to her cheeks—“I sent my thanks to you for the locket. It is so pretty. See, I have got it on.” And she moved away her bonnet strings and showed him his gift, tied with a bit of black ribbon round the whitest little throat in the world.

“I’m glad you like it. I took—I mean I selected what I thought would be your taste. But you can’t be so cruel”—and Collinson fully believed that he was making his manner tender—“you can’t be so cruel as to tell me the first part of your message was only for Eliza?”

“Oh, but I’m certain it was,” answered Susan. “I went in the garden and spoke to Betsey myself. ‘Tell Mr. Collinson I am much obliged for his present,’ I said, ‘and give my kind love to Miss Collinson, and say I’ll come’—or something of that sort.”

“Ah, something of that sort,” said Collinson, “but the ‘something’ may

make all the difference. Now, are you certain?"—he was not a man used to be shy with women, but something in the steady gaze of Susan's eyes did discountenance him—"are you quite certain that a little bit of the love wasn't sent to me on the sly?"

"I am quite certain that messages all mean nothing," said Susan, smiling. "Compliments, or regards, or love—its all the same. How can one send one's love to be delivered by some other person, like a parcel?"

"But if one could," said Collinson, pertinaciously, "if love could be sent like a parcel, anyhow—wouldn't you have spared a little bit of yours to me?"

"Oh, when it can will be time enough for me to tell you," said Susan, turning her face aside, "and meanwhile I give you my thanks for the locket. It was very nice and friendly of you to send me a present, and I'll think of you when I wear it."

The awakening of one supreme womanly instinct was calling into action a dozen subordinate ones in this child's heart. Four-and-twenty hours can teach a girl of seventeen so much—of one kind of wisdom! Dimly she began to suspect a little of the truth as regarded Tom Collinson, and womanlike, ran behind the outwork of friendship for safety.

"Friendly! as if I cared—as if I wanted to be friendly!" cried the young man, hurriedly; then he bit his lip, stopped short, and began to whistle. If he said another word at the point to which he had brought the conversation, Tom Collinson had sense enough to know that word would be a declaration; and from any definite committal of himself he still shrank with a shiver! He was not a really wicked man, if by the term wicked is meant a capacity for deliberate wrong-doing: such capacity, indeed, mostly belongs to villains of the very grand style of epic poems or tragedy. He was simply bad with the everyday badness that sows the world broadcast with misery; would play with an ugly temptation till its edges were worn off, till familiarity had shaped dishonor to his conscience; would vacillate till accident, some chance, unconscious hand, pushed him into its consummation, and afterward cry out against intention and fulfilment alike as a misfortune into which his evil luck had drifted him. He was desperately "gone"—to speak in his own tongue—upon Susan Fielding; that he knew: and he ought not for a moment to entertain the thought of marrying her; that also he believed he knew. But the present time—surely, he thought, the present time might be enjoyed without looking forward too nicely into the future. If he got so fond of the girl that he was forced into speaking, or if the poor little thing lost her peace of mind about him, it would be time to worry over troubles that could not be mended—that was to say, if they could *not* be mended, if there were no middle course by which his own desire could be attained without shame to others or discovery to himself. But at the word "discovery" Tom invariably got hot and uncomfortable, and thrust away the subject from his thoughts, like the thoroughly commonplace happy-go-lucky scoundrel that he was.

"I don't know that I ever deliberately harmed man or woman in my life," he wrote, months afterward, when he believed himself to lie at death's threshold; his conscience, one may suppose, sharpened upon the whetstone of long sickness, "but I've got into more scrapes than most, and generally managed to drag some one else down with me. I was never one of your cold-blooded, long-headed fellows who can see from the first what line of conduct will turn out profitablest to themselves, and stick to it. I did what looked like best for the moment, and let the future take care of itself. And it didn't—there's the truth, and there's no accounting for anything." This was Tom's way of disposing of his sins.

He began to whistle; after a minute or so took out his cigar-case, and Susan, with relief, hoped that it was his intention for once to walk by her side without incessant talking. Oh, how pleasant the heath was, in spite of Tom Collinson's society and his unlikeness to Mr. Blake (poor little Susan—already wanting all the world to be cut upon one pattern!) How sweet the air smelt this afternoon of early summer, how warm the sun shone, how loud the wood-pigeons called from their nests in the fir plantation away across the gravel pits! What a pity it would have been to die on one's seventeenth birthday, after all!

"You seem in vastly better spirits than you were when I saw you last," remarked Collinson, suddenly. He had looked stealthily round at her, and detected a suppressed smile at the corners of her lips. "The effect of dissipation, I suppose. Pray, what kind of party did you have at old Dicky Ffrench's last night?"

"A party? oh, none at all," said Susan. "There was no one but Mr. Josselin, Portia's lover, you know, and me—and another person. But it was very pleasant."

"No doubt," answered Collinson. "Big rooms and fine dresses and a real butler to wait, would make any stuck-up party delightful to a woman. I know what Eliza is when she has been to dinner at old Lady Long's. Now, pray, what did you do, Miss Susan, to make this evening at the Manor so superior to all other evenings?"

"We had tea first, and I liked that very much. Portia is so bright and lively, and she and Mr. Josselin talked—you should have heard them talk!—of every subject under the sun, I think. But the pleasantest was to come, for then we went out of doors and strolled by the river; and it was such a delicious evening! We stayed out till the stars shone. Portia and Mr. Josselin together, of course."

"And you?"

"Oh, I was with the—the other person."

"What other person? What are you talking about? Do you mean the old Miss Ffrench?"

"I mean—Mr. George Blake." The confession came out with just the slightest little conscious stammer. It was the first time Susan had spoken Blake's name aloud, and she found it lingering on her lips. "A friend of Mr. Josselin's."

"A young man?"

"Not very old; six or seven-and-twenty, I should think."

"And a finical fine gentleman like the other, I'll be sworn."

"I don't believe I know what 'finical' means," said Susan. "Mr. Blake is a fine gentleman, I am sure."

"And you walked alone with this man till the stars shone!" Collinson's face grew orange. "Pray go on. Let me hear the rest. Let me hear the conclusion of this charming evening."

"Oh, well, I don't think there is much more to tell," said Susan, serenely. She was too blind to notice Tom's change of color, and he had managed to hold his voice tolerably under control. "We came in, and had music. Portia played first, then I sang—we sang, rather, Mr. Blake and I." Her companion flung his cigar into the middle of the road. "I dare say you know the duet? a very old one, 'Drink to me only with thine eyes.'"

"Oh, a very old one!" said Collinson. "A very old duet—a very old story." Still he managed not to betray himself by his voice. "After this came more star-gazing, naturally?"

"No," said Susan, "after this came rain. It began to rain, if you remember, about eleven o'clock, and the night turned sultry. That was when I went home."

"Alone?"

"Mr. Blake saw me home. I was very glad he did. Miss *Jemima* said, at first, that *Jekyll* should take me, and I felt so frightened—I always feel frightened of grand men servants."

"But you were not at all afraid of Mr. Blake?"

"Oh, no."

The "no" with an emphasis that shut up *Collinson's* lips during the whole remainder of the walk. He was not, it must be remembered, hovering about Susan with mere boyish admiration or idle gallantry. For a good many weeks now his fancy for her had daily been strengthening into very genuine passion—of its kind. And the thought of another man, a man superior in birth and attainments to himself, having taken starlit walks, sung love songs with the girl, caused him acutest jealousy. He lit no fresh cigar to succeed the one that he had flung away; neither whistled nor sang; asked no more questions; only walked on at such a pace as made Susan breathless in her attempts to keep up with him, and tortured himself over what he had heard; tortured himself into a state of acuter misery, probably, than he would have felt for cause so slight had his nature been a more refined one. Those who love coarsely suspect coarsely; but they suffer on a like hearty scale. Doubtful, if any of the delicate hidden suspicions of nobler minds can surpass in positive pain the physical kind of jealousy of a man like *Collinson*.

And he had to go through plenty of it, to listen to a hundred new hints of that which he hated most to believe, before the evening was over. When they reached home they found *Eliza* in the parlor, heated and anxious, but trying her best to look as though she had passed the day in elegant idleness; and the minute they sat down to dinner Susan was put through a sharp cross-examination concerning what poor Miss *Collinson* called the "company rules" at the Manor. Miss *Jemima* poured out tea herself? Never! At Lady Long's—what a mouthful Miss *Collinson* contrived to make out of those two short words—at Lady Long's tea was invariably handed round by the page. Were the ladies in high dresses or low? Who were the guests besides Susan? What? gentlemen, both unmarried gentlemen! And then, again, Susan had to tell of the walk by the river, and of the stars, and the duet, and the rain which obliged Mr. Blake to see her home; at all of which Miss *Collinson*, not being in love or jealous, naturally made little jokes, such as, "No wonder Susan blushed! No wonder Susan was looking in such good spirits this afternoon!" The mildest, silliest little jokes even Miss *Collinson* was capable of, but which made Tom feel closely inclined to murder her.

He did not, for a long time, interrupt; neither reminded his sister she was a fool, nor bade her hold her tongue, as was his wont. Some horrible attraction seemed to exist for him in hearing George Blake's name spoken, in hearing Susan questioned about him, in watching her face color and dimple shyly under Miss *Collinson's* weak attempts at banter. Only—only as he sat, silently eating his roast goose, the thought which two hours before had been a vague temptation, quickly put aside, rapidly began to take the form of set resolve in Tom *Collinson's* heart. If no George Blake had appeared upon the scene things might have gone on indefinitely in their present fashion, have gone on (he would say, and believe all this, later) until the girl had left the neighborhood, or till his own fancy for her had cooled. It was the prospect of a rival that

really gave him the final fatal push into all that followed ; and Eliza, for setting that prospect with such hateful clearness before his eyes, might take to herself as much credit or as much blame as she chose.

"You are very silent to-day, Mr. Collinson," remarked Susan, when the dinner was nearly over. "I never heard you talk so little before."

"Tom does love a goose so," said Miss Collinson, looking at him with affectionate eyes as he helped himself to a last scraping of stuffing and gravy. "Father was the same. 'Never expect me to talk,' father used to say, 'when I've got a goose before me.'"

"And never expect me to talk when I've got a *fool* before me!" roared Collinson, glaring across the table at his sister. "It takes away a man's taste for talk, I can tell you, Eliza, to hear such stuff as you go on with. And before the girl too!" Betsey at this moment had clattered off to the kitchen for the pudding plates. "I wonder a woman of your years isn't ashamed to make such a ninnyhammer of herself."

The admonition took instant and salutary effect on Miss Collinson. She knew not in what her offence lay ; but she knew her master was offended ; and with a meek, "I'm sure I'm very sorry, Tom," lapsed into silence : a condition, it must be said, of quite as real suffering to her as is a superfluity of foolish talking to the ears of wisdom.

Susan looked on, shocked and half-frightened, at the little domestic scene. During her seventeen years of life a coarse, harsh word had never once reached her ears before, and in her heart she shrank—oh, if he had known how she shrank!—from Tom Collinson. She would not belong to this man, she thought—no, not to have the riches of the world—to have Addison Lodge for her own ! And even as she thought this she raised her eyes involuntarily to his face—his round, red face, choking with anger, or the closeness of the parlor, or roast goose, or all combined—and remembered George Blake. It was unfortunately not the last time in Susan Fielding's life when the contrast between these two men was destined to strike her—to Tom Collinson's detriment.

Directly dinner was over the young man went out into the street to console himself with tobacco. He had a habit—men often acquire the like on long voyages—of pacing up and down a space about as limited as a quarter-deck, while he smoked ; so Miss Collinson and Susan, sitting at the open parlor window, had the benefit of his strong cigar almost as directly at first hand as though he had remained indoors.

"Poor, dear fellow," said Eliza, under her breath, and looking out at him with maternal pride. "Tom is a little hasty, as you saw at dinner—and I'm sure the goose was a fine, tasty bird, and roast to a turn ; I can't think what upset him—but such a heart ! You wouldn't believe what an excellent heart Tom's is."

Susan felt the act of faith was beyond her, so kept silence.

"So generous, so outspoken ! All Tom's faults lie on the surface, Susan."

"Do they indeed, ma'am ?" Susan had not got over the old school-room fashion of addressing Miss Collinson. "I know Mr. Collinson very little, but I'm sure he seems most—obliging." She would have liked to please Eliza by some stronger expression, but could not find one ready to her use. "I'm sorry he should have gone to the expense of this handsome locket for me. I never wore anything so fine in my life."

Miss Collinson glanced, not without a pang of natural regret, at the locket, over which so many girlish tears had been shed, so many middle-aged regrets

vainly spent. "My dear," said she, a certain tremor in her voice, "when Tom wishes to make a present he does not think of expense, nor yet, perhaps, at all times, of the fitness of the gift. Nothing is too good for him, nothing too dear. Still, still," said poor Eliza, meekly, "it certainly showed a great deal of nice feeling in him to remember your birthday at all!"

"But a present a quarter the value would have pleased me just as well," said Susan. "And then to think that your brother should have gone to London on purpose to buy it! O, Miss Collinson, I'm sure I should feel more comfortable if you would let me give the locket back. I'm sure papa would never have let me keep it!"

Tom Collinson, who had been listening to every word they said, now stopped short before the window. "What do you say to a walk, Eliza?" he asked. His cigar seemed to have done him good, for his tone was more than ordinarily amiable toward his sister. "How would it be to have tea early and walk across to Barham Firs? What do you say, Miss Fielding? We can stop out there as long as you like, and drop you at Addison Lodge on our way home."

Susan caught at the proposal: a horrible foreboding that she would have to walk home alone across the heath with Tom had been haunting her all the afternoon. "I should like it very much, please. I haven't seen the sun set from Barham yet this summer; I dare say to-night will be the last time I shall ever go there while I live," she added, with a sigh.

As she spoke she leaned her head out through the open parlor window, and the evening light fell full upon her little crape-clad figure, burnishing her brown curls into bronze, giving lustre to her great blind eyes, shining on the pearls, Tom's gift, that hardly exceeded in whiteness the childish throat wherefrom they depended. Tom Collinson's heart gave a throb of exultation as he looked at her. During the last quarter of an hour he had been steadily bringing himself up to the determination with which he had dallied so long; had been resolving, cost what it might, to make Susan his. And now, at this moment, the girl in her fresh fairness, so close before him, and all unpleasant things and possibilities so far, he felt almost as one might feel who has gained a painful victory over himself, who, after long vacillation, has elected to do the thing that is right. It *was* right to love anything so absolutely innocent as Susan Fielding! Loving her, it was right to declare himself like a man and stand boldly by the result. She was friendless, poor, fretting after the old home she was to quit for ever, and he could give her protection, love, home: all she needed. That he happened to be, himself, penniless, was a matter of ridiculous accidental detail. As a married man, it would be advisable to look about for work, certainly; and in the meantime to have the use of Eliza's house was the next best thing to having a house of one's own. Aye, the matter should be clinched without delay. There should, if he could help it, be no more of these evenings spent at the Manor; these walks by starlight; this practising of love-songs with empty-headed London coxcombs. He had spoken already to Eliza about asking Susan to stay with them for a few days while the sale went on at her old home, and to-night this invitation should be made formally. Once under the same roof, and Tom Collinson had too good an opinion of his own charms to doubt that Susan Fielding, that any woman, could be brought to like him. Like him! Did not a dozen signs—the small coquetry even of wearing his birthday gift—show how frail were the obstacles he had to apprehend on that score?

He was softer, quieter, less like Tom Collinson, than Susan had ever seen him yet, throughout the remainder of the evening. She began to tolerate him.

(During that first rose-flushed stage of feeling through which poor little Susan was passing, human beings are so disposed to charitable toleration of everything—of everybody !) He actually apologized, after his fashion, to Eliza, for having been rude to her at dinner ; during the whole course of their walk neither smoked nor talked loud, nor bent down his face to Susan's, as was his wont : he sat quiet, a little apart, and let her enjoy the sunset almost as she used in old days with her father from the Firs ; and not until dusk had come, not until they were standing before the gate of Addison Lodge, spoke—in a hesitating voice, a voice oddly unlike his own—about the projected visit.

"Eliza and I have been thinking, Miss Fielding—we have been talking about the sale at Addison Lodge, you know, Eliza, and—"

"And how you really ought to remain on the spot, Susan, or near," chirped Miss Collinson. "Hackitt is an excellent auctioneer ; *as* an auctioneer I haven't a word to say against him. Still, when Aunt Hannah's things were sold it was remarked that the fish-kettle, good as new, went for eighteen-pence, and that Mr. Hackitt's sister bought it. The honestest people alive are honestest for watching, so what we both think is, that you had better come and spend a few days with us instead of leaving the neighborhood at once, and I or Tom would attend the sale and check Mr. Hackitt off in the corner of the catalogue. You could write to Mr. Goldney about it to-morrow."

Susan hesitated : only yesterday the prospect of going to a strange home far away in France, had revolted her less than the thought of staying under the same roof with Tom Collinson. But during the last twenty-four hours all her opinions, all her prejudices, seemed to be modified. If she accepted Miss Collinson's invitation she would, in reality, be never troubled by Tom ; she began to recollect Tom would be away half his time, in London, or elsewhere, and she and Eliza be left peacefully alone. And then she would still be in Halfont Parish, still within a walk of the bridge and the canal, and still, whispered her heart, there would be a chance of seeing Mr. Blake on his road to Portia !

"Come to us, Miss Susan," pleaded Collinson, eagerly. "Don't refuse Eliza, as you did me yesterday. We will do our best to make you comfortable."

"I don't like to seem so changeable, but if Mr. Goldney says yes, I know, I know I should like to come," said Susan. "You are both very kind to me ; I have enjoyed our walk so much," and as she spoke she kissed Miss Collinson, then turned and held out her hand to Tom. "It seems to me the world is getting full of friends !" she told him, softly ; and Collinson felt her small hand flutter as he pressed it.

She was thinking of George Blake.

CHAPTER XIII

"TOM," burst out Miss Collinson, when they had got about midway across the heath, "I know you'll be angry with me for what I am going to say, but I must speak, I can't go a step further without speaking."

"Speak out, then," said Collinson, but not in the bullying tone he generally employed toward his sister, "speak out. Your boots pinch you. You know you always will wear them too small."

"Susan Fielding is beginning to care too much for you."

He stopped short ; he rested his hand down heavily on Eliza's shoulder.

"Are you thinking of what you say?" he asked, almost in a whisper. "Are you talking folly, as you did to her at dinner, or do you mean it?"

"I mean it as solemnly as I ever meant anything in my life," Eliza answered. "I may be a fool in some things, but I do know—every woman knows—something about affairs of the heart. When I saw Susan a week ago she was a child, and now—"

"Now?"

"She is a child no longer. The very expression of her face is changed. She looks twenty times in the glass when before she looked once. She asked me up stairs if I liked her best in a bonnet or a hat. Her grief for her father is—I won't say over—but altogether lightened. Did you hear, more than once, how heartily she laughed?"

"And—and—" Tom Collinson stammered, and felt himself blushing violently in the dark, "you mean to say, then—"

"I mean to say," answered Miss Collinson, with decision, "that Susan is beginning to care for some one better than for herself. I couldn't reason about it, but I know it to be a fact. We must never have her to stay with us, Tom. It all burst upon me as we were crossing the bridge, and I've been turning over in my mind what I ought to do. Susan must never come and stay in our house."

"And why not?" said Tom; but he felt a cold perspiration start thick over his face as he spoke—felt that he drew his breath unevenly. During the last three hours he had been smoothing everything beautifully to his conscience, still he had not bargained for this; for having, without a moment's warning, to commit himself by speech to the thing he meant to do! "Why shouldn't she come and stay with us just the same?"

"You ask me that, brother?"

"Don't you hear that I ask it?"

"Then I should think your own common-sense might give you an answer," Miss Collinson cried, with energy; "but men are like that; men, even the best of them, are like that! A passing gratification to their vanity, and no matter if a woman's happiness has to pay for it! No matter that Susan Fielding should suffer, so long as you were amused for a fortnight, Tom!"

"And suppose"—what a wrench it cost him to bring the words out—"suppose I have no intention that Susan Fielding should suffer! that I care for her as much—that I care for her more, a hundredfold, than she can care for me?"

For once in her life Eliza Collinson stood speechless. From the list of possibilities, virtuous or the reverse, that her heart had ever predicted for Tom, the one possibility of marriage had been rigidly excluded. She had never admitted to herself the actual suspicion of her brother possessing a wife; had never renewed the question so curtly put aside by him on the first night of his arrival. Still (by one of those processes without form or syllogism, through which we are told the feminine intelligence does form conclusions) Eliza Collinson's mind had arrived at the conviction that Tom was not a free man. Mr. Mildmay, the curate, had years ago quitted Halfont for some foreign chaplaincy; she had, therefore, no channel of information, save through Tom himself, as to the past. But the little he did from time to time let fall, the soreness with which he shrank from any allusion to his New Zealand life, had been sufficient to convince her that there was "something wrong" in his relations with the people he had left behind there; some other story of wrong-doing besides that of the man who, according to Tom's own account, had wrought his ruin.

"I'm so surprised I can't get out a word! You—you in love with poor little

Susan Fielding ! and here have I been asking her to dinner and everything ! People will say I encouraged it—and Mr. Fielding, my best friend, scarce cold in his grave. Oh, I don't think I've deserved this !” And Miss Collinson's voice gave premonition of tears.

“Eliza,” exclaimed Tom, harshly, “before you let loose the flood-gates, perhaps you'll have the goodness to tell me what you are making so much noise about ? I'll be hanged if I know. Susan Fielding is a pretty girl, and I like her—well, am in love with her, if you choose. What next ? Because the women of a family don't marry is no reason that I ever heard of for the men remaining bachelors.”

“Marry—you ! Do you mean—am I to think that you mean marriage ?”

“A pretty question, upon my word !” cried Collinson, with a laugh. “Leave ultra-proper people alone for having ultra-improper thoughts ! What the dickens should I mean but marriage, Miss Collinson ?”

“Well, you see, I never thought of you as a marrying man ! I mean,” cried Eliza, with a feeble burst of courage, “I looked upon you so long in my own mind as a married man—eighteen months, you must remember—that even now I can scarce believe you have not got a wife, and—”

She was interrupted by an oath from Collinson ; an oath not especially loud, but that sounded unpleasantly emphatic in the dead silence of the heath. “And you've been talking to Susan, this way, I'll be sworn ! Let me find you trying that game on at your peril ! You drove me to the bad with your canting piety, when I was a boy. I told you so the first night I returned, and I repeat it again. You drove me to the bad before I knew what bad was ; and now, if you keep that girl from me, you'll finish the work well. What does an old maid like you know of men's lives, of men's temptations ? What business have you to interfere in this at all ? I love Susan Fielding—you don't know the meaning of the word, still I choose to repeat it to you—I love Susan Fielding, and I mean to marry her, to work for her, to reform for her. If you stand between us, you'll stand between me and my last chance of becoming an altered man. Now, do as you will !”

Having relieved his own uneasy conscience by this small outburst of injustice, Tom Collinson felt better, and marched on along the path, leaving Eliza to follow him or not as she choose. She followed him ; overtook him ; stole up her hand, not without trembling anticipation of rebuff, under his arm : “I've never said a word of you to Susan but what was good, my dear !” All out of breath the poor woman jerked forth her contrition. “If my influence demoralized you, as you so often tell me it did, when you were young, it was through ignorance. I tried my best. I don't suppose I understood boys' natures—I don't suppose I understand any one's nature. When poor Mr. Fielding's affairs are settled, Susan will have about forty pounds a year, or under, and you have nothing, and I had taken it into my head you were not a marrying man. Forgive me, Tom.”

Tom Collinson burst into a laugh. “So—the cat's out of the bag at last, then,” he cried. “You are afraid of having to support, not only me, but my wife.” The word, this time, came out tolerably glibly. “Set your mind at rest, Eliza. My notion of domestic bliss is not to reside with a spinster sister, I can tell you. When I marry, I'll live in my own house, and be master of it, too ; no fear !”

Mr. Collinson did not trouble himself to state where the house should be, neither did he specify by what particular branch of labor he meant to support it ;

but he said enough to convince Eliza that on the day of his marriage with Susan Fielding he would be a reformed man. He would abandon brandy-and-water, smoking, extravagance of all kinds; would take steadfastly to work; in her declining years, his sister's home (she had had this promise made to her once before) should be under his roof. The prospective generosity to herself Miss Collinson appraised, perhaps, at its true value, but she believed, with all the faith of her upright heart, in the blessing an honorable love might work for Tom; and by the time she reached home was deep in speculation as to whether her lavender silk, turned, would do to wear at the wedding, also whether they could contrive without a waiter for the breakfast or not!

"I know, of course, this house would not be large enough for a married couple," she remarked before they parted for the night. "Still, I could sleep very comfortably with Betsey, and turn my room into another sitting-room. So just at first, 'till you find anything bigger and get settled, I hope you won't mind staying here?"

A proposal that Tom instantly and magnanimously accepted. That Susan's voice was still unheard in the matter did not trouble him. He was no diffident or despondent lover. His own mind was made up finally: Eliza won over, any little difficulty regarding Susan's consent would be solved by a week spent together under the same roof; for Tom, like most persons of his stamp, had unbounded belief in the power of propinquity.

"I'm turning over a new leaf and no mistake," he thought, as he smoked his last pipe on the doorstep, under the clear June night. "Why did I shilly-shally so long. Isn't the past done with as much as if I had lived it out in another world? It was another world. There are not the same customs and opinions—hang it all! there are not the same stars even, here in England, as there were in New Zealand!"

The idea of utter separation conveyed by that difference in the stars was really comforting. At three-and-twenty, Tom Collinson's intellect and moral sense were not very much more advanced than they had been at fifteen. What social obligation *could* exist between a Christian man in England and people who lived at the antipodes? Did not the weight of the whole globe constitute a burial as final as seven-feet of soil in a churchyard? Was his happiness, was poor little Susan's happiness to be sacrificed because there was one chance in a thousand of a certain ugly ghost not keeping quiet in its grave? Did not most men, did not the very best men go to the altar with some uncomfortable secret, some lurking memory not altogether suited to a marriage feast?

Thinking these things Tom took another long look at the consolatory stars; then went away, whistling the last music-hall air, to his bed—"Poor fellow, beginning early hours already," thought Eliza—and, whatever the sins that ought to have weighed upon his conscience, slept the sleep of a school-boy.

THE ASTOR LIBRARY.

EVERYBODY knows the story of John Jacob Astor—how he was born in the little town of Waldorf, near classic Heidelberg, more than a century ago; how his family were poor, and so two of his four brothers went abroad to seek their fortunes—one in London and the other in America; how John Jacob followed their example, and, joining his brother in London, began his life of industry and perseverance; how, when the independence of the United States was established, he sailed for Baltimore with a stock of musical instruments to sell on commission; how accident turned his attention to the fur trade, in which he embarked, and laid the foundation of a stupendous fortune; how he founded a colony in the Northwest, whitened the seas with the sails of his ships, foresaw the future greatness of New York, and bought wild lands where now are reared magnificent residences and public buildings; how he lived to the age of eighty-five years, and dying, crowned a life which had answered all its intentions, by bequeathing a beautiful charity to his native Waldorf and to the city wherein his wealth had been accumulated—an institution to bear his name with honor to the remotest posterity.

As early as 1839, Mr. Astor had it in view to found a public library in the city of his adoption. Although in mercantile life, he associated much with persons even then celebrated in literature; while his business and social relations with Irving, Halleck and Cogswell, doubtless tended in a great degree to turn his mind in the same direction. To the judgment and knowledge of Dr. Joseph G. Cogswell he trusted fully in arranging the details of the proposed library, and when, in 1842, the latter gentleman was appointed to accompany Washington Irving, as Secretary of the Legation, to Spain, Mr. Astor promptly named him librarian of the library in embryo, and thus succeeded in retaining his invaluable services. The first purchase of books for the Astor Library was made at the sale of Major Douglas's library, March 15, 1839, and consisted of about forty volumes, and from this time to Mr. Astor's death, about one thousand volumes were bought for the same purpose, including a copy of Audubon's "Birds of America," purchased by himself. Mr. Astor's bequest, contained in two codicils to his will, appropriated the sum of \$400,000 "to the establishment of a public library in the City of New York," and vested the management of the institution in eleven trustees, originally appointed by himself, and thereafter to be renewed in cases of death, resignation, or removal, by persons appointed by the remaining trustees.

In 1848, after the death of Mr. Astor, the library management was fully organized. Dr. Joseph G. Cogswell was appointed superintendent, in compliance with the known wishes of Mr. Astor, and sent to Europe to purchase books; and architects were employed to draw plans for the erection of a suitable building. Dr. Cogswell returned in 1849 with 20,000 volumes, selected in London and Paris, which were temporarily deposited in a building in Bond street. On the 14th of March, the corner-stone of the building was laid in Lafayette place, the site selected for it by Mr. Astor himself. The plan of Mr. A. Saeltzer, an accomplished architect, was adopted, and on the 9th of January, 1854, the books having been classified and properly arranged on the shelves, the building was first opened to the public. At this time, importations from Europe and other

purchases had increased the number of volumes in the library to about 80,000, and the additions in the next two years brought it up to the full complement of the building. At this juncture, and when further accessions to the library threatened to be precluded by want of room, Mr. William B. Astor, eldest son of the founder, munificently gave to the trustees a piece of land adjoining the library building, measuring 80 by 120 feet, and proceeded to erect upon it a second structure, similar to the first in design, which was completed and opened to the public on the 1st of September, 1859, a complete rearrangement of all the books having been made in the two buildings in the meantime. In 1866, Mr. Wm. B. Astor presented to the library the sum of \$50,000; \$20,000 to be immediately expended in books, and \$30,000 to be added to the general fund of the institution. This donation, added to those previously made by Mr. Wm. B. Astor, and including the cost of the new building and the ground on which it was erected, made his gifts to the library amount to the sum of \$300,000, and the whole sum invested in the library to \$700,000.

The cost of the two buildings containing the library has been the sum of \$289,870 72; that of the books, inclusive of the catalogue of the library, \$224,911 81; and the library possesses invested funds to the amount of \$222,393 69, the interest on which sum supports it. The number of books contained in the library is, in round numbers, 137,000, giving as the average cost of each volume, about \$1 64. When we take into consideration the great number of costly books that have been purchased for the institution, this low average is a remarkable illustration of the judgment which has been exhibited in the purchases.

The building in which these 137,000 volumes are contained, comprises the two structures as mentioned, situated on Lafayette place between Fourth street and Astor place, and presents a frontage, 130 feet in length by 70 feet in height, of brick, ornamented with brown-stone mouldings, in the Byzantine style of architecture. The depth of the building is 100 feet.

The system of arrangement of the books in the Astor Library is that of classification by subjects, even to the minutest subdivision, and is based on the plan of Brunet, the great French bibliographer. The two library halls contain the two distinctive classes of books, science and literature; the first in the South Building, the second in the North. The following table gives the primary subdivisions of these two classes, as they are separated by alcoves and parts of alcoves, with the number of volumes in each:

SOUTH BUILDING.			NORTH BUILDING.		
1. Theology - - - - -	-	9,383	1. Chronology - - - - -	-	1,199
2. Jurisprudence - - - - -	-	6,605	2. Oriental History and Topography - - - - -	-	3,321
3. Metaphysics, Political Economy, etc. - - - - -	-	3,063	3. Ancient History - - - - -	-	2,337
4. Mathematics - - - - -	-	3,360	4. French History and Documents - - - - -	-	4,451
5. Astronomy - - - - -	-	2,012	5. Italian, Spanish and Portuguese History - - - - -	-	2,482
6. Mechanics and Engineering - - - - -	-	1,211	6. German, Dutch and Scandinavian History - - - - -	-	2,707
7. Art of War - - - - -	-	736	7. British History and Documents - - - - -	-	6,322
8. Architecture - - - - -	-	1,135	8. American History and Documents - - - - -	-	8,699
9. Agriculture - - - - -	-	1,304	9. Linguistics and Philology - - - - -	-	3,094
10. Botany - - - - -	-	1,441	10. Classics—Greek and Latin - - - - -	-	2,682
11. Medicine - - - - -	-	4,969	11. French Literature - - - - -	-	4,254
12. Natural History - - - - -	-	4,374	12. Italian, Spanish and Portuguese Literature - - - - -	-	3,203
13. Chemistry and Physics - - - - -	-	2,464	13. German, Dutch and Scandinavian Literature - - - - -	-	4,254
14. Practical Arts and Domestic Economy - - - - -	-	2,917	14. British Literature - - - - -	-	5,499
15. Fine Arts - - - - -	-	2,336	15. American Literature - - - - -	-	1,155
16. Transactions of Learned Societies - - - - -	-	4,682	16. Mexican and South American History and Literature - - - - -	-	1,338
17. Geography and Charts - - - - -	-	1,829	17. Voyages and Travels - - - - -	-	3,800
18. Patents - - - - -	-	1,965	18. Duplicates and Pamphlets - - - - -	-	11,750
19. Bibliography and Literary History - - - - -	-	7,131			
20. Archæology - - - - -	-	619			
Total - - - - -	-	63,536	Total - - - - -	-	73,237

The alcoves number 28 in each building, or 56 in all; each alcove contains 123 shelves capable of holding an average of 29 volumes each; and as there are 6,888 shelves, the complement of the two library halls is 200,000 volumes. The shelving of the Astor Library, if placed in a continuous line, would extend about four miles; the books, laid end to end, would reach about thirty miles; their cost we have already given, and their weight is about 200 tons. Now let us see what all this weight, proportion and cost are worth from the intellectual point of view.

Having brought the reader thus far with me, I am now prepared to accompany him through the alcoves of the library, whose general features I have just enumerated, and a few of whose noteworthy books I propose to point out; premising, however, that in order to complete his survey of the institution practically, he will have to walk a full mile, and that, allowing each department its fair share of attention, the entire examination will occupy about five hours.

The system of classification of the Astor Library is based on the best possible model, for it follows the plan of creation. Commencing in the southeast corner of the South Building, it proceeds with the sun from east to west. Beginning with the structure and formation of the earth we inhabit, as the first step in knowledge, we find here all the works on geology, paleontology, mines and the processes of mining, and minerals. Here are the "Transactions and Journals of the Geological Society of London;" the Geological Surveys of various States and countries; Agassiz's great work, "*Poissons Fossiles*," in 3 vols. folio, profusely illustrated; Goldfuss's "*Petrifacta Germaniæ*," 3 vols. folio; Owen's works on Geology and Fossils; Hugh Falconer's superb "*Paleontological Memoirs*," 2 vols. 8vo, London, 1868, illustrated; Transactions of Continental Societies; the principal text-books, manuals, and monographs on geology and paleontology. Next we have the works on mining and mineralogy. Pons-son's "*Exploitation des Mines de Houille*," a work on the mining of sea-coal, with folio volume of illustrations; Truran's important work on the manufacture of iron; Simonin's "*La Vie Souterraine*," republished by Appleton, with the magnificent plates, under the title "*Underground Life*," giving the best popular idea of mining processes and dangers; Karsten's "*Archiv für Mineralogie*;" and the transactions of mining societies all over the world.

From the structure and composition of the earth, we pass to the study of its inhabitants; beginning with the lowest order of life in natural history, the infusoria and radiata, and rising through the classes of reptiles, insects, fish, birds, animals, to man. Here we have "Ferussac et Deshayes's *Histoire Naturelle des Mollusques*," in 4 folio vols., richly illustrated with colored plates; Kiener's "*Iconographie des Coquilles Vivantes*," 9 vols. 8vo., colored illustrations; the "*Conchologica Iconica*" of Reeve, in 16 vols. 4to, and still unfinished; these and other works on shells are all superbly illustrated in the highest style of art, and in the most accurate manner. On Entomology, there are the works of Olivier, Curtis, Fabricius, Geoffroy, Donovan, Drury, Stoll, Lamarck and many others, nearly all of which are brilliantly illustrated. On Ichthyology there are Cuvier, Donovan, Lacépède, Agassiz, Buffon, Jardine. Ornithology is represented in some of the most magnificent works in the world. Not to mention Audubon—of which this library possesses the original edition in a magnificent copy, purchased by John Jacob Astor himself, as before stated—there are the works of John Gould, comprised in 16 vols. and 62 parts, all in folio, and all illustrating, in the most exquisite and brilliant colors, the forms of birds of all countries. They comprise the birds of Europe, of Asia, Australia, and the

Himalaya, with monographs on the toucan, humming-birds and other species, all illustrated in the same gorgeous coloring. Then there is Selby's "British Ornithology," in two mammoth folios; Malherbe's "Iconographie des Pucidées," illustrating the life and habits of the woodpecker, 4 vols. folio, Metz, 1862, illustrated; Levaillant on "Paroquets and Birds of Paradise," 4 vols. folio; Mme. Knip on "Pigeons," 2 vols. folio; Werner on "Paroquets," folio; and all the text-books and authorities on this fruitful and interesting subject; not to forget Gray's "Genera of Birds," 3 vols. 4to, London.

Then we come to the Mammalia, and find this subject also well represented in Cuvier, Buffon, Hardwicke, Shaw, Harris (Game Animals of South Africa) and others. Last we reach the subject of man, and find him discussed in the works of Pritchard, Pickering, Smith, Latham, Brace, etc. Of works of importance to the race, coming as considerations of collateral issues, are the "Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation," Darwin's "Origin of Species," Figuier's "World before the Deluge," Clark's "Mind in Nature," Hartwig's "Harmonies of Nature," and others, sufficiently scientific to convey needed information, and sufficiently popular to insure the attention of the general reader. Leaving Natural History we pass to the alcove devoted to Chemistry and Physics. Thus we have the earth and its inhabitants, including man, and now we proceed in due order to the examination of the chemistry of nature, and of the imponderable forces that go to support life. This department is well supplied with the text-books, but is wanting in the important publications that record the latest discoveries and results in these sciences. And it may as well here be stated that the library is materially deficient in the latest productions in science; other less important departments having been filled up to the exclusion of these. The library is so admirably supplied with scientific works published prior to the war, that it is to be regretted that similar judgment has not been exercised in the purchases made since that time, and the record thus sustained to the present. The books in this department treat upon the subjects of chemistry, physics, electricity and galvanism, and the application of those forces, meteorology and the science of storms. A remarkable and quaint work is "Astra Castra; Experiments and Adventures in the Atmosphere, by Hatton Turnor," 4to., London, 1865. This book is a collection of all known information on aeronautics and kindred subjects, illustrated by photo-zincographs in profusion.

The next department illustrates the laws of social intercourse and the art of living, and comprises books on commerce, banking, the practical arts and manufactures, domestic economy and the patent specifications of all nations. Here we must pause a moment to refer more particularly to the valuable collection of British patents presented to the library by the British government. This work already comprises 1,600 volumes, in quarto and folio, and includes the specifications and plates of every patent issued in Great Britain, from 1611 to the present time, and is continued at the rate of about eighty volumes yearly. The Astor Library is one of the few libraries on this continent designated as custodians of this work, so invaluable to inventors and discoverers.

We have now reached the western end of the building, which, for convenience sake, is devoted to the subject of fine arts, including works on sculpture, painting, glass staining, wood carving, cameo cutting, and cognate subjects. The eastern end is devoted to Music, and the more cumbrous works on Archæology and Antiquities. Here are to be found superb copies of the galleries of the "Musée Français," "Pitti Palace," the "Florence Gallery," "Museo Borbonico," "Dresden Gallery," "Munich Gallery," the rare frescoes of Raphael

in the Vatican, colored by hand in imitation of the originals; the illuminated books of the Middle Ages, Owen Jones's "Alhambra," Dickenson's great colored illustrations of the English Exhibition of 1851, Rubens's Paintings illustrating the Bible, in photograph, and very many other of the most important and valuable collections of engravings, most of them proofs before letter. Here the visitor will be glad to pause awhile and inspect these rich art-treasures, glance over the biographies of the great masters of art, and casually examine the text-books and guides to the practice of the arts themselves. Then we resume our systematic examination with the subject next in order, the cultivation of the earth for the sustenance of man. Agriculture, horticulture, the rearing of domestic animals and fowls, general farming, and everything that pertains to the science of rural economy, are found here. Notable among these books are the "*Pomona Italiana*" of Guallesio, illustrating, in five volumes folio, the fruits of Italy, and embellished with colored plates; the "*Pomologie Française*" of Poiteau, in four folio volumes, brilliantly illustrated; the "*Pomona Britannica*" of Brookshaw, in one folio volume; Morton's "*Account of the Prince Consort's Farms*," illustrated; Wingfield and Johnson's "*Poultry Book*," with illustrations after pictures by Harrison Weir; and Trimble's capital treatise on the "*Insect Enemies of Fruit and Fruit Trees*," also illustrated. Now we pass, naturally enough, to the subject of Botany, the structure and laws of plants, which occupies the next alcove. The subject of flowers, like that of birds, offers an endless and beautiful field for illustration, and that advantage has been taken of the fact, is obvious in this department. Here are Lambert's "*Genus Pinus*," a mammoth folio in three volumes; "*Flora Brasiliæ*," in two volumes; Roxburgh's celebrated "*Coromandel Plants*," in three volumes folio; "*Plantæ Asiaticæ Rariores*" of Wallich, also in three volumes; Sibthorp's "*Flora Græca*," in ten volumes, folio; the Works of Humboldt and Bonpland, in 13 vols. folio; Martin's "*Historia Palmarum*," 3 vols. folio; and finally, Fitch and Hooker's "*Description of the Victoria Regia, or Gigantic Water-lily*." All of these books, and many more, are illustrated with all the wealth of color with which they are susceptible of being treated; and few departments in the library will better repay the intelligent eye seeking for beauty than this.

Again, the gradation of the system is easy, and we find ourselves in the next alcove, in the department appropriated to the analysis of plants and minerals, with a view to discovering their virtues for healing and preserving life. Here not only are the great subdivisions of anatomy, surgery, physiology, morbid anatomy and pathology, carefully classified and arranged, but the science of medicine, the investigations into the subjects of food and diet, the treatment of each separate disease, are one and all arranged symmetrically, each subdivision being isolated from the rest, yet each in its regular order bearing on the rest. Among the more prominent books in this department are, Mascagni's great work on Anatomy, probably the largest book in the library, with plates of extraordinary size, colored after life; the "*Anatomie de l'Homme*" of Bourguery et Jacob, in 15 vols. folio, illustrated with colored plates; Cruveilhier's "*Anatomie Pathologique*," 2 vols. folio, illustrated; Lebert's "*Traité d'Anatomie Pathologique*," 4 vols. folio, illustrated; Günther's "*Lehre von den Blutigen Operationen*" (The Great Operations in Surgery), illustrated in colors, 7 vols. folio; Auger's "*Traité Iconographique sur Maladies Chirurgicales*," 4to., illustrated. Sichel's "*Iconographie Ophthalmologique*," a beautiful work on diseases of the eye, profusely illustrated, 2 vols. 4to. Besides these, there are all the important text-books, monographs, and treatises on diseases and their remedies; works on

insanity, on poisons, on electricity, galvanism, mesmerism, and animal magnetism, as remedial agents, and a large collection of the medical periodicals of Europe and America, giving the latest information on the subject. This department is exceptionally well sustained in the purchase of all new and esteemed authorities, and is one of the richest as well as largest in the whole collection.

Emerging now from the domain of matter, we enter that of mind and its productions. Ascending to the second floor, we begin with the alcove immediately over that elucidating the material structure of the earth, and find it devoted to Metaphysics, Moral and Social Philosophy, Education, Political Economy, and such mental aberrations as are elucidated in the study of the occult sciences—Demonology, Witchcraft, and Spiritualism.

As these may be supposed to comprise the laws of mind, so the next succeeding alcoves comprehend the laws of matter—Mathematics, Astronomy, Navigation, Optics, Light, and Heat. The collection of mathematical works is particularly rich, containing, besides the usual treatises on the simple branches, numerous works on the science of life assurance, and tables of the duration of life, tables of logarithms, the "Nautical Almanac," calculations of eclipses, La Place's "Mécanique Celeste," and others of the more abstruse works. Next we find elucidated the operations of mind upon matter. Here are the books on Mechanics, Hydraulics, and Hydrostatics, Civil Engineering, and the Art of War; the latter covering the building of fortifications, the manufacture of munitions of war, the consolidation and organization of armies, the conduct of actual conflict, and many later theories and regulations growing out of the late rebellion.

Having traced man through his physical and mental characteristics, the work he performs, his social and political affiliations, the food that perpetuates him, and the diseases that sicken and kill him, we come now to his domiciliary habits, and "the house we live in." Architecture is next under consideration in the regular rotation, and occupies the entire western end of the second floor.

Here the whole subject of building, from a cathedral to a pig-sty, is considered *in extenso*. There are here, too, very many superb illustrated works; instance, the "Cathedral of Cologne," the "Mosque of St. Sophia," the "Villa Architecture of France," the "Buildings of Modern Paris," and numerous others. Here, too, are beautiful works on house and church decoration, all the varieties of cottage and farm building, monasteries, palaces, galleries, club-houses—every conceivable structure for the accommodation or interest of man. We have now nearly reached the end of the scientific system; and next in its order is the subject of Jurisprudence—the laws of man. Here we have all the statutes that have been devised for our proper government; all the criticisms and analyses of laws; all the reports of cases occurring under the action of law; all the conflicts with law. From this topic—human law—we enter the subject which completes the superstructure so admirably devised and so perfectly executed—Theology, the law of God. We commenced with the lowest order of creation, and we end with the Creator himself. We begin with earth and end with heaven—or, at least, with the theologian's idea of that sphere.

The subject of Theology occupies the greater part of four alcoves. Beginning with Ancient Mythology, it traces the progress of religion and ecclesiastical history by regular steps down to the present day. There is the Bible in many languages; there is the ancient Hebrew Talmud, the Greek Pentateuch, the Mahomedan Koran in the original Arabic; there are Expositions, Concordances, Essays, Sermons; the works of the Greek, Latin, and early English fathers; controversial writings, lives of Christ and the Apostles, and the Saints

and the Reformers. From Moses to Joe Smith and Brigham Young they are all here, and all subjected to the crucial tests of calm criticism and passionate opposition. Having thus given what attention we could in this brief space to the scientific portion of the Astor Library, we will next consider the department of Literature, which occupies, as before mentioned, the whole of the North Building.

Beginning, as in the other building, in the southeast corner, we find there all the books on the Origin of Language, the History of Letters, the early inscriptions, cuneiform and hieroglyphic, the "Monde Primitif" of De Gebelin, the works of Gronovius, Vossius, Erasmus and Buxtorf. Next come Philology and Linguistics—the progress of language, the history and analyses of tongues. These are the first rounds of the ladder of learning. Commencing with the Oriental languages, we have grammars, dictionaries, chrestomathies and vocabularies of the earliest tongues, Sanskrit, Hindostanee, Chaldee, Hebrew, Greek and Latin; the languages of Turkey, Persia, Arabia and China. Here is a curious book in 7 vols. folio, bound in crimson silk; it is the "Kitah i haft kiel zun," or, "Book of the Seven Seas," a Persian Dictionary and Grammar, by the King of Oude. Then there is Raja-Radh-Kant-Bahadoor's Sanskrit Dictionary in 3 vols. 4to. Also, Guignes's Monster Dictionary of Chinese, French and Latin; a ponderous folio. The "Kanghi Tsztien," or Imperial Chinese Dictionary, is in 26 parts, printed on rice-paper and enclosed in 6 boxes; as the custom of the Chinese is to preserve their volumes in this manner instead of binding. The languages of the South-Sea Islands, and of the Indians of South and North America are also represented here. And presently we enter upon the living languages of the civilized nations, and find their history, structure, and genius all exposed, even to their dialects, idioms, "argot" and "slang." Having thus gained an insight into the various tongues and the modes of learning them, we are prepared to examine the literatures existing in them. And first in order are the classic writings of Greece and Rome.

The first book in this department that attracts our attention is the "Editio Princeps" of Homer, in two folio volumes, printed at Florence in 1488, in the ancient Greek characters, and looking as fresh and distinct as if it had just come out of the press, instead of being a trifle under four centuries old. While we are upon Homer, we note the original edition of Pope's translation of the Iliad and Odyssey in eleven volumes, with the autograph of "A. Pope." On the cover of the first volume, "Received of my Lady Massam, two guineas," etc. Here is Lemaire's edition of the "Classiques Latins," in 143 vols., crimson morocco, from the library of Louis Philippe. Here too is Valpy's superb Delphin edition, the "Bipont" edition, and many others, original and translated. Homer alone is represented in editions, lexicons and translations, by 160 different volumes.

French history, in the next alcove, begins with the early Gallic chronicles, and is very full, comprising the provincial and town histories, *Mémoires*, family history and genealogy, biography, and full histories of the two great revolutions. Napoleon Bonaparte is thoroughly considered—the books referring to his life numbering 223 volumes. Among these may be especially mentioned the "Correspondance de Napoleon I.," published by order of Napoleon III., in 23 vols. 4to., commenced in 1858 and continued to 1867; containing 18,880 letters, extending only to the year 1812. A very interesting work is the "Vie de Napoleon" of Arnault, in 2 vols., bound in one large folio, filled with lithographic illustrations, from the works of the first French painters, of the battles and other notable deeds of the Great Captain. The "Galeries de Versailles," in 12 vols. folio; Laborde's "Monuments de la France," 2 vols. folio; "Tableaux de la

Revolution Française," 3 vols. folio; the "Livre d'or de la Noblesse," illustrating French Heraldry in metals and colors. These and many other important and elegant works are comprised in this department.

The next alcove is directly opposite that of the Greek and Latin Classics, and contains, appropriately, the histories of Greece, Rome and Byzantium; with works on Chivalry, earlier Ancient History, Herculaneum and Pompeii. The latter subject offers many finely-illustrated books for consideration, among which, perhaps, the most remarkable is that of Zahn—"Plus beaux Ornaments de Pompeii, d'Herculaneum, et de Stabiæ," 3 vols. large folio, colored plates. The "Ruines de Pompeii" of Mazois is also important, as is also the "Antichità d'Ercolano," a truly magnificent work in 9 folio volumes; the "Museo Pio Clementino," 7 vols. folio; the "Iconographie Grecque," 7 vols. folio. These are a few of the more important books in this alcove.

Now we come to the subject of Orientalia—the topography, history, and literature of the East—which is richer in the Astor Library than in any other collection of books in this country. The writings of Persia, Arabia, and Hindostan are found here, both in the originals and in translations, as in the British "Oriental Translation Fund," and the "Collection Orientale" of France. All the travels in these interesting countries are here to the latest—the "History of the British Empire in India," the "Mahabarata," the "Vedas" and "Puranas," the laws and holy books of India. Here may be found the true sources of the inspiration of the Bible, or some of the most extraordinary coincidences known to literature. Here, also, is a copy of the "Arabian Nights"—the "Alif Laila," in the original Arabic, in four vols. 8vo. Here, too, are the works on the "History of the Gypsies," those strange nomads who have overrun every country and, with the restlessness of the Wandering Jew, are still on the march, without apparent end or object, home, or salvation in view. There are here numerous works finely illustrated, presenting the life and customs of the Orientals, which are well worthy examination.

The northeastern corner alcove is devoted to the subjects preliminary and adjunct to the study of history, and corresponding to the Origin of Language and Letters, directly opposite. These are the books on numismatics, heraldry, inscriptions, chronology, costumes of all nations, etc. The subjects of voyages and travels are contained in eight divisions of the corner alcoves fronting on the main hall, and comprise accounts of all countries that have ever been visited by the navigator and the discoverer. This completes our examination of the lower floor, and we will accordingly ascend to the second story, which is entirely devoted to the two subjects of British and American History and Literature. American history commences with the accounts of the early navigators. Among these, one, rare and curious, is Peter Martyr's "History of Travails in the West and East Indies;" London, 1577. Another, still more quaint and rare, is "Purchas. His Pilgrims," London, 1625-26, 5 vols. folio, full turkey morocco, bound by Clarke—a remarkably fine copy; Hackluyt's "Collection of Voyages," in 3 vols. folio; Oviedo's "Historia de las Indias," Salamanca, 1549, and Valladolid, 1557, bound by Bedford in full russia—a fine copy in perfect preservation; the collections of the Hackluyt Society; the fine set, nearly complete, of the uncompletable De Bry—"Peregrinationem"—these are the foundations on which is raised the gigantic superstructure of American history. Lord Kingborough's "Mexico," which is in this department, must not be forgotten; it is in 9 folio volumes, finely illustrated, and has the reputation of having ruined its projector. The histories of Mexico, of the West India Islands, and of the

various States of Central and South America, lead the way gradually to that of the United States, which is comprised in all the prominent general histories, and in biographies, local histories, statistical works, etc. The collection on the subject of the late war comprises 189 volumes and 115 pamphlets, which, considering the fact that there have been nearly 10,000 separate publications on this subject issued, is certainly meagre. The American Historical Department is not by any means a specialty of the library, and might be very greatly improved and brought more fairly into competition with the other classes of books with advantage to the institution. The histories of the different States are classified separately, each State by itself. The balance of this department is occupied by the large collection of United States and State documents, statutes, laws, etc., excepting the corner alcove, which is devoted to the small collection of American literature.

The department of English literature is fairly large, and though not at all full on the early poets and other writers, is yet a creditable representation of the subject. Commencing with essays and collections of the principal authors, as Johnson, Swift, Addison, Steele, Sterne, Bolingbroke, Walpole, Chesterfield and others, we have their biographies, notes and criticisms on their writings and everything else that will serve to illustrate them. Then come poetry and the drama. Here are the collections of Percy, Ellis and others of the early English poetry; the works of Chaucer, Spencer, Pope, Dryden, Surrey, Wyatt, Suckling and other well-known names, some of them in the original editions; of these, one interesting relic is the first edition of Milton's "Paradise Lost," small 4to., London, 1668; and another is a quaint, old black-letter Chaucer, folio, London, 1561. The modern poets are well represented in numerous editions, including the school of young writers of the present day. The early drama is represented by Wycherley, Congreve, Massinger, Beaumont and Fletcher, Marlowe and Mason; also, by collections of old plays, Bell's, Scott's, Inchbald's and others; Dramatic Biography, critical essays on the dramatists, and that brings us to Shakespeare.

There are here twenty-six separate editions of Shakespeare's writings, and 101 volumes of essays, criticism, concordance, analysis, glossary, etc.; making in all, upon this interesting subject, 350 volumes. Of these, the most valuable is, of course, the first folio edition of Shakespeare's works, being the first collected edition of his plays, published in London, 1623. This copy is a very fine one, and was purchased at the sale of the Duke of Buckingham's library; its market value is probably \$1,000. Next there is the "Second Folio," published in 1632, and though not as rare as the other, still a very interesting and valuable link in the sequence. Boydell's fine collection of engravings illustrating Shakespeare is in the library, as is also the magnificent edition of his works published by James Orchard Halliwell, in sixteen folio volumes, profusely illustrated with engravings and notes.

We pass now into the next alcove, with which we commence the subject of British history. This department is full and rich; the collection of early chronicles, as Hall, Grafton, Baker, Fabyan, Geoffrey of Monmouth, William of Malmesbury, Hollingshed, Froissart and Monstrelet first attract our attention; next the collected histories of Hume, Smollett, Lingard, Walter, Macaulay, Froude; Somer's Tracts, Grosse's Antiquities, Hallam, Palgrave, Capgrave—these are some of the others that meet the eye as we casually glance at the shelves.

The collection of county histories is very complete, including the really magnificent works of Manning and Bray on "Surrey," 3 vols. folio; Clutter-

buck's "Hertford," 3 vols. folio ; Nichol's "Leicester," 7 vols. folio ; Ormerod's "Chester," 3 vols. folio ; Surtees's "Durham," 8 vols. folio—and others too numerous to note, but all issued in the most lavish style of the art of book-making. British Heraldry occupies a press by itself, and includes about 150 volumes. The Histories of Scotland and Ireland are arranged separately, and comprise the prominent authorities ; the rest of this department is given up to the large collection of British Parliamentary and other public documents.

The collection of books on the subjects of bibliography and literary history, which may be considered as the key to this as to all other libraries, is placed in two rooms, built as an extension or wing on the eastern end of either building. This is certainly the finest and most complete collection of the kind in this country, and compares favorably with those of other countries. It was brought together by Dr. Joseph G. Cogswell at his own expense, and represents the labor and learning of a lifetime. Most of the volumes were presented to the library by Dr. Cogswell, and the balance purchased from him for a nominal sum. The collection includes all the celebrated authorities on bibliographical subjects ; the catalogues, many of them large and costly, of the prominent European libraries ; essays upon books and editions ; the general history of literature, and, in fact, all the implements necessary for the formation and classification of large collections of books, and the making them available for public use.

Let me now direct the attention of the reader to the small collection of book-rarities, and *incunabulæ*, or early printed works, arranged under glass, in cases around the main stair-case, in the South Building. Of these the most ancient and most important is the Cicero's "De Officiis," printed by Faust and Scheffer at Mayence in 1466. This is as fine a specimen of the work of the first printers as there probably is extant ; the paper is as clean and the ink as fresh as the day it was printed, four hundred years ago, and nine years after the discovery of the art. There are here, also, two specimens of Caxton, one being a few leaves from the "Recuyell des Histoires de Troye," printed at Cologne in 1471, and the other Higden's "Polychronicon," printed in London, 1482. Glanville's "De Proprietatibus Rerum," printed by Wynken de Worde, the successor of Caxton, in 1494, is also a handsome specimen. The first editions of Shakespeare's works and of Milton's "Paradise Lost," are also here ; fac-simile specimens of a "Block Book," and of a Syriac Palimpsest ; a copy of "Heures à l'usage de Rome," printed on vellum, in 1500 ; a printed copy of an Arabic MS. ; a Breviary of the Church of Salisbury, London, 1555 ; a manuscript on vellum, "Fleur des Histoires de la Terre," written in the year 1307, with ornamental initials, and pictures in gold and colors ; the "Catholicon," of John of Genoa, printed at Augsburg, 1469 ; and the "Vocabulario en lengua Mexicana y Castellana," Mexico, 1569-71. The library makes no specialty of collecting this class of books, and has only gathered these few as specimens illustrating the history of the art of printing.

There were delivered to readers during the year 1867, the last of which I have reports, in the department of Science, 27,251 volumes ; in that of Literature, 39,175 ; total 66,426 volumes. The subject most in demand was that of British literature—meaning poetry, essays and the drama—5,451. Novels alone count up 4,524 ; voyages and travels, 4,517. Add to these painting and sculpture, 2,372 ; sports and games and music, 735, and the literatures of countries other than British, 9,725, and we have a total of 27,324, or about three volumes out of seven read for pastime. Of the remaining works, those on theology, jurisprudence and medicine, read entirely by students and professional men, num-

ber 9,555; the encyclopedias, examined by casual applicants, amount to 2,796; leaving 26,751 as the quota of those of the public who have read scientific and historical works for profit. Or we may account 10,660 of the 27,704 readers in the halls, or a little more than one in three, as the studying public in this connection.

The readers in the library are thus made up, as may be seen, of two-thirds idlers to one-third workers. Of these many are persons in no employment, who have been regular visitors for years; others are boys, who go there for their daily *pubulum* of "Punch" and the "Illustrated News," or Marryat's Novels; others again are ladies who pass away an idle hour in glancing through the "Musée Royale," or some other illustrated work. You don't find the mechanic, the clerk, or the laboring man here; or if he is here, he is seedy, out-at-elbows, and out of a situation. The picture which I have seen, drawn by enthusiastic newspaper hacks, of the rich capitalist and the mechanic sitting here side by side in honorable community of thought, burning the mid-day sun over abstruse writings, is agreeable, but also entirely fanciful. They don't do it. If the rich man comes here, which is seldom, it is for a specific purpose, which having completed, he takes his departure. If the mechanic comes here, which is more seldom, it is by accident, or because he has nowhere else to go. The Astor Library is used chiefly by idlers and professional men, whose time is at their own disposal. This is a melancholy fact when we reflect how much there is here that would be of value to the mechanic or the clerk if it could only be brought into juxtaposition with them. The reason why it is not is because the library opens at ten o'clock, A. M., and closes at four o'clock, P. M.

Undoubtedly, the library was intended by its founder more especially for the benefit of scholars, students, and writers, many of whom he knew, and knew, too, that they were the least able of any to afford themselves these necessities to them, which were luxuries to others. Thirty years ago, when Mr. Astor first formed the design of founding a library, the public of New York was not a reading public. Then the Society Library merely worried through an existence of little practical utility; the Mercantile Library Association was struggling in its first efforts after strength and permanency; clerks did not read—had not been educated up to it; the educational system of New York was imperfect, and mechanics and mechanics' sons were not as alive to the necessity and value of reading as they are now; indeed, reading was confined almost entirely to the professional and idle classes of educated men. Now, the spirit of invention is abroad, and every mechanic is desirous of accomplishing something original, and the study of what has been done in the past is a necessity to him; young men in business read constantly when they have the opportunity, day or night; as witness the reading-rooms of the Mercantile Library and Cooper Institute; but these mechanics and these young men in business are employed during the day, and, therefore, this great treasury of knowledge and store-house of scientific and literary wealth is as a sealed book to those best constituted to profit by it, and who need it the most. Admitting that the policy of the library management heretofore has carried out the wishes, expressed or implied, of the founder, I may yet remark that a change in that policy in accordance with the altered condition of things might in no wise conflict with what would be the wishes of the founder, if he could express them at present.

The great popular demand is that the Astor Library shall, in some way and by some means, open its vast resources to that large and important class of readers, whose time during the day is fully occupied by their business avocations.

FRANK H. NORTON.

PYRAMUS AND THISBE.

PERSONS:

Stephen Young (33), Journalist.

Catherine West (26), Teacher of Music.

[MISS WEST's apartment; plainly but comfortably furnished; a few prints and photographs on the walls and a sofa, a piano. Enter *Catherine*, in walking-dress, with a roll of music in her hand.]

CATHERINE. Dear me! this dreadful smell of tobacco again! When it doesn't come in one way, it comes another; when it isn't the door it's the window. There he sits at his own window, puffing his great pipe. I saw him as I crossed the street. And the wind always our way. I'm always to windward of that pipe. What's a poor girl to do? (*Shuts her window with a loud crash.*) There! perhaps he'll hear that! What *am* I to do? I can't go to my lessons smelling like a bar-room; and certainly I can't ask my little girls to come and take their lessons in this blinding cloud of smoke. Pshaw! it's worse with the window shut than with it open. If I'm doomed to suffocate, I might as well do it comfortably. (*Raises the window violently.*) Of course he'll hear that, too. (*Taking off her bonnet at the mirror.*) Heigho! what a dreadful humor I'm in! And on my birthday, too! Well, why shouldn't one be out of sorts on one's birthday as well as at any other time? Is it such a mighty privilege to have been born? Is life so easy and pleasant that I must make it a courtesy whenever I meet it with its grim old stare on the threshold of another year? Another year! another year added to twenty-five makes—makes—upon my word it might as well make thirty at once—when you're so tired, tired, tired! That, by the way, is for not having gone to sleep till four o'clock in the morning—for having a neighbor who turns night into day, talks for the benefit of the whole town, and has a dozen intimate friends against whom he'll nightly measure his lungs on any topic in the range of human ken. It was actually as much as I could do to help throwing my slipper in good earnest against the wall. That would have been scandal, I suppose. But to lie tossing, and sighing, and listening to Mr. Young's interminable sentences—it was all one sentence, I declare, from nine o'clock until three—and to wake up on your birthday with a headache, and a pale face, and hollow eyes—that, of course, is perfect propriety. (*Still at the glass.*) Dear me! I've actually fretted and fumed a real bit of color into my face. (*Looking at her image in silence.*) Nay, I'm not thirty, after all! I've four good years of youth yet! And my hair is certainly very pretty, and life—life, on this soft spring evening—well, life, I do make you my very best courtesy, and if you'll promise to be very good I'll give you a little music. (*Sits herself at the piano and plays with violence. While she is playing the door opens and Stephen Young looks in. Seeing Miss West, he advances a few steps—leaving the door ajar—and stops a moment looking at her and listening. He carries a small bouquet in his hand. Finally he speaks.*)

Stephen. Bravo! bravo!

Catherine (*starting up*). You, Mr. Young!

Stephen. Excuse me. If it wasn't for my flowers I'd clap you.

Catherine. If it wasn't for your flowers, I'm afraid I should ask you to walk out. Pray, who let you in?

Stephen. I let myself in. I knocked three times, but you were playing with such extraordinary fury—

Catherine (archly). Oh, you can make yourself heard when you wish, Mr. Young!

Stephen. Now I verily believe that's a reproach.

Catherine. Of course it is.

Stephen. Ah, my dear Miss West, two can play at that game. In the way of noise there's not much, I fancy, to choose between us; there's six of one and—

Catherine. I'll admit that there are six of one, but certainly a dozen of the other—especially when there are two of you.

Stephen. Bless my stars! Its no more than fair. You have your piano—I have my friend.

Catherine. Your bass-drum, you might call him.

Stephen. I assure you, he's a very nice fellow.

Catherine. I hope, for your sake, he is—so long as he stays till three o'clock in the morning.

Stephen. Ah, poor Ellis! Do you mean you actually heard us?

Catherine. Distinctly. I came near throwing something at the wall.

Stephen. I doubt that we should have heard it, any more than you heard me just now.

Catherine. Happily for you, it never would have occurred to me to walk in in person.

Stephen. You would surely have been excusable if you had come on so harmless an errand as this of mine. (*Holds up his flowers.*)

Catherine. Your flowers are very pretty.

Stephen. They are none of mine. When I came in, a couple of hours ago, I found them in my room, on my table. You see they've lost their first freshness. Here is a little card affixed, denoting their proper destination, which the messenger seems, through some extraordinary inadvertence, to have overlooked; as if any one would send me flowers!

Catherine (taking the bouquet and reading the card). "Miss West, with affectionate good wishes. A. T." I'm much obliged to you for repairing the error.

Stephen. I confess there *is* some virtue in it. To give a young lady a bouquet of your own making, or your own buying, is assuredly its own reward. But to serve as a mere bald go-between; to present a bunch of lilies and roses on the part of another—a mysterious unknown—to act, as it were, as the senseless clod of earth in which they're wrapped for transportation, and not as their thrilling, teeming, conscious parent soil, this, Miss West, I assure you, is to make a terrible sacrifice to vanity.

Catherine. I appreciate the sacrifice, and I repeat my thanks.

Stephen. I might have kept them, you know.

Catherine (placing the flowers in water). Nay, it would have been a pity to spoil them.

Stephen. Spoil them? What do you mean?

Catherine (taking the bouquet out of the water and presenting it to his nose). What should you call the prevailing odor?

Stephen. Geranium—heliotrope—jasmine, I should say.

Catherine. I see your sense is completely blunted.

Stephen. Why, what should you call it?

Catherine (replacing the flowers). Tobacco, Mr. Young. Flowers are like women; they don't like you to smoke in their faces.

Stephen. Dear me! Do you really object to smoke?

Catherine. Object to it? I hate it!

Stephen. And do you ever perceive my pipe?

Catherine. Constantly, Mr. Young.

Stephen. Alas! what a terrible neighbor I am! I'm extremely sorry; but what can I do? I strongly suspect that I can't give up talking, and I'm profoundly convinced that I can't give up smoking.

Catherine. Don't for a moment suppose that I suggest any such abnegation. If I'm uncomfortable there's an easy remedy.

Stephen. Exactly. Patience, my dear Miss West, comes just short, in a woman's life, of being a transcendent virtue, only because, as you so truly say, it's so easy.

Catherine. You perfectly express my own sentiments. I regard patience as quite a secondary virtue. There's another that I prize infinitely higher.

Stephen. Oh, you go too far.

Catherine. I mean action, Mr. Young.

Stephen. The deuce! You mean to seek a remedy in action?

Catherine. Oh, don't be frightened. I mean nothing very terrible. I mean that I can move away and take another lodging.

Stephen. Oh, that would never do. We must bear and forbear, Miss West. Without a few mutual concessions we shall find but little comfort in life.

Catherine. That's doubtless very true, Mr. Young; but, really, are you quite the person to say it?

Stephen. Why, if it's the truth, I certainly can't afford to let it pass.

Catherine. Well, if it's not impertinent, I should like to know to whom your own concessions are made.

Stephen. Oh, to every one.

Catherine. They say that every one is no one.

Stephen. By no means. It includes, to begin with, my very next neighbor—yourself.

Catherine (laughing). Truly? I'm actually the object of your generosity? Your charity, I might call it, since it begins so near home. I confess I never suspected it.

Stephen. Well, Miss West, the fact is—

Catherine. Alas! what *can* the fact be?

Stephen. I hate music.

Catherine. You hate music! (*Laughing violently.*)

Stephen (provoked). I absolutely detest it.

Catherine. Poor Mr. Young! Well—I pity you.

Stephen. You would pity me if you knew what I have suffered.

Catherine. From my piano?

Stephen. From your piano.

Catherine (after a pause). Decidedly, one of us must move.

Stephen. One of us? Good; here comes a chance for concession.

Catherine. I said just now that I should go.

Stephen. That was *à propos* of your own sufferings.

Catherine. Well, in spite of yours, I still think I had better go.

Stephen. I oughtn't to consent to it.

Catherine (laughing). So you detest music, Mr. Young? I don't know why I should laugh; I feel much more like crying. It's too provoking. I protest I don't understand it. I don't see what such people are made of.

Stephen. Of good flesh and blood, Miss West—

Catherine. Yes, and not much else.

Stephen. In that case, then, they have no tempers to lose. But what call under heaven have I to enjoy the strumming of a piano? I make my bread, you know, by scribbling for the newspapers. Every morning, as I sit down to my table you sit down to that tuneful battery. The very first rattle of the keys is like a scathing fusillade, under which my poor old ideas—maimed and tattered veterans—fall prostrate to the ground. I pick them up and dress their wounds, and coax them once more to the front. The battle rages generally some three or four hours. I deem myself very lucky if, at the end of that time, a small fraction of my little army have escaped with their lives. Once in awhile, in the afternoon, when the fire has subsided, one of the missing turns up, and comes limping back to camp. But, I confess, the whole temper of the service is so utterly demoralized that, instead of being shot for an arrant deserter, the rascal is welcomed like a prodigal son, and the calf that was being so tenderly fatted for the whole regiment is sacrificed to this poor makeshift of a hero.

Catherine. The meaning of all this is that you can't write except in absolute silence.

Stephen. Why, there's something between absolute silence and—absolute sound.

Catherine. I should like to see some of your writing.

Stephen. It's very kind of you to say so, after my attack on your music.

Catherine. Oh, you make it out to be so bad that I speak from curiosity.

Stephen. At any rate it would not be very pleasant for you to reflect that it's your own fault that it's no better.

Catherine. Whose fault is it, Mr. Young, that you're no wiser?

Stephen. Well, I'm as heaven made me; we're all of us that; and heaven made me, as I say, to hate a piano.

Catherine (out of patience). Oh, it's my opinion that heaven didn't make you at all! Upon my word, you deserve that I should sit here forever and thump out music from morning till night.

Stephen. Is that a threat?

Catherine. Take it as you please.

Stephen. I take it as a declaration of war; of course in that case I shall choose my own arms. I shall forthwith lay siege to your comfort.

Catherine. Oh, my comfort's gone in advance. What comfort shall I have in playing for your annoyance, when I think that I might be playing for my own pleasure? But my revenge will remain.

Stephen. Heaven help us, it will be a hard fight.

Catherine. Another Waterloo, I assure you. Within a fortnight I shall look for your retreat.

Stephen. Oh, I shan't give you more than a week.

Catherine. I must make the most of time, then! Quick, to your own lines. I mean to open fire. (*She runs to the piano, seats herself, and begins to play furiously. Stephen claps his hands to his ears and hurries out. Catherine continues to play for several moments, and then in the midst of a movement suddenly stops short.*) I wonder whether my playing really disturbs him, or whether he invented it all in return for my complaint of his talking and smoking—surely it wasn't the best taste in the world for me to mention those foolish little troubles. If they are a real annoyance, all I have to do is to hold my tongue and change my quarters. I certainly have no right to ask favors of Mr. Young, and I should be very sorry to find myself in his debt. (*Leaving the piano.*) I'll just

quietly move away ; I can easily find a better room. This one has a dozen inconveniences ; it's out of the way, and it's up too high. And yet I'm attached to the old place. When you've occupied a room for five years you seem to have made over a portion of your innermost self to its keeping. It knows you so well ; it has all your secrets, and there's no getting them back either ; if you go away you leave them for others. I feel as if I had grown up between these four walls. Here I came after my mother died ; here I've learned to know myself, and, thinking over my day's adventures every evening, to know, as far as I do know it, the world ; here I've tasted both the bitterness and the sweetness of solitude—all the more reason, by the way, for my not resenting poor Mr. Young's proximity. What on earth has got into me ? I came in from the street with my senses thrilling with the whispery and perfumes of spring ; I cross the threshold and happen to catch a whiff of my neighbor's cigar—a puff of harmless incense to the season—and straightway I fall into a passion. Decidedly, I've made a fool of myself, and to save my dignity I must decamp. As for this dingy old chamber, I hate it. I shall go and begin life afresh somewhere else. I wonder what Mr. Young means to do ? What *can* he do ? I'm curious to see. If he really suffers from my piano, I have the advantage. It's not his fault, after all, if he objects to music. But it's such an odd turn of mind. It's really pleasanter though, under the circumstances, than if he happened to have a passion for it. When I play, I feel, I think, I talk, I express my moods, my fancies, my regrets, my desires. I can imagine nothing more disagreeable than to know that some totally superfluous little gentleman may be sitting behind that partition, deciphering my notes and very possibly enjoying them—that I am treating his worship, in short, to a perpetual serenade ! I'm spared that annoyance, at any rate ! And yet—and yet—and yet I confess that there would be a harmless sweetness in having, once in a while, some other auditor than Susie, and Jennie, and Josie. But what's this ? (*Going to the table.*) How came it here ? (*Takes up a small parcel.*) “Stephen Young, Esq.” He can't have left it here ; he brought in nothing but the flowers. Pah ! it's his everlasting tobacco. I must get rid of it without loss of time. (*Goes to her door and calls into the entry.*) Mr. Young. (*A pause.*) Mr. Young !

Stephen (without). At your service, madam ! (*Catherine returns and replaces the package on the table ; Stephen reappears with an open letter in his hand.*) No proposals for a compromise, I hope !

Catherine (pointing to the package). Be so good as to possess yourself of your own property. How it came here I'm at loss to say.

Stephen. Why, it's evident ; your flowers and my tobacco arrived together. The young woman who brought them up committed the pardonable error of giving you my parcel, and me yours.

Catherine. Pardonable ! It's easy for you to say.

Stephen. Perfectly so, inasmuch as it has given me a pretext for another visit.

Catherinè. You're reading a letter. I'm sorry to have interrupted you.

Stephen. The interruption is most *à propos*. The letter concerns us both. It's like King and Emperor in the middle ages. They prepare with a great flourish and rumpus to knock each other's heads off, when up comes the Pope and knocks off their crowns, without which, of course, their heads are worthless. This letter is the Pope's bull.

Catherine. What on earth do you mean ?

Stephen. Our good landlord is the Pope. May I request your attention for

five minutes? This morning, as I went out, I deposited below the amount of my monthly bill, which had been some days due. This answer has just been put into my hands. (*Reads.*) "My dear Mr. Young, I return your bill receipted, with thanks. I take this occasion to make a communication which I have been for some time contemplating, and which it is important you should receive without further delay. I have just sold my house to a party who proposes to convert the ground-floor into a store, and the upper portion into offices, and who will therefore be unable to retain any of my present lodgers. As I have granted immediate occupation I shall be able to allow them to continue or to renew their present leases only to three weeks from this date; namely, to the fifth of May. I have little doubt but that in this interval, my rooms all being let singly, they will find other quarters. I shall immediately advise them to this effect. Yours, etc." What do you think of that?

Catherine. Think, Mr. Young? Why, it's horrible, monstrous!

Stephen. Man proposes, but landlords dispose. I'm very much afraid we shall have to make peace, in spite of ourselves.

Catherine. Peace? Oh, I shall know nothing of peace until I find another resting place. It's very hard to have to leave this old room.

Stephen. I had no idea you were so fond of it.

Catherine. I beg you to believe that I am fond of it. It's very unreasonable, but when was there any reason in fondness? The room is intensely disagreeable, but, nevertheless, I like it, and I don't choose to be swept out like old rubbish in a house-cleaning.

Stephen. The room in itself, or rather, perhaps, in something that isn't exactly itself, is charming. If you were only to see mine!

Catherine. For a man, it's different. You have only to stuff a few clothes into a valise and to take it in your hand and march off in search of fortune.

Stephen. You put it rather strong, perhaps—the independence of men. Nevertheless, I confess that, compared with you, I can transplant myself with but little trouble. I have no piano, no sofa, no pictures, no curtains, no little worktables, or other gimcracks.

Catherine. I declare, I could sit down and cry. (*Sits herself.*)

Stephen. Oh, come, don't say that, or I shall begin to entertain feelings with regard to our wronger which, if they insist upon being expressed, may subject me to the penalties of the law. Perhaps I'd better not have read you the letter.

Catherine. It was as well to hear it from you as from that—that wretch!

Stephen. To-morrow, probably, he'll give you warning.

Catherine. I shall have gained a day, at any rate, or lost one; I hardly know which.

Stephen. How, lost one?

Catherine. Well, if you wish particularly to know, to-day is my birthday.

Stephen. Ah, yes. Well?

Catherine. Well, that's all.

Stephen. Ah, I see, and I've spoiled it by that detestable piece of news.

Catherine. Oh, there was little enough to spoil, after all.

Stephen (after a pause). Ah, so to-day's your birthday!

Catherine. Dear me, it's a nice time to talk about birthdays.

Stephen. That accounts, of course, for those flowers.

Catherine. Exactly; if there is any need to account for them.

Stephen. I might have guessed at something of the sort.

Catherine. Something of the sort! You're not very polite. How many anniversaries do you think I keep?

Stephen. Upon my word, if I had known this was your birthday I wouldn't have read you that letter.

Catherine. The letter was better than nothing. Besides, it is a rule that my birthdays should be the grimmest possible reminders of mortality. Last year I was laid up with a sick headache; the year before I lost my best pupil, who dismissed me in a polite little note; the year before my chimney caught fire—this very chimney. It was a late cold spring, you remember; we had fires into June; I was sitting here alone; I heaped on the coal, for company's sake. In half an hour, I assure you, I had company enough—the landlord, all the lodgers, a dozen firemen, and three or four policemen. That was before you came.

Stephen. Why, you've been through everything in this little room. What was it the year before that?

Catherine. That year I had no birthday. My mother died. After that, I came here.

Stephen. That was three years ago. You must have been lonely.

Catherine. At first I was lonely, indeed. Then I began to get lessons, and I had no time. Only sometimes in the evening I missed a few old associations; and now I have got used to it.

Stephen. There's nothing you miss, then?

Catherine. Nothing—nothing, at least, that I have ever had.

Stephen. You're contented, then. I'll be hanged if I am! O happy woman!

Catherine. O stupid man! There's a difference between missing the past and longing for the future. We get used to being without the things that have passed away; we never get used to being without the things that have not yet come; we end by ceasing to think of those; we never cease to think of these; and, as regards them at least, we are never contented.

Stephen. Why, you're quite a philosopher! (*Hesitates a moment and then seats himself.*)

Catherine (rising). You'll admit that I need to be a philosopher with such a landlord! (*Moves out a small table, takes a cloth from the drawer and lays it.*)

Stephen. What are you going to do now?

Catherine. I'm going, by your leave, to have my tea.

Stephen. Ah, yes, by all means; even a philosopher must eat. Do you actually make your tea this way every evening?

Catherine (smiling). Actually. Tea isn't a thing one has by fits and starts.

Stephen. It's something I never have at all. I dine at six, at an eating-house, where I take a cup of very bad coffee. But I haven't really sat down to tea since—since I was young.

Catherine. I dine at half-past two, at a school where I give lessons. After running about all the afternoon, of course by this hour I'm quite ready for this little ceremony. It's very pleasant to be able at last to have tea by daylight.

Stephen. So I suppose; just as it's disagreeable not to be able to dine by lamplight.

Catherine. Ah, me! to dine by lamplight is the dream of my life; but I suppose I shall never do it till I'm old and rich.

Stephen. As the days grow longer I put off my dinner. In fact, I haven't dined yet.

Catherine (laughing). Good heaven! what a life! (*During the above, she has been passing to and fro between the cupboard and the table, setting out the articles necessary for tea. Among other things, she has placed a small kettle, and kindled the lamp beneath it.*)

Stephen. It's certain that at my eating-house they don't give me a table-cloth like that.

Catherine. I suppose they make it up by other things. Ah, there's a little hole in the middle!

Stephen. The great Goethe has wisely remarked that man loves freedom and woman order.

Catherine. I'll cover it up with my bouquet. (*Places the vase of flowers.*) What do you say about Goethe?

Stephen. I knew you were going to do something with those flowers.

Catherine. It was knowledge easily gained. Don't look at the kettle, now, or it won't boil.

Stephen. Of course I'll not look at the kettle when I can look at you. What are you going to have for tea?

Catherine. Nothing to speak of; bread and butter. There's at least an hour of daylight left; if you are very hungry, you are welcome to a share of my loaf, *en attendant* your dinner.

Stephen. Oh, I'm terribly hungry.

Catherine. Dear me, if it's as bad as that you'd better go at once to your eating-house. Stay; do you like sardines?

Stephen. Particularly.

Catherine. And guava jelly?

Stephen. Extravagantly.

Catherine. Well, then, perhaps we can blunt the edge of your voracity. (*Returns to the cupboard and takes out a box of sardines and a pot of guava jelly.*)

Stephen. Ah, the kettle boils.

Catherine (setting down the above). Be so good, then, as to move your chair up to the table. Luckily, I have things for two. (*Lays cup and saucer, plate, etc.*)

Stephen. I suppose that once in a while you have a visitor.

Catherine (seated). No one but the cat. You must excuse it, but that's the cat's saucer. Frequently, in the evening, she comes up to drink tea with me. I make her a dish of it just as I do for myself, and she sips it up like a perfect lady. When I move I must have a cat of my own. I shall feel so much more complete.

Stephen. Good heaven! if that's all you need to feel complete—

Catherine. How do you like your tea?

Stephen. Strong, please—as strong as Samson unshorn.

Catherine. You mean by that, I suppose, that you want neither cream nor sugar?

Stephen. Cream and sugar are the wiles of Delilah.

Catherine. I must say, then, that Delilah is a much-abused person.

Stephen. It's no more than natural that you should stand up for her. You yourself, Miss West—

Catherine. Very well—I myself—(*Laughing*). I declare I believe you want me to compare you to Samson. But, I assure you, my respect for the sacred legends of Scripture forbids me to do it.

Stephen. Don't laugh at me now, or I shall pull down the roof on your head.

Catherine. *A propos* of pulling down roofs, our charming landlord is the man to claim the title. Oh, to think of it!

Stephen. I protest; I stick to my idea. Delilah was, of course, a very charming woman. To begin with, you and she have that in common.

Catherine. Granted. Pursue your argument.

Stephen. Well, the long and short of it is that you, being, as I say, a charming woman, here I sit breaking your bread and drinking your tea, as if we were the best friends in the world.

Catherine. I must say that you're a very weak Samson. I've treated you with no more than common decency. I couldn't do less than ask you to have a cup of tea.

Stephen. No, thank heaven, that you couldn't; but, you know, we had so fiercely resolved, in our future intercourse, to violate the commonest civilities; and then I hated you so!

Catherine. From the moment that a term was so suddenly set to our acquaintance, it seemed a great relief to throw those troublesome resolutions overboard. I call them troublesome, for I assure you I felt none of the inspiration of hatred.

Stephen. Really, then, I hardly know whether your implacable attitude was the more or the less to your credit.

Catherine. Implacable? You use hard words; not that I admit, however, that I was not quite right.

Stephen. Oh, it was very becoming. Of course you felt no sordid human passion. You figured simply your divine protectress—the canonized Muse—outraged, insulted, discredited; but cold, relentless and dispassionate. I confess that I felt a good earthly spite.

Catherine. I forgive you. Your cause needed it. After all, this new turn of events has saved us some confusion.

Stephen. One of us, certainly.

Catherine. Well, one of us, if you will. There could have been no graceful termination to our quarrel. And so farewell to the whole business.

Stephen. Farewell! You pronounce the word with singular unction.

Catherine. I know but one way of pronouncing it.

Stephen. Well, I wish you a better neighbor next time; some unappreciated Mozart, some undeveloped Rossini.

Catherine. I'm much obliged to you for your wishes, but my own are very different. I had rather have no neighbor at all. It's much simpler.

Stephen. I'm quite of your mind. So long as contiguity subsists the parties are bitter enemies, and when they come to part they find suddenly that they are great friends. If I could afford it, I should go and take a house and occupy it alone. Failing that, I don't know what's left for me but to perch like St. Simon on the summit of some lonely column.

Catherine. I shall go to work to-morrow, and if I don't find a lodging before the sun goes down, I shall consent to pass for a very silly creature. I shall not stay here a moment longer than I can help.

Stephen. I applaud your spirit. I shall do as much. We can perhaps be of some assistance to each other. I shall doubtless see a number of apartments that are far too nice for such as me. I will note them down and hand you the list. You, on the other hand, will see a great many that you could never think of occupying; you can give me a hint of their whereabouts.

Catherine. I had no idea there was that vast difference in our needs.

Stephen. Ah, nothing is too nice for you, Miss West.

Catherine. Come, you're extravagant.

Stephen. And nothing too rough, too dingy, too common for me.

Catherine. Oh, do favor me with a reason for this wild antithesis!

Stephen. Why, you see, during this half hour that I've been spending in your room, I've gradually become penetrated with the spirit of the place—the simple elegance, the unerring good taste that lurks in the disposition of every little ornament, in every fold of drapery. There isn't a thing—down to the very piano—that I don't profoundly respect.

Catherine. Upon my word, Mr. Young, you have a brilliant imagination.

Stephen. You wouldn't say so if you were to see the musty, dusty, absolutely naked little hole on the other side of that wall, in which I spend my days and nights. In the middle, a rickety table, with a book under one foot to keep it steady, littered with the direst confusion of dust-covered books and papers, and literally constellated with an infinite diversity of ink blots. A row of bookshelves, with the books thrust in any way but the right way; a cane-seated arm-chair, a stuffed ditto, a stove, a bed, a washstand, a trunk, a window, four walls, a ceiling and a floor. There you have a complete inventory; that is, it would be complete if I could represent, by any form of words, the lonely, grimy, dingy, late-of-a-November-afternoon expression of the whole place!

Catherine. You have what you need, I suppose. Men's and women's requirements are different. Women, even the most inveterate gad-a-bouts, are essentially stay-at-home creatures. Even wretched, shiftless peripatetics like myself cherish a secret ideal of domesticity. I may tramp about half the day, from house to house, but I like to think that I have a little sanctuary at home where I may hang up a few votive knick-knacks to the household gods. This little room is the home of my fancy; it wants no wider field; it calls its guests sometimes from a distance, but it never goes beyond the threshold to meet them. With you it's quite another matter. A man living alone, as you do, can't make a home; he can't live in his shell; he has only one foot at his fire-side, the other is in the world.

Stephen. One foot here—one foot a mile off! You'll admit that it's a decidedly uncomfortable position.

Catherine (*laughing*). I don't pretend to deny it. Nevertheless, I declare I mortally despise a man whose conversation is forever stretched, as they say, on four pins; who has all his little properties neatly brushed and ticketed and classified. There's nothing I admire so much as a certain generous disorder!

Stephen. Heavenly power! If you only knew me how much you would admire me! It's a very happy arrangement, by the way, this exquisite human faculty of admiration. How it amplifies the soul!—how it doubles one's existence! Personally, as you say—as I see for myself—you're the very patron saint of neatness and elegance; you make cleanliness picturesque; you make symmetry natural. And yet, seated in the midst of your native paradise, you bestow an approving smile on the dreary chaos of my unblessed existence. And so, on my side, from the depths of that chaos, I gaze in wonder and worship on the unforced harmony, the tranquil comfort which you shed upon your pathway, and which encircles you with a gentle radiance like that of some wholesome daylight saint.

Catherine. It's very strange that precisely those qualities which are most natural to us, and which from long usage have lost every vestige of mystery and charm, and have become as flat and cold as the muffins of this morning's break-

fast, should be the very points of attraction to the minds of others, and appear to them as bright and blooming as untrodden islands. Ah, Mr. Young, I'm dismally prosaic, if you only knew me.

Stephen. I have a passion for good prose. I've swallowed in my time an amount of indifferent verse!

Catherine. I declare I'm quite tired of myself and my lonely, fussy little virtues. Do knock over something and break it, Mr. Young!

Stephen. Willingly; if on my side I could only bespeak the touch of those helping, healing hands!

Catherine (rising). By the way, its one of my virtues not to leave my table standing a moment after I've had my tea. If you'll be so good as to rise.

Stephen (rising). Give me that vase of flowers and I'll break it.

Catherine. Gladly, it's very ugly. (*Takes out the bouquet and offers the vase.*)

Stephen. Oh, I mean the flowers themselves.

Catherine. Ah, barbarian! is that the way you understand me?

Stephen. Now don't tell me I've made a great mistake.

Catherine. It certainly is a mistake to suppose that a woman will ever submit to see flowers wantonly destroyed—unless when, for some good reason, she destroys them herself.

Stephen. There's an excellent reason why you should do me a favor.

Catherine. What is the favor, pray?

Stephen. Throw that bouquet out of the window.

Catherine. Dear me! is that all? And what is the reason?

Stephen. That I particularly desire it.

Catherine. They are quite worthy of each other. The favor must be less, Mr. Young, or the reason greater.

Stephen. Tell me, then, who sent you the bouquet?

Catherine. The request is peremptory, but I'll satisfy you! Hem! a very dear young friend.

Stephen. Do you call that satisfying me?

Catherine. Upon my word, you're very exacting.

Stephen. And you, Miss West, are very exasperating!

Catherine. Good, so our quarrel is open again!

Stephen (very serious). I assure you, as far as I'm concerned, it has never been closed.

Catherine. Just as you please. I have no time for such trifles now. I have a heavy care on my mind and a long day's work on my hands.

Stephen (with energy). By Heaven! I could positively howl when I hear you talk so.

Catherine. My talk, it seems to me, is quite as reasonable as yours.

Stephen. Doubtless, and your feelings even more so.

Catherine. Farewell, Mr. Young.

Stephen (after a pause, looking at her). You said just now that there is but one way of pronouncing that word. I confess I don't know it.

Catherine. Very well, I excuse you.

Stephen. The best way is not to try it; I'm sure I should break down. In the name of pity, don't you understand me?

Catherine. Not in the least. In one word, are we friends or enemies?

Stephen. I wish to heaven I could say we were neither.

Catherine. Come, Mr. Young, you're foolish.

Stephen. Desperately so, I'm a lover.

Catherine. Oh, oh !

Stephen. Of course, you don't believe it.

Catherine. Of course ? (*A pause.*) Excuse me, you're no lover.

Stephen. Of course you do, then.

Catherine. Worse and worse.

Stephen. Confound it ! Perhaps you do, perhaps you don't !

Catherine (after a pause). Perhaps I do. You'll excuse me if I'm not perfectly sure. The events of the last hour—

Stephen. The events of the last hour, believe me, are proof conclusive of my passion. I've known for the last month that it *is* a passion, but only this evening have I read it aright. The sunlight of your presence has cleared up my misty doubts, my dusky illusions. Now, that there is a menace in the air of my losing you, I see that that troubling, tuneful presence, which I took to be the torment of my life, was, in truth, its motive and its delight. I assure you I thought of you far more than your music warranted. We need some other explanation. Do accept this one—that I love you with all my soul.

Catherine (smiling). It's very true that, considering that that's a good stout wall, we have been singularly conscious of each other's—idiosyncracies.

Stephen. Divinely conscious !

Catherine. I must say, however, that it's a pity you have such an aversion to a piano.

Stephen. My dear Catherine, the secret of the matter was that I couldn't turn your leaves. By the way, you'll perhaps get used to my smoking.

Catherine. You best of men ! I promise to light your cigar.

Stephen. Ah, life will be too sweet. But now that I've stepped into authority, I demand as a right that you tell me the history of that nosegay.

Catherine. Why, like that of Viola's love, in "Twelfth Night," it's well nigh "a blank, my lord !" It was sent me as a birthday token by a pupil, a very good little girl of ten.

Stephen. Bless her kind little heart ! Well, my dear, you may keep it as a farewell.

HENRY JAMES, JR.

ANIMAL FOOD.

“**M**EATS for the belly, and the belly for meats,” saith St. Paul in his epistle to the Corinthians. Verily, the Apostle had a keen sense of the fitness of things, and we may conclude that he was doubtless a believer in the use of meats, for when his advice was asked regarding the eating of such as had been sacrificed to idols, he justified their employment on the ground that “an idol is nothing.”

Though the first man may have been contented with a diet of fruits and vegetables, there can be but little doubt that even if his own appetite did not prompt him to try experiments with animal food, the faculty of imitation soon induced him to repeat those which were practised by various carnivorous creatures ; if, indeed, he did not in his first experience devour the remnants from the repast of some beast of prey. Having once tasted flesh, it was but natural that he should become a hunter, and finally a keeper of flocks and herds, and it is in this capacity that the earlier inhabitants of the earth are introduced to us.

Flesh having become an article of food, even in the earliest times, certain kinds were used, and others prohibited by fashion or custom. The ancient Hebrews forbade the eating of the majority of animals, and only used for purposes of food the cow, the sheep, and the goat among domestic animals, and the chicken and pigeon among domestic birds.

Fishes, birds and beasts furnish our chief supply of animal food, though there are exceptions to this rule. The clay-eater of South Carolina and of South America, for example, devours enormous quantities of an earth that contains animalcules. The Romans considered snails a great delicacy, and the name of Fulvius Lupinus has been handed down to us as the first to establish preserves for sea-snails, which he fattened with a mixture of various substances boiled in wine. He carried the art of breeding and fattening them to such a degree of perfection that, according to Pliny, the shell of a single snail would sometimes hold eighty quadrantes, or about fifteen quarts. The extent of these ancient preserves among the Romans, may be judged of from the fact that the fish in those of Lucullus sold for four million sesterces after his death. In our own time many reptiles are used as food, and some, as the frog, are considered great delicacies by the epicures of civilized countries. Among savage nations there is but little attention paid to the character of the flesh consumed ; even snakes, lizards, and insects being employed for this purpose.

The use of fish as food prevails chiefly among maritime nations, and in these countries it is not an uncommon thing for the government to encourage this branch of industry by favoring laws. At one time this policy was carried to such an extent that the use of fish on Friday and fast days was supported by laws which showed that their intention was not entirely religious, since they stated that thereby the fisheries would be rendered of greater value, and the wealth of the nation increased. Even now, the cultivation of the salmon is one of the most important of the interests connected with the supply of animal food in Great Britain, and the most experienced naturalists and legislators are devoting their earnest attention to the solution of the problem.

Birds constitute but a small proportion of the food of the human race, and are considered a delicacy rather than a staple article. It is stated that the flesh of

those whose muscles are dark colored is more nutritious than that of white-fleshed birds; and Stark, who made this question the subject of experiment, says that he was most vigorous when he ate roast goose.

The chief supply of animal food is derived from the four-footed beasts, yet among this class but few are used to any extent. They are oxen, sheep and swine: some think the ox the most valuable, others demand the palm for the sheep, while a third party advance the claims of the pig. Among the last is Pliny, who says there is no animal that affords a greater variety to the palate of the epicure; all the others have their own peculiar flavor, but the flesh of the hog has fifty different flavors. He also adds, "The tail is curled, and it has been remarked that those are a more acceptable offering to the gods whose tail is turned to the right than those which have it turned to the left."

All parts of animals have been used as food, even secretions and excretions have at one time or another been employed either for this purpose, or as medicines. The ancient Romans esteemed the brains of the ostrich and peacock, the tongues of nightingales and other singing birds. Laurices or young hares taken from the body of the mother and dressed with the entrails, were held in high repute. Dishes which modern ideas of modesty forbid us to mention are still used by the Tartars, and the disciple of Epicurus in our day regards the trail of the woodcock with especial favor.

Not content with the ample provision made for his wants, man seeks to satisfy the craving of his palate by producing diseased conditions in various creatures, with a view to the rapid increase of the quantity of fat, or the enlargement of some organ, as the liver. It is said that the Romans blinded the fowls that were to be submitted to the operation of cramming, to insure the exclusion of light. The liver of the goose has been enlarged by such treatment from very remote times, and the name of Apicius is handed down to us as the discoverer of the fact that the liver of the hog may be increased in the same manner as that of the goose: he recommended that for this purpose the creature should be crammed with dried figs, and when sufficiently fat drenched with wine mixed with honey, and killed immediately afterward. In our own time this system of cramming is still continued, the poor fowl being kept in a warm, dark box, and forced every hour to swallow a paste made of meal, molasses, suet, and milk. The operation is completed in about a couple of weeks, but if continued much longer the bird generally dies from a sudden attack of fever, and is then unfit for use.

Custom and religion have, it is true, a certain influence over the diet of a nation, but the habits of a people in this respect are, to a great extent, under the control of climate. The inhabitant of a torrid region delights in the fruits and succulent vegetables with which nature bountifully supplies him, and does no care to undergo the fatigue and exertion necessary to obtain animal food when luscious fruits are ready to fall into his mouth. He lives surrounded by a warm, moist atmosphere; he does not require much heat-making food; the very air is enervating, and why should he exert himself when there is no necessity? The dweller in arctic regions, on the contrary, must burn away rapidly in order to keep the temperature of his body at the point required to sustain the processes of life. Animal food, therefore, becomes the urgent requirement of his existence, and since fat furnishes the greatest amount of heat in a given bulk, he seeks greedily for the blubber of the seal or whale, and a glass of oil is to him far more desirable than the choicest wine of a comet vintage.

Between these extremes we find the inhabitant of the temperate zone, who,

while he declines to partake of the grosser food of his northern neighbor, agrees with him in his craving for flesh of all kinds, and prizes especially venison and every species of game. At his table the fruits and vegetables of the southerner also have their place. He occupies the position that nature has intended for his race. He is an omnivorous animal, and with such a diet, and under favoring skies, reaches the highest development of which his kind is capable. It is interesting to notice that when the system has become accustomed to a mixed diet, a total abstinence from either animal or vegetable food causes the disease known as scurvy. It is a popular error to suppose that this condition is the result only of a want of vegetable food. This error has arisen from the fact that, heretofore, in long voyages, vegetable food has been deficient in quantity, but we now know that a species of scurvy may arise from a deficiency in the supply of animal food.

Not only the kind of meat to be eaten, but the method of killing or slaughtering has likewise been made the subject of religious and civil laws. The Hebrews were forbidden to eat flesh if it contained blood, and under no circumstances were they allowed to use the blood itself. Some idea of their style of living may be obtained from the list of provisions provided for King Solomon's table. It included thirty measures of the finest wheat flour, with twice as much ordinary flour, ten stall-fed oxen, twenty pasture oxen, one hundred sheep, with venison and poultry. They also used roast and boiled meats, and ragouts; salt was the seasoning mentioned in the preparation of the meats for the Temple, and very few of our spices were employed. In their place honey was and is still extensively used in Palestine for this purpose. In slaughtering, the greatest care was taken to allow the blood to flow freely, and they even went so far as to put the meat, for a short time, in salt, to extract the last drops of that objectionable fluid.

Another custom that prevailed at one time was to administer various articles to the animal, shortly before it was killed, to improve the flavor and digestibility of the flesh, consequently we find such directions as the following: "To make a pig taste like a wild boar. Boil together, in vinegar and water, some rosemary, thyme, sweet basil, bay leaves and sage; then take a living pig, make him swallow the mixture, whip him to death and roast him immediately." The vinegar was administered with the idea that it softened the flesh and rendered it more digestible. In the same work the following method of slaughtering a hedge-hog is recommended: Two men are to take him by the feet and rub his back across a sharp stone or other hard substance until he ceases to squeal, and then cut his throat. The actors in such scenes were able to practise their barbarities without molestation, for civilization had not yet taught man to be humane either to his own kind or to the dumb creatures that were given into his care. The generation that could produce a Bergh was not yet born, and why should those who roasted living men show mercy to a beast?

The care regarding the removal of blood from animal food was practised for a long time in the early Christian church; for we read in the "Acts" that the converts from Paganism were to refrain from idolatry, from eating blood and such animals as were strangled, and their blood thereby retained in their bodies. In the year 79, the martyr Biblis, in his defence against the accusation that the Christians killed children and drank their blood at their ceremonials, said: "The Christian religion would not so much as allow them to drink the blood of any animal whatever, much less human blood." Even as late as the eleventh century, Cardinal Humbert, in the character of Legate to Constantinople, declares, that in the church they refrained from creatures that were strangled, dead

of themselves, or drowned ; though he admits that they ate birds taken in hunting, and wild fowl caught by dogs, asking no question for conscience sake.

From this caution regarding slaughtering, modern Christians have sadly relapsed ; and though we do not eat our steaks warm from the living animal, after the manner of the Abyssinians, many of our butchers almost compel us to do so when they allow the flesh to retain as much blood as possible, in order to increase its weight, or when, as rumor whispers, they sell at their stalls creatures that have died from natural causes, or those that have never seen the light alive.

Experience has demonstrated that the proper method of slaughtering is to prepare the animal for the sacrifice by causing it to abstain from food for some hours before the operation is performed ; for if, at the time of death, the process of digestion is in full activity the gastric or digestive juice will dissolve the wall of the stomach, and, exuding into the flesh, give it a very disagreeable flavor. Such a result is often met with in fowls, the breast being rendered unfit for use by the juices that have escaped from the crop. The act of slaughtering is performed either by cutting the throat, opening a large blood-vessel, or by knocking the animal on the head and then cutting the throat, that the blood may flow freely from the body.

In this connection we cannot avoid referring to the custom, so prevalent among our people, of eating flesh immediately after the creature is killed. It is by no means an uncommon thing, when we visit the country in the summer, to find at the dinner-table fowls that were alive two hours before the meal commenced.

Aside from any fancy in the matter, there is a physiological reason why flesh should be kept for a time after the animal is slaughtered ; for immediately after the last breath is taken, and when the arteries have ceased to throb, the body becomes stiff and rigid, the muscles taking on the condition of powerful contraction, to which the name of *rigor mortis* is given. Many consider that this is the last living act of the muscle tissue, and that it is not truly dead until the *rigor mortis* ceases, which, in cold weather, requires several hours, and even days. When we imagine that we are eating mutton we are often in reality eating sheep, and we must not be surprised if the flavor is rather pronounced.

Another advantage gained by keeping the flesh of an animal for a few days is the improvement in its digestibility and flavor, as well as in its tenderness. In the Old World, meats are nearly always kept until the *fumet* is marked, and though we cannot adopt such a system in our hot weather, we can preserve meats for a considerable time in the winter with a decided improvement in their flavor and with marked relief to the pocket ; for a whole or half sheep may be purchased at a much lower rate than mutton can be bought by the pound ; and a small family will rarely lose any of it by too great a development of the *fumet*. There are some, however, who prefer their meat in this condition, resembling in this respect the Siamese, who regard a decayed egg that contains a chick as the daintiest of morsels.

The age of an animal is also a matter of importance, both as regards the digestibility and flavor of the meat. It is true that the flesh of a young animal is softer and more soluble in water than it is when the creature has reached the adult period ; but, nevertheless, the latter is the more digestible, as is shown in the experiments of Beaumont, which are given in the latter part of this article. In the United States, sufficient attention is not paid to this matter, and generally our beeves and muttuns are slaughtered before they reach the period of maturity, or too long after it. In England, great care is taken in this respect, for oxen are

not slaughtered until they are at least seven years old and in good condition ; while sheep are kept till the fifth year, when they furnish the wether-mutton for which Great Britain is so famous.

The food of an animal likewise influences the nature of its flesh. Hence, we find that the carnivorous animals are unfit for the purposes of the table, though, as Bacon remarks in his "Natural History," this does not hold in all cases, for there are many birds that feed on worms and insects and are, nevertheless, good meat. The influence of this kind of food is, however, illustrated by the case of Virginia hams, the superiority of which is, in a great measure, due to the fact that the swine are allowed to roam through the woods and feed on acorns, chestnuts, and roots, and are finally fattened on corn, and not on household garbage. It is also stated that the Chinese feed the dogs, rats, cats, and similar "small deer," that they intend to use as food, on vegetables and fruits, and when thus cultivated the flesh is not offensive.

The season, in like manner, possesses its influence. Pork, for example, is not fit for use in the summer. The flesh of the buck is valueless in the rutting season, and that of animals that have recently given birth to young is insipid, and not fit for use until some time after the lapse of the suckling period.

The time required for the digestion of various kinds of meat is a subject of considerable interest to those who are afflicted with dyspepsia or indigestion, and, fortunately, we have a very complete series of observations, in connection with this matter, made by Dr. Beaumont on Alexis St. Martin, who was shot through the stomach in such a manner that, when the wound healed, an opening was left in the walls of the abdomen, which communicated with the interior of the stomach, through which food could be introduced and the action of the digestive juices upon it examined from time to time. The results of these well-known experiments were as follows :

	H.	M.		H.	M.
Tripe, soured, boiled	-	1 06	Pork, raw	-	3 00
Trout, salmon, fresh, boiled	-	1 30	Oysters, roasted	-	3 15
Venison steak, broiled	-	1 35	Mutton, roasted	-	3 15
Liver, beef, boiled	-	2 00	Pork, broiled	-	3 15
Goose, roasted	-	2 00	Beef, roasted dry	-	3 30
Milk, boiled	-	2 00	Fresh fish, fried	-	3 30
Codfish, dry-cured, boiled	-	2 00	Eggs, hard-boiled or fried	-	3 30
Milk, uncooked	-	2 15	Oysters, stewed	-	3 30
Turkey, wild, roasted	-	2 13	Veal, broiled	-	4 00
Turkey, domestic, roasted	-	2 30	Beef and vegetable soup	-	4 00
Lamb	-	2 30	Salmon, salt, boiled	-	4 00
Fowl, fricasseed	-	2 45	Fowl, roasted or boiled	-	4 00
Oysters, raw	-	2 55	Duck, domestic, roasted	-	4 00
Chicken, soup	-	3 00	Beef, fried	-	4 00
Mutton, boiled or broiled	-	3 00	Duck, wild, roasted	-	4 30
Eggs, soft-boiled	-	3 00	Veal, fried	-	4 30
Beef, rare-roasted	-	3 00	Pork, roasted	-	5 15

The above table shows not only the different degrees of digestibility of various articles, but also the effects of cooking, regarding which we shall have more to say hereafter. It must not be forgotten that in such a table the quantity used is supposed to be about the same on all occasions ; for it is well known that a larger quantity of any given article requires a longer time for complete digestion than a smaller one. Beaumont, for example, found that, while a single egg was digested in one hour, it required four hours to digest eight eggs.

Many methods have been employed for the purpose of preserving flesh from decay. Those that have thus far withstood the test of time are by drying and by salting or pickling. It is said that, in very dry countries, as at the foot of the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains and in Egypt, the carcass of an animal

that is suspended in the air does not undergo putrefaction, but gradually dries up. It is even stated that, in Egypt, the perfect preservation of the mummies is not so much due to the perfection of their process of embalming as to this action of the air. Meat that has been preserved by drying is not materially changed as regards its digestibility; but if salt has been used in curing it, the fibre seems to be hardened, and consequently less digestible.

Another device that is commonly employed for the preservation of meat is to keep its temperature at a low degree by the use of ice. This is perfectly effectual if the flesh is frozen and kept in that condition. So entirely is the action of air and the putrefactive process stopped under these circumstances, that the bodies of animals that have fallen into the crevasses of glaciers, and become encased in its ice have been released years afterward, and the flesh discovered to be perfectly fresh and free from all taint. The length of time during which organic tissues may thus be preserved seems to be without limit, for in the northern parts of Russia, animals, belonging to extinct species, have been disinterred from the ice-bound sepulchres where they have rested unmolested for thousands of years, and the flesh in one well-authenticated instance was sufficiently fresh to serve as food for days.

The question of the liberal supply of animal food to densely populated communities, is closely connected with that of the preservation of meats. The transportation of beef from South America, where the animals are slaughtered for their hides, and the carcasses allowed to go almost entirely to waste, is a matter to which many persons have devoted considerable attention, and it promises a rich reward to those who succeed in solving the problem. Among the methods that have been suggested for this purpose, we may mention one which consists in the administration of sulphite of soda to the animal shortly before it is killed, to insure the passage of the salt through the circulatory system to the innermost recesses of the tissues. Under this treatment the flesh is preserved for a considerable period, even in the hot weather. The antiseptic action in this case is owing to the sulphurous acid, which will of itself cause similar results. Another process has been recently introduced for the preservation of meat, by slaughtering the animal by carbonic oxide gas, and afterward packing the flesh in vessels containing sulphurous or carbonic acid gases. In this method the chief reliance is placed on the action of the carbonic oxide, which seems to have the power of influencing the union of organic bodies with oxygen, and preventing putrefaction by destroying their affinity for that element. The sulphurous acid under these circumstances becomes an important assistant in the production of the desired result.

An improvement in the salting of meat, known as Morgan's process, has also been recently introduced, and is extensively used in South America. It consists in injecting brine into the blood-vessels of the animal immediately after it is killed. The chief objection urged against it is that it makes the meat too salt. In order to avoid the use of salt, meat has been preserved in canisters from which the air has been removed, but this is only satisfactory when practised on a large scale in establishments arranged for the purpose. The same object may be attained in families by exposing the exterior of the meat for a short time to a strong heat, so as to coagulate the albumen and thus prevent the access of air to the interior of the mass. Another method is to rub it exteriorly with strong acetic acid, which acts in the same manner. Dilute carbolic acid applied to the exterior of a mass of flesh will also preserve it; and if it is covered with powdered dry charcoal, meat will remain sweet for some time.

These simple methods are frequently resorted to in camps and on ships, and they are equally well suited to the wants of a family, and if more generally known would enable many to obtain an increase in their supply of animal food, by enabling them to purchase it in larger quantity at a lower rate.

We now pass to the discussion of meats that are unfit for use as food, on account of changes produced by putrefaction, disease, or other causes. Here we approach a branch of inquiry that has only of late years been rendered a subject of scientific examination. Yet the results already obtained render it very probable that poisonous meats are a fruitful cause of disease and death. As an illustration of the difficulty attending such investigations, we find at the very outset that almost any kind of flesh, even though it is perfectly good, will cause very distressing symptoms in certain people, while it is harmless to others. These idiosyncracies, as physicians call them, are inexplicable, and constitute one of the stumbling blocks in the way of all medical research and argument. They can only be eliminated by resorting to statistics that include so large a number of cases that the exceptions constitute a very small proportion of the whole.

The food that is most liable to produce symptoms of poisoning, even though it may seem to be good, is shell-fish. They occasionally cause great distress, attended by cramps and an eruption on the skin resembling nettle-rash. Such symptoms supervene in from ten minutes to twenty hours after eating the articles in question, and are accompanied frequently by great exhaustion and debility. Death has occurred in as short a time as three hours. If the vomiting is free the sufferer usually recovers. In some instances where shell-fish have been taken from docks or ship's bottoms, it has been suspected that they have been contaminated with copper or arsenic derived from the sheathing or paint on the vessels. In some instances copper has been found, but it is nevertheless probable that in the majority, if not in all the cases, the evil effects have been due to the presence of an animal poison.

If healthy flesh that is undergoing putrefaction is used as food, it is liable to produce very serious symptoms resembling those of typhus fever, in which there is considerable brain trouble. This, however, is not common, the usual result being the ejection of the offensive material. The system can even become accustomed to the introduction of such vile articles as decayed fish, which it is said the Siamese and Burmese use as a condiment.

Gamgee estimates that about one-fifth of the meat sold in the markets is obtained from animals that have died, or from those that have been killed while suffering from some complaint. When the creature has been killed suddenly by an accident, the flesh is good, but if death has been the result of over-driving, it contains a poison that produces an eruption on the skin of those who handle it, and though many persons may eat such flesh with impunity, some are not so fortunate; from which we may conclude that the act of digestion does not always destroy animal poisons.

The rinderpest, of which we have lately heard so much, is a contagious typhus, attended usually by an eruption on the skin. It is spread both by the atmosphere and by contact with diseased animals or fomites. It originated on the Asiatic part of the steppes of Russia at least one thousand years ago. Thence it has been transported to nearly all parts of the world, the transmission being usually by the fatal habit of licking, which is so prevalent among cattle, and by which the virus is carried from the hide of a diseased animal to the mucous surfaces of one that is healthy. It is also maintained that the inhalation of the breath or odors arising from the unsound beast will propagate the dis-

ease. So fatal is it, that in 1841 it destroyed 350,000 cattle in Egypt, and in the Crimean war the loss among the English and French cattle used for the armies was between forty and forty-five per cent.

The flesh of an animal that has died from the rinderpest is of a dark claret color, and possesses the singular property of iridescence (or reflecting light with changing color). The fat is usually of a dark, dusky yellow tint. The property of iridescence cannot be regarded as a special indication of this disease, since Rökitsansky states that it is also seen in creatures that have died from acute convulsions, and in those that have been suffocated. Great diversity of opinion prevails regarding the use of such flesh as food. It was formerly considered poisonous; but during the prevalence of the pest in Bohemia, the peasants dug up the cattle that had died of it and ate them; and since 1865 animals that have perished from the rinderpest in England have been consumed without evil consequences. A law recently passed prohibits the sale of flesh of this description.

In addition to the causes we have mentioned flesh may be rendered injurious by the presence in it of certain parasites, among which is the *cysticercus* that occurs in mealy pork and which is supposed to be developed into the tape-worm when it is introduced into the human stomach. Another of these parasites is the *trichina spiralis*. It is chiefly found in pork and brings the meat into a condition in which a small quantity of it eaten raw or in an imperfectly cooked state suffices to destroy life, and there is but little doubt, that in many of the cases of suspected poisoning, in which no poison was found, the symptoms may have been due to this parasite.

Trichina are seen in all the muscles as minute ovoid white bodies 1-50 of an inch long and about 1-100 wide, with their long diameter parallel to the fibre of the muscle, and resembling, in appearance, the eggs deposited by certain insects in the hair of persons of unclean habits. The worm is coiled up in the interior of these capsules; it is about 1-30 of an inch long. Dr. Keller states that as many as 300,000 have been counted in half a pound of raw meat. It is viviparous, and passes the greater part of its existence in a kind of chrysalis state, imbedded in the muscles of the animal, but as soon as it is introduced into the stomach of another animal, it finds the conditions necessary for its development, and after a period of incubation extending over six or eight days, develops into an intestinal worm, which thrives and propagates with marvellous rapidity, the females producing 100 or more young in three or four days, so that in a short time the ingestion of half a pound of meat will have stocked the stomach and intestines with 30,000,000 of these worms. After a while they emigrate from the bowels to the muscular tissues, burrowing through the coats of the intestines until they reach a suitable resting place, some of them working their way to the most distant muscles. This stage is attended by inflammation of the organs, and all the symptoms of poisoning by a powerful irritant.

The flesh of an animal may also be rendered noxious by the direct action of mineral and organic poisons, as in the case of grouse that have eaten the berries of certain plants. Dr. Taylor states that in England it is a common practice to steep grain in a solution of arsenic previously to sowing it. Pheasants, partridges and other birds are thus accidentally destroyed. In some instances game is purposely killed by laying corn saturated with arsenic, in the localities where birds abound, to obtain them for the market. The flesh is, under these circumstances, poisoned, and thus man, in his greed for gain,

Shoots his arrow o'er the house
And wounds his brother.

JOHN C. DRAPER, M. D.

OUR GREAT FARMERS

AMONG THE MILK-MAKERS.

INTO great cities now flow great rivers of water, smaller ones of milk. If they do not get mixed before they reach the consumer it is providential; for it is found that whatever we add to water spoils it, and whatever we mix with milk injures it. Admirable then as these two delicious fluids are when pure, it is quite desirable, for the consumer at least, to get them before they are married, or marred.

All cities and towns depend upon their immediate neighborhoods for their supplies of milk, and these supplies are more vast than one at first dreams of. Into New York City, for example, flow some five streams; by the Erie railroad comes the largest, taking its rise some seventy miles away; one by the Harlem road at the same distance; by the New Haven road comes one as far as from Berkshire, in Massachusetts; by the Hudson, another some seventy miles; by the Long Island, one about the same. These railroads, or their managers, are very sensitive and do not like to tell a too-confiding community what they do; but it is stated in round numbers that the Erie brings in some 3,000 cans or 120,000 quarts per day; we may suppose the other streams to bring as much more. We thus have for this one city a supply of say 250,000 quarts, which, at ten cents per quart, amounts to \$25,000 per day and \$9,000,000 per year; a very pretty river, indeed, as most will say.

We may verify this in some degree, as there are about 160,000 families in the city, who consume at least a quart a day; double this for hotels, restaurants, confectioners, etc., and we shall reach one-third of a million quarts daily consumption.

Now, my dear GALAXY, there do live great tea and coffee dealers who assume to look down upon our milk raisers. Allow me to follow this business out and we shall see what foolish people they are. In these United States exist some nine million cows.* If they give ten quarts a day each for 300 days it makes this figure—27,000,000,000 quarts: but as this is probably too large, let us halve it, and we shall have a vast flow of 13,500,000,000 of quarts of the pure juice of the cow. With a slate and pencil an ingenious merchant can see what this amounts to in dollars and cents; and he can, perhaps, perceive that this production makes our people just so much richer, while his teas and coffees make them just so much poorer. Who then shall be greatest? Who shall look down?

Six hundred and seventy-five million dollars is not an item of yearly wealth to be lightly spoken of, even by merchant princes! And something like it the yearly milk production of this country seems to amount to.

Before we go into the country to see the cows, to smell their fragrant breaths, and to look at their great, deep, liquid eyes, let us have a swift glance at this matter of city supply.

It is not a simple or an easy thing to get this milk from the cow, then along a railway seventy miles, and into the mouths of 160,000 families once a day in winter and twice a day in summer. But this is what the milkmen and companies of New York and other cities do do, and, on the whole, they do it well. In the first place the milk must be quickly and thoroughly cooled down to about

* Census of 1860, 8,581,735.

50 deg. to 64 deg. before it is put upon the cars. This secures it against souring. One of our most successful dairymen tells me that if the vessels are perfectly clean, a temperature of 64 deg. will secure it for twenty-four hours in all weathers. It is better if cooled with a cold spring than with ice.

I applied to Messrs. Woodhull & Co., of North Moore street, one of the largest and most trustworthy distributors, for further information as to this matter of city supply, and learned many more things than I can give within the limits of this article. The business of this company alone amounts to nigh half a million of dollars a year.

The most perfect cleanliness in all the vessels used is an absolute necessity. The milk is taken before day and whirled all over the city to get it to the exact mouths that need it. It is desirable that no water should get into this milk; first from the farmer's well, next from the milk company's hydrant, and last from the driver's pump. Does it escape? Not wholly.

"Are the farmers honest?" I asked.

"Not altogether—about like other folks—some water does get in."

"Do ten per cent. of them water it?"

"I think not—a few—but we soon find them out and drop them off. One woman will water it, she is a good woman—church member—but we haven't been able to break her yet."

"You keep her on then?"

"Yes, we have hopes even of her—'the vilest sinner,' you know, 'may return.'"

"About the milk companies, do their hydrants flow freely?"

"The great companies do not water, and most of the smaller men are honest."

"The drivers?"

"Some cheat a little, but not much. On the whole, the milk of New York is honest milk. It is as honest food as is sold in the city, excepting the swill-milk, of course."

Some four or five companies sell from 4,000 to 10,000 quarts each per day; the rest are smaller, of all sizes.

The retail price in New York is ten to twelve cents in winter, and ten in summer.

The price averages to the farmer four cents for seven months of summer, and six or six and a half in winter; and it varies from month to month. If we add to this, one and a half cents per quart for freight, which it costs, and two cents per quart cost of delivery in the city, it will be seen that it amounts to some ten cents actual cost; so that in the winter months, at least, the milkmen earn what they make.

The quantity of cream that comes to this city, too, is surprising—how much is not known; but two of the great companies bring in some four hundred quarts each per day in winter, and about five times that in summer. One company distributed in the three days preceding the Fourth of July over four thousand quarts per day. A large part of this goes to the making of ice cream. The price varies from thirty to thirty-five cents per quart.

Condensed milk is now coming more and more into use, mainly because it can be kept longer without spoiling than other milk; and it is alleged to be less capable of being adulterated. That which is distributed is simply reduced in a vacuum by heat to one fifth of its bulk, and is made into milk again by adding four parts of water. That which is put into cans and sealed up has white

sugar added to it; this is largely used on voyages, and has saved the cow—though not the man—the dreadful necessity of going to sea. The price is fifty cents per quart.

It is agreed that no food is, on the whole, more healthful than good cow's milk; and, not only so, it is now indispensable to civilized peoples. Here is the analysis:

Water	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	873	Magnesia	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	.42
Butter	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	30	Iron	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	.47
Caseine or cheese	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	48.20	Chloride of potassium	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	1.44
Sugar of milk	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	43.90	Sodium and soda	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	.66
Phosphate of lime	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	2.31										
Parts*	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-										1,000

Dr. Percy, of New York, gives—

No. 1.										No. 2.									
Water	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	86.28	Water	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	85.26
Butter	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	4.38	Butter	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	4.40
Sugar of milk	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	5.27	Sugar of milk	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	3.97
Caseine	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	3.80	Caseine	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	5.71
Various salts	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	.27	Various salts	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	.66
Parts	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	100	Parts	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	100

Every particle of it is assimilated except the water, a part of which only goes to supply the blood. There is no healthier fat than butter, which furnishes fuel for the lungs. Thin-blooded and consumptive people should indulge in as much sweet butter as their stomachs can master; for, while it is healthful, it is vastly more agreeable than the oil of the codfish liver, to which, later on, they will be condemned. Thin-blooded people are apt to be cold; they should, therefore, supply themselves with internal fuel in the shape of fat; and they should cultivate the taste for it, for it is one which is apt to revolt their thin and squeamish palates. Therefore, let them praise the sweet butter-makers, and, more than that, let them become sweet butter-makers themselves if they care to live and work.

The tendency to crowd into cities and towns now is great. How are these crowded millions to be supplied with milk, and, especially, how are the dear children to get this good food pure and sweet? Already thousands are killed yearly by streams of swill which are strained through wretched cows standing near prolific breweries, thence into the mouths of children. The best of the grain goes into beer, to muddle the brains of our good German population; the worst of it goes into cows and comes out—milk(?) to poison our children. Not only has this swill-fed milk been found absolutely injurious, but it is poor besides. It often contains less than one per cent. of butter, while good milk should contain from three to five per cent. It is difficult of coagulation, therefore most indigestible; therefore deadly to tender stomachs. City people must follow their milk carts now and then, or they will have to organize a vigilance committee. Other inventions are sometimes resorted to, especially in winter when milk is scarce and dear. Skimmed milk can be made to *look* well by the addition of a little burnt sugar. It is not pernicious, only the fat is all out of it.

People seem to be learning; and the problem they most wish to solve is how to get most money for least work. Even in the virgin city of Cincinnati they have had a recent flurry, and their milk inspector reports that at least twenty-five per cent. of water is added to their milk—in some cases fifty per cent.—and that a vast amount of swill milk is sold there, which is not only poor but dirty. Emigrants going to Cincinnati should take their cows with their babies.

Now, a careful examination of our last census report by Dr. Loomis shows

* Flint's "Milch Cows."

that every one hundred people in the land require eighty cattle, and of these twenty-eight should be milch cows ; that is, it requires twenty-eight cows for every one hundred people, to supply them with butter, cheese, and milk. The States which stand lowest are the great manufacturing States. Rhode Island has but eleven cows, and Massachusetts has but twelve cows to one hundred people. Then comes Maryland, which has fourteen ; Louisiana, which has eighteen ; Delaware, which has twenty ; New Jersey and Connecticut, which have twenty-one, and New York, with all her dairy farming, has but twenty-nine—one more than her requisite number.

It is clear from this that many of these States must devote nearly the whole of their cows to milk, not to butter or cheese ; and it is clear that, as population increases, soiling, so as to produce more milk on the land near cities, must be resorted to.

Going into the country to see our great milk-makers and their cows, we find a great many poor cows and a great many poor farmers ; but the poor farmers are worse than the poor cows. The truth is, a poor farmer will quickly convert a good cow into a poor one, while a good farmer will more slowly make a poor cow into a good one—or he will make her into meat. The secret, however, of converting a poor farmer into meat or other useful thing has not been discovered.

The good farmers keep no more cows than they can feed well. They have warm, light, well-ventilated stables, where the cows are kept in the cold weather by day as well as by night. These are cleaned out twice a day at least, so that the air the cows breathe is not foul with gases pernicious to health and fatal to milk production. A dirty and ill-ventilated stable destroys the health of the cow, and what milk she gives is rank and strong, producing bad butter and cheese also. There is no economy in dirt.

Orange County is the centre of the great milk production for New York City. I visited some of the best farmers there, and found their cows well stabled and well fed. They do not card their cows, because of the cost of labor. I believe it desirable for health and for comfort ; I believe, too, that the result would be more milk, but cannot prove it.

I found that they wanted : first, good cows ; second, good food ; third, regular times for feeding and milking ; and fourth, gentle handling. This last secures quiet and ease of mind, without which neither cows, women, nor babies do their best. The points of the horns were sawed off about two inches. Why ?

“ You see, when they go out of the stables, they are apt to play and hook one another. If the horn is sharp, the cows are nervous and afraid ; now they are quiet as lambs.”

“ This cutting off the horn does not injure them ? ”

“ Not the least.”

I found they devoted themselves to the making of grass and hay, and some corn fodder and turnips. One of them told me he could put in his hay at one dollar the ton ; that he cut from one and a half to two tons to the acre. For this he top-dresses with manure—six to ten loads to the acre ; prefers the smaller quantity, because he does not want rank grass ; that he sows plaster on his pastures—one to two hundred pounds to the acre—every year or two years. By these means he keeps both good, and does not need to break up his lands. They buy corn meal and brewery sprouts ; the former at \$45 to \$55 the ton, the latter at about \$35 the ton. Let us read the facts in their own words—both able and successful farmers :

What number of cows do you keep ?

W. Thirty-five milking cows ; fifty-one head of all kinds.

B. Twenty-eight milking cows.

How many acres in your farm ?

W. About two hundred.

B. About one hundred.

How many months do you pasture ?

W. Six.

B. Six months, lapping over at both ends with some hay and meal.

Do you stable-feed in summer ?

No ; in both cases. But both use corn fodder in the field when pastures are short—say in September and later.

What do you sow for green crops ?

Both. Corn fodder and turnips.

Does anything make as much milk as grass ?

W. Nothing.

B. Nothing, unless young rye, which I believe would, for a time at least. I tried it and liked it, but gave it up because of the cost of labor.

What is the yearly product of your herd ?

W. From thirty-five cows, 80,000 quarts for ten months of this year.

B. From twenty-eight cows, 80,000 quarts a year.*

How do you feed in winter ?

W. I allow two and a half tons of hay to a cow per year ; and 150 pounds meal, 300 pounds of sprouts to 51 head of cattle per day, soaked twenty-four hours.†

B. Twenty-four pounds of hay a day and 120 pounds meal to 28 cows.‡ I believe it would pay to steam my hay and meal.

What is the average product of milk in the winter ?

W. About 300 quarts for 35 cows.

B. A little less than ten quarts per day for each cow.

Do you stable day and night in winter ?

Both. Yes ; cows are let out about two hours a day for water, and are watered again by hand in the stable.

What hands do you keep ?

B. One man beside myself for twelve months, and one extra for six months.

Do you buy cows or raise them ?

We buy them.

What is the average price ?

From \$70 to \$80.

Between what ages are cows most profitable for milk ?

From six to ten.

What do you do with the calves ?

Sell them when two to four days old.

How long do you let the cows go dry ?

From two to three months.

What breeds do you prefer for milk ?

W. The natives.

B. Know nothing about breeds. The native cow is in use in most dairies.

What is the largest yield per day from one cow ?

W. Twenty-eight quarts.

* About 2,850 quarts to a cow.

† About nine pounds meal and sprouts.

‡ About five pounds meal alone.

B. Twenty quarts.*

Being curious as to what diseases cows treated in this way were liable to, I found disease of any sort rare. An occasional case of sore foot or ulcer occurred; an occasional death by inflamed udder; and one of my farmers had had some few cases of cows "slinking" their calves. The sore foot was cured by washing and cleanliness; the inflamed udder was apt to be incurable, and was, perhaps, a form of garget; as it occurred only in the herd which was fed solely on meal, it becomes a question whether that food is not too stimulating for the milk-giving animal. "Slinking," the most dangerous of all, is so far unaccounted for; it means dropping the calf prematurely, and greatly injures the animal, which rarely gets up to her usual supply of milk, and is liable to a recurrence; and the most dangerous fact about it is, that it is apt to run through the herd. The first thing is prompt removal of the affected cow to a distance from the rest, so that she cannot be seen or smelled; the next, to dispose of the troubled cow.

Here let us make an approximate figure:

DEBIT.	
Interest on farm, say	\$700
Labor of one and a half men at \$40 per month	720
Meal bought	1,095
Expense	\$2,515
CREDIT.	
By sales of 80,000 quarts of milk at 5 cents	\$4,000
Deduct expense	2,515
Profit	\$1,485

This is but a round statement, and applies only to good farmers. We may conclude that, besides this, the farmer gets house rent, horses and carriages, and a large part of his living off his farm. Thus, if he can make a clean profit of \$1,000 per year off a farm of one hundred acres, it is a good business.

Other features of this business, not often taken into the account, are, that a man can give his children pure air and plenty of sunlight, and that he himself, and she his wife, have a wholesome and useful and interesting occupation their lives long.

Desirous of knowing what was doing in other parts of the land, I went into New England for information. There the land is evidently poor, and the farming is apt to be the same. But there exist there some of the best and most thorough farmers in the world; and one of these gave me full particulars of his methods which I had better give in his own words.

The question of "soiling" or stall-feeding milch cows in summer is becoming more and more interesting, and, as the demand for milk increases, must be more resorted to. Many years ago Josiah Quincy, of Boston, recommended it, and the experiments of the farmers about Concord seemed to favor it. One thing is certain, that while cows do require sunshine to secure health, they

* It may be interesting to state the actual cost of keeping a cow, furnished me by one of the best farmers of Chester County, Pa.:

22 3-4 bushels of corn at 50 cents	= \$11 37 1-2
26 bushels bran at 22 1-2 cents	= 5 85
1 3-4 tons hay at \$12	= 21 00
182 bundles corn fodder at 1 cent	= 1 82
Oats, straw, and chaff	3 00
Pasture for 26 weeks at 50 cents	= 13 00
Total cost	= \$56 04 1-2

The return from a cow in butter or cheese is estimated at \$100 per year, and in milk (from a Massachusetts farm) at \$175 per year.

require almost no exercise. They digest by rumination not by motion. A cow, therefore, which has to travel all day over a poor pasture, will soon be worthless as a milk producer. She cannot work and make milk, too. Upon this point the experience of Mr. L. is as follows: "It is unnecessary for me to soil my cows, with my abundance of pasturing. Soiling I look upon as an expensive substitute for pasturage. It may possibly be profitable where pasture lands cannot be had, taking into account the amount of manure which can be obtained from feeding cows in the stall. But where good grazing land can be purchased at any reasonable price, say fifty dollars per acre, soiling cannot compete successfully with grazing." Now as to the best plants to be used for soiling or for feeding, when pastures become short, he goes on to say, "It has been the habit in Massachusetts to raise corn fodder, as it is called, for this purpose, *i. e.*, corn sown thickly in rows and cut and fed in a green state. Many years ago the Hon. Timothy Pickering, one of the earliest and most industrious explorers into agriculture in this State (Mass.), stated that more green food could be raised on an acre of corn fodder than of any other known grain or grass; and he urged its cultivation. That more in weight can be raised I have no doubt, and I am confident you cannot raise *less* in quality for the production of milk. . . . For the last few years I have substituted for this crop the best millet I can find—not the Hungarian rye grass, of which I have a very poor opinion, but what is called here sugar-millet. Two or three acres of this crop will suffice for forty cows during the period of which I have spoken (about one month), and I can always keep my cows up to the standard of milking obtained by pure pasturage, by feeding millet morning and evening. Cows fed on corn fodder will always increase in milk when taken from it and turned into fall feed. They will give as much milk when fed on millet as they will when fed on grazing or mowing lands."

There is no question that one acre of good land will supply food for soiling a cow through six months of the summer, and there is good reason to suppose that one acre can be made to furnish food for one cow for one year.

Cotton-seed meal or other oleaginous grains he strongly advises against for dairy animals. "I have fed cotton-seed meal moderately for two years, and have nearly ruined a herd of good cows. I have fed it largely for one year, and have entirely ruined the cows that fed upon it, except for the butcher."

The practice of this farmer, and of all good farmers, is to give warm stables day and night in winter—warmth being essential to an animal which needs and takes so little exercise as the cow. It secures most milk with least feed. Carding the skin is practised daily, and cleanliness and ventilation are insisted upon. A cow can no more thrive in bad air than a man.

How to feed during the winter months, so as to produce most milk from least feed is most important. This is his method: "My cows are fed from five o'clock in the morning until seven with dry hay—usually a mixture of black grass and English hay, half and half. At ten o'clock they are watered,* tied up immediately, and fed with a peck and a half of mangel-wurzels each; from one o'clock p. m. until three they are again fed dry hay; at four they are watered again, and tied up at once, and are then fed on half a bushel or thereabout of chopped feed, consisting of hay or corn fodder, cut and mixed with shorts and water, about four quarts of shorts to each cow. When my mangels are gone I feed upon 'Swedes,' and in their absence on two quarts of cob meal. My heifers and dry cows are fed in the same way, with the exception of the roots and

* Out of doors.

the chopped feed. I find no mode of feeding so successful as this. It furnishes the animal abundant time for rest, and opportunity to perform completely all rumination ; interference with either of which is very injurious to the cow. Too frequent feeding is as bad as scanty feeding ; and irregular feeding is worse than either."

He saves every inch of his corn-stalks and fodder, which are cut in the fall when the corn is well glazed. These stalks are cut with a feed-cutter in winter, are mixed with shorts and warm water, stand twelve hours, and are then fed to the cattle, who eat them up clean. He says, "No New England farmer can afford to waste his corn fodder, which grows with his corn crop. It is useful in making milk ; so useful that I never see a stout well-grown corn stalk lying in a barn-yard without shuddering at the want of thrift which cast it there."

Our friend would not have a pleasant journey through most New England farm-yards, or indeed through those of any other section. And yet thrift is a great New England virtue ; one, however, which prevails in every other department of life more than among the farmers. I have known many farmers, but never one who would spend what he made *on his farm*, in buying manure or hiring an extra hand to save his corn fodder or card his cows. The brains of New England have run into theology and manufactures, and not into crops.

As to the yield of milk from one cow there are many stories. I have myself known of one, a grade Short-horn, which gave from thirty to twenty-five quarts for a month after calving. She was very large and of vigorous constitution. Twenty-eight quarts were given, for a while, by one of Mr. W's. cows, of Orange County. She was a good-sized red cow, supposed to be a good specimen of the native breed. One of Mr. Chenery's Holstein or Dutch cows is figured in the "Practical Farmer," for February, with a statement of her yield ; which is, for one day, thirty-five and one-eighth quarts (seventy-six pounds five ounces), and for ten days 744 pounds 12 ounces. Dr. Loring, of Salem, writes me that his "imported Ayrshire, Jessie, has given, on pasture feed, twenty-six quarts per day, without special pains. An Ayrshire, of medium size, taken from my herd to Vermont, has given thirty-three quarts per day on grass alone."

Mr. Sharpless's imported Jersey, "Duchess," has given twenty-one quarts per day on grass ; but these cows are remarkable for butter rather than milk.

A vague idea seems to prevail with some that a good cow makes her milk in some mysterious way, drawing it from the depths of her moral consciousness, rather than from the food which she puts into her machine. Some farmers seem to act upon this theory and thus take pains *not* to supply their cows with plenty of good succulent food. Verily, these Sol. Silcox farmers have their reward ; their cows look meanly, feel meanly, and give as little milk as possible. These men take no prizes at agricultural festivals, they envy those who do, and they are apt to be slow about paying up their grocers' bills. There are a number of them about the country, but we trust the last will soon die out.

A good cow deserves a better man than that. A good cow does her utmost to minister to our pleasure and profit, and deserves careful and good treatment. Remember that, after a sort, she is violating her nature to please us. The natural or wild cow gives milk to suckle her young for a few months, and then runs dry some eight or nine months of the year ; while our cow gives her milk for ten months in the year without ceasing. We deprive her of the pleasure of suckling her young, and say to her : "Grind up this fodder into milk for us—work !" and she does it, producing for us some three thousand quarts of milk per year.

We have induced her to forego her own pleasure, to forget her child and to work for us; and, for my part, I hold her to be a lovely beast. He, therefore, who strikes a cow, or kicks a cow, or starves a cow, deserves the stick, the kick, and starvation. When I am king, I propose to myself to keep, for such fellows use, a breezy knoll, wind always north, thermometer at 10 degrees, a gentle sleety rain seasoned with hail, a four-rail fence, mostly tumbled down; in this delicious retreat I propose to allow the Sol. Silcoxs to stand, without overcoats, with their backs up and heads down; there they can chew their cuds, and perhaps find them sweet—as the good cows do not.

What we ask the cow to do, and what she does do, is to convert cheap or uninviting food into good and dear food. That is, we put into a cow, per day, say

Twenty pounds of hay, at one-half cent	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	20
Nine pounds of sprouts or meal, at two cents	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	18
Total	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	28

and we ask her to produce from it ten quarts of nice milk, worth, at six and a half cents, some sixty or sixty-five cents. Now, the cow does not wish to do this, she wishes to suckle her calf, to lick it and play with it, and then to wander at her own sweet will along the meadows and bushy pastures. But she forgoes her own wishes, and pleases us; and more than that, she does it kindly and serenely. Is she not then a most lovely beast?

Is there any human beast who ever does so? None! not one!

It is by good food and plenty of it we are to produce good milk and plenty of it, and so make much money. What we need is a good cow that can eat and digest a good deal of food, and can then convert it into milk, not into meat or fat. It is by careful attention to and development of some points, that the good milker is at last obtained. What are these points?

First; health, good constitution or digestive apparatus, for which we require a capacious belly.

Second; that the largest possible development of the animal shall be behind, in the udder and parts adjacent.

A good cow is likely to be wedge-shaped, of which the head is the smaller end.

Big heads, or horns, or shoulders are not desired, because they have to be nourished by the food. But these are indispensable: a large bag, and hind-quarters to support and minister to it. How have they been attained, and how can they be further perfected? By always breeding from the cow having this development and from the bull descended from such a mother. More and more these perfections will increase as they descend from mother to child, until at last the greatest possible milk-producer is reached, if, indeed, it be not already. Possibly an individual cow may have reached the limit in this direction; but what we need now is the certainty that *every* calf will grow to be such a cow. We want not that one, but that every cow shall give thirty quarts in summer and twenty in winter, then we will agree to stop awhile. Observe, *both* parents should have health, and both should have these posterior developments. By using due care, these properties will become so fixed as to be continued with certainty to the descendants.

So little attention has been given to this matter in this country, that our great milk-raisers say, "We know nothing about breeds; we prefer the native cow." And what is the "native cow?" As early as 1609, it is supposed, cattle were brought from England into Virginia; in 1624 into New England; in

1625 into New York from Holland; in 1627 into the Delaware country from Sweden; in 1631 into New Hampshire, etc., etc. All these, coming from various sources, have been mingled in every possible way, and are now known here as "natives." They have no distinctive peculiarities which they transmit; but in many cases care and climate and good food have produced from them excellent cows, and the "red oxen" of Connecticut are not easily equalled. The vast majority of our cows are of this kind, and are poor; and from these the milk-raisers are obliged to select. What do our milkmen look for in selecting milk-giving cows?

The first appearance, to a judge, will convey an impression as to the health or constitution of the cow. He will ask, also, a bony frame, one that does not steal the fat from the milk; he will feel the skin, to find it flexible and covered with close, softish hair; he will ask for good lung room, a capacious belly, a wide rump and a well-developed bag covered with soft hair. Extending from this bag forward he will be desirous to see prominent the two great veins which lose themselves in the belly; and on the back of the udder he will look for many well-defined branching veins. Then comes Guenon's "milk-mirror," which is a broad strip of hair running up from the udder to the vulva, which he considered the one thing needful; but which has not, in this country, been found an infallible test, though it is a good one. If, in addition, the cow is gentle, good-tempered, you are almost sure of a milk-maker. Look for that kind.

The great thing now is to *insure* a breed of cows with these milk-giving qualities, and to do this we want to select the breed or variety which most fully combines them, and then increase these qualities or cross them with other varieties which have them. In Scotland and in New England, a variety now known as Ayrshire has been found to combine more of these milk-giving qualities than any other; while, for butter, the cow from the Channel Islands, known as the Jersey or Alderney, has been found best. It is certain that this Ayrshire cow is not a pure or original stock. As far as traceable they seem to date back perhaps to 1760, when John Dunlop, of Cunningham, in the County of Ayr, set about improving his breed of cows. Just what he did, what stock he used, is not known; but, through the century this improvement has been going forward, until the Ayrshire cattle have come to have certain fixed peculiarities, which now mark them as a breed; which peculiarities they transmit to their descendants with certainty.

These cattle have been and are bred for the dairy solely, and not for meat, and have thus become what they are. One of the first cows of this breed imported into this country by Mr. Cushing, gave in one year 3,864 beer quarts of milk. A cow of this breed, imported in 1862 by Mr. Peters, of Southboro, Mass., is stated to have given "an average of forty-nine pounds of milk a day for one hundred and fourteen days, commencing June 1st." A hand-book for this country of the imported stock of Ayrshires, issued in 1863 by the "Association of Breeders of Thoroughbred Neat Stock," recorded the pedigrees of seventy-nine males and two hundred and seventeen females, nearly all owned in New England. Dr. Loring, one of the most accomplished farmers of New England, says: "For milk and cheese, the Ayrshire cow in this section stands at the head of the list by far. She will make more milk and cheese on a given amount of food than any other cow I have ever known; and in this respect is as much a triumph of breeding for a special purpose as is the improved Short-horn—one for milk, the other for beef. In size, shape, constitution, structure, and quality, the Ayrshire cow possesses all that a dairy cow requires, and whenever grades of other breeds

approach perfection in this respect they become, in all points, very analogous to the Ayrshire."

So much pains is at present spent upon this and other breeds of cattle that we may look for great improvements in all directions in the coming years, and particularly as we find that men of brains and property are now looking to the land as the source of all profit, and the surest.

What is the origin of our domestic cattle it is hard to tell. All over Europe and Asia are found distinct and peculiar breeds, and that they originated from some one stock it would be difficult to believe. Let us note a few of these :

The Calabrian cattle are snow-white ; those of the Campagna are mouse-colored ; those of Hungary dark-blue ; the Polish cattle are wild and unfit for the dairy ; while on the British Isles we have the following, now recognized as *distinct* breeds : Devons, Herefords, Short-horns, Ayrshires, Jerseys, Kyloes, Kitterys, Galloways, and some others. In Asia the Yak, the Indian Buffalo, and the Brahminic cattle are very peculiar. We can hardly believe that these have all come from one pair, and yet the modifications and sports produced by climate, soil, breeding, etc., are amazing and inexplicable ; so astonishing as to incline one after all to accept the doctrine of Selection, as advanced by Darwin.

CHARLES WYLLYS ELLIOTT.

A SISTER OF MERCY.

THERE, by the man condemned to die, she read
Christ's promise in the Crucifixion tale.
He moaned a name—

She dropp'd her cross and fled
From the long shadow of the veil !

And, as from her loosed convent-coif she shook
Her youthful hair's free length of beauty, he
Threw from his face the scarr'd and sinful look,
And follow'd her across the sea !

There, in a Land of Distance vague with Spring,
She, fair as that one morning-bud she wore,
Held him her frighten'd hand to take—the ring
They found upon his prison floor !

"The ring was full of poison"—so they said ;
"A Sister of Mercy left it at his side !"
The gathering crowd must know the wretch was dead,
Nor blame his jailor that he died.

Perhaps their prisoner gray and ghastly lay ;
Perhaps the black-robed Sister, worn and bow'd,
Who pray'd there with that prisoner yesterday,
Was at St. Mary's in her shroud :

Yet, in some Land of Distance full of Spring,
Whither their Youth of Love had pass'd before,
He gave her hand the spirit of the ring
They found upon his prison floor !

SARAH M. B. PIATT.

MY MUSIC-TEACHER.

SHE was not mine in the sense of teaching me music (not St. Cecilia herself could have done that), but *mine* in that I bore her burden and lived in her life for many months, as did no other person in Weston, or indeed in the world.

I am an old maid, myself, and though, like most of the sisterhood, I have a bit of a romance hidden in my heart, which I sometimes draw out from its covering of tender memories to see if it still have life in it, it will never be put into words or read of men. I had but one in all my life, and have been at leisure ever since to rejoice with them that rejoice, and weep with them that weep.

Perhaps those people who live in the centre of creation think that the "Woman's Club" is a new thing under the sun, but we have had one in Weston ever since I can remember (a long time, I assure you). It meets weekly at different houses, which is a great saving of expense, and we call it the "Sewing Circle;" but "mankind is governed by names," says Gibbon (the only short sentence he ever wrote, I believe), and doubtless the "Woman's Club" will go into history, and the vast influence of the sewing circle will be passed over in silence.

At one of these gatherings of feminine forces I first heard of my music-teacher. She was just Mrs. Lovel, and nothing more. No one knew aught of her antecedents save that she came from the city, and returned thither every Sunday, to sing in one of its churches. Her predecessors had been young, and, for the most part, pretty damsels, who used their musical talent to soothe the savage hearts of our Weston bachelors, and soon deserted their posts: till it became almost a proverb, "If you want a husband go to Weston and teach music." We had but one teacher at a time; though every mother labored to give this accomplishment to her daughters, as if their salvation were thereby insured. I remember when the first piano in Weston was bought for my sister Charlotte, and its possession somehow glorified every member of our family. Now, there is scarce a house on the main street that does not boast this mark of gentility.

Mrs. Lovel lived a straightforward and unpretending life, and there seemed no valid reason why her name should have been a sweet morsel under every idle tongue in the village; but so it was, and the hints and surmises hazarded as to her former life were romantic enough to have furnished forth the heroine of one of Miss Braddon's novels. She certainly was not as other women in her appearance; she was like Saul among men, taller by a head than most women, and so dark that one thought of tropical suns, but the blood that reddened her clear olive cheek was of the purest.

I am no judge of music; with me it is all a personal matter; if I like the player I like the music; a sort of "love me, love my dog" feeling, otherwise it is but "measured malice." But Mrs. Lovel's singing took hold of one's heart and clothed its mistress with a vivid interest, as if herself were inseparable from her singing. She took no pleasure in it, and could never be prevailed on to sing before strangers. Some haunting memories, as I fancied, made her talent hateful. I believed her one of those

Who learn in suffering what they teach in song.

By slow advances I succeeded in breaking down the barriers with which her pride had hedged about her condition. When she became convinced I wanted

her society, not for her singing or out of curiosity, her stiffness of manner passed away so suddenly and completely that I knew her not for the same woman. My sisters were beyond the age of music lessons, and to my home alone she came as a visitor.

"It rests me to come here," she said, one day. "My rooms drive me wild with their loneliness. It is a relief to be with one who wants nothing of me, not even music."

"I never saw one before who had mastered music as you have and did not love it."

"I loved it once better than self, but it proved traitor to me." She fell into a reverie, a habit to which I had become accustomed. I knew she hated to be questioned, even by a look, but I could not help meeting the steady gaze she fixed on me at last.

"I see you will not submit to have your mind searched, Miss Allyne," she said, smiling. "I've half a mind to tell you something."

"Do not tell me if it will ever separate us," I said, feeling that she might look on a confidante as an enemy after the unwonted mood should pass over.

"Don't be afraid; it is nothing to make your hair stand on end like the quills we make pen-handles of. None of the wonder-mongers here have hit the truth in their stories about me. After to-morrow I shall not come here to be comforted. A little girl, three years old, is coming to spend the summer with me."

I could see she watched me narrowly. "But will it not be too much care for you?"

"O, no; she spends half of every year with me; it is nothing new."

"What will you do with her on Sundays?"

"That is what disturbs me. She has a nurse who never leaves her, a faithful woman, but not exactly full-witted; she is not 'clean daft,' as the Scotch say, but has 'a bee in her bonnet.' Do you know anyone who would take my place on Sunday?"

I looked over all my acquaintance, rich and poor; there was no one to be trusted as Mrs. Lovel meant. How does it happen when the world is full of people, and no two alike, that when an empty place is waiting, nobody can be found that quite fits into it? That is one of my mysteries! This time I rushed into the breach myself. "I know no one; but it will be no trouble to us if you send her here every Saturday night. I could keep half an eye on her without disturbing my mother or myself."

I doubted much if she would accept my offer, but she seized my hand and kissed it with an effusion of gratitude that utterly discomfited me. This woman must do everything in extremes; one moment cold and haughty, the next melted to tears. It was an incomprehensible temperament to me, and for that reason all the more fascinating. The Puritan ritual of manners in which I had been educated nowhere provides for the kissing of hands as an expression of gratitude.

"I could not take such kindness for myself," she went on, "but I have no pride where my little Alice is concerned; my child is all I have in the world."

I was startled a little by this confession, but I sewed on vigorously.

"Thank you," she said, as if answering my reserve; "you are the first woman I ever saw who could hear and ask no questions. I fear there are others in Weston who will be less merciful when they hear of Alice's coming."

"You have thought of that, then?"

"Yes; I shall have one skirmish with Mrs. Faringdon, your female autocrat, and by that I shall stand or fall."

Mrs. Faringdon is a tall, gaunt woman, with a high Roman nose; her hand is against every woman, and every woman's hand against her, but she is rich and fashionable, besides being religious (in her own eyes), and she rules us all with a rod of iron. She has been known to hunt an innocent woman into the very sin she had been accused of, and though I put great faith in Mrs. Lovel, I trembled for her.

The little one came—a fair-haired, blue-eyed child, whose relationship to Mrs. Lovel would never have been suspected. The nurse, a silent, withered old woman with an uncertain stare in her eyes, as if she were looking for something she had never found, never left her for an instant. She called the child Lily, and Mrs. Lovel explained that old Lindsey had been fos'er-sister to her own mother in Scotland, and she had always called the child after her. The news of the child's coming spread like wildfire. The mutterings of Mrs. Faringdon's righteous indignation made us all shake in our shoes, but the storm blew over, for Greek had met Greek. After this it became the village fashion to admire and imitate Mrs. Lovel.

Little Alice was one of those loving, clinging children, who read character by intuition. When her mother was in one of her bitter, passionate moods, she could not be enticed from old Lindsey; but at other times she would lie quietly in her arms for hours, listening to the sweet old ballads of which Mrs. Lovel had great store. She had inherited her mother's talent for music, and already her soft drumming on the piano had method in it that proved a gift of nature. Her talk when alone with Lindsey was all about "papa" and his doings. Her clothing, plentiful and delicate, proved her father to be a man of substance, and that Mrs. Lovel had not been forced by necessity to use her musical talent.

As the summer drew on toward their parting, the mother and child clung closer to each other. It might have been the contrast between the glowing dark cheek pressed to the baby's white one, which made Alice look so fragile, but the sight of them gave me always a shiver of grief to come. When the child was gone, her loneliness was so bitter that part of the burden fell upon me, and I grew miserable without knowing why. She haunted me like a strange and beautiful picture that never looked twice alike.

"I used to think," she said, one day, "when I was young, that I should always be sufficient to myself. I scorned the longing for sympathy that women whine about; and now, here am I, old and withered before my time, whining like the rest."

"Old and withered!" I repeated, taking in, point by point, the tropical richness of her dark beauty, which was always matched and heightened by the brilliant colors she delighted to wear. She could never be either "old or withered," her vitality burned out too fast.

She smiled in answer to my long look. "You object to the words. You think my miseries not well borne out by my appearance, but my heart is none the less shrunken, if I do not wear mourning for it. Shall I tell you how it happened?"

If I had assented eagerly I should never have heard the story, but I schooled myself to seem indifferent. "Not if you think you will ever be sorry."

"No, I shall never be sorry, my friend. Who knows that I shall not give you the burden to bear in my stead? It's a long story, or rather it was long to live through, and I believe there never would have been any story at all if my mother had lived, but she died when I was born. I have endless pity for a motherless girl who goes wrong. The first thing I can remember is a picture

that hung in my father's room. It was a copy of one of Raphael's Madonnas, which he had fancied and bought in Italy when he was a young man; one of those fair wistful faces in a halo of yellow hair such as Raphael loved to paint. They said it was like my mother, for, gypsy that I am, my mother was a golden-haired blonde, with eyes like the sky in midsummer. I am of mixed blood; away back in our family a Spanish girl married into it, and in every generation her characteristics break out. Then to mix the matter still more, my father must needs go on his travels and fall in love with a bonny Scotch lassie, and so graft on a little more pride and obstinacy than would by right belong to us. She was gentle as a woman could be, but she loved my father enough to run away with him, and her parents never forgave her. Her foster-sister, Christian Lindsey, came with her and has always clung to me. I was left wholly in her charge, and her talk was all of my mother's perfections. Her invariable refrain was, 'You will never be like your mither, bairn.' I heard it so often that I grew wild with impatience to know the why of this mysterious difference. I remember one day especially, for it turned the current of my life. Lindsey had been dilating on my mother's goodness, and ended with the old refrain, when I burst out with 'Tell me this minute, Lindsey, why I cannot be like her.'

"She was perfectly ready to take up the old strain. 'O, your mither was white and bonny as a pond-lily, and she had long yellow hair like the painted woman in yonder; it was fine as silk, and I braided it every day, and put it up like a crown, because the master liked it, though it made her head ache.'

"My head will never ache for anybody.'

"No," said Lindsey, as if more satisfied than ever on the point, 'you will never be like your mother.' This last drop overflowed the cup of my patience.

"I don't care if I am not like her, I'll be myself, then,' I cried out in a passion, and my picture-worship ended from that day.

"My father grew to love me in time, and if ever a child ran wild, I was that one. I could not submit to the restraint of school life, so my father gave me the little learning (and it was very little) that he thought necessary for a woman. My one talent, music, was cultivated carefully. I have never met another like my father. He was that rare thing in America, a man of leisure. His father before him had had the same training, and both made the most of that culture which money can buy, without any of the narrowness which a life spent in scraping it together is prone to engender. We lived far enough from the city to be among green fields, and to have all the freedom of country life. I was sometimes invited to visit my father's friends, but the restraint of a well-regulated family was galling to me, and I returned, as quickly as might be, to freedom and old Lindsey. Two persons, Mr. Stewart and his sister, visited us on the footing of intimates. The former won my regard by his appreciation of my music. The latter, a lady of uncertain age, might have been handsome if she had been a shade less stony. She was always profuse in attentions to me, but I never put faith in her sincerity.

"When I was eighteen, my father, for the first time in his life, began to be harassed with business cares. I knew something was wrong, but I had no idea of the real state of affairs, till he took me partially into his confidence. I learned that the firm in which all his money had been invested for many years was on the verge of failure, and everything depended on keeping up their credit for a certain length of time. The matter was very cloudy to me till he said something about marriage. He thought if he could have temporary command of money

while the danger lasted, they should win through it. He had hesitated long on my account, but he thought poverty would be a harder step-mother than the one he should give me.

"The thought of Miss Stewart flashed over me; I knew she had property in her own right, and she was to have the place of my beautiful mother, whose memory was all the more sacred that I had never seen her.

"The wooing was short and I would not go to the bridal where no love was. She came to our quiet house with her brother and some other guests; while they remained and I could scour the country with old Lindsey unmolested, the change affected me little, but when we were left alone, the battle so often fought between those who hold a forced relationship began. A gentle, yielding spirit might possibly have kept the peace with her, but I was neither gentle nor yielding.

"I was, in her eyes, a wild creature, in need of taming, and it may have been a point of duty with her to begin the discipline by thwarting all my plans and wishes. At the time, however, I could not do her even that justice. When I read 'Aurora Leigh,' I recognized my step-mother in her English aunt. Do you remember?

She stood straight and calm;
Her somewhat narrow forehead braided tight,
As if for taming accidental thoughts
From possible pulses; brown hair pricked with grey
By frigid use of life;
Eyes of no color—once they might have smiled,
But never have forgot themselves in smiling.

"We waged war but a short time before my father interfered, and my step-mother dropped all interest in my affairs; but there is nothing like a forced silence to breed hatred. The expedient which my father had reluctantly adopted to preserve his credit, failed, of course, as such desperate resorts usually do. One night he came home late, and I heard him lock himself into his study, but this had come to be a common thing with him, and it did not disturb me. In the morning I was waked by an unwonted bustle, and the sound of strange voices below stairs. Lindsey did not come near me, and it was reserved for my step-mother to tell me that my father had died during the night. Her lips were white and her eyes dry and shining—that was her way of showing emotion. How he died I never knew, and no one was cruel enough to tell me, if indeed any one knew.

"My uncontrolled grief received neither notice nor check, till after the funeral, when I was quietly but explicitly told by my step-mother that my father's debts would swallow up all his property, and there would be absolutely no provision for me. She was a woman and I was helpless. I stopped to ask her what I should do. She said that as music was the only thing of which I had any knowledge, I had better turn it to account. This was a ray of light, and I thanked her heartily. Educated as I had been, I might otherwise never have thought of it.

"Something had softened my step-mother toward me, perhaps a letter or message left her by my father, for she engaged a place for me and old Lindsey, who never thought of leaving me, in a respectable boarding-house, and gave me letters of recommendation to such of her friends as she thought might give me employment as a music-teacher. A month before I would not have taken a crust from her hand if I had been starving, but my father's death had invested even *her*, as bearing his name, with a shadow of affection. My faithful Lindsey was shocked at the idea of putting my hands to labor, albeit it was only on the piano,

and would fain have taken in washing, and worked her fingers to the bone to keep me 'like a lady,' as she said ; but I presented my step-mother's letters, and in nearly every instance was treated with an amount of consideration unmerited by the haughty manner I had seen fit to put on.

"At first I had scarcely pupils enough to make both ends meet, as the saying is, and my pride was sore bruised in this first breaking-in from the wild life I had hitherto led ; but it was recompense enough to feel the joy of independence.

"Before the year was out I was able to raise my terms, and still had more scholars offered me than I could take. I went into my work at first with heart and soul ; but the novelty soon wore off, and when the necessity to plan and calculate over my narrow means ceased, my daily bonds galled me more than you can think.

"There was one family, named Dent, in which I had always been treated as an equal. It was one of the best in which I taught. One of the daughters had as sweet a voice as one would care to hear, and to teach her was pure pleasure. Mrs. Dent, a passionate lover of music, had not a particle of musical talent. The door always stood open between the music-room and her sitting-room, and I think she never missed a lesson.

"I was singing one day to please Ella Dent, when I heard the click of a door opening into the outer room, and some whispered words. I was then very sensitive to the slightest interruption, and I could almost catch Mrs. Dent's remonstrance with some one who insisted on coming in.

"As I left the piano I saw in a mirror, which hung opposite the open door, the figure of a gentleman stretched carelessly on the sofa. It must have been he who had made good his entrance while I was singing, and his easy attitude indicated near relationship to the Dent family. Afterward, I often saw him in the same place ; but for the tell-tale glass I might never have known his presence, for he never spoke while the lesson lasted, and went away so soon as it was finished. I longed to see his face ; but this did not happen till I was well accustomed to his listening. One day I rose suddenly from the piano and saw his face in the glass. It still wore a listening air ; a very fair Saxon face, with grey-blue eyes, and the hard, sneering lips which sometimes accompany that sort of face. But in the instant of my taking this daguerreotype, our eyes met, and with an amused smile, which completely remodelled his face, he spoke a word to Mrs. Dent, and they came in together. She introduced him as her brother, Mr. Lovel.

"He began to talk at once of his passion for music and the liberty he had taken every week of listening to mine, with the ease and coolness of a man of the world.

"I was confused by his sudden appearance, and stammered a little in replying to him. The same amused smile again played on his lips, and piqued my pride. I turned hastily to the piano, feeling that my strength lay there ; I could sing if I could not talk. He may have penetrated my motive for this uninvited effort, but his earnest thanks satisfied me. He asked eagerly to be present at his niece's lessons, as he had been before, with a manner very unlike his first easy greeting.

"This little affair relieved my *ennui* for some time. At my next lesson a picture had been hung in place of the glass which had betrayed him, but I was rarely deceived as to his presence. Sometimes he came to the piano to ask for some favorite song, and once or twice he brought new music, ostensibly for his niece, but it was far too difficult for her use.

"Mrs. Dent gave several parties that winter, and she sent me the same invitation as to her own set. I knew it would please her to have me sing for her guests, and I was not too proud then to make her the only possible return for her kindness; but it galled me when others of my employers required the same thing as their due.

"I was twenty years old, and I liked these parties, albeit I got little attention from any one. Mr. Lovel was always there as host, for his sister had been long a widow. He would smile when he met my eyes (I took care it should be seldom), and at supper would not see me neglected; but he never came near me till I began to sing. It was always his hand that turned my leaves. I began to realize that I possessed a power over him, and delighted to play with it.

"After a time he came straight to our music-room during my lessons, and disarranged my method of teaching in a perfectly lawless and irresistible manner. He was always as cool and quiet as I had first seen him till I began to sing, and then his manner betrayed an interest that seemed to take him out of himself.

"I got an idea that, apart from my singing, my presence was absolutely disagreeable to him. They say a woman's instinct will always warn her when a man is about to commit himself to her; but I do not believe it. It was not so with me, at least; for when Mr. Lovel, in the same tone that he said 'How do you do?' asked me to marry him, I was surprised almost to consternation. My intense amazement flattered him, and he straightway began to urge his suit with a warmth of which I had not supposed him capable.

"Did I tell you he was handsome? I thought him so, and I do not suppose he has changed much, as his beauty lay in perfection of feature. At that time I did not love him in the least, but his contradictory behavior toward me had created in my mind an absorbing interest. I was pleased to find myself of importance to such a man, and the prospect of relief from my daily bondage was too tempting to be refused. I gave the promise he required, and at once I saw that he had been certain of the result, and I felt so soon the first sting of our relative positions. Mrs. Dent was singularly free from common prejudices, and very desirous of having her brother settled near her.

"She gave me a sister's welcome, and insisted on my spending the interval before our marriage, which was to be speedy, at her house. I could refuse her nothing. She had all the gentleness of the family. But for her, our engagement would not have lasted forty-eight hours.

"I consented to be married at her house, and two weeks before the day appointed the father and two unmarried sisters of Mr. Lovel came to study me. O, those hard-faced women! I can see them yet hold out to me the tips of their fingers, with a cold stare that weighed me in the balance and found me wanting at the instant of meeting. They were older and darker than Mr. Lovel, with the same close-pressed lips, on which a sneer was more at home than a smile. We exchanged defiance in the first five minutes. The father was kindly dignified; he evidently considered me a stubborn fact that must be endured. I had no occasion to find fault with him. That fortnight was acutely miserable, for in it I learned almost to hate the delight of my life—music. Of course I played and sang for my inquisitors, but they had not their brother's passion for my art, and in the bitter mind I cherished toward them, I could not do myself justice.

"I thought I could often detect a shade of annoyance under Mr. Lovel's courtesy. I had been so little accustomed to conversation that I was often unconsciously rough and abrupt when making most effort. These days dragged themselves out at last, and we were married. The Lovels returned to their own

place, and we spent a few weeks in travelling—a new and delightful experience to me—but when we came home to the house that Mrs. Dent had got ready for us, I began to suspect traces of their influence, where, perhaps, none existed. My husband was at first unceasingly kind; he denied me nothing, but I fancied it was a sense of duty and not love that dictated his conduct.

“As I said before, I knew nothing but music, and I now marked out a course of reading and study, determined to attract my husband by other means than the one talent which had fascinated him. In the first days of our marriage I had more than once refused to sing for him; if you can understand such a feeling, I was jealous of my own singing. I felt more and more that I was not the sort of wife he should have married, and this embittered me more.

“‘I was not like my mother,’ as old Lindsey says, and this has been my drawback through life, for his counterpart should have been a second Lillias, a mild, loving little woman with no will but his. I early perceived, too, with eyes sharpened by jealousy, that my untrained manner was a sore mortification to him, let him hide it ever so carefully. His temper was not of the mildest, and in time my sharp words made rents in his armor of self-control. Mrs. Dent was our good angel during those miserable months while Mr. Lovel and I went through every variation of polite quarrelling. One evening we had a small party of Mr. Lovel’s friends at dinner, and among them one of his bachelor intimates who had not seen me before. I played the hostess after Mrs. Dent’s instructions, and Mr. Lovel’s approving glance as I left the dining-room told me that my effort had gratified him. His friend soon followed me. ‘You must not look upon me as a stranger,’ were his first words. ‘It was chiefly my desire to see the siren whose singing had overcome my hardened friend that brought me home at this time. Will you cast the spell over me, if it be not attended with too much danger?’

“How that speech stung me! I thought I detected a sarcasm in it. I had really been a siren to my husband, luring him on by my singing to an ill-assorted marriage and an unhappy home! Then all the rest urged me to sing, and my husband added his voice in the tone I knew so well. I could not obey him then, to save my life; the evil spirit had taken possession of me. I refused almost petulantly, and I was urged no more. When we were alone, Mr. Lovel took me to task with more severity than he had ever before used. I felt that I deserved it, but that did not make it more tolerable. I scarcely answered him, and he thought me careless of his words, which, perhaps, led him to make them sharper, but every one sank deep. I sat thinking for hours after he left me, and my conclusion was that we had better part at once to save further unhappiness.

“I meant to go back to my music lessons, and Mr. Lovel might take up his old manner of life where he had dropped it, and we would trust to time to make us forget that we had ever met. After that I fell into a heavy sleep, and dreamed that somebody carried me up stairs and laid me on my own bed. The dream proved true, for when I woke, unrefreshed, I found myself in bed and partly undressed, and Mrs. Dent was moving softly about the room. She drew from me all my bitter musings of the night before, and then used all the influence her gentleness had gained over me to bring me to a better state of mind. She taught me to think more seriously of the separation, which looked so easy; in short, she brought us together again. For one short month, we were like young lovers. Lindsey went so far as to say I was growing like my mother, but my disposition was unchanged, and I knew this was but a lull in the storm.

“The ‘melancholy days’ came for the year, and for me. It is a time-hon-

ored custom among the Lovels to spend Thanksgiving day in the old home. I had not seen my sisters-in-law since our wedding day, and 'I felt it in my bones,' as Candace said, that our new happiness would vanish into thin air under their hard eyes. I dreaded the visit unspeakably, and all the more when Mrs. Dent gave up going, for the illness of one of her children. At the last moment I screwed up my courage to the sticking point, and refused to go with Mr. Lovel. I could not tell him my real reason, and he was bitterly impatient of what he called 'my nonsense.' I answered him sharply, and then began one of those sarcastic battles which always left me spent with wounds. Both our tongues were the sharper for a month's rest, and, as I have said, the Lovel lips were made for sneering. I would not repeat all we said, if I could. I was stung to desperation, at last, and when he was about to leave me, to catch the train, I said, quietly as I could, that he would not find me at home when he came back; I would never willingly see him again.

"'Ah, the old story,' he exclaimed; 'I am glad you have reached that point again. I will make but a short thanksgiving this year, and when I come back we will have another honeymoon, sweeter than the last.'

"He threw me a mocking kiss, and went out. I knew then that Mrs. Dent had told him all that her sympathy had drawn from me a month before, and I felt as if my last friend had fallen from me. I meant to leave my husband's house, but I would not seem guilty by making a secret of my going. I put everything in order the first day, and hired the same rooms, which happened to be empty, for myself and old Lindsey, that I occupied before my unhappy marriage. The good soul looked only a shade blander than usual when I told her we were going back. We took possession of the familiar place, and I wrote to Mrs. Dent a full account of my plans, that she might make them plain to her brother. She left her daughter's sick bed and answered my note in person, which was the last thing I had looked for. She had betrayed my confession to her brother, the month before, believing it better for us both. I could not deny that it proved so for a time, and, with her truthful eyes looking into mine, my old trust in her revived. But though she used every argument to break my resolution, I was steeled against yielding this time, and she went away, more unhappy, I believe, than I was myself.

"I had need to use all promptness, for Mr. Lovel returning next day, and not finding me at home, had gone directly to Mrs. Dent's, expecting to find me there. His father returned with him, and came to see me with Mrs. Dent. That proud old man begged me, with tears, to return to my husband, and avert such a scandal from his family. He would have gone on his knees to me if I would have let him; if he had cared one jot for *my* happiness or misery I must have been moved by his sorrow, but it was all for the fancied disgrace to the Lovels. Mrs. Dent brought me one letter from my husband, which I returned unopened, but she said he expressed little hope of my relenting, after going so far, and had discouraged his father's visit. He wished her to arrange with me about the income which would be sufficient for my comfort, and it should be so placed that I could draw it without communication with him. This galled me more than anything else. I had already engaged two of my former scholars, who were to come to my rooms for their lessons, and I had no doubt of my ability to secure my own support. Mrs. Dent never returned to the subject, but I was notified of a large sum lodged in a bank for my use. I have never drawn upon it. It startled me to read on the same day the name of John Lovel booked in the steamer list of passengers for England. My chief reason for having my pupils

come to me had been my dread of meeting my husband in the street. Though my precaution was needless on this account, there was another, soon manifest, which made it equally necessary. When I found that my old life could never be fully resumed, that a child was coming to be a perpetual reminder of my short and stormy married life, I was ready to destroy myself out of pure rage ; but in time, better feelings gained sway over me, and as the time drew near for my trial, I prayed earnestly that the child might live to be the one hope and care of my life. Mrs. Dent visited me sometimes, but never mentioned her brother. I kept my secret from her as long as I could, but she learned it at last, and I met the quick question in her eyes with an earnest entreaty that she would keep it from Mr. Lovel till we knew whether the child would live.

"You have seen my little Alice, and you know how I live and breathe in her. Mrs. Dent's letter found her brother in India, where his father's shipping interest had led him. He wrote to me at once, and arrived a few days after his letter ; but he found it unopened at Mrs. Dent's. I hated to feel that anyone else had the least claim on my baby, and the old jealousy began to tear me, for I knew Mr. Lovel could take her away from me if he were cruel enough. Mrs. Dent sent for the baby and Lindsey one day, and I knew he had come. Two or three times a week she made the same request, and I dared never refuse it. I dreaded the time when my baby should no longer be dependent on me for food, and my fears proved true prophets. When Alice was weaned, Mrs. Dent told me, very kindly, but firmly, that Mr. Lovel had become attached to his little one, and felt that he did me no injustice if he insisted on her spending half of every year with him. I had grace to be thankful for even this scant measure of mercy ; but it took away my breath to think of being separated from my darling even for a night. I said I would think of it ; but Mrs. Dent's significant look in reply made me recognize the alternative, and I submitted. Mr. Lovel let the division of time to me, and I named a week as the longest time I could endure life without her. So it was arranged that Alice should spend alternate weeks with me and with her father, who now lived with Mrs. Dent. I scarcely existed while my baby was away from me, and sometimes during business hours I stole like a thief into Mrs. Dent's house, to cover her with kisses and see for myself that she was really alive and well. Only once I narrowly escaped meeting Mr. Lovel ; but we never have met since Alice was born. It would be needless pain for both. This weekly arrangement continued till Alice was three years old, when the doctor prescribed country air for her, and I came to Weston.

"And now, Miss Allyne, will you cease to be my friend, knowing what a miserable sinner I am ?"

She had told me this long story with many breaks ; now with fierce gleams in her black eyes, and again with dropping tears, while I listened and pondered it in my heart. She left me soon after ; but her passionate overflowing vitality had so carried me away from my usually quiet moorings that I seemed to have exchanged my life for hers. I gathered somehow that she had learned to love her husband in her exile, and a faint hope gathered strength in my mind that Alice's baby hands might end it.

A few weeks after this, she came to me, looking brilliantly happy, and gave me a letter from Mrs. Dent, so delicately sympathetic in every line that I wondered no more at her influence. I was only alarmed by the sentence from which the mother gathered all her joy :

Take heart and sing for joy, my sister, for I have orders to return your treasure sooner than usual. City air does not agree with her. Old Lindsey goes about with her nose in

the air, as if she snuffed something wrong in the wind, and behaves like a mad woman if any one touches her charge.

Alice came back paler, more fragile than she went away. "Country air will soon recruit her," said her mother, with a happy faith that no one shared who saw the child. She often lay for hours in Lindsey's arms, unnaturally still. The old woman brooded over her continually, and sometimes went through certain wild motions, such as holding her ear over the child's lips and then over her heart, as if by listening to find out how much life was left in it.

At this time I spent the greater part of every day in Mrs. Lovel's rooms; and when she was gone to her pupils I often heard Alice urging something to Lindsey, to which she returned an inarticulate sound, between a grunt and a groan.

Alice never talked much before her mother; but one afternoon, as she lay in her arms, she began to cry silently, not like a common child, but dropping great tears, as if each one were a separate grief. Her mother was startled. "What will little Alice have?" she said. "She shall have anything she wants."

"Truly?" asked the child, very earnestly.

"Yes, anything; only tell me what it is."

"I want my papa." It came very feebly, and fearfully, as her mother's face darkened.

"Do you love him better than me, Alice?"

"O, no, no; don't look black at me!"

"Then you want to go back to Auntie Dent's?"

"No; I am going to heaven to see pretty Lillias; but I want to see papa first."

"Nonsense; who has put that into your head?"

"I knew it myself; but Lindsey told me about Lillias."

"Alice, remember, you are not going to heaven for a long time yet. You are not well now, but you will be soon; and Lindsey, if you cannot pay more heed to what I tell you I will get another nurse."

Old Lindsey received this reproof with her usual stolidity, and, snatching the child, laid her ear on her heart.

"What are you doing, foolish creature?" said Mrs. Lovel, impatiently.

"It's a'most done beating, and you say 'No' to her."

"O, was ever a woman so tormented, and all for an old woman's whimsey?" said Mrs. Lovel, but the cloud remained on her face a long time.

She followed me into the hall when I left her. "You don't think Alice could have known anything about it, do you, Miss Allyne? I have heard that children often talk about dying." There was a beseeching look in her eyes that I could not resist.

"I know nothing of children's ways. I should think it more than likely old Lindsey had done it all," I said, stifling my sense of truth resolutely.

"Yes, yes, no doubt of it. Lindsey is nothing but a child herself."

Lindsey took the child out every day, and I prevailed on her to stop with me at the office of our good doctor, for unpracticable subject as she was, I knew I must confide in her to reach the little one. "It's no use," she kept saying, "why didn't they help my Lillias?"

The doctor's verdict varied but slightly from hers. "She was not ill," he said; "medicine would do her no good. She had no constitution to begin with."

Alice faded slowly but surely after this. Her mother dreaded seeing her in bed, and had her dressed every day till she was too weak to stand. She never

mentioned her father again, but one day, when Mrs. Lovel was gone out, Lindsey moved up a little table before me and arranged pen, ink and paper. "What is that for?" I asked, quaking before her.

"She hears Lillias calling to her every day, but she can't go till she sees her father," was her usual irrelevant answer.

At first I thought I would write to Mr. Lovel, but what I had heard of him did not encourage me, but there was Mrs. Dent, I could write to her, and I did write, giving my opinion of the child's case without reserve. I posted my letter that night and hungered for the third day when I thought Mrs. Dent might come. In those two days Alice failed rapidly. Mrs. Lovel, at last perceiving her state, endured agonies if the doctor left her for an instant. She wandered about her rooms in dumb anguish, without food or sleep. I thought the child must die before her father could arrive, but she brightened a little when I found a chance to tell her I expected him. A faint color came to her cheek, and her mother hailed it with feverish joy; but the doctor's lips lost no grain of their pitying gravity. I caught the whistle of the train that would bring them, if my letter had not miscarried, and my excitement grew so strong that I left the room and beckoned out the doctor. I went slowly down-stairs listening for carriage wheels, and I felt as if walking in a dream, when the sound really drew near and stopped at the gate. Two persons, man and woman, walked up the path, and it seemed an age when I thought of the flickering breath up-stairs, before they were in the house.

"Mrs. Dent?" I said, huskily.

"Yes. This is my brother, Mr. Lovel. How is Alice?"

"Very ill; you must not lose a moment."

"What do you mean?" said Mr. Lovel, haughtily.

Alice heard his step, half rose in bed and called "Papa, Papa," in a low voice, but so clear that he heard it. The next moment she was in his arms, satisfied, smiling in his face, but dying beyond the most sanguine hope. She drew her mother close to her face and murmuring loving words to both, waited for her little life to burn out. It was holy ground. Mrs. Dent and I looked at each other and went down-stairs. Outside the door old Lindsey lay writhing like a wounded animal. Mrs. Dent sat long time silent, though I thought I saw a hopeful expression gathering in her face. I guessed what was in her heart, and we waited for a break in the silence up-stairs. We had not long to wait. Mr. Lovel called Lindsey; there was some walking about the room, and all was still again. He came down soon after. I had not looked at him much before, but a look of marvellous tenderness lit up and softened his face now.

"My wife would be glad to see you, Miss Allyne, if you will kindly go to her," he said, with a lingering accent on the words "my wife."

I expected to find her half mad with grief, but she welcomed me with a faint smile, and soon fell into the sleep she so much needed. In the two days that she remained in Weston after Alice's death she was strangely quiet and subdued, but certainly not unhappy, a mood never seen in her before. We spent no breath on the subject, but I knew without asking that she would return with the husband whom her child had taught her to love.

I entertained no little awe of Mr. Lovel, which he, perceiving, endeavored to overcome by extreme politeness, and only frightened me the more. If my friend loved him I was entirely content, though I lost *my* music-teacher.

E. W. THOMPSON.

THE GUEST.

HE came unbid : I know not whence,
This wondrous guest, unknown before ;
All silent and unseen he came
Within my door.

He gently heals my life-long pain,
He charms the frequent tears away,
And all my grief from me beguiles,
And still will stay.

Sweet thoughts arise and eager climb,
Like birds that sing in upper air,
The song that close to Heaven's high gates
Becomes a prayer.

Yet half I fear his tender wiles :
Oh, tardy Love, too late delayed !
My coward heart shrinks back in doubt,
And hides, afraid,

And fain would trust, but questions still :
Too late delayed ! too long forlorn !
Can night so darksome break so soon
To such fair morn ?

Not for pale brows and faded hair,
Oh, Love, do thy red roses blow :
Take back thy crown, I weeping cry—
He doth not go ;

But lingers still and lingers yet,
And bears him in such winning wise,
Such holy benedictions shine
In his dear eyes,

I can but trust, I can but list
The wingèd hopes that softly sing :
Cancelled at last mine ancient wrong,
And Love is king.

ANNA L. JOHNSON.

THE GALAXY MISCELLANY.

COLLECTING RENT IN TEXAS.

SITTING in my quiet quarters, and writing by the window that overlooks the circling bay below Fort Hamilton, I find memory travelling back to the days when I was a careless second lieutenant, stationed on the banks of the Rio Grande, at Brownsville, Texas. Perhaps it is the balmy air that suggests a Southern climate; perhaps the crowing of a distant chanticleer recalls to mind the fighting cocks of Matamoras that, tied by the leg in the door of nearly every cane-built *jacal* in that singular city, make day and night vocal with their challenges, giving to every hour of the twenty-four a sort of a three-o'clock-in-the-afternoon sensation; perhaps, as increased rank brings with it not only increased cares, but also a sharpened sense of responsibility, one finds a relief in this dwelling on the time when the hopes of youth blended with the romance of a career all the more fascinating from the novelty of its surroundings in a land nearly tropical in its character. Be that as it may, somehow of late, in these sunny days of this strangely-warm winter month, whatever may be my occupation at the time, let me but catch a glimpse of the golden sunlight streaming down on the beach seen beyond the glacis, or of the shadow of a fugitive cloud mottling the face of the bastion, and instantly there rises the scene of some incident connected with my earliest military career. So I will e'en face these spirits of the past with their reminiscences, that seem beckoning for a rejuvenation, and, laying aside all else, dispel their influence by making a confidant of the reader.

To begin, I will tell you of my first and last speculation in real estate. I was a subaltern of artillery when I became, what I have never been since, a property holder. In those days the pay of a second lieutenant went farther than that of a captain does now; and, out of my sixty-five dollars per month, paid in gold, I had been, by a course of rigid economy and the fortuitous circumstance of being stationed at a frontier post where no one wore "Sunday clothes," enabled to save, during the preceding four years, about two hundred and twenty-five dollars. There was a merchant in town with whom, through frequently spending a morning hour under the trees that shaded his store-front, listening to his stories of the wild frontier life he had witnessed, I had struck up quite a friendship. He came to know about the amount of my little hoard, and strongly urged me to purchase a house and lot of which he was the owner or agent, I have forgotten which. His persuasive reasoning and the allurements held out to invest, not to mention his promise to take charge of the property for me in case of a change of station of the company to which I was attached, induced me to close the bargain. But I had scarcely half the amount necessary to pay "down" the full sum required, and cash payment was one of the conditions that enabled the owner to sell at a price believed by me to be greatly below the actual value of the property. This obstacle was removed by another friend, who advanced the balance and shared in the speculation, giving me, however, a power of attorney to act for both in all things pertaining to the estate. And a "fine old" estate it was. My landed interest was comprised in a small, grassless lot, fifty feet front by a hundred deep, an antique grape vine and two barren fig trees. The

house itself was a one-story wooden—"shanty," it would almost be called in the "States," with a parlor, a kitchen, and two bed-rooms; the latter constructed by continuing down the slope of one side of the roof, until it nearly touched the ground, and then clap-boarding in the space thus covered. The walls had never been plastered; but a species of hanging made of coarse cotton cloth, or "manter," intensely whitewashed, was a substitute for both lath and plaster. Many unsightly rents in the "manter" served to sustain a good but rather novel system of ventilation, and likewise afforded channels of easy communication for an extensive colony of rats, whose enormous size convinced me that the father of any family of children who might become the future tenants of this mansion would have considerable anxiety about the fate of his youngest and most helpless offspring. With the view of improving the place, until the time when the expected rise in the value of land should warrant a sale, my partner supplied from his plantation ten or fifteen grafted orange trees, which were set out in the yard. A Mexican was then hired to dig a trench along the grape vine, into which was thrown a cart load of bones, to stimulate into existence the grapes, which for the last two years, so a neighbor informed me, had been rather backward. Next, I laid a brick sidewalk in front of the lot, repaired the fence and painted and whitewashed the house, thus adding more than a hundred dollars to the value of the property. Then came an opportunity for a display of my skill in lettering—an accomplishment learned at West Point. A large sheet of wrapping paper was tacked on the door, with the following inscription drawn up in my best style:

THIS DESIRABLE RESIDENCE
TO RENT.

TERMS—Eight dollars per month, invariably in advance. First two months, cash down before taking possession. Apply to

Here followed the name of my merchant friend; for in those days the *esprit de corps* of our army was such that an open avowal by an officer that he either had any money in his possession or proposed to make any by an outside operation was a high offence against propriety, and my own prejudice was so strong that I did not wish my name to appear even in connection with "real estate." My tenants were soon found. They were a Mexican woman, her husband, and two daughters. I mention the woman first because, in the subsequent discussions that took place between us, she alone conducted affairs on their side, and never once referred or deferred to the meek-looking man whose name she bore, and who always sat by smoking the eternal cigarette. The sixteen dollars in advance were paid down, and the family moved in.

Everything went on nicely for the first two months. On my way to and from the restaurant where I ate my meals, I used to take the route that lay by "my house." As my feet touched the brick pavement, that I had helped to construct, a sense of ownership swelled within me. I walked more erect, turned a friendly glance toward the orange trees, and looked with pride at the budding grape leaves. I owned a house! The very shingles, with their clinging moss, the squat chimney, the half-opened door and stunted fig trees seemed surrounded by an atmosphere peculiarly and beautifully their own. I have no doubt that, as Mr. Astor saunters leisurely past his acres of marble and brown-stone fronts, there are moments when the consciousness of great power and the ability to manage his vast resources so as to expand his possessions, comes most vividly and pleasantly to his mind, but my friend Astor never experienced the simple

yet all-absorbing pleasure that gladdens the heart of a man who steps at one stride from a position of respectable poverty to that of owning a house and lot in Brownsville, Texas.

It was quite a triumphal march, the stepping along the walk of that fifty feet front until I came to the door in which sat two brunettes, one old and dark, the other young and more Castilian-like, but both smiling and bowing as they exchanged with me "*Buenos Deas*" and "*Adios*." There was prospective wealth flowing from this nest egg of eight dollars per month in a land where the collecting of taxes was liable to cost the official his life. I never could be a Rothschild, but I might grow wealthy, and thoughts of buying a carriage, sporting a new uniform at least once a year, and a trip to Havana, perhaps to old Spain, flitted vaguely yet pleasantly across my mind. True, these roseate visions were sometimes clouded by the intrusive thought that my property might burn up, and often at night, when the wind was high, I lay awake imagining a thousand tongues of flame licking up my newly-painted house, the orange, lemon and fig trees, the eight dollars per month "invariably in advance," and the repaired fence, not to mention the Mexican family. But when morning dawned, and the healthier influences of the early day prevailed, I dressed, started out for breakfast, looked over the front fence, then went round to the lane in rear, round to the front again, and on to the restaurant, revelling once more in all the charms of possession, without a thought of the future.

So the first two months glided by, as only can glide the months in a region where there is no winter and where the skies are always clear and bright; and there was due another instalment of eight dollars advance rent. I waited ten, fifteen, yes, twenty days, confidently expecting the money, then I sent a message and got for an answer that it would be paid "to-morrow." The morrow came, but no money. A few days interval was followed by another message and another "to-morrow," and so on to the end of the month. I began to lose my buoyancy of spirits, thought less of Rothschild, Astor and Billy Grey, and more of the "eight dollars, invariably in advance." The fig trees now looked more sickly, the lemon and orange less green, the house shabbier, and the grape vine, despite the bones, seemed in a state of complete demoralization. The meek-looking husband had apparently "*vamosed* the ranch," while the señora and señorita were no longer to be seen in the doorway, smiling "*Buenos Deas*" and "*Adios*." Then I resorted to a personal interview. The señor, whom I discovered smoking and crouching by the fire-place, appeared distressed, but was taciturn and impecunious; the señora was talkative, polite and rich in promises. "So sorry to have troubled the *teniente* (*i. e.*, lieutenant); would certainly send the money up within two days." A week passed, and still no money. I began to realize that my tenants were no better than average Mexicans, although they had been well recommended to me; I realized, too, that they would pay nothing if it could be avoided, nor would they move out unless forced to pay the rent.

Living near my house was a Connecticut family that had lived for fifteen years in Mexico, whence, at the breaking out of the Mexican War, it was compelled to leave at great pecuniary loss and come to Brownsville. The mother of this family, Mrs. ———, from a long and most varied experience, had become remarkably expert in the management of Mexicans. During the prevalence of the yellow fever epidemic, that carried off more than half the garrison, she and her husband had helped me to weather the storm, and had kindly and most tenderly nursed me through the dangerous crisis of the fever. It was this last circumstance that, by a peculiar yet natural kind of reasoning, seemed to give

me some claim to her counsel, while I felt that my gratitude should impel me into the very unusual course of following a friend's advice. The result of our conference was not, however, the receiving of any advice; but I was told how enterprising landlords, in that peculiar community, had overcome similar difficulties, and I learned, in addition, that the people who owed me were abundantly able to pay. Early the next day I commenced acting on this information. A carpenter was dispatched, with orders to remove the front door of my house and, like Samson with the gates of Gaza, lugging it off on his shoulders, he was to take it to his shop for repairs. He was instructed to be very polite, but not to understand anything that they might say to him relative to postponing his job until "to-morrow," unless in the meantime he should hear from me. The preceding night had been intensely sultry, a sure indication of an approaching "norther," and by the time the carpenter reached the house the cold north wind was shrieking through the town and raising clouds of dust in the now deserted and gloomy streets. You may imagine, but I cannot describe, that Mexican's blank look of amazement when, in his shirt-sleeves, with the wind blowing the dark hair about his eyes, and frantically struggling to make all secure against the rising storm, he was encountered by the carpenter with orders to carry off the front door for immediate repairs. After a very hasty conference with his wife he began to understand it all. It was pay or freeze; and, reader, he didn't freeze. About fifteen minutes after the carpenter started on his pilgrimage to my investment a salmon-complexioned, hatless boy rushed through the garrison gate toward my quarters. I had seen him from afar, and thought I saw, too, shining between his clenched fingers, a piece of the root of all evil about the size of a doubloon. Nor was I mistaken. He brought a message from the woman, the active partner of the concern. She sent "a thousand regrets for having kept the señor waiting so long for the rent." Accepting the apology and the doubloon, I signed a receipt, gave it to the boy, and sent him off with a polite "*Vaya usted con Dios*" and a note to call off my forces. Not a word had been said to the other by either party relative to the carpenter or repairs. All was again "serene;" the occurrence was tacitly ignored by both, and my walks past the house were soon resumed, as were the smiles and *adios* of the two brunettes.

But that Mexican couldn't bear peace and prosperity. When the next instalment of rent was due there was the same procrastination—the same messages and polite replies, without the money. He would neither leave nor pay. So the carpenter was again brought to the front and this time the objective point was the back door, of which some trifling complaint had been made. The carpenter politely but firmly insisted that to effect the repairs the door must be taken to his shop. Before the discussion ended the money was received and the man of augers and saws recalled. In ill humor, this time, the Mexican informed me that the roof leaked, and asked for a few shingles to be inserted immediately. I remembered that, and when the rent was again over due I took the opportunity of a threatened rain to extract my "invariably in advance," by setting the carpenter at work prying up the boards along the ridge-pole. The thrusts of the crow-bar above untied the purse strings below, and another eight dollars was added to the credit side of the account. And thus it went on, a constant struggle between me and the miserly "Greaser," through the long summer into the winter season. Notes, requests and remonstrances produced no satisfactory responses; but the sounds of hammer and chisel removing the windows, or the crashing of a spade ripping up the shingles were sure to be echoed by a clinking in the old stocking, followed by the usual signal for a truce. The secret of our con-

test got out among the neighbors and, to my persistence was added the weapon of ridicule ; and at last it came to such a pass that no sooner would a workman appear about the place, or a man mount the roof, spade in hand, than some festive genius on the *qui vive* would cry out : " There's old Garcia paying his rent ! "

That family might tolerate the carpenter's feeling their pecuniary pulse, but they could not stand the fire of witticisms from a whole neighborhood. So I was not surprised when Mr. Mexican signified his intention of migrating to the Mexican side of the river. At the time he announced this to me, there was another instalment of eight dollars somewhat over due, and which he promised to send me in a few days. Then the family departed, with smiles, bows and the usual complimentary speeches on both sides, leaving a hiatus in my account-book. Now was the time for the Connecticut lady to laugh at my losing, at least the last month's rent, and this piqued me into making a wager with her that I would collect the sum due from the little yellow-skinned miser, even in Mexico itself. This was a rash and inconsiderate engagement, not to say a false step for a beginner in financial matters. But I was pledged to succeed, and set about it with zeal. There was a Mexican in town by the name of Pedro, a good natured fellow, who had at one time been a teamster under my orders. He was brave, intelligent, talked English well, and was moreover so much attached to Americans generally, that among his countrymen he was called in derision *Gringo* or Yankee. Nearly a month having elapsed after the exodus of my tenants without the money forthcoming, I sent for Pedro and secured his services as collector. Providing him with two or three dollars for possible expenses, in case the siege was protracted, and a written order for the money, I dispatched him with instructions to give Señor Garcia no rest till the debt was paid. " Walk, talk, eat and sleep with him, Pedro, but make him shell out," were my final orders. Pedro grinned at the prospect of fun, assured me he would not fail, and departed. Several days elapsed and no Pedro. My friends chuckled and claimed the wager. I would wait, but the hopes of seeing Pedro again grew marvellously faint ; in short, I soon banished him from my thoughts as an unpleasant subject of meditation, and succeeded in forgetting my last investment and my lost confidence, for I was sure he had run away with the few dollars I had given him and that I should see him no more forever. It must have been some three weeks after this that business called me to the harbor of Brazos Santiago, thirty miles from Brownsville. A few mornings after my arrival I was standing in the door of my office thinking of anything except Pedro, when I saw approaching me, over the low sandy plain in front, one of the most miserable-looking objects it has ever been my fortune to behold. Barefooted, his trowsers terminating in shreds just below the knee, with a dirty and ragged shirt, a *sombrero* without a crown and with the least suggestion of a brim, this prepossessing being drew near and accosted me with "*Buenos Deas!* Don't you know me, Lieutenant?" I looked hard, and at last, as a faint smile of his old recklessness beamed from his eyes and brightened over his bronzed features, I recognized my Pedro ! His story was a short one. " I did as you ordered me, Lieutenant, I asked him for the money at his house, and he told me to 'clear out!' " I followed him to the government office where he was employed and asked him for it before all the people. He cursed me that time, afterward I dunned him at the church door and then on the plaza. Then I watched him until I saw him coming out of his house with some friends, when I stepped up and asked him for that little debt. He had been drinking, so he got angry and abused me, winding up by calling

me a *Gringo*. I couldn't bear that, you know, so I knocked him down, that brought the money and a crowd. The Alcalde had me arrested for kicking up a row. But I hid the money and here it is." Pedro hereupon interrupted his narrative while he fished from out the ruins of his wardrobe an old rag which he unrolled, displaying a Mexican half-doubloon. "The Alcalde," continued Pedro, "fined me five dollars and kept me at hard labor with the chain gang to work it out until yesterday, and look at me now!"

Poor Pedro! His sufferings were alleviated somewhat by a suit of old clothes, a bottle of whiskey, the eight dollars and an old hat, while I won fifty cents.

That house has long since passed away into other hands, and the man who holds the deed still owes me half the purchase money, for I gave my partner his half, all I received intact; but whatever anxiety I may suffer about this debt, an anxiety lessening daily into certainty of ultimate total loss, I am at least relieved from the annoyance of collecting rent in Texas.

REGULAR.

THE VELOCIPEDE.

IT is little more than a twelvemonth since the first specimen of this latest hobby was exhibited on this side of the Atlantic. It is now estimated that at the time when these lines appear in print there will not be less than sixteen thousand in the hands of the public, of which number nearly one-fifth will be owned in New York City and its environs. This multiplication of the vehicle has taken place within the past four months. During that time a demand has sprung up for it which has increased so steadily that the principal carriage-makers of the country now find great profit in engaging the entire force of their establishments in the manufacture.

The velocipede comes to us in no questionable shape. It is not an exclusively modern mode of locomotion. As early as the eighteenth century we discover a record that mechanicians travelled in carriages moved by springs, on which pressure was made by the hands and feet. Going back even further, we find rudimental velocipedes mentioned as early as the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. In still remoter days they were not absolutely unknown. In the hieroglyphic writings of the Egyptians there are images bearing a faint resemblance to our hobby, and upon the frescoes of Pompeii are winged figures astride of a stick which is attached to wheels. No simpler description than this last, of the actual velocipede, could be desired.

Coming down to the present century we ascertain that the first two-wheeled velocipede was exhibited in the garden of the Luxembourg, at Paris, in 1808. It failed, however, to come into general use, because the pleasure of riding upon it was overbalanced by the labor of propelling it. An appreciative writer describes the machine as having been mounted on low wheels, the rider being compelled to walk and carry his steed with him. It was called the *celerifère*, or "make-speed," and in fact it very quickly ran out of public sight.

Velocipedes made after this fashion were in use fifty years ago in England. They were called "dandy horses," from the fact that they were ridden only by the "bloods" of that period. On almost any of the popular drives these men of fashion might have been seen propelling themselves along, with their coat skirts flying at right angles to their bodies, to the immense satisfaction of themselves and the envy of the non-possessors of the coveted establishment. The

"dandy horse," however, ran out of its existence in the year 1820, perhaps in consequence of several severe accidents through its use, chiefly by ruptures, which the unyielding nature of the rider's seat was apt to produce. It also visited its imperfections upon the feet of the rider. For instance, it was particularly disastrous in its effects upon shoes.

An improved variety of this velocipede is at present in vogue to a limited extent in Paris, and its admirers assert that in many respects it is equal to those which are propelled by the foot and crank, or hand and lever. No doubt the antique machines can be controlled with more ease than the new ones, but nothing like the degree of velocity can be obtained by striking the toe against the ground that is acquired by the crank movement.

In the memoirs of Richard Lovell Edgeworth is an account of a curious variation in the idea, invented by him. It was a *gigantic drum*, within which the velocipedist walked *in a smaller drum*, his steps of course magnifying as the radius of the whole exceeded the length of his legs. The principle was like that of a dog in a churn wheel, except that the power carried the machine forward. It might be called a revolving stilt.

The only American velocipede of which we have knowledge was invented about forty-six years ago by one Silas Davis, of Troy, a young machinist. The machine is said to have been a "nine days wonder," and Davis took many a quarter of a dollar from the young bloods of the town, for the privilege of riding it about the streets. After the lapse of a couple of years this velocipede disappeared entirely, and the remembrance of it has only lately been revived.

The first patent for the improved two-wheeled velocipede which was issued in this country, was taken out by the inventor, Pierre Lallemont, of Paris, France, on November 20, 1866, by whom it was assigned to James Carroll, of New Haven, Conn. The patent is very simple and effective: It covers the crank and foot treadles, which are attached to the front axle, and also the guiding arms, irrespective of the number of wheels. The exclusive right to manufacture velocipedes under this patent was purchased by Mr. Calvin Witty, of New York, who was shrewd enough to foresee the present velocipede furor, and will undoubtedly make an immense fortune, not merely by constructing machines, but by the "royalty" which he obtains from the sale of manufacturers' privileges in all parts of the country. As a slight indication of the extent to which the manufacture of velocipedes is carried on, it may be mentioned that Mr. Witty employs, himself, the resources of seven large carriage-makers, and keeps their establishments busy night and day. He has seventy men at work in one establishment in New York, and also keeps actively employed a large number of workmen at two manufactories in Connecticut, one at Newark, N. J., one at Wilmington, Del., and a second in this city.

A catalogue of the patents which have already been granted or applied for in connection with the velocipede would take up much space. It is enough to say that, from the 1st of January last to the 30th of the same month, more than fifty patents were recorded at Washington, and the ratio of applications for succeeding months promised to be increased. Most of the patents are for minor improvements upon the invention of Lallemont. A few, however, are for original and striking features in the construction of the machines, with a view of attaining the excellencies of great speed, economy of power, and safety and facility in their operation, both in city and country. It will certainly be surprising, taking into the account the great amount of inventive talent which is brought to bear upon the subject, if a velocipede be not finally produced which shall assert, without dispute, great claims to practical utility.

Among the more prominent velocipede inventions now extant are those designated as the Marine, the Dexter Bicycle, the Monocycle, the Bennett Tricycle, Witty's Ice Velocipede, Bradford's Four-wheel Velocipede, Christian's Toy Velocipede, the French Bicycle, Demarest's and Hanlon's machines.

The Marine Velocipede may be briefly described as consisting of a single paddle-wheel, with treadles attached, supported upon two long, cigar-shaped floats, the driver of the wheel being seated behind it. This is a French invention, and on smooth water it has coursed along at the rate of six miles an hour.

The Dexter Bicycle only differs from other two-wheeled machines in one respect. This, however, is quite important. By a simple and effective device it admits of an instantaneous connection and disconnection of the crank with the axle of the driving-wheel, keeping the treadles stationary or in motion, at the will of the rider, while the wheel continues to revolve. Ordinarily, in obtaining a high rate of speed on a velocipede, the rapidity of the revolution of the crank becomes too great to be followed by the movement of the feet, except at the expenditure of too much exertion. This difficulty is wholly obviated by Mr. Dexter. A continuous and uniform rate of speed may be kept up with his machine without fatiguing the rider.

The Bennett Velocipede is characterized by a driving-wheel four feet in diameter, and two guiding-wheels behind, each of which is about a foot in diameter. The merits of this invention are not great.

Witty's Ice Velocipede consists of a studding of spikes to the periphery of the driving-wheel, and a skate attached to the rear wheel to prevent lateral slipping. The machine has not yet been thoroughly tested; but its inventor is sanguine of its success in regard to speed and usefulness.

Bradford's Four-wheeled Velocipede is very like a light road wagon. Its weight is only sixty-five pounds; the wheels are of large diameter, and it may be propelled easily at the rate of eight or ten miles an hour on ordinary roads. Any one may learn to use this machine without much effort, and it is especially adapted for ladies, as an ingenious device completely conceals all points of motion. A pair of shafts or thills can be applied to the axle with a patent shackle, and, by reversing the seat, a trotting wagon can be made at once. This velocipede will climb a grade of one foot in ten, and its practicability as a useful method of locomotion has been demonstrated after five years of experimenting.

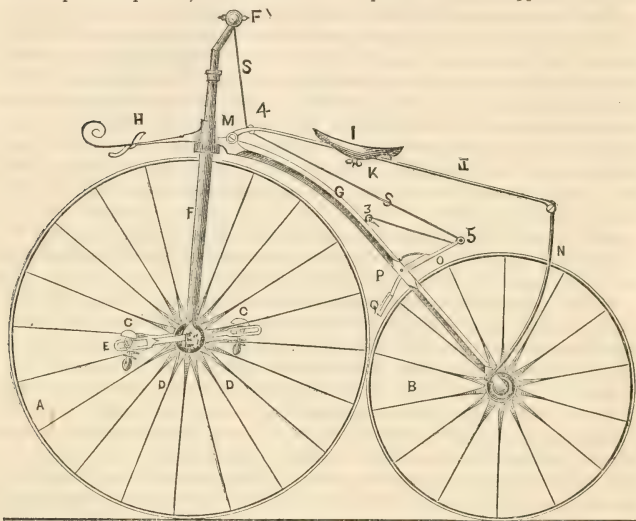
Christian's Toy Velocipede is simply a small bicycle for boys of eight to twelve years of age. Ten thousand of this sort could be sold every month if that number could be manufactured.

The French Bicycle, from which the leading velocipede makers have remodelled their best machines, is like that of the Wood, Monod, and Witty manufacture.

The Demarest machine is one of the newest styles. It is noticeable for the inclination backward, at an angle of 45 degrees, of the arms holding the fore or driving-wheel. This arrangement renders the use of a much larger driving-wheel than that of the ordinary velocipede practicable. It brings the seat closer to the treadles, placing it behind the fore-wheel and not over it, and allows the rider to touch the ground easily with his feet. The advantages asserted for this velocipede are, the non-liability of the wheels to lap by the bending back of the guiding-bar; the facility with which it will turn sharp curves without any slipping of the wheels, the balancing being on the hind wheel, which is always kept upright; and the close analogy of the movement of the body, in operating it, to that required in skating.

The Monocycle is useless for practical purposes. It is merely an exhibition of the novelty of motive power to vehicles of the kind.

The engraving which accompanies this article will convey to the mind of the reader a correct idea of the generic two-wheeled velocipede. There are, perhaps, twenty varieties of the vehicle manufactured; and I believe that not less than one hundred patents have been issued for improvements in the minor points of its construction. In every essential respect, however, the machines are fashioned upon this pattern, a full technical description of which I append:



A is the front wheel. This is the steering-wheel, and upon its axis the power is applied; B is the hind wheel; C, the treadles or foot-pieces; D, the treadle-cranks; E, slots in cranks, by which to adjust the foot-pieces and accommodate the length to the legs of the rider; F, bifurcated jaw, the lower part of which forms the bearing for the axle of the front wheel; from the upper part of this jaw a rod or pivot extends, to which is attached the steering arm or handle, F'; G, the reach or perch, extending from the jaw of the front wheel to the rear, or hind wheel. This reach is bifurcated, forming jaws for the hind wheel.

H "rests" on the front part of the reach. The rider puts one leg on the rest and works one of the cranks with the other leg while riding "side-saddle," or a leg may be placed upon each rest when the velocipede has acquired sufficient momentum and the rider does not wish to keep his feet upon the treadles.

I, the saddle or seat, which is adjustable on the seat-spring, L, by the thumb-screw, K. The seat-spring, L, is attached at M to the reach, G, which, at the other end, is fastened to the spring-struts, N, that rise from the reach, G.

O, the brake-lever on the fulcrum, P; Q, the "shoe" of the brake that acts against the periphery of the hind wheel. The brake is operated by means of the cord, S, one end of which is attached to the steering handle, F', and the other end to the reach at 3. A cord passes from the steering-handle under the pulley

or roller, 4, thence over the pulley, 5, on the brake lever, O, and from there to the point, 3, where it is attached to the reach, G. The brake is operated by giving a slight turning motion to the handle, F', thus winding a small sheave upon the axis of the handle, and bringing the shoe, Q, of the brake-lever, O, in contact with the surface of the wheel, B.

While I am not prepared entirely to agree with some enthusiasts in the opinion that "the velocipede is the noblest achievement of man," and that it will solve the perplexing problem of street locomotion, I yet believe that it will prove more than a mere plaything, and may be made to render much good service. On smooth level ground the advantages of the machine in the point of speed, as a substitute for walking, are unquestionable. Ordinarily a man moves himself with his legs at the rate of about five feet per second. Mounted upon a velocipede, with the same expenditure of force, it is estimated that a good rider will advance at the speed of thirty feet in the same time, or six times as fast as he can walk. There does not seem to be any difficulty in the way of attaining a speed of twelve or fifteen miles an hour without undue excitement of the nervous force. Indeed, in France, where thorough tests have been made, it is found that persons, who have acquired the "knack" of riding, can get over sixty miles in five hours without quitting their seats. The body is not constantly occupied. On level ground, after sufficient impetus has been obtained, and on going down hill, the feet may be released from the treadles, and the legs be allowed to rest. An occasional jog is all that is necessary to keep up the requisite speed for easy riding, it being difficult to preserve the poise of the body if the impetus be retarded beyond a certain degree. The advantages of the bicycle as a method of rapid locomotion will be far greater in the country than in the city, and for many purposes it seems likely to supersede the horse. It requires, it is true, a smooth surface upon which to run, but the ease and directness with which it may be guided need for it only the narrowest of ways. Very few country roads, at any season of the year, are without level foot-paths, which are all that the machine wants; or, failing in that, a well-worn wheel-track will answer as well. The objection to some people that they "run in ruts" will not apply to them if they happen to be mounted on velocipedes.

Exercise with the velocipede is very generally recommended by French physicians, and in all the gymnasiums it has been adopted and classed with those instruments which are most favorable to the development of the muscular system. It is a powerful stimulant to lymphatic temperaments; it strengthens the sinews, gives suppleness to the joints and elasticity to the limbs; it expands the chest, and drives away the gout and rheumatism. The objection against it that it shocks the nerves and produces rupture must be placed in the category of old wives' fables. From a therapeutic point of view, exercise on horseback is ten times as dangerous.

In consequence of the extraordinary demand for velocipedes, and the impossibility of manufacturing them with sufficient rapidity to meet the exigency, the cost of a machine, at present, makes the possession of one almost an inaccessibility to that class who eventually are most likely to avail themselves of the invention. There is little doubt of the fact that a good velocipede may be made at a price much below that which now rules, and yield a handsome profit. It is a fact, however, that the manufacture requires the employment of a variety of artisans. And the wear and tear in the ordinary use of velocipedes is so great as to require the very best material in their construction; and a composition metal of brass and iron has been found, thus far, the most enduring, steel being used for the joints and springs.

Schools for teaching the art of riding the bicycle have been established already by the score, in this and other cities. They receive a patronage which is not only surprising as indicating the extent to which the velocipede enthusiasm prevails, but also as showing that the desire to ride is not confined to any particular age, or to any class of persons. There is a marked fascination in the exercise which affects alike the spectators and the participants. Those who come to look remain to ride, and those who once bestride the wheeled Rosinante refuse to quit until they have tamed the unaccustomed steed.

Mr. Dana, of the "New York Sun," is a skilful velocipedist. He delights in a sensation of any sort, and finds great pleasure in that which the bicycle affords. He spins upon his diurnal round, as surely as the "Sun" shines, and hitching his steed to a nail in his counting-room, gives free rein to his leaders up-stairs.

The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher also is ambitious to rank among the velocipedists. He thoroughly believes in the machine, and is diligently striving to master its peculiarities. No man is too old to learn, and Mr. Beecher is certain to succeed. He has purchased two velocipedes for his boys to ride, and in a recent lecture on "Rational Amusements," he expressed the opinion that a short time hence a thousand velocipedists would be whirling every Sunday to Plymouth Church, without being amenable to the charge of violating the Fourth Commandment. This, of course, must happen after the public gaze has been accustomed to the machine. The novelty of this sort of riding attracts too much attention just at present, and renders its practice so very conspicuous, that, to the majority of riders, it is disagreeable to appear on the streets. This objection on the score of bashfulness will soon be overcome. Clubs are in process of organization already, the chief purpose of which is to get members together for the public introduction of the bicycles. By combined action, and the boldness which is the fruit thereof, the annoyances now attendant upon the *début* of a single rider in any of the squares or wood-paved streets, will be mitigated at once.

Another feature of the coming velocipede campaign will undoubtedly be races against time and contests of rival riders. A provision for this sort of sport is already in progress at the Capitoline Ball-grounds, in Brooklyn, where, by May next, a half-mile course of hard, smooth roadway will be ready. All the race-courses will be used for the same purpose. The fastest time which has thus far been made in France was one mile in two minutes and fourteen seconds. There is a record, also, of two miles having been run in four minutes and fifty-six seconds. This extraordinary speed was obtained on a perfect track with large-wheeled machines. Mr. Witty is constructing a velocipede which he anticipates will run a mile in one minute and twenty seconds, or faster than any trotting horse can ever be expected to go. The driving-wheel is to be so constructed that it will revolve three times while the treadles are once making their circuit.

Among the velocipede wagers which have found place in the newspapers I may mention one or two of the more remarkable. On the first of June we are told that a Providence rope-walker will begin the feat of propelling a bicycle 3,000 miles in 30 days, averaging 100 miles a day, for a wager of \$5,000. During the trip he is to ride the velocipede 150 miles in 24 hours, and only one trial will be allowed. Two New York gentlemen, who have both become accomplished velocipedists, have bet \$1,500 a side to ride from New York to Chicago. Articles of agreement have been drawn up and signed, and a forfeit of \$250 each has been put up.

Having written enough to show that our latest hobby will be ridden with remarkable fury as soon as the weather admits of its appearance on the streets, let me give a few words of counsel to those who intend to learn the new style of equestrianism. By all means begin practising early in the morning, when the air is invigorating, and the physical man is not tormented with undigested food. Choose, if possible, a period when nobody is near to witness your frequent failures, and to hear your objuratory remarks thereon. Have confidence in yourself, but don't be rash. Otherwise you are likely to lose your temper. Remember that it is no disgrace to be upset by a bicycle. Do not needlessly expend your strength. Skill, not force, is required. At first it will seem rash, almost chimerical, that one can trust oneself on the back of a mechanical horse and maintain one's equilibrium, supported on so narrow a base. But after a little practice it will be found that the nag never refuses its favors to anybody. To keep the poise easily great speed is necessary. But to go fast or slow the rider must first master the knack of balancing himself. How is this to be done? Expert velocipedists spring upon the machine, giving it a violent push, which starts it forward, and their feet afterward keep up the motion. Those less practised keep to the old method of velocipeding, that is, if their legs are sufficiently long. They start out by placing the feet upon the ground, and it is only when proper rapidity is attained and their seat is secure that they use the treadles. Tyros fall, hurt themselves, and accomplish little without the aid of a teacher. By all means take lessons. Only an excellent gymnast will succeed without instruction. The velocipede with two wheels is the only one worthy of the name. It is a blooded horse, while the velocipede with three wheels is simply a hack. It is true that with the latter the difficulty of equilibrium is avoided by being seated in a sort of arm-chair, but the traction is greater and needs a double effort to overcome it. The body instead of contributing to the onward impetus is simply a heavy weight upon the seat. But we digress from our purpose of giving advice to those who would become adepts in the use of the bicycle. The following rules are laid down by the most skilful operators: Make the first attempt on a machine of moderate height, in order that your feet may readily touch the ground. Walk beside your iron steed, leading it, as it were, with your hand, so as to familiarize yourself with its movements. Commence practising with it on a gently-descending slope, giving impetus with the feet. Take your feet from the ground and maintain your balance by resting the hands lightly on the guiding-bar, in the meantime occupying your attention with the effects produced by the inclination which you give the machine through the agency of the tiller. Thoroughly understanding the nature of this, place the right foot upon the pedal, and follow its movements without assisting them, touching the left foot on the ground lightly. The difficulty with beginners is to restrain the unnecessary expenditure of muscular force; they ordinarily perform ten times the labor that is requisite. Continue the same motion by changing the feet. This will accustom the legs to the machine. Next, repeat the experiment upon level ground, having both feet on the pedals and working them alternately with scrupulous regularity. Speed is obtained by merely accelerating this movement. After two hours' practice the tyro will be able to accomplish a distance of from thirty to forty yards without running the risk of an upset. Should the machine incline to one side, all that is necessary to be done is to remove the foot on the same side from the pedal and place it on the ground. To alight, both feet are raised simultaneously from the treadles, which has the effect of retarding the machine. The feet are then placed on the ground at the same moment, the tiller being still firmly held by both hands.

H. J. WINSER.

THE SINGER'S ALMS.

IN Lyons, in the mart of that French town,
Years since, a woman leading a fair child,
Craved a small alms of one who walking down
The thoroughfare, caught the child's glance, and smiled
To see behind its eyes a noble soul.
He paused, but found he had no coin to dole.

His guardian angel warned him not to lose
This chance of pearl to do another good ;
So as he waited, sorry to refuse
The asked-for penny, there aside he stood,
And with his hat held as by limb the nest,
He covered his kind face, and sang his best.

The sky was blue above, and all the lane
Of commerce where the singer stood was filled.
And many paused, and listening, paused again,
To hear the voice that thro' and thro' them thrilled.
I think the guardian angel helped along
That cry for pity woven in a song.

The singer stood between the beggars there,
Before a church, and overhead, the spire,
A slim perpetual finger in the air
Held toward heaven, land of the heart's desire,
As tho' an angel, pointing up, had said,
"Yonder a crown awaits this singer's head."

The hat of its stamped brood was emptied soon
Into the woman's lap, who drenched with tears
Her kiss upon the hand of help. 'Twas noon,
And noon in her glad heart drove forth her fears. °
The singer pleased, passed on, and softly thought,
"Men will not know by whom this deed was wrought."

But when at night he came upon the stage,
Cheer after cheer went up from that wide throng,
And flowers rained on him. Naught could assuage
The tumult of the welcome, save the song
That for the beggars he had sung that day
While standing in the city's busy way.

O, cramped and narrow is the man who lives
Only for self, and pawns his years away
For gold, nor knows the joy a good deed gives ;
But feels his heart shrink slowly, day by day,
And dies at last, his bond of fate outrun ;
No high aim sought, no worthy action done.

But brimmed with molten brightness like a star,
And broad and open as the sea or sky,
The generous heart. Its kind deeds shine afar,
And glow in gold in God's great book on high.
And he who does what good he can each day,
Makes smooth and green and strews with flowers his way.

HENRY ABBEY

DRIFT - WOOD.

CHEAP NOTORIETY.

THERE was circulating through Congress a few days ago a petition or paper, which ran thus :

To Andrew Johnson, President of the United States :

The undersigned respectfully request your Excellency to give the bearer hereof, Paul Bagley, Missionary, such moral support, or letter, to our Minister at the Court of St. James, as may enable him favorably to present to the British Government such petition as he may desire in behalf of our fellow-citizens there held as prisoners.

Congressmen are always doing something silly, but have a special weakness for silly recommendations ; so that "Paul Bagley, Missionary," touched them by this paper in a particularly tender spot. When, therefore, one hundred and forty and eight Senators and Representatives had signed this petition, the reverend gent took it unto the high priest of the Government, Mr. Secretary Seward, who at once commended him by letter to Minister Johnson, at London. Whether this Apostle Paul ever started for St. James's, I wot not ; but never, doubtless, was man more crestfallen than when news suddenly came by cable that St. James had already determined to set free the American prisoners.

Turning over this incident, and wondering why people so much covet a cheap notoriety, and why other people encourage them, I remembered this same Paul, Missionary to benighted England, to have been previously engaged in similar designs on public attention. When Jefferson Davis was set free from Fort Monroe, and went to London, what does our Reverend Paul do but follow to Montreal, and there busy himself in trying to "induce" the Governor-General to "induce" Davis to "induce" President Johnson to give him, the said Davis, a pardon—which effort was duly reported by telegraph. But having soon exhausted this mild Montreal sensation, and the great impeachment trial luckily coming on, the Reverend Paul abandons poor Jeff, and fares to Washington, where he is soon celebrated by the telegraph as "consulting with the President and prominent Congressmen, with the view of arranging a compromise !" But it is this worthy gentleman's misfortune always to ply his intercessory batteries in vain ;

and my own suspicion is, that he has already turned them away from Fenianism, and is seeking fresh missionary fields—perhaps at Constantinople, proposing a compromise between the Porte and the Piræus.

Is any notoriety more economic than that which comes of meddling in public business, pretending to do something when doing nothing, getting 148 Congressmen to help you do it, and then telegraphing it to the newspapers ? There, for example, was Mr. Lincoln's corn-doctor, Zacharie, whom the kindly President sent toward Florida on some diplomatic mission, during the war. What, in the name of Puffendorf, was the State business requiring so queer an ambassador as this reaper and mower of corns, and soother of in-growing toe-nails ? No one will ever know—probably not even Zacharie himself. However, whether it was to pare down a political bunion from the toe of the peninsula of Florida, or to cut the claws of secession, sure it is that Zacharie became, for a time, notorious. It was a cheap notoriety that the worthy corn-doctor got by his diplomatic functions, and he used it well. He is now doing a thriving trade in salves and toe lotions, up Broadway, in a museum of monstrous corns and abnormal bunions, to which he will add *yours*, gentle reader, at a reasonable rate. I charge him nothing for the advertisement in this paragraph.

There was cheap notoriety in the Richmond "peace-mission" of Edmund Kirke and Jaquess (Pray Heaven, reader, you pronounce this last name rightly !) : was not that a noble embassy, and were not the papers full of it for a week, and the magazines for a month, and was not the notoriety well harvested ? The truth is there are chances for cheap notoriety all about us, if we have eyes to see them. Say, for example, that you appoint yourself, as you can if you like, "Agent of the Universal Peace Society" or "Actuary of the Free Labor Union." Wherever you go—to Albany, Buffalo, North Pompey, or Cato Four Corners—see that it is telegraphed back to New York that, "Colonel John E. Jones, Agent," etc., "arrived in this city this evening, and proceeded to the Top-Crust Hotel," or elsewhere, as the case may be. After a while, news-

paper readers (and who are *not* newspaper readers?) will get to wondering who Colonel Jones is; from wondering they will come to imagine, by sheer familiarity with the type, that they know all about you, and that you are a great man: thus you will have cheaply achieved a national notoriety.

Look at the names that regularly appear as vice-presidents and secretaries of public meetings; at the men who regularly conduct speakers to the platform, and are so reported—is glory beyond any man's grasp? When Quivis goes to Washington, he always proceeds, with great haste and mystery, to bore some high personage, and thereupon the country learns in the evening papers that "the Hon. Philander Quivis arrived here to-day, and *was immediately closeted* with the Secretary of War. The subject of the consultation remains a profound secret."

There are no more accommodating people on the globe than knights of the quill; but the truth is that all of us in America feel kindly toward the craving for notoriety, and lend a friendly hand to satisfy it. We will not refuse to send quacks and corn-doctors on diplomatic missions, and Bagleys and Jaquesses on intercessory missions, and will blow every man's trumpet with all our lungs. We cannot any of us be kings, and counts, and duchesses, but, at least, we can all be colonels and squires, and even waiters may Miss and Mister each other. The boot-blacks, at their foot-stools, call out "have 'em shined, *Captain?*" and if it isn't "a choker," they perhaps magnificently brevet you to major. The odds are, in any audience at Booth's you find 10 generals, 50 colonels and majors, 100 captains, 100 deacons, 1,000 squires, and so on, and most of them titled "by courtesy." Now and again, a ribbon and trinket of the "Legion of Honor" flutters down from imperial hands to our republican shores, and lodges on the coat of some Yankee Knight of the Needle, or Purveyor of the Grand Piano, which distinction he converts, with business-like promptitude, into an advertisement for his wares. But mainly we must manufacture our titles—which, however, we are not likely to lack, so long as district schools confer "degrees" by the ream, while every rising preacher is D. D. with their faint praise.

How delicately the clergyman or charity-agent touches this clasp in us! It is not *he* that says to us, "Be not of a sad countenance," lest we appear unto men to fast;

nor that warns us "not to pray in the synagogues and in the corners of the streets," lest we be "seen of men;" nor that exhorts us "take heed that ye do not your alms before men, to be seen of them." He exhorts us rather to remember the "power of example," and how a great charity drives others to imitate it for very shame. He tells us to be the "light of the world," and a "city set upon a hill." If conscience mutters "when thou doest thine alms, do not sound a trumpet before thee" to have "glory of men," the counsellor reminds us that neither must we hide our candle under a bushel, but put it in a candlestick, where it may give light to all in the house. Do you quote "when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth"? Steadily comes his response, "let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works." So, accordingly, we do let our light so shine, and put it in a candlestick, or in a tablet, or in a stained window, or on the *façade* of a church, and men see our good works.

Let humble Allen, with an awkward shame,
Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.

Let him do so, I say; but we must not look for Allworthys to do all the world's charity. No, the colporteur, the clergyman, the sagacious collecting-agent, is right, in a business point of view, at least; he knows that when mankind are Miltons, they do not care to be mute and inglorious ones—still less when they are *not*; that human flowers—even wall-flowers—do not bear to blush unseen; and that a little good repute, a judicious publication of one's generosity, a tastefully unctuous allusion in one's sermon to the rich parishioner below, is not taken amiss. But we wander from the text, which was *cheap* notoriety.

The other day, a gentleman gave me a book; and, on turning the cover, I found pasted on the inside a printed notice that it was "Presented to Mr. Quilibet by John Smith, honorary member of the Nova Zembla Pantological Society," and—I give you my word on this fact—no less than *thirteen* other titles. My name had been written through the blank, and I am given to understand that my good friend Smith is in the habit of accumulating fame by this artful practice upon unsuspecting persons. Three years ago a new and startling face, as everybody remembers, appeared on a new issue of five-cent fractional currency. It was not only a new, but an unknown face, with very

little brow and very much beard, a face serenely conscious of embellishing the money. On inquiry, it was discovered that the original of this bearded apparition was a person of the name of Clarke, who, chancing to be Superintendent of the Currency Printing Department, conceived the brilliant idea of immortalizing himself in this way. Precisely *why* this gentleman pressed his features so liberally upon us is not known, unless from the craving for cheap notoriety. To have one's portrait struck off, and strewn broadcast by the million; greased by every butcher, tied into every old woman's handkerchief, torn and defiled by every dirty hand between Maine and Texas—this, this was fame! And so *cheap*—that was the beauty of it! Congress, however, thought this notoriety was almost *too* cheap; and Mr. Clarke's effigy was ignominiously ordered off the plates.

An American map or gazetteer is a study in cheap notoriety. It shows you how the ubiquitous Smith and inevitable Brown fix their names not only upon every other village in the land, but on its mountains, streams, forests, torrents, vales, precisely as in natural scenery there is no loveliness, romance, or sublimity sufficient to save rock, tree, or chasm from beplastering by soothing syrup and eye salve. Winnissimet and Hoaryhead become Scroggs City and Brown's Hill; and so insatiable is this appetite that you may find the same man labelling with his name a church, a school, a club, fire-engine, militia company, two steamers, and one or two locomotives. I know a gentleman who offered twenty or thirty acres of land as the site of a public charity, on condition that his name should be forever affixed to the whole institution; that one fine building should be erected and called after his son, another after his father, a third after his great-grandfather, and so on through the family tree, which he had stripped pretty clean for this purpose. As the site was atrociously bad (except for improving the neighborhood) and the conditions so stringent, the munificent offer was declined—otherwise he would have had his name stamped on everything, material and immaterial, in the institution, down to the tin cup on the pump in the yard.

Does this gentleman, I wonder, ever reflect on the difference between honorable ambition and the chase for cheap notoriety? Between the praiseworthy desire to have one's merits recognized at their exact value

and the vulgar impulse to entrap unmerited notice or praise?

PRESIDENT AND POLICY.

"MANIFEST Destiny" is now, perhaps, to have its day—"manifest destiny," ever to America what, for example, "Natural Boundary" is to France, a curt and "vile" phrase, faulty in form, deceptive, somewhat visionary, if you will, a fair butt for censure and satire, yet vast and potential in its *spirit* and intense in inner meaning—the formulated aspiration of a great race.

Still, "economy" is the key-note of the new administration. "Economy" is the key-note of *every* new Administration, even the most corrupt; but when Grant had said it in his Address, he sealed it in his Cabinet—albeit his word is as good as his bond—and hence economy may *mean* economy, in which case the millennium is certainly at hand. Nevertheless, one note does not make a tune, nor one principle a policy; and under that dulcet motive strain of frugality which we are bid to hear from the political pitch-pipe, the listener discerns such sounds in the new song as "Protection of Individual Rights" and "Manifest Destiny."

Do we hear them, or are they fancies—inferences drawn from the character of the man? Grant has told us that we must "judge of his future by his past." Now, after a portentously long silence, subsequent to the war, despite the adroitest pumping by professional pumps, one man suddenly touched for Grant the secret spring, and "oped the marble jaws." At a public dinner in New York, a toast was given to the instant and forcible expulsion, by our country, of France and Austria from Mexico, whereupon Grant, rising to another toast, did not allude to *that*, but, instead, "indorsed heartily," and with great fervor, the Mexican toast. Shortly after, he repeated this sentiment—his only two public political utterances up to that time, and, while the general army sentiments regarding Mexico are well known, their extreme development may be found amongst Grant's favorite officers, from Sheridan down. I believe that before General Grant leaves the Presidential chair, a great "slice" of Mexico, if not the entire continent, down to Da'len, will be joined to the American Union.

Two nights before the election of General Grant, in November, that *fidus Achates*, Gen. Rawlings, his chief-of-staff through the war, his intimate and trusted counsellor,

who has acted, so far as any man can, as Grant's mouthpiece, who knows the President's political sentiments, as they *actually are*, better than anybody else, went to Galena, and delivered an elaborate political address. Everything about this remarkable speech—the *time*, the eve of the struggle; the *place*, Gen. Grant's own town; the *man*, the candidate's best representative, military and political—caused it to be accepted as an indirect enunciation of his political views.

And what was this remarkable speech? In great part, a plea for the policy known as "manifest destiny," inasmuch that some of the papers reported it with the headline—"AN OCEAN-BOUND REPUBLIC."

This was one of its passages :

Douglas electrified the Democracy by his declaration, in the Oregon controversy with Great Britain, that the country should be put at once in a state of preparation, so that if war should result from the assertion of our rights, we might drive Great Britain and the last vestige of royal authority from the Continent of North America, and make the United States "an ocean-bound republic!" "An ocean-bound republic!"—an idea in eloquent accord with the feeling of manifest destiny within us.

"Here is another straw," as the editors say. How happened the Medill letter on annexing Canada to be published? That letter was, as Mr. Medill (a well-known Chicago journalist and a personal friend of General Rawlings) assures us, "intended to be private, though fully indorsing his ideas of manifest destiny." It was provoked by "his views so completely in consonance with my own." How came this "private letter" to be published without Mr. Medill's knowledge? It must have been furnished for publication by Gen. Rawlings himself, and perhaps as a "feeler" of public opinion. The idea suggested in the letter was to refuse to settle the *Alabama* claims by a few millions, but to demand a larger indemnity (say Canada) for "all the injuries, indignities, and losses" inflicted upon us by Great Britain during the war. Gen. Rawlings thought enough of this plan to publish it, and it was prefaced by an article taking the broad ground that, sooner or later, and as soon as possible, we must acquire dominion over the whole American continent. Here is one extract from a long and very strong exposition of this doctrine :

The desire for territorial expansion is one of the most natural and certain incidents of collective patriotism. It is an instinct inseparable from a healthy

nationality. Vigorous nationalities have always possessed it in the highest degree. *Under favorable circumstances*, expansion becomes a necessity, and *known no law*. It is *then*, by an expressive Americanism, called "manifest destiny." Its next expression will be in the demand for territorial expansion *northward*. The frugal, moral, industrious people of the superior races who inhabit British America are needed to incorporate into our body politic, as an antidote to the absorption of the inferior Spanish-American races.

"If General Rawlings," adds Mr. Medill, "did not inspire these words, I am confident they reflect his views and sentiments, and those of the other members of General Grant's military family." But I think it fair to offset this (for I have no theory to maintain) with General Grant's own words in his Inaugural Address, which are : "I would respect the rights of all nations, demanding equal respect for our own. If others depart from this rule in their dealings with us, we may be compelled to follow their precedent." These words, so far as they do not express their proper weight of significance, may perhaps be interpreted by the indisputable fact that General Grant is utterly hostile to the Johnson protocol, and not on technical grounds, but because of its *spirit*. At best, however, Mr. Medill's views—which are of the "manifest destiny" that "knows no law"—are only a commentary on Gen. Rawlings's, and Gen. Rawlings's only a commentary on Gen. Grant's. We know the dangers of deception after two or three filtrations; and, in fine, President Grant is doubtless moved by the *spirit* of "manifest destiny," while his sound judgment and discretion, his sense of right toward other nations, and the responsibilities of his position, regulate that spirit and hold it in abeyance.

For there is a counterpoise to any alarming or warlike exhibition of "manifest destiny" in the nation's necessities. So long as "economy," "retrenchment," and "payment of the public debt" are *first* among the watchwords of the new Administration, "manifest destiny" may well be *second*. General Grant's first call was, "Let us have peace;" his next was, "Let us have economy;" and, surely, peace and economy forbid the idea of war for territorial expansion. If Grant's gamut contain the resounding note of "manifest destiny," but in accord with others, all may combine in a national anthem of peace and prosperity.

PHILIP QUILBET.

LITERATURE AND ART.

A GLANCE AT BOOKS OF TRAVEL.

HAD the earlier travellers in America—the Marryats, the Basil Halls, the Trollopes, the Dickenses, (we now mean Dickens in his callow period) been in the complimentary mood, and found Brother Jonathan closely resembling Apollo, or, at least, more an antique Roman than a Yankee, doubtless the present generation of travellers would be reviling and scourging us at a furious rate. For, in the pardonable desire for originality of judgment and criticism, travellers to unknown lands (like the United States) are often willing to present different views from those of their predecessors. But it so happened that, justly or unjustly, the pioneer English travellers villified us with a zeal which left nothing for their successors to hope for; and, accordingly, of the dozen tourists who have lately written about America, hardly one has cultivated that vein. Mr. Dilke's "Greater Britain," which is a "Record of Travel in English-speaking countries during 1866-'67," though it has very much to say of India, Australia, Canada, and other "English-speaking countries," treats largely of the United States, and always pleasantly, candidly, and with just, appreciative sympathy. A Liberal in politics, and a Liberal of the most progressive stamp, he departs from the country with a very agreeable impression of its present condition and its growing prospects. That there are some extraordinary and some amusing mistakes in his narrative every intelligent American reader will discover; but it ought to be put among the very best of recent books of travel.

Professor Bickmore's "Travels in the East Indian Archipelago," a book issued in handsome style and with a great many good illustrations, is fresh in subject to most Americans, and not the less entertaining from the author's endeavor to attain "accuracy, even at any sacrifice of elegance." It contains an agreeable variety of adventure, natural history, and description of manners and customs, told in a simple, effective way. There are many subjects for reflection thrown out in the narrative, as, for example, how it comes to pass that the Battas,

a people who have come to such a state of civilization as to use an alphabetic language, and that of their own invention, are *cannibals*, as they were in Marco Polo's day. We admit that it is a question of taste, as well as of morals, and *de gustibus*, etc. The Rajah of Sipirok is credited with saying he had eaten human flesh thirty or forty times, and never, in all his life, relished anything half as well. Mr. Bickmore should now, in a companion volume, give us his experience in China.

Meanwhile, we have a book on "China and the Chinese," by John L. Nevius, ten years a missionary in China. It is precisely in the vein and style of Mr. Justus Doolittle's larger book on the same subject, and treats of the same topics. Nevertheless, it has the merit of being the *latest* work on China, and is compact and interesting. Its chief demerit is that, like Mr. Doolittle's, it looks at China too much from the *missionary*, instead of the social, commercial or political standpoint; and hence much that we want is missing, and much that we don't want (or could take for granted) is there. However, it is, on the whole, an interesting treatise, and sometimes not lacking in humor. We do not remember to have seen before what he says of "Pigeon English." This last is a singular "spoken-language," created by the necessities of commerce, and prevalent on the coast. It consists of English words pronounced in John Chinaman's fashion, mixed with Chinese and Portuguese words, and all wrought into Chinese idioms. The word "pigeon" tells the whole story briefly; this is purely a business language, and the nearest the Chinese can come to saying "business" is "pigeon:" hence, by way of compromise, "pigeon English." This queer dialect is really a curiosity in literature; it shows how vastly accommodating even an Englishman or American is when business (or "pigeon") requires. Here is a language consisting of a few hundred words, which is made to stand for *all* transactions; and we may believe that it is a marvel of terseness and comprehensiveness, as well as of distortion. An Englishman lately translated into Pigeon the familiar address "My name is Norval; on the

Grampian Hills my father feeds his flocks," and the result was—"My name b'long Norval. Top side Keh-lam-pian hill; my fader chow-chow he sheep." But the next sentence beggared the language, and "A frugal swain, whose constant care is to increase his store" had to be freely "done" in this shape: "My fader very small heartee man—too much likee dat piecie dolla." So much for Pigeon English.

Mr. Whympers "Travels in Alaska" is a book of what is called "timely travel." We have found it a very interesting work, containing much information about Alaska and its people, with very good maps and illustrations. And, by the way, we must note that both Mr. Dilke and Mr. Whympers advise their countrymen to prepare for "absorption" of the whole continent by the United States. Mr. Whympers thinks that "Canada, and British America generally, will sooner or later become part of the United States." And he frankly adds, "looking at the matter without prejudice, I believe that it will be better for those countries and ourselves when such shall be the case." Mr. Dilke takes the same ground.

We may say here a word in favor of Mr. Ross Browne's "Apache Country," which is a light, entertaining and abundantly illustrated book on Arizona and Sonora. And surely to books of "travel" we can add the lively, picturesque, and charming "Indian Pass" of Mr. Alfred D. Street, even though his travels are no more distant than through the wooded regions of Northern New York.

A.

THE SPANISH BEGGARS BY DORÉ.

HAVING achieved fame and fortune as an illustrator of books, in which department of art he stands unrivalled in popular estimation, Gustave Doré seeks the higher distinction of the painter. With accustomed impetuosity, he throws himself, heart and soul, into the pursuit of his new vocation, and astonishes the public by the ease and rapidity with which he produces works of the largest size and the most varied and ambitious subjects. He is equally ready to illustrate history or religion or modern society, to paint a scene in a German gambling saloon, or the sacrifice of Jephthah's daughter; and he does all in the same spirit of irreverence and with the same disregard of what is noble and beautiful. His picture called "The Spanish Beggars," the only important oil painting from his easel ever

brought to this country, is a very good example of the style of subject he chiefly delights in and of his manner of working. It represents a wretched old crone, crouching in rags against a gateway, with a little child leaning on each knee, a subject that in the hands of an artist of true feeling would move every one to pity. But Doré makes it simply disgusting. One feels like tossing the old hag a few pennies and hurrying on, out of sight of her flabby face and bleared eyes, and out of hearing of her shrill blessing. The style of painting is coarse. The color is laid or rather slapped on in thick, heavy blotches, and the proper effect can be obtained only by retiring to some distance from the picture.

But I do not find fault with the work so much because it is coarsely painted, out of drawing, and ugly in color, as because it is unfeeling and unrefined in sentiment. I have seen old beggar-women by the roadside with the face and accent of a saint, from whose sad countenance would be learned a better lesson of patience and resignation and charity, than ever came from preacher's lips. But no one can look at Doré's old beggar-woman without a sense of disgust. He paints her, because she looks squalid and miserable, and because she has bleared eyes and flabby cheeks and fingers like claws, and is a picturesque object of disgust, and not because he has any sympathy with her or with the poor little children leaning against her knees. To him, rags and dirt and misery are only so much material for art, and having no pity himself, he excites none in others. One would think the little children would touch him with some tenderness, but no study of the picture is needed to show that he has paid more attention to their tattered dresses than to their faces, and that he has painted them with no more feeling than if they had been lay-figures for the display of his picturesque drapery. Such a picture may excite temporary admiration. It will attract attention for the moment, because it is Doré's work, and because it cost its possessor a large sum of money; but that it will attain high or permanent celebrity is altogether unlikely. It is a work that future ages will very willingly let die.

THE STUDIOS.

MR. EHNINGER, one of the most accurate and accomplished draftsmen in this country, is engaged upon a series of drawings repre-

senting some of the most remarkable scenes and incidents of the late war. One of the latest and most spirited of the series represents Sheridan's famous ride. The drawing of the horse is full of action and power, and every line of the rider's figure expresses eager and impetuous haste.

Mr. Oliver Stone has lately completed several very interesting portraits, two of them cabinet pictures, the others life size. Mr. Stone is an artist of unquestioned ability, and his work shows year by year a steady advance toward the true ideal of his branch of art. He has great power in the expression of character, and true feeling for color.

We are not very ardent admirers of Meissonier's polished and finical style of painting; and cannot feel much pleasure in Mr. Irving's very successful attempts to imitate that master. Mr. Irving is an artist of very remarkable powers. He paints with great delicacy and fineness of touch, has a good eye for composition, and high qualities of imagination. His latest work, "The Wine Tasters," is worthy of a place beside some of the best of Meissonier's painting. It represents four jolly gentlemen, in the picturesque costume of our great-grandfathers, engaged in the agreeable pastime of testing the merits of a recent vintage. Their keen enjoyment is admirably expressed. Each face and figure is clearly individualized, and though the picture is small, it contains more real work than is often found in paintings five times its size. Mr. Irving's "Old Church at Düsseldorf," contributed to the Leutze fund, in also a very meritorious work of art.

Mr. William Hart is just finishing his picture entitled "Summer"—the second of an admirable series to represent the "Four Seasons." It is a large picture, the subject taken from near Bethel, Maine, where the artist has found much picturesque material.

This artist is doing less in water colors than last year, which is to be regretted, as his water-colors are in many qualities superior to his oil-paintings.

Mr. Vedder, whose powerful etchings formed one of the chief attractions in last year's exhibition, has at his studio a series of very interesting photographs from his own pencil sketches, which exhibit most remarkable qualities of imagination and power of drawing. They remind one of the weird compositions of Blake, in their strangeness, suggestiveness, and superiority to common work in general. Each drawing illustrates a thought, and invites and provokes the closest study.

Mr. Lambdin has just finished a charming picture of out-door life, which shows a steady advance in his power of expression, though not a corresponding mental advance. He paints better than he did a year ago, but clings to the same class of subjects and expresses the same ideas. He should attempt more variety.

Mr. Beard's "Raining Cats and Dogs" is a puerile subject unartistically treated. It exhibits neither wit nor beauty, and is wholly unworthy of the artist. The best thing he could do with it would be to throw it into the fire. His "Startled Buck," contributed to the Leutze fund collection, is an excellent specimen of his powers.

Mr. Hays contributed to the same collection an admirable painting, "The Head of a Setter." No one in America surpasses Mr. Hays as a painter of dogs. He gets the real dog-character into his animals, not something half human and half something else, like Landseer.

Mr. Lazarus has been very busy all winter painting the portraits of fair women and brave men. His work has a substantial realistic quality, and he possesses a rare faculty for the expression of character.

S. S. C.

NEBULÆ.

— WE wish we had some American institution that could afford to make an occasional purchase among the treasures of art that are, every now and then, offered for sale in Europe. For example, there was recently excavated in Rome an antique statue of an "Amazon," of Pentelican marble, eight feet high, and nearly quite perfect, which was at once pronounced to be the finest statue that has come to light in Italy for many years—the type being that of the Wounded Amazons, of which two copies are extant, one in the Vatican, the other in the Capitoline Museum; but in the unanimous opinion of the archæologists and sculptors of Rome, far superior to both in conception and execution. And this magnificent acquisition was procured by the authorities of the Berlin Museum for the small sum of five thousand of our (currency) dollars. Now, who can estimate the advantages that would accrue to American high art, and the impulse that would be given to the artistic development of the country, by our having at hand, open to study, a few such examples of the antique as this? We do not suppose there is any association in New York, or Boston, or Philadelphia, that is ever likely to have any funds that it would employ for such a purpose; but may we not hope to see some art institution in Chicago or Omaha take the initiative in an effort to procure some works of this order for the benefit of art in America?

— ENGLISH writers are seriously investigating the question, how to treat Americans?—how they shall act toward us so as to establish friendly feeling, and prevent the growling which has always been carried on between the two great English-speaking nations, from which so many dangerous misunderstandings have arisen. The more intelligent of these writers have found out that the *patronizing* airs which Englishmen have generally assumed toward Americans are quite out of place—that their arrogant pretensions are entirely unjustified, and that the assumption of national superiority which leads them to attempt to deal with the United States as though they were still colonies, or disobedient, fractious, and half-

civilized communities, must be altogether given up. The two countries may have their own private opinions of each other; but they certainly ought to meet in public on terms of polite equality. "By all means," says one sensible writer, and we quote his words because they are in the direction of a solution of the whole difficulty—"by all means let us get rid of every vestige of assumption on one side, of uneasy submission to it on the other. We shall be able to do without the uncomfortable little doses of flattery which alternate with outbursts of abuse; and when each country can talk to the other without reserve or dread of unnecessary offence, we shall at least have secured the first condition toward the preservation of good terms, without, perhaps, being enthusiastic admirers of each other's special characteristics."

— DURING the bygone winter there has been all over the country a remarkable extension of the system of popular lecturing on scientific, literary, historical and philosophical themes. There has been a larger number of capable men in the field than during any winter for many years past. The fact is a gratifying one, and we hope the next winter and during coming winters, there will be large additions to the number of scholars and savans who are willing to become popular teachers through the medium of the popular lecture. We believe that popular lecturing is the very best means of conveying to the masses, especially in large cities, some knowledge of modern science, with its wonderful and valuable results, and it is also among the best means of enlarging their intelligence and elevating their character.

— Is there no possibility of extending the Latin of the average writer in our current periodicals beyond such well-worn tags as *homo sum*; *monstrum horrendum*; *ante bellum*; *ad captandum*; *argumentum ad hominem*; *et id omne genus*? We should think, from the amount of service such old soldiers are compelled to perform in the columns nowadays, that their cruel commanders were anxious to make the same sort of exaggerated

display of the small Latin force they are able to raise, as theatrical managers make of the half-dozen uniformed figures which they march to and fro upon the stage in such a way as to impress the audience with the idea of a huge army. Surely it is time such faithful servitors were permitted to rest.

— It is curious to observe the number of German tragedians who are now on the English stage as interpreters of Shakespeare. Fechter, who has been performing Shakespearian characters in London for some years, is acknowledged to be in the foremost rank of Hamlets. Bandmann is a memorable Shylock, not to speak of other impersonations. We need not mention Vestvali's Romeo. Carl Formes, the "Lyric Bass," has lately appeared before English audiences as Shylock. We could name many other actors of less renown, of German birth, who have won applause on the English stage in rendering the tragedies of the great bard.

— A "WEDDING in high life," so-called, recently came off at a fashionable church in Washington, and General Grant and Mrs. Grant, and a great number of other generals and their wives, together with admirals, senators, members of the Cabinet, foreign ministers, judges, naval officers and newspaper people were present. The bride, "a shadowy vision of loveliness, apparently composed of fleecy laces, orange blossoms and white satin"—according to the reporter—came into the church sandwiched between her grandfather and—the bridegroom.

Now "they do these things better in France." There the bridegroom, surrounded by the members of his family, awaits before the altar the coming of the bride. She enters—followed by her bridesmaids and under the immediate protection of her parents. The bridegroom's father gives him to the bride—her father gives her to him. They join hands. After the ceremony the bridegroom takes his place at the side of the bride and escorts her to his carriage, followed by the bridesmaids, who ride immediately after. The parents of both parties fall back to the last, signifying that now, as the young folks are fully fledged, their occupation is gone. If one or both parties' parents are dead, guardians or teachers or friends may act as representatives. This parental guardianship, extended over the bride up to the very moment when the hus-

band takes the place of the parents, is very beautiful and expressive, and the formal "giving away" of the bridegroom by his parents is a delicate compliment to the presumed fitness of the bride to be their charge's counsellor and friend as well as wife. These are but trifling details, but etiquette demands that they should be observed *de rigueur*. Of course with the solemnity and high-bred, elegant ceremoniousness of a French wedding, such jolly airs as "Champagne Charley," which delighted the ears of the wedding-guests in the "fashionable" church at Washington, would be impossible.

— No revolution could be better managed than that of Spain has been. There has been no bloodshed of any account—no rivalries of ambitious leaders to imperil the State—no grasping after dangerous powers—no violent outbreaks of popular passion. Step by step the revolution has gone on—from the appearance of Prim and Topete to the overthrow of the throne—the proclamation of the public liberties—the establishment of the Provisional Government—the popular elections for the Cortes—the placing of authority in the hands of Marshal Serrano—and the consolidation of the permanent form of constitutional government. There has been more intriguing, excitement and animosity among the various royal candidates for the vacant throne and their immediate adherents than anywhere else. The Spanish people are possessed of very marked national and political characteristics, and no part of their profound and picturesque history is of more interest than the late revolution, which resulted in the overthrow of the old Bourbon dynasty and the establishment of liberal institutions.

— WE are pleased to see the rapidly spreading interest in the subject of "Social Science." Social science signifies the proper adjustment of all the relations of man in society—the proper adjustment of industry and its interests, of capital and its relations, of production and consumption, of each interest with all others. It seeks to solve the problems connected with building cities, arranging streets, erecting residences; and it attempts in all ways and upon all points to discover the means of public sanity and individual well-being. It deals with every practical question relating to the temporal interests of society. Finding undisputed evils everywhere, it seeks their abolition.

Seeing benefits within reach everywhere, it aims to secure their application. It seeks to group under laws the various great facts of modern society, and to discover the principles upon which they can be made to work out the best results. In all matters of investigation, fixed principles are sought and followed, as it is evident that only these can be reached in social science, which will give some hope of ultimately relieving the terrible evils under which modern civilized society suffers. The formation of social science associations has been rapidly going on in all the great cities of the country; and the meetings that have been held in Chicago, Boston, Albany and other places have drawn together many distinguished social philosophers, and attracted great public interest. It is unfortunate that some of the subjects brought up should require to be discussed in "this free country," but it is a fact that great and threatening evils are growing up in our American cities, which can only be met by intelligent and earnest effort.

— THAT happy mean between under-dressing, and thereby apparently underrating one's guests, and over-dressing, and thereby astounding them, as well as throwing them in the shade, is not always observed by American ladies. We know a hostess who dressed so overpoweringly at a recent entertainment, that one of her lady guests beat a retreat as soon as she perceived the situation. The next day Madam received a note, as follows: "My dear Friend—It gave me great pain to withdraw myself from your *salon* last evening; but, really, your dress so completely squashed mine that I could not be seen in your company. Accept my regrets," etc., etc.

— NOTHING could more strikingly show the independence, not to say the justice and courage of modern historical criticism than the fact that an able English military writer (Lieutenant-Colonel Chesney) has furnished the English public with a history of the battle of Waterloo, which gives proper credit to the Prussians for the part they played on that decisive field—nay, which even goes so far as to make Blücher and his troops the chief heroes of the Waterloo campaign. And nothing could better indicate the advance in intelligence that the English people have made of late years than the fact that the book has been well received, not

only by the critical class, but by the general public, and even in military circles. Its reception would have been altogether different half a century ago, and widely different even a quarter of a century ago. It is but natural that the work should gratify the Prussians, whose services at Waterloo have always been grossly underrated or egregiously misrepresented by such of the English historians as have taken the trouble to notice them at all. And it is not to be wondered at that the Prussian government gave prompt recognition of its value.

— WE are greatly pleased to see the movement among the German-American residents of New York to raise a monument to Humboldt in the Central Park. The active assistance which the scheme has received from the Prussian Minister (Baron Gerolt) and other prominent people, will doubtless insure its success. We trust that a statue will be procured of the great German *savant* worthy to stand alongside the statue of the great English dramatist, which will adorn the Park when Ward's Shakespeare is completed. We trust that in time a worthy statue of the great American patriot, Washington, will also illustrate the Park, and that, if nothing better can be found, we shall see erected the copy of Houdon's celebrated statue of the *pater patrie* recently offered for sale in this city.

— THE objections to the display of female limbs in spectacles of the "Black Crook" order have been, so far as we have seen, entirely of a *moral* kind. But there certainly ought to be a protest, in the name of *art*, against the style of *leg* that has been so largely exhibited on our stage during the last few years—though, we must say, in making this remark, that we have formed our judgment almost exclusively upon the *photographs* (displayed in the streets) of individual ballet dancers, or groups of popular ballet dancers. We have now before us the photographs of half a dozen of the most famous stage dancers of the hour, the display of whose forms is said to have induced the wildest admiration of untold multitudes of gazers; and we have also before us photographs of half-a-dozen of the models or ideals of the perfect female figure, which the genius of antique Greece left for everlasting study and admiration. The contrast between the symmetry, grace, and delicacy of the antique outline of the limb and the

elephantine and licentious legs of the modern spectacular ballet dancer is as great as it well could be. We would not mention the names (not even the stage names) of the modern *danseuses*, whose photographs we have just compared with those of the Greek figures; but let any one take the trouble to compare the outline of Mlle. —, as she is represented when stripped for the public dance, with the outline of any antique Venus; let the limbs of Mlle. — be contrasted with those of Diana; or the anatomical and muscular development of Mlles. —, and —, and — with that of Hebe, and it will at once be seen what caricatures of the perfect forms of ancient art are the shapes now displayed for our artistic admiration. If the exhibition of legs is to continue as one of the chief attractions of the modern stage, it would be well to get a supply characterized by symmetry, grace, and delicacy, in place of those that nature or stuffing have swelled to uncouth and obnoxious proportions.

— THE newspaper reporters have now got through with their elaborate and highly-colored descriptions of the public gayeties of the winter season. They have revelled in splendid halls at gorgeous balls, and wonderful festivities of every imaginable sort. We have been charmed at perusing their accounts of the visions they were permitted to enjoy, but we wish they would hereafter be a little more precise in describing the draperies and colors, and ornaments and jewels that may delight their eyes on such occasions. If, during the coming summer, they would take the trouble to "post themselves" (to use a favorite repertorial phrase) on these points, we should be able to read their accounts of next winter's *fêtes* with even more pleasure. It is easy to find out, for example, that *coral* cannot possibly "flash;" that *opals* are not in the least "like the whites of a lady's eyes;" that *rubies* which "pale their ineffectual fires beside the living blood in the wearer's cheeks" must be "rubies" of the "very deadeast" kind of composition; that the "*pearl pendants*" which vied with the teeth that outshone them" [see the "Times"] must necessarily be not only paste, but very cheap paste at that; that a *parure* is not expressly an ornament for the head; that a *fin* cannot be "redolent with jewels;" and that, in general, jewels have special and exclusive characteristics, which make it necessary that

those who describe them should be possessed of special knowledge as well as of the power of using language with precision.

— THERE is nothing scientifically new in the very striking discourse on the "Physical Basis of Life," which was recently delivered by Professor Huxley before the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution, and which has excited a great deal of attention and criticism. But nothing could be more attractive to the initiated class—or more startling to those who are unaware of the later results of science—than the way in which he traces the course of the organic and vital development from the chemical elements through the protoplasm to the higher forms of animated nature. The eminent *savant* repudiates the charge of materialism which might be brought against his philosophy, or rather against his scientific statement, but claims for science the right of its own independent domain, apart from the impenetrable world of spirit. One of the great charms of Professor Huxley's discourse is its *style*, which displays at once the accurate forms of scientific philology and the picturesque colors that belong to the imagination.

— THE New York Central Park bids fair to become, in time, a great continental school of art and science. The Commissioners are, of course, able to spend but little money for the purpose of bringing about this result; but they have given a direction to things, and, in conjunction with the efforts of private citizens, "first steps" have been taken which hold out high hopes for the future. Several noble works of art, such as the "Indian Hunter" and the Shakespeare statue, not to speak of the Humboldt statue and the Seventh Regiment monument, have already been provided for. The marvellous reconstruction of extinct animal forms by Professor Waterhouse Hawkins will form an admirable basis for a Museum of Natural History, in connection with the valuable collection of M. Verreau, the French naturalist, and other collections that are waiting their opportunity. There is already, also, a suggestion of a Zoological Garden, and there are quite a number of important scientific projects ready to be developed when the time comes, which will be after the perfection of the external necessities of the Park.

— A CITY Jenkins says: "It is not uncommon to see Broadway ladies dressed all

in brown—brown hair, brown hats, brown dress, brown boots,” and adds, “the effect is, of course, monotonous.” Not necessarily. On the contrary, if arranged according to the scale of shades, a very pleasing and reposeful expression may be produced—as, with a brighter color, we may produce a very brilliant and shimmering effect. The law of arrangement is from the lighter to the darker, or *vice versa*. A world of shades is comprised in the “browns;” and though from brown hair to brown boots is not a field for its display equal to autumnal woods, it yet affords sufficient scope to show that it need not be monotonous.

—No city on the earth has reaped such benefits from science as New York, but no city of half its dimensions has done less for the advancement of science. The vigorous and vivacious language in which Professor Doremus lately illustrated this sentence was well calculated to attract the attention of the people of New York. In Philadelphia there is a magnificent building set apart as a School of Natural History, with an admirable collection in every department. A still grander building, wholly devoted to scientific purposes, was recently erected in Boston, which has also a Lyceum of Natural History as well as a Polytechnic Institution. In Chicago, two hundred thousand dollars were expended in founding an institution and furnishing it with specimens, and in the construction of a magnificent telescope. In many other cities which he named, large sums had been spent in behalf of the sciences. But where are the scientific collections and munificent endowments of the great commercial and financial metropolis of America? Professor Doremus sharply ridiculed the absurdity of New York, in its scientific aspects. Efforts had been made to establish a Lyceum of Natural History, a building was erected, which, on account of a paltry mortgage, was subsequently given up, and after this, the collection was packed up and moved from one place to another, till finally it was destroyed by fire; and now (said he) I have here on view its remains: the head of an old mammoth and some specimens of crystal quartz—this is the end of what was the principal collection in New York! There is too much truth in all this; but still it is a fact that in New

York there are a large number of varied and valuable collections (mostly in private hands) in departments of science and natural history, which if brought together—and many of them might easily be brought together—would furnish an admirable foundation for a great institution. The first thing wanted is a proper building. If some one of the millionaires of the city would furnish *that*, it would soon be filled with collections creditable to the city.

—WE should like to see an indefinite extension of the plan (which Mr. Dickens has made prominent) of popular authors reading their works before popular audiences. Quite a number of English writers (though none of equal eminence with Dickens) have followed his example. We venture to say that no first-class name would ever fail to draw large audiences, though it is not hard to understand why the poet Buchanan, who has favored London with readings from his own poetical works, was not “well patronized.” Let Browning, for instance, read, with the requisite poetic fervor, such of his poems as “Sludge,” or “Pippa Passes,” or selections from “The Ring and the Book;” or let Tennyson read “Maud,” or “The Princess,” or let him take some of those brief poems where sound and feeling can both be made so effective, and there will be no doubt of a popular triumph. One of Tennyson’s recent visitors has given a wonderful account of the sweet and pathetic manner in which the Laureate reads his own poems, and it would only need a little training to enable him to do well in public that which he already does so well in private. To Americans what a charm it would be to have Longfellow, for example, make a tour of the States, reading his poems. How finely he would intonate the plaintive tale of “Hiawatha;” what delicate dramatic effects he would put around “The Spanish Student;” what high heroic feeling he would display in “Excelsior;” what opportunities he would have in “The New England Tragedies!” We do not put forward the suggestion that it may be smiled at. We have heard Dickens, and have been thrilled by the power of his genius. For the sake of mankind, we wish that his peers in the realm of literature would follow his example.

GALAXY SUPPLEMENT.

CIPHER:

A NOVEL.—PART SECOND.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MRS. RHEE'S PARTHIAN ARROW.

TO Neria came Francia with her father's note. She found her in the library with Fergus, who reported the present condition of the ruins at Cragness, and the attempt he had, by his uncle's desire, put in progress to rescue such books, pictures or furniture as might have been spared by the flames. As Francia entered, Neria was saying—

"I am sorry anything is to be done. I had rather everything perished together."

"That is just of a piece with my news," exclaimed Francia, in a voice oddly compounded of grief and vexation.

"Here papa has run away without even coming back to bid good-bye, and only says it was impossible for him to see us again before starting, but he will write to you to-morrow to explain; and he says that poor Mrs. Rhee is dying and wants to see me again and I may go. Come with me, Neria, please. I don't know what to say to any one who is dying, and I shall be afraid."

"Afraid of what?" asked Fergus, somewhat contemptuously.

"Not afraid of being too tender with her, as you might be," retorted Francia, turning decidedly toward Neria, who sat pale and silent.

"Come with me, won't you?" pleaded she.

"To Mrs. Rhee? Yes, certainly; but show me your father's note. Gone!"

"Yes, actually gone. Here's the note, and I will run and change my dress. Shall I order the pony carriage?"

"Yes, please," replied Neria, absently, and as the door closed, turned to Fergus, her eyes full of perplexity and dismay.

"Why should Sieur have left us so, and why was he so strange while here?"

"I cannot tell, nor do I wish to speculate upon either question. It would be an impertinence toward my uncle. He promises to write and explain fully to-morrow, you see," replied Fergus, characteristically.

"Yes, but I feel that something is amiss. I had meant—I had hoped while he was here—"

She paused and Fergus would never have asked her to continue, had his curiosity been excited to its fullest extent. He only took her hand, kissed it lightly and walked away to the window, lest he should seem to watch the emotion she could scarce control.

The silence had not been broken when Francia returned, bringing Neria's hat and announcing the carriage.

Fergus, with silent courtesy, waited upon his cousins to the door, helped Francia to enter the carriage as carefully as he did Neria, and saw them drive

away before re-entering the house. 'Upon the library floor he found Neria's handkerchief, wet with the tears she had been unable quite to repress. He put it to his lips and hid it in his bosom, whispering—

"Did she weep because she loves him and he is gone, or because she loves me and fears her own heart in his absence? And I—can I stay here loving her as I do love her? Did he read it in my face or in my heart? Is this the pure honor I have tried to guard before everything? I will leave this place to-night." And then, sternly suspicious of the tender weakness which had overtaken him, Fergus drew the little handkerchief from its hiding place, and denying himself even one more kiss, laid it upon the table, and taking a book, buried himself in its contents with all the force of his iron will.

The rapid drive to Carrick was almost a silent one. Neria, sad and grave, answered but briefly Francia's first attempts at conversation, and as they approached their destination the young girl herself grew grave in remembering their errand.

"You must go up-stairs with me," whispered Francia, as they stood in the passage of the little cottage, and she was informed that Mrs. Rhee would see her. Neria silently assented, and the two entered together the chamber of the dying woman and stood at her bedside. She was dozing, but opened her eyes as they approached, fixed them fondly on Francia and then turned to Neria.

"Since you have come here I have something to say to you, Mrs. Vaughn," said she, maliciously. "I did not send for you, but Fate has given me the opportunity. Francia, will you wait below for a few moments? I must see you last."

"Certainly, if you wish, aunty," replied Francia, moving somewhat reluctantly to the door, and casting wondering looks at Neria, who although much surprised at the request made no movement to contradict it.

"Sit here close by my bedside," continued the dying woman, as the door closed behind Francia.

Neria silently obeyed, and Mrs. Rhee gazed scrutinizingly upon the pure pale face with its fearless eyes and queenly mouth.

"I will move you from that proud calm before I am done," thought she, and then said, significantly, "Mr. Vaughn was here this morning and talked to me a long time of you."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. You think it strange that he should confide so much in one who has been no better than a servant in his house. But old habits are strong, and long before he ever saw you he found in me all that he required of friendship or love. Why should he not return to me in his disappointment and his grief?"

"I have not blamed him for doing so," replied Neria, calmly, as the other waited for an answer.

"But your lips grow white with mortification at finding that he confides in me what he hides from you. You would give that diamond off your finger to know what those confidences were," persisted the other.

"I would not allow you to tell me if you wished. What Colonel Vaughn desires to keep secret from me I have no desire to learn."

"You were always a hypocrite, but you never cheated me with your artful ways, nor do you now," exclaimed the octo-roon, fiercely. "But you shall know, whether you will or not. You are found out, madam! Your husband has gone away without seeing you, because he has discovered your intrigues with Fergus Murray, and will not stoop even to reproach you with your unfaithfulness, he holds you in such contempt."

Neria rose and stood looking down upon the miserable woman who sought to insult her, with a sublime compassion, a lofty innocence.

"I do not know what you are saying, but I will not listen longer. You must be very unhappy to feel so toward me, who never harmed or wished you ill. It is not the first time you have hurt me. I knew that you tried to make Chloe poison me. I knew that you made Francia suspicious and jealous of me, but I knew, too, your own unhappy story and I forgave and pitied you, understanding how you should feel me an usurper both of Francia's place and of your daughter's. And even now, when you have done me this last great injury, I still can pity, and if before you die your conscience stings you for the evil you have done and tried to do to me, remember that I have freely forgiven all."

"Forgive! You forgive me!" screamed Mrs. Rhee, her face distorted, her eyes glaring with impotent rage. "You dare to stand there, accusing and forgiving me; you, whose husband has this very day left you forever because he knew you to be false and a wanton—"

"Stop!" cried Neria, and into her pale face flashed the seraphic power which had subdued Luttrell, which had drawn her secret from Chloe's reluctant lips; the power of a nature untouched by sin, though filled with the knowledge of good and evil.

"Stop! I will not allow you to add to the burden already on your soul. Do you not see that it is yourself and not me whom you injure? Do you think any words of yours could make such a monstrous lie look like the truth to a man like Vaughn, or do you think you could force me to believe that he believed it? You have failed, utterly failed, and I have no anger, only a profound compassion, a full forgiveness for you. Pray God to forgive you, also, and thank Him that you have not been suffered to succeed."

"Begone! Send me Francia," gasped the dying woman, upon whom her excessive emotion was telling fearfully.

Neria left the room without reply, and telling Francia that Mrs. Rhee was ready for her, added a caution against staying long, as she was already much exhausted. Half an hour passed while Neria, waiting in the little parlor, resolutely battled with the doubts and terror, inspired, in spite of her determination, by Mrs. Rhee's explanation of Vaughn's disappearance.

She was roused from her reverie by quick footsteps running down the stairs, and Francia's voice calling to her from the passage, as she hurried out of the house and seated herself in the carriage. Neria followed with some anxiety.

"Is some one with Mrs. Rhee? She should not be left alone," asked she, hesitating.

"Yes, I called the nurse from the next room. She did not wish me to stay," replied Francia, hurriedly; as she drew her veil closely about her face, and taking the reins drove rapidly homeward.

Neria looked at her in surprise. The voice, the manner, the reserve was so unlike Francia, especially toward herself.

"You are distressed at sight of your old friend so near her death, dear?" said she, inquiringly, when some moments had passed in silence.

"My old friend? Yes, and more of a friend than younger ones. If I had known her sooner—"

She stopped abruptly, as fearing to betray a secret, and with averted face urged the horses to a more rapid pace.

Neria leaned back in her seat, her eyes fixed upon the distant shimmer of the sea, lying like a lake of fire beneath the noonday sun, and the bitterness of wronged and repulsed affection surged irresistibly upon her soul.

"First Vaughn, and now Francia; she has alienated both with her wicked falsehoods!" thought she.

Reaching home, Francia threw the reins to the groom, sprang from the carriage without a word, and hurried to her own room. Neria did not follow her there, but still stood wistfully watching her retreating figure when Fergus, opening the library door, asked her to enter for a moment.

"I wanted to say good-bye, that is all. I must return to town to-night, and am about to start for Carrick now. Can John drive me over?" said he, with forced indifference of manner.

"You, too!" exclaimed Neria in a tone of sharp distress, and turning, she would have left the room, but staggering blindly against a chair sank beside it, her face hidden upon it, and broke into a passion of tears.

Fergus, not guessing the pain and doubt filling her heart to overflowing when she entered, stood thunderstruck for a moment, and then a strange wild joy throbbled through his veins. This uncontrollable grief, this emotion so rare in one so habitually calm; was it that Neria felt his presence a necessity, that she leaned upon him and could not lose him?

He stooped and raised her in his arms. "Darling! what is this?" whispered he, in a palpitating voice. "Shall I not leave you? Do you care to have me stay?" His lips sought hers and kissed them tenderly, but Neria wrenched herself from his embrace, crying:

"This! O this is worst of all! Leave me, cast me off as they have done, but do not make me despise myself and you! Such love is worse than the desertion, the alienation, the hate that others have heaped upon me!"

She fled out of his presence, and Fergus, guessing at his mistake, cursing his fatal error, and consumed with mortification at his own weakness and the injury he had done both to Neria's feelings and her opinion of himself, left the house abruptly, with no further leave-taking or explanation.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"NOT LAUNCELOT OR ANOTHER."

THE next day brought Vaughn's promised letter to Neria. It was this:

Pardon the seeming discourtesy of my abrupt departure, and my first signifying it to Francia. I could not see you again, Neria, I could not write to you of less than the whole.

Remember first and always in what I have to say, that I hold you above all women in my respect, and in my love, and that whatever unhappiness has come between us I trace wholly to my own folly, and would, if possible, keep wholly to my own heart, leaving you only the divine sorrow of an angel who has tried to become mortal for a mortal's sake, and has failed.

Dearest, this is a farewell and a petition. A farewell, for a great battle is approaching, and what one poor life can do to win it for our country shall be done. A petition, for I see now, as never before, the cruel wrong I did in accepting the sacrifice of your young life, and in giving it back to you, as I shall do in my death, I ask you to bestow it, hereafter, where your heart dictates. Become his wife, dear child, without too much regret for him who should never have stood between you, and be sure that such peace as my hereafter may know, is doubled by the assurance of your happiness.

Nor fancy, tender conscience, that you have wronged my love by showing, even to my eyes, the love, not for me, filling your pure heart. Love such as yours, Neria, is of God, and as holy and as sacred as all his gifts. You have subdued and hidden it, because the unholy bond between us two forced you to do so, but had there been sin and shame in its existence, that sin and shame should have been mine, not yours.

Now you are free, or shall be soon, and let the future recompense the past. But at the last, O love and life, hear me say that never one thought of blame, never one reproach for you has sullied my heart. Chief among women I have loved you, chief among women I have revered you, and do now, and shall, as I go out alone to fight and die, and win for myself the peaceful rest of a struggle past, the sweet dark night of the toilsome day.

As Neria read and read again these tender words, and felt the noble heart throb through them its devotion, its trust, its heroic abnegation, her own heart stirred within her as it never yet had stirred. Again and again she read them until her eyes shown bright, and her cheeks burned scarlet with the fire of a wild emotion.

"You, you yourself, my king! 'Not Launcelot or another,'" murmured she, pressing the letter to her brow, her heart, her lips. And then the passionate words of the great Idyl sprang to her lips, and with the guilty queen she cried

Is there none
Will tell him that I love him though so late?
Now, ere he goes to the great battle?

But at that woful word, the new-born human love gave way to human grief and terror, and Neria, for the first time in her married life, felt her heart shrink with the sudden fear that Vaughn might die and leave her desolate.

"Not before he knows that I love him, not before my lips have told him so! O God, not so!" cried she, upon her knees, with hands and eyes upraised to heaven. When she arose comforted, it was with a fixed resolve. She would seek her husband were it in the front of battle. If he died she would die with him; if he lived her love should make life another existence from what they had either of them known. And then her thoughts went back through her own brief history, gratefully acknowledging the tender affection, care, and honor with which Vaughn had crowned the life he had rescued; the chivalrous homage of his love, the passionate devotion, so coldly repaid, in the early days of their marriage. And now, at last, when he had traversed hundreds of miles to greet her, perhaps for the last time, to bid her, it might be an eternal farewell, he had found her preoccupied, cold, reserved. It was the shadow of the secret, she said to herself, it was the curse of that old-time sin and misery pursuing to the third and fourth generation the children of those who had so sinned and suffered; and she now regretted that she had not at once confided all to Vaughn, and by sharing with him the secret of her depression, prevented the misconception under which he evidently labored.

Still dreaming, with smiling lips and dewy eyes, Neria was startled by two soft arms laid tenderly about her neck, while Francia's lips sought hers. "Forgive me, darling; say that you forgive me," whispered she.

Neria's arm about her waist drew her to a seat upon her lap as she whispered back: "How can I forgive what has not offended me?"

"You should have been offended, or at least shocked and hurt, at my conduct ever since we left Mrs. Rhce's that day," persisted Francia; "but she told me, O little mother, she said such things of you, and, and—some one."

"Yes, dear, I know. And you believed them?"

"No, O Neria, I did not believe; but you know I felt—well I felt differently to you."

"Yes, dear, I know," said Neria again.

"And then she said papa believed—"

"You should have done your father more honor than to believe that he believed," said Neria, quietly.

"I know it; but at first—and then, Neria, she *told* me something else—something—"

The girl paused, and, drawing a little back, looked into Neria's face with such a dumb cry of appeal, such endless protest against the burden fallen of a sudden upon her untried shoulders, that Neria caught her to her heart, shielding and comforting her as if she were a little wounded child.

"Of your mother, darling?"

"Yes, and of herself. O Neria, my father bought her; she was a slave. I don't so much mind the negro blood; but I come of a race of slaves, of women who have been bought and sold for their beauty, of women who had no right to their own consciences, their own honor. Neria, Neria, speak out the truth! What can wipe away such disgrace? How can I ever feel myself what I was before? How could any honorable man ever trust—"

She hid her burning face again, and the passionate sobs that shook her frame finished the sentence.

"Make yourself such a woman, Francia, that an honorable man shall in loving you care for no past; shall trust the future as he does the present, because to doubt it were to doubt you."

"But, O, Neria, can I learn to be such a woman? Can I ever be such a woman that a man would say, 'I trust you in spite of all?'"

"Yes, Franc, such a woman you can be, and though the day may never come when the man you love best shall say this to you, it shall not be that you do not deserve it, but that our destinies are not for us to choose."

"You do not think he will ever love me, then?" broke from Francia's impetuous lips; but before Neria could answer, she hurried on: "I don't mean—that is—I wasn't thinking of what I said. I have a little note for both of us from dear papa. I did not give it you at first because I wanted to make up, and let you not have my ill temper to trouble you, too. Uncle Murray sent it down just now. It was directed to either of us, so I opened it. See!"

Neria took the scrap of soiled and torn paper and read these lines, hastily written in pencil:

I arrive just in time. My regiment is to move in half an hour. We shall be in action before night. A courier leaves for Washington at once, and I write one line to say good-bye, and God bless you both. My darlings, He only knows how I love you. I leave you each to the other's care.

FREDERIC VAUGHN.

"So soon! O, I shall be too late; I shall not reach him! O, Francia, why did you not give it me at once? I must go to him; I must go directly! If it should already be too late! My God, if it should be too late!"

Francia looked at her in astonishment. Could this be the calm and self-contained Neria; this wild-eyed creature, moving, looking, speaking with an impetuosity to which her own stormy moods were calm? And so resolute to seek, even upon a battle-field, the husband whose danger and whose absence had been hitherto so tranquilly borne? What could it all mean? But almost before the question was formed Francia's affectionate nature had set it aside for the more pressing need of sympathizing with and comforting even an undue affliction.

"I will go, too, Neria, darling, if you must go," said she, beginning with busy hands to arrange the clothes in a travelling sack that Neria was already packing.

"Come, then, but hurry; for every moment is a life now!" said Neria, ringing the bell violently to give the order: "Tell John to harness the horses as

quick as possible to drive me to Carrick, and send Mrs. Barlow to me immediately."

A few moments later, the two young women were on their road; and that evening, as Mr. Murray and Fergus sat at their unsocial tea-table they were startled by the intelligence that Mrs. and Miss Vaughn were in the drawing-room, and would like to see the elder gentleman as quickly as possible.

Both answered the summons; both heard in silent astonishment the hurried announcement that Colonel Vaughn's wife and daughter were about to seek him upon the field of battle, and each replied in his own way—the father by a compassionate smile and a shake of the head so courteous as to be almost an affirmative, the son by the curt remark:

"I should think you were out of your senses, both of you. It is perfectly impossible."

"I must try it. I must see my husband at all hazards," exclaimed Neria, feverishly, turning from one to the other with hands clasped in unconscious appeal.

"If it could be done at any hazard, however great, Neria, you should try it, and I with you," said Fergus, coming close to her, and taking the clasped hands in his; "but we might not even be allowed to try. It would be impossible for any but a military man or a government agent to obtain a pass to the front now, and without one we should be turned back before we were within ten miles of the scene of action. It is quite impossible, believe me. Do you not say so, sir?"

"Of course, of course; Fergus is entirely correct, my dear, and you can only submit. In a few days, or whenever hostilities cease, it is very possible something may be done; but at present it is quite, O quite out of the question," replied Mr. Murray, in his silkiest manner, but with a determination in his cold eyes that smote Neria with dismay.

"Quite impossible?" echoed she, despairingly.

"Quite, my dear Mrs. Vaughn. In fact, the telegraph announces to-night that action has already commenced with the right wing of our army; and long before you could reach even Washington the whole force will have marched and countermarched, have moved this way and that, hither and yon, a dozen times. If my life depended upon it, absolutely my life, madam, I would not undertake to find Colonel Vaughn until this battle is well over."

Neria's head dropped upon her breast. "And when it is over he will be where I shall never find him!" muttered she.

The cool-blooded old man could not hear the words; but even he could not see unmoved the despairing attitude, the woful face of one so fair, so young, so delicately nurtured. He laid a hand upon her shoulder, and the dry white fingers quivered with a motion that was almost a caress.

"Don't be so much disappointed, my dear," said he, kindly, "Vaughn will be at home again before long, and that will pay for all."

Neria looked vacantly in his face, and turned to Fergus. "And do you refuse to help me, too, Fergus?" asked she, unconsciously using as a weapon in her extremity the very love whose confession she had so sharply rebuked a few hours before.

"Refuse you, Neria?" exclaimed the young man, passionately; "it is not I, it is the fact that refuses you. I would do more than you think to satisfy you, if it were possible; but it is not. You can only wait."

"Wait! But while I wait he will be killed; and then—" She looked at him, at his father, at Francia. In every face she read denial, and all the pity

and the love covering it could not assuage the sharp pang that pierced her heart, the bitterness as of death borne in upon her soul by the mocking echo, "Too late! too late!"

To return to Bonniemeer in this uncertainty was impossible; and for the next four days the two ladies waited under Mr. Murray's roof for the almost hourly bulletins flashed over the wires from the scene of action, and regularly brought to them by Fergus, even before the public could receive them.

At last came the victory; but victory or defeat were one to Neria in the terrible anxiety devouring her. The returns from the regiments arrived, and hour by hour Fergus came with cheery step to say, "No bad news yet, Neria." At last he did not come until, as the suspense grew intolerable, and Neria was about to venture forth to seek him, she heard him slowly ascending the stairs. She met him in the doorway, looked into his marble face and pitiful eyes, and crying, "Too late! too late!" sank swooning at his feet.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE DARK HOUR.

THE days and the weeks and the months moved on. The golden autumn gave way to the majesty of winter, winter softened beneath the kiss of spring, like a hard old king in the embrace of his girlish bride; spring ripened into the transcended glow of summer, and Neria's widowed heart mourned day by day more passionately, and more remorsefully. Remorsefully, for upon that delicate conscience lay the burden of a noble life sacrificed to her ingratitude. Not one of the weary days, not one of the fearsome nights since the news of Vaughn's death, but she had told herself that it was for love of her, for sorrow at her coldness, and remorse at the bonds he had placed upon her, that he had gone to his death so resolutely—that death and he could not fail to meet. Day and night she bowed herself before God and before His spirit for pardon and comfort, and day and night she rose uncomfited, for as the flow of Heavenly love warmed and expanded her heart, came with it the fresh consciousness of the earthly passion sprung full-grown to life within her soul, and clamoring aloud for the food she could not give it.

And Francia, the bright, the loving, the joyous Francia mourned also. Mourned the father she had adored, the joy that had passed from her life and from her home; mourned her own wasted youth and wasted heart; for this is the cruel nature of a great sorrow, that it does not absorb and negative the other sorrows preoccupying the heart where it comes to dwell, but rather stings and quickens them to new life, inhabiting with them not in peace or in harmony, but with a bitter fellowship.

To these two in their seclusion came occasionally Fergus or his father, with news of the great world, its battles, its progress, its interests, or its gossip. Thus they knew, or might, if they had cared to listen, how the elections went; how England and France stood waiting, one at either hand, to side with the stronger against the weaker party, so soon as victory should clearly declare itself in the family quarrel they so eagerly watched; how gold, and with it bread, and fuel, and clothes, rose day by day out of the reach of those who most needed them.

Heard, too, how Claudia, the gayest of the gay, shone starlike at all the festivities of not only her own city but the other great capitals of the country, and

how, while her husband buried himself to the lips in the gold the misfortunes of the land was pouring into his coffers, Queen Claudia was forever surrounded by a cloud of courtiers and slaves whom she managed so well that rumor found no one among them to honor with the preference. And the hard old man, her father, in whose heart a certain admiration for this brilliant and evil child replaced all other emotions of tenderness to his kind, rubbed his dry white hands, smiled a covert smile and said,

"Claudia is a clever girl, a very clever girl. She enjoys herself and spends Livingstone's money after her own fashion, but the world finds nothing to take hold of. A cool head, and a cool heart, too, has Mrs. Livingstone."

But of all these, one subject alone had interest for Neria, and this was the war. Since Vaughn's death the only link holding her to earth had seemed to be the cause in which he died. She read all the news, listened to all the details brought her by the Murrays, traced through the desolate southern land the progress of our armies, but more especially the corps containing Vaughn's regiment, whispering to herself,

"He would have been here now," or "They need not have made this retreat had he been with them," and so, half persuading herself that he was still identified with the great struggle, she identified herself with it not only in interest, but by contributing of the means at her command, so liberally as to call down the censure of her advisers, and a recommendation on more than one occasion from Mr. Murray to regulate her donations somewhat upon the scale of those of other and wealthier patriots. But Neria, gentle and yielding in most matters of business, was here inexorable, saying, with serene decision,

"We need but little here at Bonniemeer, and all the rest goes to help his armies and his fellow-soldiers."

CHAPTER XXXI.

CLAUDIA.

It was the twilight of a summer's day, and Neria, from the shore beneath the ruins of Cragness, watched the curving waves slide up the sands, watched the glory dying from the western sky, watched the faint light of the young moon creeping down the wall and peering into the chasm whence had fled upon that fearful evening the secrets of the gloomy old home of her fathers.

The sound of horses' feet upon the sands broke upon her reverie, and, looking around, she saw Mr. Livingstone dismounting from a carriage driven by one of her own servants; and rising hastily went toward him, smitten with a sudden terror by the pallor of his usually florid face and the gleam of his restless eyes.

"Mr. Livingstone!"

"It's me, Mrs. Vaughn."

Their hands met, and Neria's eyes asked the question her lips could not form.

"Yes'm," replied her visitor, nervously wiping the forehead where great drops of perspiration gathered, although the night wind was blowing fresh and cool—"yes'm, it's me, and I've come to you for help. O, Neria, she's gone, she's—"

His white lips quivered, and he stopped to swallow a great sob, while the clammy drops upon his forehead broke out afresh.

"She's gone?—who?" asked Neria, turning pale at sight of his emotion.

"Claudia, my wife, ma'am. The woman that I've worked and toiled for day and night, as you may say; the woman that hasn't had a want nor hardly a whim

that hasn't been satisfied ever since I gave her my name. Money! she hadn't anything to do but sign a check; and all I had was hers, and shawls, and laces, and diamonds, and silks at her will. She didn't like the carriage I got her when she was married, and this very last winter I made her a Christmas present of a new one. She wanted her servants put in livery, and livery it was, though I lost one of my best customers, a New England man, by the means. She wanted to go to New York and Washington for the winter, and I never said worse than 'Suit yourself, my dear;' she wanted to go to Newport, and she went—"

"But how is it? what has happened?" asked Neria, stemming the torrent of words which seemed somewhat to relieve the over-burdened heart of the injured husband.

"She's gone, run off; and where, or who with, or for what, I don't know more than you," said Mr. Livingstone, pausing in the act of wiping his forehead again, and staring blankly into Neria's face.

"But what were the circumstances?" persisted she.

"All I know is that three days ago a letter from Newport came in with the morning's mail, and here it is. He drew from his letter-case a note written in Claudia's dashing hand upon the heavily-perfumed paper she affected, in these words:

Good-bye, for you will not see me again. You have been a good master and a good servant to me, and it was not your fault that you could not be more. I forgive your stupidities, and part with you upon the best of terms. No one here suspects more than that I travel to New York to-morrow; so arrange a story to suit yourself.

"It was just as she says there," continued Mr. Livingstone; while Neria handed back the note with a look of silent dismay.

"I went straight to Newport, of course, and, without letting on that there was any trouble, found that Mrs. Livingstone had taken the boat for New York the morning before, leaving word with the coachman to drive his horses back to the city, as she should not return that way. I went quietly round to all the hotels, but could not find that anyone whom I could suspect had been stopping in Newport, or, at any rate, had left about that time. Several people asked, rather curiously, if I expected to join Mrs. L. at Newport; and to all I said 'No, I only came down to settle up the bills and get a mouthful of fresh air.' Not a soul but her father and brother, and you and I know anything of it yet; and if I could only find her before it's too late I'd forgive her all—I would—and take her back cheerful."

"Would you?" asked Neria.

"Yes, I would; for somehow she's got such a hold of me, Neria, it seems as if I could forgive her if she cost me every cent I've got in the world. It hasn't seemed to me these three days as if I had got anything to live for. Actually, I didn't close a bargain with a good Western customer yesterday, though I might have with a little more talk; but, somehow, I didn't care. But where is she, and how am I to look for her? I've come to you to know, for you always could do more with her than anyone else, and you've got a way of looking right into matters that I never saw in any other woman. Besides I don't mind you knowing that my poor girl's gone astray, as I would another."

His voice faltered as he spoke the last words, and his anxious eyes grew dim. Neria, shocked and pained, assured him that there could be nothing she would not gladly do to aid him were it possible to do anything, but professing an ignorance as entire as his own of Claudia's probable movements or probable companion. She also agreed with him upon the expediency of keeping her impru-

dent, if not guilty flight secret as long as possible, and, finally, she promised, at Mr. Livingston's solicitation, to accompany him should he discover his wife's hiding place, and to persuade her to accept the forgiveness and opportunity for amendment so generously offered by her husband.

With this promise Mr. Livingston departed, refusing the hospitality of Bonniemeer even for a night, as he was eager to hear reports from the detectives he had already secretly put upon the track.

Toward night of the next day, however, he reappeared, with an excitement of manner and appearance, added to the disturbance of the previous day, that prepared Neria for his news.

"Read that, ma'am," said he, as soon as they were alone.

Mrs. Vaughn took the clumsily-folded letter extended to her, and read, in a scrawling hand:

Mr. Livingstone is by this informed that his wife and Doctor Luttrell are stopping in the farm-house of a man named Brown two miles west of the town of —, in the Catskill Mountains. They call themselves Mr. and Mrs. Smith, and pass for a new married couple. The writer of this, thinking you might like to know, takes this way of telling; but if you will take his advice you'll let her go for a bad lot.

"There! What do you say to that?" asked Mr. Livingstone, meeting Neria's grieved eyes with a look of impatient questioning.

"Poor Claudia!" whispered Neria.

"Yes, but she's run away with that fellow, and she's passing for his wife; think of that; and this fellow, whoever it is, knows of it, and will tell the whole world. Then think of me showing my face on 'Change afterward. I'll have the law of him, if there's law in the land. I'll have damages out of him, I promise you—good rousing damages, too—if there's such a thing as a judge and jury to be had, and I wouldn't mind a thousand dollars divided round among 'em either, if they couldn't do me justice without."

"But yesterday you said you would forgive her—you said you would take her back if she would come," pleaded Neria, gently.

"Yes, but that was before I knew she was actually living with another man—Mrs. Smith, indeed!—and before I knew this fellow who writes the letter knew about it. He'll tell every one he knows, you see; there's where's the rub."

"Perhaps not. He seems to wish well to you by writing at all; and he surely would see that the way to serve you is to keep the matter as quiet as possible."

"If I only knew who it was I'd let him set his own price to keep it quiet, and pay it down, too," mused Mr. Livingstone, unable, more than the wily Wai-pole, to conceive of a man without a price.

"But Claudia? will you still forgive and shield her?"

"I don't know. It's worse than I thought. Living with another man, and she, such a figure of a woman, to fling herself away like that! Poor thing! where'll she get her velvets and laces now, I wonder. That fellow isn't worth ten thousand dollars, for all the fine property he got with his wife. That went like water as soon as she was dead. Poor Claudia; but it serves her right, it serves her right."

Neria looked at him in perplexity, uncertain whether to pity or to turn from him; but the struggle was a brief one. "Let us go and find her, and on the way we will speak of what we shall say to her," said she, with the angelic voice and look no one yet had ever resisted. And Mr. Livingstone, softened and refined in spite of himself, yielded to her gentle bidding.

Arrived at their destination Mr. Livingstone left Neria at the little inn while he made cautious inquiries as to the whereabouts of Mr. Brown's farm-house and the character and appearance of his boarders. He returned after an absence of several hours quite excited.

"I have found her," exclaimed he, coming close to Neria, and speaking in a hoarse, quick tone.

"It is a lonely sort of place, no other house in sight, and I looked round among the trees and bushes until I saw her standing at a window. She looked pale and downcast, and as if she'd be glad to be off her bargain if she could. Poor girl! I can't but pity her, and if she's humble and sorry, and we can keep the matter hushed up, I will hold to my word and take her home again. She's a splendid creature at the head of my table, or receiving company, and if I separate from her there'll be a scandal at any rate."

"I do not doubt she repents already—it must be that she does," said Neria, eagerly. "And by forgiving her you may save a soul otherwise lost."

"I'll forgive her if she feels as she ought," replied Mr. Livingstone, stoutly; "I've said it and I'll do it. Of course, I shall make my conditions; she can't be quite as free with her check-book for a while, and I shall expect her to stay at home this winter. Washington isn't a good place for a woman like her, especially without a husband."

"It cannot be that she will wish to go," suggested Neria, considerably shocked at the nature of the conditions apparently considered satisfactory by the injured husband.

"I don't know that," returned he, shaking his head; "Claudia can hardly live without society and admiration, and she's always been where there was the most of it to be found. She won't like stopping in one place; but she's got to, if she comes back to me. I shan't trust her further than I can see her."

"And yet you will call her wife?" broke involuntarily from Neria's lips.

"Under conditions, yes. Why, she's no worse now than a dozen women I could name who stand as fair with the world as Claudia did last week, or does to-day, for that matter. Society's a queer sort of affair after all, Mrs. Vaughn."

"And shall we go at once to Claudia?" asked Neria, escaping from the discussion.

"Yes, they're harnessing a horse—here he comes now. Are you ready?"

"In one moment;" and as Neria possessed the rare feminine virtue of counting but sixty seconds to a minute, she was ready nearly as soon as her companion.

"Now, my plan is this," began Mr. Livingstone, as he drove down the bowery country road; "I'll show you the house and let you go in and get over the first with the poor girl alone. She might not feel quite so shamefaced with you as with me, and she'd be more likely to come round to do as she'd ought to. With me, like enough, she'd sort of straighten up and think I'd come to exult over her and all that, when goodness knows it's the last thought in my head. But she's a proud piece, and there's no such thing as driving her. She's got to be coaxed and no one can come near her half so quick as you, Neria."

"I'll do my best; but what shall I say from you, what offers or promises shall I make?" asked Neria.

"Why, say I know she's done what she hadn't ought to, but I forgive her if she's as sorry as she should be. Tell her I'm lonesome without her, and she's too handsome and too stylish a woman to go the way she's set out, and though it's a hard pill for me to swallow, still I love her well enough to overlook what

she's done—and—you fix out the rest yourself. You know what a man had ought to say, and you can say it for me better than I can for myself."

"But if I meet Dr. Luttrell?" faltered Neria, as she left the carriage.

"Tell him, if he's wise, to keep out of my sight," growled Livingstone. "I won't take the law of him as I'd laid out to, but if I get hold of him I'll be my own judge and jury; yes, and executioner, too, may be. Flesh and blood won't stand everything, and though I'm a man of peace I'd shoot that fellow as quick as I would a dog."

With these instructions Neria walked slowly down the shady road, and stood presently at the door of an old red farm-house, nestling picturesquely among its lilacs and syringas. Her knock brought the blithe-faced housewife to the door, and as she nodded inquiringly at the visitor, a sudden perplexity arose in Neria's mind. How should she inquire for Claudia? She would not use the assumed name of Smith; she dared not speak the one sullied by Claudia's sin.

"Won't you walk in, ma'am?" asked the farmer's wife, finding that her visitor did not speak.

"Thank you. I wish to see the lady who is staying with you."

"O, Miss Smith. Yes, she's right in the parlor here. Come in." She threw open the door as she spoke, and Neria, entering, closed it behind her, for already she had caught the wild glance of Claudia's eyes, and shielded her from observation and scrutiny, while still she might.

"Claudia!" said she, softly approaching her, as cowering away, she hid her face in her hands.

"Claudia!" and the gentle hand upon that bowed head fell like a benediction. But the guilty woman shrank from that pure touch as sinners from the sunlight.

"What do you want with me?" asked she, sullenly.

"I want to call you back before it is too late," and Neria sank upon her knees beside her.

"Too late! It is too late already—too late for anything but to go on as I have begun—" exclaimed Claudia, half angrily, half piteously, but suffering Neria to take one of her cold hands in hers.

"Ah, no, dear Claudia, it never is too late for us to repent and amend; never too late for God to forgive."

"Us!" laughed the other, mockingly. "You do well, Neria, to put your name with mine. 'You who never since your birth had need of repentance or amendment, how will you judge for me?'"

Neria's white lips quivered with the sharp pang at her heart, but she answered bravely—

"You cannot know it, but my sin is hardly less than yours. My whole life is a repenting; and, less happy than you, God does not offer me the opportunity of amendment."

"O, yes, you talk, you good women talk, but you know not what you say," exclaimed Claudia, writhing nervously away from Neria's arms. "Your sin is some fancied peccadillo, some trifle magnified by your own conscience, but it is not like this. And forgiveness, do you say? I do not know much of these matters, but do you think, Neria, it could ever be forgotten—I mean when I am dead?" She spoke softly, and woman though she was, seemed half ashamed of caring for what had always been her scoff.

"Better than forgotten—it shall be forgiven and washed away in the blood of the Redeemer. 'Though thy sins be as scarlet, they shall become white as wool,'" said Neria, solemnly.

"Does it say that in the Bible? I haven't been happy for many weeks. I ran away partly because I couldn't keep up a smiling face and easy manner any longer, but it is worse to be alone, and—" she stopped and looked about her—"worst of all to try and talk with him. But you, Neria, I can trust to you. You always were so true and good; there is something soothing about your very presence. I have longed for you so; but I thought you would not look at me. O, Neria, may I?"

She turned and laid her head upon Neria's bosom, clinging about her neck with a pitiful dependence. While she, her pale face and beautiful eyes irradiated with the joy of an angel, who leads back to the fold a soul almost lost forever, bowed her cheek upon that regal head, and whispered such words of promise and pardon and love, as God gave her to speak.

"But will he, will my husband—O, no, he cannot forgive, or shelter me from the world," moaned Claudia, at last. "It is too much. I must go away somewhere by myself and live out my life solitary and forlorn. If I might come to you, Neria; but no, they would not let me—I must not contaminate you. But I shall be so desolate!"

"Claudia, I would not tell you till now; but it is he that has sent me. It is that generous and forgiving husband who has bid me come and say to you that, if you so repent and amend that God forgives and receives you back, he will not refuse to do likewise. Can you hesitate in face of such clemency?"

"But can he forget? If he should taunt and reproach me!"

"I do not think it of him; but even if he should would not such humbling of your pride be a light penance in comparison to what you might suffer?" asked Neria, with some severity.

"True, true; I ought to be humble, and I will try; but you know, Neria, how ungoverned I have been," said Claudia, sadly. "He is generous and good to offer to pass it over, and so shows himself above me now; but you know it has always been I who have looked down upon him."

"Perhaps, dear Claudia, if you had done more justice to the really fine qualities of his disposition you would have developed others, and learned to love them so well that this could never have been," suggested Neria.

"Perhaps; but now it is too late," said Claudia, warily. "He may pity and forgive, and even receive me back; but if he is a man and human, he never will allow me the place I held before."

"Do you deserve it?" asked the clear voice, severely, yet so pitifully that the guilty woman did not shrink away as she answered, "No."

"Then, dear, should you not take as an unmerited alms such forgiveness as he tenders you; and if reproach is mingled with it, take that, too; silently if not gratefully. Has he not a right to chide when he passes by his right to punish, as he might? And if he, being but human and a man, should mingle his pardon with the bitter draught of reproof and reminder, remember, Claudia, that He who is all love holds out a free and unqualified forgiveness to all who will seek it. He will forgive you, Claudia, and love you none the worse, so soon as you shall ask Him."

"It is you who must ask; I dare not," whispered Claudia.

"We will ask together," said Neria; and with the simple words of the petition went up to the Mercy Seat an offering of the scalding tears of a true repentance—the pure, bright drops of a holy sympathy, an angelic pity.

"Sit there, Neria; let me put my head in your lap and cry; it will do me good," moaned Claudia; and Neria did not resist the impulse of humility so

significant in the haughty sinner. A half hour passed thus ; and when the sobs had died away in sighs, and Claudia, pushing back the purple-black masses of hair from her face, smiled wanly up in Neria's face, she said :

"And now I shall call your husband to hear you say what I know you will wish to say to him."

"He—is he here?" asked Claudia quickly, while a deep blush burned over the face but now so pale.

"Yes ; and he has waited all this time to hear whether he ought to see you."

"Then you would not have called him if—"

"If you had been hard and impenitent, no," said Neria, quietly. Claudia looked curiously at her.

"How is it you are so quiet and so resolute, so sweet and so severe, all in one?" asked she ; but Neria, with a little smile and a shake of the head, waived the question, and hastened from the house.

Never in his prosperous life had Mr. Livingstone passed so anxious and miserable an hour as that since Neria had left him, and he now came to meet her with a trepidation of manner very unlike his usual placid self-satisfaction.

"Well?" asked he, briefly.

"She is waiting for you. You will be generous and gentle with her, I am sure," replied Neria, pointing toward the house.

"Aren't you coming with me?" asked he, nervously.

"No, you had better see her alone. I will wait here for you."

"Is Luttrell there?"

"No, he has gone away for some days."

"Well for him, and me, too, perhaps. Wait here in the shade of these trees, if you won't come. I shan't be long."

"Don't think of me, but go at once, and do not hurry back," replied Neria, pitying his agitation ; and Mr. Livingstone with a fervent pressure of the hand, silently followed her advice.

Left alone Neria sat for a while in the shady nook selected for her by Mr. Livingstone, and then attracted by the tender gloom brooding in the recesses of a wood, bordering on the road, she wandered into it, satisfied that she should see or hear her companion whenever he might return. But absorbed in her own thoughts she soon lost sight of the road, and striking into a woodland path strolled slowly along it, pausing now and again to smile a recognition to some familiar flower, or to listen to the song of some forest bird, lovingly as to the voice of a friend. To pluck the flower no more occurred to Neria's mind than to kill the bird, or to wound the friend.

But at its height the harmony of this pastorage was broken by the baying of a hound, rapidly approaching, and while Neria startled, if not frightened, stood pale and still, he broke through the underbrush and sprang toward her. Timid, like most women, Neria's timidity took often the form of a blind courage, and she now advanced toward the fierce brute with the "good dog ! poor fellow !" and similar expressions best suited to the canine perception. The hound, evidently surprised at this course of treatment, instead of the panic and flight on which he had counted, paused to consider of it, and like the woman who deliberates was lost, for Neria's little hand upon his head, her eyes meeting his, reduced him in one moment from her fierce antagonist to the humblest of her slaves, fawning at her feet, smiling up into her face, and lavishing such caresses as she would permit upon hands and cheeks.

A sharp whistle was heard from the wood. The hound paused, hesitated and

listened. The whistle was repeated, and with an apologetic kiss bestowed upon Neria's hand, he bounded away, but was met at the turn of the road by a man with a gun upon his shoulder, who called him sharply by name and ordered him to follow more closely. Neria, already walking away, heard this voice, and caught her breath sharply. It did not need the hasty look she involuntarily cast behind to assure her that the gunner was Doctor Luttrell, the man of all others whom she most wished to avoid. He had recognized her also, and with a few strides was at her side, his tawny eyes glittering, his thin lips curling with malice.

"An unexpected pleasure, Mrs. Vaughn. May I hope that it is mutual?"

"It is no pleasure to me to see you, Dr. Luttrell, as you must be well aware," said Neria, coldly.

"No? *Je suis desolée*; but Mrs. Vaughn was ever cruel—to me. I believe Mr. Murray is more fortunate in gaining her favorable regards." The insulting tone pointed the words, and Neria suddenly stopped and looked at him.

"It was you, then, who wrote an anonymous letter to Colonel Vaughn," said she, contemptuously.

"Your sagacity is equal to your amiability, madam," replied Doctor Luttrell, coolly. "I thought it as well, since I had married into the family, to have an eye to the preservation of its character. You will remember, my dear, that I am your brother by marriage, and in that capacity found it a disagreeable duty to inform Colonel Vaughn of the use you were making of his absence. I did it anonymously to avoid disagreeable explanations when he should return home."

"Did you not know him to be dead you would not dare acknowledge such infamy," exclaimed Neria, indignantly.

"It is true, then, that you are a widow. Might I hope that in time I could conquer the repugnance with which you have ever repaid the admiration I have never concealed—" began Luttrell, mockingly, but Neria interrupted him.

"I have nothing more to say to you now or ever," said she, coldly; "except to give you a warning. Mr. Livingstone is with his wife, and intends to take her home with him. Her eyes are open to the sin and shame of the course to which you have tempted her, and she only desires to escape another interview. You will do well to avoid the presence of either."

Luttrell's lips grew white, and his eyes sparkled with rage as he fixed them upon Neria's. "Again!" said he, in a low voice. "You have dared cross my path again, dared grasp at another secret so nearly concerning my life and honor?"

"I dare anything for the right, even to meddling with Doctor Luttrell's honor," said Neria, roused to an impulse of bitterness.

"It is not safe. Believe me, Neria, it is not safe. I have a foolish admiration for your beauty and your character, or you never would have carried the secrets that you did from my wife's death-chamber. I tried to ruin your character in self-defence, fearing the harm you might some day do to me. But you had best not tempt me too far."

"I am not afraid of you, Doctor Luttrell," said Neria, quietly. "And you do not speak the truth. The reason you did not murder me, as well as my sister, was because guilt is always cowardly, and you knew that I had found you out. I spared you the ignominy of exposure, because the forfeit of your life could not give back hers, and you may yet repent and amend as Claudia already does."

"Nonsense. The reason you did not give your suspicions—for they were no more—to the world was, that you could not prove them; and if you could, would not have wished to introduce a gallows into the family history."

Neria looked at him a moment, and silently turned away. He overtook and detained her. "Stop; I have something more to say. You know or suspect too much of me to be allowed to go at large as my enemy. Be my friend, Neria. Keep my counsels and I will repay you amply—you do not know in how many ways. Speak your heart's desire, and you shall have it, were it even to summon the dead from his grave."

"Were you able to perform even that impious promise I would make no compact with you," exclaimed Neria, indignantly. "Any benefit you could ever render were insufficient to bind me for an instant as friend to my sister's murderer; my own slanderer; Claudia's seducer. Go; and if God gives you time, repent; but never think to be other than an object of pity and abhorrence to me."

She moved decidedly away, and Luttrell, gasping with passion and sudden hate, bounded after and grasped her brutally by the arm, but as he did so the imprecation upon his lips changed to a cry of pain and withdrawing his hand he clenched and shook it as in agony.

"What is this!" cried he, turning suddenly pale, and staggering to a seat upon a fallen tree.

His cry was echoed from Neria's lips, and as she wrenched her arm from his grasp the golden serpent bracelet fell from within her sleeve and lay coiling among the dewy grass, its diamond eyes and ruby crest sparkling with a malicious joy. The deadly purpose of Fiemma Vascetti had been fulfilled, and she in her century-old grave rejoiced at the vengeance wrought upon the enemy of her house.

"The bracelet! the poisoned bracelet!" cried Neria, pale with horror.

"Poisoned! Sorceress and murderess, you have wiled me to my death!" gasped Luttrell, sliding from his seat to the ground, where he lay writhing and moaning, his face livid, a light foam gathering upon his lips, his rolling eyes blazing with agony and rage.

The hound, trembling all over, crept to his master's side, licked his cheek and hand, and then, with a piteous howl, darted away into the forest. Neria threw herself upon her knees beside the dying man, her eyes dilated with horror but shining with a holy purpose. "It is not I who have killed you," said she, solemnly; "It is the hand of God! O, repent, repent, before it is too late! Beg for His almighty pardon and He will give it you even now. Humble yourself before Him, quickly, before the agony of death seizes you. We forgive you—my sister, Claudia, I, we all forgive you—but it is nothing unless you gain His pardon. Say that you repent!"

"Why should I mock at God if there is a God?" gasped Luttrell, mastering, by a terrible effort, the convulsions trembling through his limbs. "If repentance could avail, it should have come sooner. Say no more of that, but listen; I did not mean to kill your sister. She was the victim of science. I had a splendid theory of a new mode of treatment. I experimented upon her. She could not have lived many years, at any rate. She had an incurable complaint. I never loved her, and I did love science. Claudia would have been none the worse for me if her own nature had not led her astray. I have done you no harm. Vaughn lives—I have seen him. Now go—I can no longer master this agony. O, my God, my God! The pains of hell have seized me before the time! Go, woman, go! I will not have you watch me! Go, I say!"

"Say that you repent. Ask God's forgiveness. One word, but one word, before it is too late!" persisted Neria, her whole frame quivering with horror

as she knelt beside him, one hand pressed convulsively upon her heart, the other raised to heaven.

"Leave me, leave me! You shall not see me die like a dog. It is too late, I tell you—too late!" gasped the dying man, his face already grey with the awful pallor of death.

"Too late for human aid—never too late for God's mercy! I will not go, I will not watch you, but pray beside you till the last," said Neria; and with that guilty soul went to God such petitions for its pardon and peace as Neria could never have uttered had he for whom she prayed less bitterly wronged her and hers.

The soul was already sped, the prayer was ended, when, through the dim arches of the wood, hastened toward the scene, a man, conducted by the faithful hound. At sight of Neria he paused, hesitated, and would have turned, but was arrested by a warning growl from the dog, who seized him by the coat and dragged him on.

Neria looked up, too stunned for surprise. "Go for help, James," said she, quietly. "He is dead already, and they must carry him home. No, stay here, and I will go. She must not hear it too suddenly. Come to me afterward without fail."

"Yes, ma'am," said James, with taciturn obedience; and, leaving him standing with the dog beside the terrible thing so rudely marring the sylvan beauty of the scene, Neria hurried away, hardly conscious whither she went, hardly conscious of the joy that, buried deep beneath this weight of horror, began already to sing in the depths of her heart—"He lives! he lives!"

CHAPTER XXXII.

SUNRISE.

FAITHFUL to every duty, Neria had prepared for that terrible home-coming; had broken the ghastly tidings to Claudia; had seen that Mr. Livingstone was able and willing to soothe the agitation into which her passionate excitement had subsided, and had singly told the story of Luttrell's death to the physician and magistrate summoned to meet his dead body at the farm-house, before she allowed herself a word with James, who, with the activity and tact of his class, had superintended not only the removal of the body from the forest to the house, but all the subsequent proceedings. Neria, released at length, found him sitting in a shady porch at the back of the house. She gave him her hand, while her eager eyes, asked as well before her lips:

"James, where is your master?"

"Up here, ma'am, among the mountains. We are camping in a log shanty we found there."

"But how—why—" She would not ask what wifely pride told her she never should have needed to ask; but her magical eyes spoke for her, and the man replied:

"I don't know, ma'am, except it was the Colonel's wishes that no one should know. He was left for dead down there in the Chickahominy; but I found him, and carried him off. He was sick a long spell; pretty nigh all winter, I might say; but an old darkey and I took care of him, and finally he pulled through. He hasn't been so as to enter again, and he never would have me write a line or send a message to anyone. This summer we came up here, and have been gun-

ning and fishing for a living pretty much. I happened to find out about Dr. Luttrell and—and the lady, and so I thought it no more than my duty to let Mr. Livingstone hear where she was. I didn't say anything to the Colonel about it, because I thought he might be disturbed at the chance of some of the family coming this way, and think it best to remove."

Neria smiled slightly; for, indeed, the solemn twinkle of James's eye, and the elaborate innocence of his tone, in thus revealing his little plot for a return to civilization and identity, were too funny to be resisted. "I will go with you to him," said she, after a moment of thought.

"It's a long and rough way, ma'am. Can't I take a message or a note to the Colonel, asking him to come to you?"

"No; he might not—it is better I should go myself. Wait until I speak to Mrs. Livingstone," said Neria; and James submissively answered:

"Yes, ma'am;" while in his shrewd heart he thought—"She's afraid he'd be off and never come."

To Claudia, Neria simply said she must leave her for a few hours; and to Mr. Livingstone that she needed no other escort upon her errand than that of James, whose appearance in this place she did not attempt to explain. Absorbed in their own emotions, neither husband nor wife questioned or watched her, and just as the sun touched the tops of the tallest forest trees Neria passed under their shadows, and with a heart strangely vibrating between joy and fear followed her taciturn conductor toward the secluded hut where Vaughn had sought to bury his broken life, his despairing love. The path led by the scene of the morning's tragedy, and when James would have turned aside to avoid coming within sight of it, Neria checked him. "Let us go straight on," said she, quietly; and as they reached the place she paused and gazed unshrinkingly at the spot where the corpse had lain, while in her inmost heart she once more offered full and free pardon to the guilty soul thence sped, and prayed that even so might he be pardoned of God.

"Here is the bracelet, ma'am," interposed James, thinking that must be the object of her search. "I picked it up this morning, and would have given it to you before, but the Justice wanted to see it."

"Thank you, James; we will go on now," said Neria, taking the bauble in a reluctant hand, and hastily putting it out of sight, while its wicked eyes, catching a ray of the setting sun, shot out a green and crimson light.

"It's a very odd thing, ma'am, that the p'ison should have laid on that little spear so long and never got shot out before," pursued James, with respectful curiosity.

"It is very old, and no one understood its construction. I supposed it harmless or I should not have worn it," replied his mistress.

"Certainly, ma'am; and even now I can't make out how to start it, or how to hinder it. I tried it all sorts of ways, and so did the doctor and the squire; and finally the doctor said he didn't believe it was that killed him, or that he was p'isoned at all. He says he shall call it apoplexy in the report he's going to write out."

"I am glad if it is so," said Neria, quietly; and James, suspecting the subject a disagreeable one, said no more upon it.

The sun had set, and the moon—the moon that a few days before had shone upon Neria through the riven walls of Cragness—now shed silver light upon her head as she stood just within the edge of a clearing, half way up the mountain-side, and looked at the picture to which her guide had silently pointed before he left her.

It was a sylvan lodge, such as hunters build of saplings, boughs, and bark ; and upon the flat stone at its door sat a worn and haggard man, his chin resting upon his hand, his elbow on his knee, as he looked wearily across the sea of foliage beneath him to the mountain peaks beyond, gleaming white and strange in the full moonlight. A lonely and a stricken man, said every line of his figure, said his attitude, and his mournful eyes, and yet a stately and a gallant figure withal.

But to Neria the picturesque side of the scene could not present itself. She saw before her the object of the love that since his reported death had risen to a vital passion ; the husband, whom, as she devoutly believed, God had given back to her incessant prayers, if not from the grave, at least from a living death. Heart and soul clamored for the joy and rest of his embrace, his kiss, his full, free pardon and love, and yet a nameless doubt, a womanly diffidence, a Nerean shyness held her back, would not let her run to fall at his feet as she would have done ; held her trembling and wavering there, a sweet statue of some wood-nymph smitten with love and awe at her first sight of humanity.

So, like the spirit of the night, the genius of the wood, she stood as Vaughn turned of a sudden and looked toward her, looked long and silently, and whispered, half aloud,

"It is her spirit—she is dead." Then, with bated breath and measured step, as one who treads a holy place, he came toward her, and she, blind and sick with the great joy swirling through her heart, stood mute and still awaiting him. A few feet off he stopped, and whispering, "Neria !" held out his arms, imploringly yet hopelessly, as one holds them toward the heavens.

Then, with a great sob, the fountains of her heart broke up, and throwing herself into that longed-for embrace, she cried out, "My husband ; O, my love, my lord, my all !"

"Not dead ! My Neria, mine at last, my very wife ?" incoherently questioned Vaughn, putting her away to look into the earnest, tearful face, all flushed with love and excitement, that so bashfully, yet earnestly, returned his gaze, and then straining her close, close and closer to the sad heart that had so longed to feel her there. But Neria, struggling from his arms, slid to her knees,

"Say, say that you forgive me for all I have made you suffer," murmured she. "I did not know it then, but since I have learned to love I have learned to feel."

"What ! You will kneel to me ? Nay, then ; will you now give me the first offence you have ever offered ? Here, here in my arms, and so near my heart that you may feel it beat the echo of my words, hear me say, sweet wife, that this one moment repays the past tenfold ; that I would not, if I might, abate one moment of that past if so I must abate one instant of this hour. It was right that I should wait and serve for you, my rich reward. It could not have been but that you must learn earth by slow degrees, my pure angel. I only feared that you should pine away in longing for your heavenly home, and so leave me desolate ; or that love, when he came, should point not toward me, but to another—"

"Stop, *Sieur !*" and in the bright eyes, whence the moonbeams flashed back into his, Vaughn read for the first time the sweet imperiousness born of a conscious love. He smiled, and would have kissed the clear, bright eyes, but Neria held him back.

"By one thing in all our life you have done me wrong," said she. "You have fancied that I, being your wife, could love another man ! O, *Sieur*, that grieved me much."

"That, and all the wrongs I have done you, my fairy princess, sprang from an incapacity upon the part of my grosser nature to comprehend your pure spiritu-

ality. But now, thank God and Neria, the love in my heart has reached to hers, and across that rosy bridge sympathies and perceptions shall travel so incessantly from the one heart to the other, that we may never say where the sweet pilgrims really dwell, the two shall so become one heart. O, darling, is this true, is it real? Can God have been so good to a sinful man like me? And how dare I accept such gifts, I who— Neria, here upon this lonely mountain-side, before we go back together to the world whence you have come to claim me, I must tell you the errors and mistakes of my early life, and, if it may be, gain pardon both for the concealment and for what has been concealed."

"No, *Sieur*, do not speak a word of what is past. I know all, and I have forgiven and forgotten all. *Chloe*, before she died, told me everything; and *Mrs. Rhee*—"

"Did she see you?"

"Yes. Hush, *Sieur*, she is dead, and with her the story of the past. Let us leave it all behind, and make our home in the future."

"But did she speak to you of what I afterward wrote?" asked Vaughn, anxiously. "Did she tell you that I believed—"

"She told me many things which I do not wish to remember or repeat. She told me that you believed them, and it was as if she had told me the ocean was dried up and the sun extinguished. I knew you too well even then to believe that you believed such tales of me."

"True woman and true wife! You but did me justice then, and yet I blush to think I could fancy even such innocent faithlessness as I did. But now tell me, sweet, how you came here, standing like a spirit in the moonlight, and watching me with your dreamy eyes, until I thought you indeed a thing of air or water or fire, altogether fashioned of the elements, and inspired with the pure soul of my pure-hearted Neria." He drew her toward his cabin as he spoke, and seating her upon the great stone where she had found him, stretched himself at her feet, gazing intently up into her face, while she related as briefly as she might, the strange chain of events that had led her hither.

"And so Master James was weary of our incognito, and laid a little plot to lead to its discovery," said Vaughn, gayly. "I may truly say to him, 'Well done, good and faithful servant,' for without his intervention I do not know, my Neria, how this tangled coil would have been undone. I could never resolve whether I should arise from the dead, as it were, or allow my name to go down to posterity among the killed of the battle of Seven Oaks. I think the leading idea was, to live here in the woods a sort of wild hunter life, until, at last, dying I should send for Neria to close my eyes, and give me one parting kiss. I always meant to see you again, at least once."

Neria looked at him with dim eyes and a quivering mouth.

"O, *Sieur*! You must have suffered so much before you could come to that!"

"Suffer? What is suffering? I do not recognize the word with my arm about Neria's waist, my head upon her knee, her eyes looking love into mine," whispered Vaughn, passionately; and then, man-like, he proudly smiled to see the rose-tint mount her slender throat, flush her soft cheek, and faintly tinge her brow.

"Neria, say 'I love you, *Sieur*,'" ordered he; and Neria, blushing yet more brightly, whispered,

"I love you, *Sieur*; I love you better than my life," and as he kissed her lips she kissed back with the first wife-kiss they had ever formed.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A NO-SAY AND A YES-SAY.

THE moon that lighted Neria on her true-love quest had waned and faded, and a tender crescent hung in the west when Francia Vaughn, creeping from her father's house like a guilty creature, stole through the shadowy garden and on to the wood beyond, where lay the mere. But once within its friendly covert, and shielded from all eyes, even those of the stars just trembling into view, she paused, and throwing herself upon the ground, gave way to a burst of passionate grief; grief of which only an ardent temperament, an untried nature, and the first vigor of youth is capable. Later in life one's tears come more reluctantly, and from a deeper source, until at last it is its very life that the stricken heart distills in tears.

A firm, slow step came through the wood, and Francia, starting to her feet, resolutely composed her face and turned to meet Fergus. He extended his hand.

"I was looking for you, Francia, to say good-bye. I am going to Australia on business, and shall sail in a week. I am, of course, much occupied, and could only run down for to-night." The awkward sentence ended in a pause as awkward. Francia's cold fingers dropped lifelessly from Fergus's grasp, and she stood silent with averted face.

"Shall we walk as far as the lake?" asked he again. "I have not seen it in a long time." Francia mutely turned her steps in that direction, and walked beside him with eyes that, looking straight before her, saw nothing. They stood upon the border of the little lake watching the shadow of the hills, the duplicate crescent, the stars that momentarily showed more closely sown in the heaven below as in that above. Fergus, the iron Fergus, felt the influence of the hour, of his approaching departure, of the memories thronging the place and time, and turning to his cousin took her hand and softly asked, "Not one word of regret for me, Franc?"

She snatched her hand away, asking in turn, "Do you remember when we last stood here, Fergus?"

"Yes. You asked me if you should keep or break your engagement with Rafe Chilton."

"Yes, and do you remember that, when I, with full heart, brought my sorrow and my perplexity to you, you threw me off and told me that my affairs were not yours, and that you would not interfere. Do you suppose that one such rebuff is not enough?" The grief, so thinly cloaked by indignation, struggled up as she spoke, and turning to meet his eyes, her own suddenly overflowed.

"That was long ago, Francia. I have changed since then," said Fergus, moodily; and turning slightly from her, he bitterly reviewed the months since then.

"Yes, you have found what it was to love unwisely yourself since then," exclaimed Francia, hastily.

Fergus faced her, and, with his imperious eyes on hers, asked quietly, "What do you mean, Francia?"

"Nothing. I did not mean to say that," replied she, in confusion.

"Yes, but it is said, and now I must know what it means," said Fergus, with patient persistence.

"Well, then, I mean that when you thought my father was dead you loved

Neria," said Francia, softly, and turning from him to pluck the leaves from the rustling alder at her side.

Fergus was silent for some moments. At last he slowly said, "Some years ago, while I was gunning among the Berkshire hills, I climbed a crag to reach a gay tuft of flowers blooming there. As I drew myself up, a rattlesnake, basking on the rock, gave an alarm, and, before I could retreat, struck his fangs into my arm. I left the flowers where I had found them, and seating myself at the foot of the rock, took out my hunting knife, cut away the wounded flesh, and then, heating the knife at the fire I had just kindled, cauterized the wound. A scar remains that no time will efface, and it was long before I could forget the pain, but I was cured."

He was silent, and Francia, still plucking at the alder leaves, said, bitterly, "Yes, such a scar must remain through life."

"Better a life-long scar than a coward's lingering death," replied Fergus.

"Yes, your will decreed, then, that through torture you should retain your life; it decrees, now, that through other and finer torture you shall retain your peace of mind; but the body is forever maimed, the heart forever crushed," said Francia, gloomily.

Her cousin turned her face to his. "Franc," said he, "why did you escape through the window just now, when from behind the curtain you heard me tell my uncle that I was going abroad?"

Francia blushed in spite of herself. "You saw me then?"

"Yes, saw and followed you. I wanted to know why you escaped."

"To avoid the necessity of saying that I regretted your going," retorted Francia, desperate as any timid creature at bay.

"That answer deceives neither you nor me," said Fergus, coolly. "Francia, two years ago when I showed you that I loved you, or could love you, if you had met me frankly and generously, as my love demanded, how much would have been spared to both. You, too, wear your scars, poor child."

"Mine is not the scar of an unrequited love," interposed Francia, sharply.

"No, but of a desperate attempt to love an unworthy object. Tell me, now, Francia, why did you engage yourself to Chilton?"

"He loved me, and you—you had never said—I thought you cared for Neria."

"Impatient and jealous," pronounced Fergus, remorselessly. "Do you know now that you were wrong? Do you see now that by this course you so wounded my love—"

"No, your pride," interrupted Francia.

"Self-respect, I prefer to call it, and in my nature no love can be love that is at war with this quality. This self-respect, Francia, forbid me then to love you who had so doubted me, as it now forbids me to love the wife of another man. This is the knife which has cauterized my moral hurt, and well is it for me that I had it at hand."

Francia turned earnestly toward him. "But you have a terrible enemy, Fergus, in this darling self-reliance of yours. It is this that stands in the way of pity and generosity, and all the gracious virtues that you lack."

"After the cautery should come some blessed balm, and as it soothes the burning pain, the heart finds rest and room for these gracious virtues. They do not spring in the crisis of suffering and effort. Some such soothing balm as the love of an affectionate heart, Francia."

"And you would ask such love with nothing to offer in return but the pleasure of soothing the scar of an unforgetten passion?" said Francia, with spirit.

"Am I selfish? Remember, I am a man, and it is for you, a woman, to soften and refine my nature, nor look too curiously at the balance of benefit between us," said Fergus, somewhat sadly. "Come, little Francia, let us take what good is left to us, and be thankful for it. Perhaps we never can go back to the glow and glory of a first love; perhaps you never will be the woman, or I the man we once were to each other, but there may be better things in the future for us than we can now imagine. I need the influence of your warm and loving nature, your grace and gayety; and you, my wilful cousin, will be none the worse for a little training in law and order. Will you go with me to Australia, Francia, as my wife?"

Francia hesitated for a moment, and then facing him, frankly said: "No, Fergus. I do not like the way you have asked me to marry you, and although you seem so confident of my consent I will not give it on such terms. You say I love you, or you imply it. Well, I do not deny that I do, that I have always loved you, and that my engagement to Rafe Chilton was, as you called it but now, a movement of impatient jealousy. And yet with all this I value myself too highly to take the position you would assign me. My love shall never be used as a balm to heal the wound of another woman's indifference; I will not accept permission to give you my whole life, taking in return such scraps and fragments as are left when another has taken all that is best. If you cannot give me the 'glow and glory' of a full and honest love, be it first or be it second, I will have none. I will never follow you forlornly through the world on the chance that some indefinite future may reward me."

"And yet you own that you love me," said Fergus, somewhat bitterly.

"I love you so well that I would not have you marry a woman whom you could not respect, and I respect you so much I know you could not really love a woman who would accept the position you offer me. No, Fergus, I love you, and I refuse you."

Looking steadily into her face the young man read there a determination equal to his own; a dignity and self-respect as firmly based as those forming the foundation of his own character. Looking deep into the soul standing in that moment unveiled before him, Fergus saw there, qualities he had never before acknowledged, and the conviction flashed into his mind that should he lose the prize a moment before so undervalued and now so tantalizingly withdrawn from his grasp, the loss would be one that every day passing over his head should magnify until it became the lasting regret of his life.

"Francia, I am sorry to have hurt you—" began he; and Francia, turning to retrace her path, said quietly,

"I am sorry you did, but I forgive you Fergus. I am sure you will regret it."

She moved away with unaffected decision of manner, and Fergus, standing discomfited and humiliated where she left him, watched the little figure passing beneath the dewy branches that bent lovingly above her head, into the little wood where every Dryad was her familiar playmate, on toward the home where he knew how cherished and valued an inmate she was; and for the first time he thought that to woo her from such a home and such companionship, a man had need to offer all of love and tenderness and care that his utmost soul could compass, and even then might marvel at his own success should he obtain it.

Half an hour later somebody descended the steps and stood before her. It was Fergus, who, returning to the house by the more direct route, had seen her from the terrace and, after one sharp short struggle between love and pride, had come to say:

"Francia, I was very wrong, very much mistaken in what I said to you just now. I do not ask your love without return; I ask it as a great and precious gift, and I offer in return all the good of which my nature is capable. I love you more than I myself know; more than I ever have or ever can, as I now believe, love any other woman. If you will accept this love, and will return it, you need never fear that I shall forget how much it is for me to ask or you to grant. Do not judge me by my words, Francia; they are cold and hesitating; but you are able, as you showed yourself but now, to read the thoughts and feeling below the words. Read my heart, dear cousin, read it thoroughly, and you will be content."

He sat beside her, and the hands clasping hers were cold and tremulous as her own. In the dim light Francia saw how pale his face had grown, how earnest his eyes, how tender his mouth, and a great joy stirred at her heart. But the next instant, with a cry of sudden terror, she snatched away her hands.

"O, Fergus, you do not know!"

"Not know what, Francia? What is it, dear?"

"My story—my mother—"

"Good heaven, what is this! Francia, you alarm me inexpressibly. Speak out, I pray you."

Francia wrung her hands despairingly. "You do not know, and I had forgotten for one moment. I was so proud and glad that you should really love me at last; and now, good-bye, dear, dear Fergus, it can never, never be—never while we live." She would have sprung away like a wounded fawn to hide her mortal hurt in solitude; but Fergus seized her arm.

"No, Francia, you shall not go until you have explained these strange words. When you refused me just now, you gave your reason, and a good one. That reason is removed by what I said just now. You are satisfied on that point, are you not?"

"Yes, fully satisfied; but this other is a more terrible obstacle, for it can never be removed. Say good-bye, dear Fergus, and let me go. It must be so."

"Never, Francia. I demand an explanation; I demand it of your justice and your honor, and if you are what I think you I shall not appeal to them in vain," said Fergus, resolutely.

"Well, then," cried Francia, desperately, "have it, and be satisfied. Mrs. Rhee, my father's housekeeper, was an octoroon slave whom he bought at public auction in Savannah. My mother was her daughter by the master who sold her. My father married this free daughter of his slave, and I am her child. Now are you content?"

She struggled in his grasp, and when he would not let her go fell moaning at his feet in a passion of shame and grief too deep for tears. Fergus, grasping her wrists with unconscious violence, stood looking down at her in mute astonishment and dismay. Presently he raised her to her feet, and seating her again upon the step, asked, quietly:

"Will you promise to remain here until I return?"

"Yes," whispered the girl, her head falling helplessly upon her breast, her arms and nerveless fingers hanging straight beside her.

Fergus looked at her a moment; and then, with slow and measured steps, disappeared in the shadows of the grove. An hour had nearly gone when he returned, and seating himself beside Francia, who had never moved, put his arms around her, and laid her head upon his breast.

"So let me shelter you so long as we both live," said he. "I would not

yield to the impulse that bid me say so at first, for I dared not trust an impulse. I would not risk wronging you by saying what I might repent. But that impulse came from the inmost chamber of my heart; it is as vital as my conscience. Francia, darling wife that you shall be if you will, never fancy that I remember this in the future. You could not but tell me, and yet I would have you forget that you have told me as soon as may be, lest at some time you may fancy me so base as to point at it should I treat you less tenderly than I ought."

"I never should suspect you of a meanness, Fergus. I know you too well."

"But this secret, Francia, calls for such added consideration and delicacy on my part, such thoughtful care and honor, that I fear my own harsh, hard nature; and yet if I understand myself at all, I do not think I can fail to make you feel how all my life and hopes and chance of becoming other and better than I am are bound up in you. Francia, will you trust me?"

"With my life, and my soul," whispered Francia.

And on her lover's arm she leant,
And round her waist she felt it fold,
And far across the hills they went
In that new world which is the old.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

L'ENVOI.

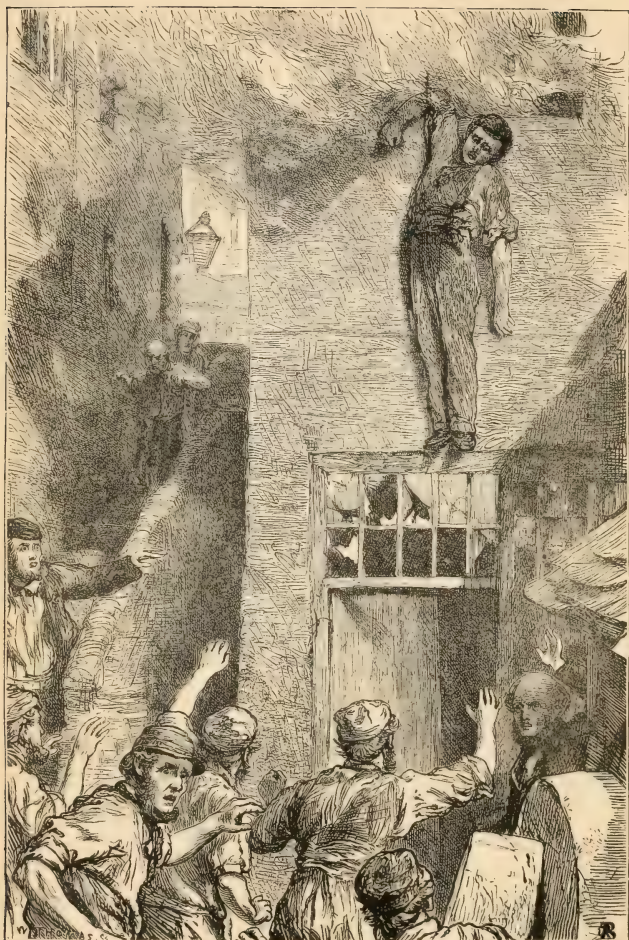
THE story is done, and in leaving these our friends and sometime associates to the chances of the future, we may please ourselves in remembering that each and all of them have learned at the hands of that stern mentor, Experience, lessons which rightly applied should insure peace, content and beneficent influences to the coming years.

Forestalling the secrets of those years, we may fancy Vaughn and Neria, in harmony at last with each other and with life, the noble, dignified and gracious heads of a well-ordered household, ruling their children and their dependents with such loving wisdom, such mild authority, that the law becomes delight, and obedience is as involuntary as affection.

We see Fergus and Francia, returning after years of exile, happy in themselves and in each other, the asperities of his character softened, as the weaknesses of hers are strengthened by the harmonizing influences of time and love, and we no longer fear lest harshness on the one hand, or lenity on the other should destroy the happiness so long desired, so hardly won.

And Claudia? Yes, let us hope even for Claudia, for under the sin and passion and weakness that have hurried her to shipwreck, lies a great, strong heart, a heart whose deepest fountains were stirred while she lay upon her knees at Neria's feet that day in the lonely farm-house, and heard that the husband she had wronged would even yet forgive and grant her the opportunity for repentance that she had counted already lost.

Yes, Claudia, though thy sins were as scarlet, there is a Fountain wherein they may be washed white. And so, bidding them and you good-bye, O friend, let me hope that what has been told may have taught some lesson, however vague; may have won to momentary forgetfulness some aching heart, or solaced an idle hour for those whose hearts have not yet learned to ache; may have stirred an aspiration in the forecasting mind of youth, or a tender memory in that of age; or, failing all else, may have awakened one friendly feeling toward the narrator who lingeringly and regretfully closes this the happy toil of months.



"THIS HUMAN CINDER HANGING BY ONE HAND BETWEEN TWO DEATHS."-
p. 633.

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PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE.*

BY CHARLES READE,

Author of "Foul Play," "Griffith Gaunt," etc.

CHAPTER VI.

AT sight of this human cinder, hanging by one hand between two deaths, every sentiment but humanity vanished from the ruggedest bosom, and the skilled workmen set themselves to save their unpopular comrade with admirable quickness and judgment: two new wheel-bands, that had just come into the works, were caught up in a moment, and four workmen ran with them and got below the suspended figure: they then turned back to back, and, getting the bands over their shoulders, pulled hard against each other. This was necessary to straighten the bands: they weighed half a hundredweight each. Others stood at the centre of the bands, and directed Little where to drop, and stood ready to catch him should he bound off them.

But now matters took an unexpected turn. Little, to all appearance, was blind and deaf. He hung there, moaning and glaring, and his one sinewy arm supported his muscular but light frame almost incredibly. He was out of his senses, or nearly.

"Let thyself come, lad," cried a workman, "we are all right to catch thee."

He made no answer, but hung there glaring and moaning.

"The man will drop noane, till he swouns," said another, after watching him keenly.

"Then get you closer to the wall, men," cried Cheetham, in great anxiety. "He'll come like a stone, when he does come." This injunction was given none too soon: the men had hardly shifted their positions, when Little's hand opened, and he came down like lead, with his hands all abroad, and his body straight; but his knees were slightly bent, and he caught the bands just below the knee, and bounded off them into the air, like a cricket-ball. But many hands grabbed at him, and the grinder Reynolds caught him by the shoulder, and

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by SHELDON & COMPANY, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

they rolled on the ground together, very little the worse for that tumble. "Well done! well done!" cried Cheatham. "Let him lie, lads, he is best there for a while; and run for a doctor, one of you."

"Ay, run for Jack Doubleface," cried several voices at once.

"Now, make a circle, and give him air, men."

Then they all stood in a circle, and eyed the blackened and quivering figure with pity and sympathy, while the canopy of white smoke bellied over head. Nor were those humane sentiments silent; and the roughs seemed to be even more overcome than the others: no brains were required to pity this poor fellow now; and so strong an appeal to their hearts, through their senses, roused their good impulses and rare sensibilities. Oh, it was strange to hear good and kindly sentiments come out in the Dash dialect.

"It's a —— shame!"

"There lies a good workman done for by some —— thief, that wasn't fit to blow his bellows, —— him!"

"Say he *was* a cockney, he was always —— civil."

"And life's as sweet to him as to any —— in Hillsborough."

"Hold your —— tongue, he's coming to."

Henry did recover his wits enough to speak; and what do you think was his first word?

He clasped his hands together, and said—"MY MOTHER! OH, DON'T LET HER KNOW!"

This simple cry went through many a rough heart; a loud gulp or two were heard soon after, and more than one hard and coally cheek was channelled by sudden tears. But now a burly figure came rolling in; they drew back and silenced each other.—"The Doctor!" This was the remarkable person they called Jack Doubleface. Nature had stuck a philosophic head, with finely-cut features, and a mouth brimful of finesse, on a corpulent and ungraceful body, that yawed from side to side as he walked.

The man of art opened with two words. He looked up at the white cloud, which was now floating away; sniffed the air, and said, "Gunpowder!" Then he looked down at Little, and said, "Ah!" half dryly, half sadly. Indeed several sentences of meaning condensed themselves into that simple interjection. At this moment, some men, whom curiosity had drawn to Henry's forge, came back to say the forge had been blown up, and "the bellows torn limb from jacket, and the room strewed with ashes."

The doctor laid a podgy hand on the prisoner's wrist; the touch was light, though the fingers were thick and heavy. The pulse, which had been very low, was now galloping and bounding frightfully. "Fetch him a glass of brandy-and-water," said Dr. Amboyne. (There were still doctors in Hillsborough, though not in London, who would have had him bled on the spot.)

"Now, then, a surgeon! Which of you lads operates on the eye, in these works?"

A lanky file-cutter took a step forward. "I am the one that takes the motes out of their eyes."

"Then be good enough to show me his eye."

The file-cutter put out a hand with fingers prodigiously long and thin, and deftly parted both Little's eyelids with his finger and thumb, so as to show the whole eye.

"Hum!" said the doctor, and shook his head.

He then patted the sufferer all over, and the result of that examination was

satisfactory. Then came the brandy-and-water ; and while Henry's teeth were clattering at the glass and he was trying to sip the liquid, Dr. Amboyne suddenly lifted his head, and took a keen survey of the countenances round him. He saw the general expression of pity on the rugged faces. He also observed one rough fellow who wore a strange wild look : the man seemed puzzled, scared, confused, like one half awakened from some hideous dream. This was the grinder who had come into the works in place of the hand Cheetham had discharged for refusing to grind cockney blades.

"Hum !" said Dr. Amboyne, and appeared to be going into a brown study.

But he shook that off, and said, briskly, "Now, then, what was his crime ? Did he owe some mutual aid society six-and-fourpence ?"

"That's right," said Reynolds, sullenly, "throw everything on the union. If we knew who it was, he'd lie by the side of this one in less than a minute, and, happen, not get up again so soon." A growl of assent confirmed the speaker's words. Cheetham interposed and drew Amboyne aside, and began to tell him who the man was and what the dispute ; but Amboyne cut the latter explanation short. "What," said he, "is this the carver whose work I saw up at Mr. Carden's ?"

"This is the very man, no doubt."

"Why, he's a sculptor : Praxiteles in wood. A fine choice they have made for their gunpowder, a workman that did honor to the town."

A faint flush of gratified pride colored the ghastly cheek a moment.

"Doctor, shall I live to finish the bust ?" said Henry, piteously.

"That and hundreds more, if you obey me. The fact is, Mr. Cheetham, this young man is not hurt, but his nerves have received a severe shock ; and the sooner he is out of this place the better. Ah, there is my brougham at the gate. Come, put him into it, and I'll take him to the infirmary."

"No," said Little, "I won't go there ; my mother would hear of it."

"Oh, then your mother is not to know ?"

"Not for all the world ! She has had trouble enough. I'll just wash my face and buy a clean shirt, and she'll never know what has happened. It would kill her. Oh, yes, it would kill her !"

The doctor eyed him with warm approval. "You are a fine young fellow. I'll see you safe through this, and help you throw dust in your mother's eyes. If you go to her with that scratched face, we are lost. Come, get into my carriage, and home with me."

"Mayn't I wash my face first ? And look at my shirt ; as black as a cinder."

"Wash your face, by all means ; but you can button your coat over your shirt."

The coat was soon brought, and so was a pail of water and a piece of yellow soap. Little dashed his head and face into the bucket, and soon inked all the water. The explosion had filled his hair with black dust, and grimed his face and neck like a sweep's. This ablution made him clean, but did not bring back his ruddy color. He looked pale and scratched.

The men helped him officiously into the carriage, though he could have walked very well alone.

Henry asked leave to buy a clean shirt. The doctor said he would lend him one at home.

While Henry was putting it on Doctor Amboyne ordered his dogcart instead of his brougham, and mixed some medicines. And soon Henry found himself seated in the dogcart, with a warm cloak over him, and whisking over the stones of Hillsborough.

All this had been done so rapidly and unhesitatingly that Henry, injured and shaken as he was, had yielded passive obedience. But now he began to demur a little. "But where are we going, sir?" he asked.

"To change the air and the scene. I'll be frank with you—you are man enough to bear the truth—you have received a shock that will very likely bring on brain-fever, unless you get some sleep to-night. But you would not sleep in Hillsborough. You'd wake a dozen times in the night, trembling like an aspen leaf, and fancying you were blown up again."

"Yes, but my mother, sir! If I don't go home at seven o'clock, she'll find me out."

"If you went crazy, wouldn't she find you out? Come, my young friend, trust to my experience, and to the interest this attempt to murder you, and your narrow escape, have inspired in me. When I have landed you in the Temple of Health, and just wasted a little advice on a pig-headed patient in the neighborhood (he is the squire of the place), I'll drive back to Hillsborough, and tell your mother some story or other: you and I will concoct that together as we go."

At this Henry was all obedience, and, indeed, thanked him, with the tears in his eyes, for his kindness to a poor stranger.

Dr. Amboyne smiled. "If you were not a stranger, you would know that saving cutlers' lives is my hobby, and one in which I am steadily resisted and defeated, especially by the cutlers themselves; why I look upon you as a most considerate and obliging young man for indulging me in this way. If you had been a Hillsborough hand, you would insist upon a brain fever and a trip to the lunatic asylum, just to vex me, and hinder me of my hobby."

Henry stared. This was too eccentric for him to take it all in at once. "What!" said Dr. Amboyne, observing his amazement; "did you never hear of Dr. Doubleface?"

"No, sir."

"Never hear of the corpulent lunatic who goes about the city chanting, like a cuckoo, 'Put yourself in his place—put yourself in her place—in their place?'"

"No, sir, I never did."

"Then such is fame. Well, never mind that just now; there's a time for everything. Please observe that ruined house: the ancient family to whom it belongs are a remarkable example of the vicissitude of human affairs." He then told him the curious ups and downs of that family, which, at two distant periods, had held vast possessions in the county; but were now represented by the shell of one manor-house, and its dovecote, the size of a modern villa. Next he showed him an obscure battle-field, and told him that story, and who were the parties engaged; and so on. Every mile furnished its legend, and Dr. Amboyne related them all so graphically that the patient's mind was literally stolen away from himself. At last, after a rapid drive of eleven miles through the pure invigorating air, they made a sudden turn, and entered a pleasant and singularly rural village: they drew up at a rustic farm-house, clad with ivy; and Dr. Amboyne said, "This is the Temple. Here you can sleep, as safe from gunpowder as a field-marshal born."

The farmer's daughter came out, and beamed pleasure at sight of the doctor. He got down, and told her the case privately, and gave her precise instructions. She often interrupted the narrative with "Lawkadaisies," and other rural interjections, and simple exclamations of pity. She promised faithful compliance with his orders.

He then beckoned Henry in, and said, "This picture of health was a patient

of mine once, as you are now ; there's encouragement for you. I put you under her charge. Get a letter written to your mother, and I'll come back for it in half an hour. You had a headache, and were feverish, so you consulted a doctor. He advised immediate rest and change of air, and he drove you at once to this village. Write you that, and leave the rest to me. We doctors are dissembling dogs. We have still something to learn in curing diseases ; but at making light of them to the dying, and other branches of amiable mendacity, we are masters."

As soon as he was gone, the comely young hostess began on her patient. "Dear heart, sir, was it really you as was blowed up with gunpowder?"

"Indeed it was, and not many hours ago. It seems like a dream."

"Well, now, who'd think that, to look at you? Why, you are none the worse, forbye a scratch or two, and, dear heart, I've seen a young chap bring as bad home from courting, in these parts ; and wed the lass as marked him—within the year."

"Oh, it is not the scratches ; but feel my hand, how it trembles. And it used to be as firm as a rock ; for I never drink."

"So it do, I declare. Why, you do tremble all over ; and no wonder, poor soul. Come you in this minut, and sit down a bit by the fire, while I go and make the room ready for you."

But, as soon as he was seated by the fire, the current began to flow again. "Well, I never liked Hillsborough folk much—poor, mean-visaged tykes they be—but now I do hate 'em. What, blow up a decent young man like you, and a well-favored, and hair like jet, and eyes in your head like sloes ! But that's their ground of spite, I warrant me ; the nasty, ugly, dirty dogs. Well, you may just snap your fingers at them all now. They don't come out so far as this ; and, if they did, stouter men grows in this village than any in Hillsborough ; and I've only to hold up my finger, for as little as I be, and they'd all be well ducked in father's horsepond, and then flogged home again with a good cart-whip well laid on. And, another thing, whatever we do, Squire he will make it good in law : he is gentle, and we are simple ; but our folk and his has stood by each other this hundred year and more. But, la, I run on so, and you was to write a letter again the doctor came back. I'll fetch you some paper this minut."

She brought him writing materials, and stood by him, with this apology, "If 'twas to your sweetheart, I'd be off. But 'tis to your mother." (With a side glance,) "She have been a handsome woman in her day, I'll go bail."

"She is as beautiful as ever in my eyes," said Henry, tenderly. "And, oh, heaven ! give me the sense to write to her without frightening her."

"Then I won't hinder you no more with my chat," said his hostess, with kindly good-humor, and slipped away upstairs. She lighted a great wood fire in the bedroom, and laid the bed and the blankets all round it, and opened the window, and took the homespun linen sheets out of a press, and made the room very tidy. Then she went down again, and the moment Henry saw her he said : "I feel your kindness, Miss, but I don't know your name, nor where in the world I am." His hostess smiled. "That is no secret. I'm Martha Dence, at your service ; and this is Cairnhope town."

"Cairnhope !" cried Henry, and started back, so that his wooden chair made a loud creak upon the stones of the farmer's kitchen.

Martha Dence stared, but said nothing ; for almost at that moment the doctor returned, all in a hurry, for the letter.

Henry begged him to look at it, and see if it would do.

The doctor read it. "Hum !" said he, "it is a very pretty, filial letter, and

increases my interest in you ; give me your hand—there. Well, it won't do—too shaky. If your mother once sees this I may talk till doomsday, she'll not believe a word. You must put off writing till to-morrow night. Now give me her address, for I really must get home."

"She lives on the second floor, No. 13 Chettle street."

"Her name?"

"Sir, if you ask for the lady that lodges on the second floor, you will be sure to see her."

Doctor Amboyne looked a little surprised, and not very well pleased, at what seemed a want of confidence. But he was a man singularly cautious and candid in forming his judgments ; so he forbore all comment, and delivered his final instructions. "Here is a bottle containing only a few drops of *fabia Ignatii* in water. It's an innocent medicine, and has sometimes a magical effect in soothing the mind and nerves. A tablespoonful three times a day. And *this* is a sedative, which you can take if you find yourself quite unable to sleep. But I wouldn't have recourse to it unnecessarily ; for these sedatives are uncertain in their operation ; and, when a man is turned upside down, as you have been, they sometimes excite. Have a faint light in your bedroom. Tie a cord to the bell-rope, and hold it in your hand all night. Fix your mind on that cord, and keep thinking, 'This is to remind me that I am eleven miles from Hillsborough, in a peaceful village, safe from all harm.' To-morrow, walk up to the top of Cairnhope Peak, and inhale the glorious breeze, and look over four counties. Write to your mother at night, and, meantime, I'll do my best to relieve her anxiety. Good-by."

Memory sometimes acts like an old flint-gun : it hangs fire, yet ends by going off. While Dr. Amboyne was driving home, the swarthy, but handsome features of the workman he had befriended seemed to enter his mind more deeply than during the hurry, and he said to himself, "Jet black hair ; great black eyes ; and olive skin ; they are rare in these parts ; and, somehow, they remind me a little of *her*."

Then his mind went back, in a moment, over many years, to the days when he was stalwart, but not unwieldy, and loved a dark but peerless beauty ; loved her deeply, and told his love, and was esteemed and pitied, but another was beloved.

And so sad, yet absorbing, was the retrospect of his love, his sorrow, and her own unhappy lot, that it blotted out of his mind, for a time, the very youth whose features and complexion had launched him into the past.

But the moment his horse's feet rang on the stones, this burly philosopher shook off the past, and set himself to recover lost time. He drove rapidly to several patients, and, at six o'clock, was at 13 Chettle street, and asked for the lady on the second floor. "Yes, sir ; she is at home," was the reply. "But I don't know ; she lives very retired. She hasn't received any visits since they came. However, they rent the whole floor, and the sitting-room fronts you."

Dr. Amboyne mounted the stair and knocked at the door. A soft and mellow voice bade him enter. He went in, and a tall lady in black, with plain linen collar and wristbands, rose to receive him. They confronted each other. Time and trouble had left their trace ; but there were the glorious eyes, and jet-black hair, and the face, worn and pensive, but still beautiful. It was the woman he had loved—the only one.

"Mrs. Little !" said he, in an indescribable tone.

"Dr. Amboyne!"

For a few moments he forgot the task he had undertaken; and could only express his astonishment and pleasure at seeing her once more.

Then he remembered why he was there; and the office he had undertaken so lightly alarmed him now.

His first instinct was to gain time. Accordingly, he began to chide her gently for having resided in the town and concealed it from him; then, seeing her confused and uncomfortable at that reproach, and in the mood to be relieved by any change of topic, he glided off, with no little address, as follows: "Observe the consequences: here have I been most despotically rustivating a youth who turns out to be your son."

"My son! is there anything the matter with my son? Oh, Dr. Amboyne!"

"He must have been out of sorts, you know, or he would not have consulted me," replied the Doctor, affecting candor.

"Consult! Why, what has happened? He was quite well when he left me this morning."

"I doubt that. He complained of headache and fever. But I soon found his *mind* was worried. A misunderstanding with the trades! I was very much pleased with his face and manner; my carriage was at the door; his pulse was high, but there was nothing that country air and quiet will not restore. So I just drove him away, and landed him in a farmhouse."

Mrs. Little's brow flushed at this. She was angry. But, in a nature so gentle as hers, anger soon gave way. She turned a glance of tearful and eloquent reproach on Dr. Amboyne. "The first time we have ever been separated since he was born," said she, with a sigh.

Dr. Amboyne's preconceived plan broke down that moment. He said, hurriedly,

"Take my carriage and drive to him. Better do that than torment yourself."

"Where is he?" asked the widow, brightening up at the proposal.

"At Cairnhope."

At this word, Mrs. Little's face betrayed a series of emotions: first confusion, then astonishment, and at last a sort of superstitious alarm. "At Cairnhope?" she faltered at last. "My son at Cairnhope?"

"Pray do not torment yourself with fancies," said the Doctor. "All this is the merest accident—the simplest thing in the world. I cured Patty Dence of diphtheria, when it decimated the village. She and her family are grateful; the air of Cairnhope has a magic effect on people who live in smoke, and Martha and Jael let me send them out an invalid now and then to be reinvigorated. I took this young man there, not knowing who he was. Go to him, if you like. But, frankly, as his physician, I would rather you did not. Never do a wise thing by halves. He ought to be entirely separated from all his cares, even from yourself (who are doubtless one of them), for five or six days. He needs no other medicine but that, and the fine air of Cairnhope."

"Then somebody must see him every day, and tell me. Oh! Doctor Amboyne, this is the beginning: what will the end be? I am miserable."

"My man shall ride there every day and see him, and bring you back a letter from him."

"Your man!" Said Mrs. Little, a little haughtily.

Doctor Amboyne met her glance. "If there was any ground for alarm, should I not go myself every day?" said he, gravely, and even tenderly.

"Forgive me," said the widow, and gave him her hand with a sweet and womanly gesture.

The main difficulty was now got over ; and Dr. Amboyne was careful not to say too much, for he knew that his tongue moved among pitfalls.

As Dr. Amboyne descended the stairs, the landlady held a door ajar, and peeped at him, according to a custom of such delicate-minded females, as can neither restrain their curiosity nor indulge it openly. Dr. Amboyne beckoned to her, and asked for a private interview. This was promptly accorded.

"Would ten guineas be of any service to you, madam?"

"Eh, dear, that it would, sir. Why, my rent is just coming due."

Under these circumstances, the bargain was soon struck. Not a syllable about the explosion at Cheetham's was to reach the second-floor lodger's ears, and no Hillsborough journal was to mount the stairs until the young man's return. If inquired for, they were to be reported all sold out, and a London journal purchased instead.

Having secured a keen and watchful ally in this good woman, who, to do her justice, showed a hearty determination to earn her ten guineas, Dr. Amboyne returned home, his own philosophic pulse beating faster than it had done for some years.

He had left Mrs. Little grateful, and, apparently, in good spirits ; but ere he had been gone an hour, the bare separation from her son overpowered her, and a host of vague misgivings tortured her, and she slept but little that night. By noon next day she was thoroughly miserable ; but Dr. Amboyne's man rode up to the door in the afternoon with a cheerful line from Henry.

"All right, dear mother. Better already. Letter by post.

"HENRY."

She detained the man, and made up a packet of things for Cairnhope, and gave him five shillings to be sure and take them.

This was followed by a correspondence, a portion of which will suffice to eke out the narrative.

"DEAREST MOTHER,—I slept ill last night, and got up aching from head to foot, as if I had been well hid. But they sent me to the top of Cairnhope Peak, and, what with the keen air and the glorious view, I came home and ate like a hog. That pleased Martha Dence, and she kept putting me slices off her own plate, till I had to cry quarter. As soon as I have addressed this letter, I'm off to bed, for it is all I can do not to fall asleep sitting.

"I am safe to be all right to-morrow, so pray don't fret.

"I am,

"Dear mother,

"etc., etc."

"DEAREST MOTHER,—I hope you are not fretting about me. Dr. Amboyne promised to stop all that. But do write, and say you are not fretting and fancying all manner of things at my cutting away so suddenly. It was the Doctor's doing. And, mother, I shall not stay long away from you, for I slept twelve hours at a stretch last night, and now I'm another man. But really, I think the air of that Cairnhope Peak would cure a fellow at his last gasp.

"Thank you for the linen, and the brushes and things. But you are not the sort to forget anything a fellow might want," etc.

"No, my darling son. Be in no hurry to leave Cairnhope. Of course, love, I was alarmed at first; for I know doctors make the best of everything; and then the first parting!—that is always a sorrowful thing. But, now you are there, I beg you will stay till you are quite recovered. Your letters are a delight, and one I could not have, and you as well, you know.

"Since you are at Cairnhope,—how strange that seems,—pray go and see the old church, where your forefathers are buried. There are curious inscriptions, and some brasses nobody could decipher when I was a girl; but perhaps you might, you are so clever. Your grandfather's monument is in the chancel: I want you to see it. Am I getting very old, that my heart turns back to these scenes of my youth?

"P.S.—Who is this Martha Dence?"

"DEAR MOTHER,—Martha Dence is the farmer's daughter I lodge with. She is not so pretty as her sister Jael that is with Miss Carden; but she is a comely girl, and as good as gold, and bespoke by the butcher. And her putting slices from her plate to mine is a village custom I find.

"Mother, the people here are wonderfully good and simple. First of all, there's farmer Dence, with his high bald head, like a patriarch of old; and he sits and beams with benevolence, but does not talk much. But he lets me see I can stay with him six years, if I choose. Then, there's Martha, hospitality itself, and ready to fly at my enemies like a mastiff. She is a little hot in the temper; feathers up in a moment; but, at a soft word, they go down again as quick. Then, there's the village blacksmith. I call him 'The gentle giant.' He is a tremendous fellow in height, and size, and sinew; but such a kind, sweet-tempered chap. He could knock down an ox, yet he wouldn't harm a fly. I am his idol: I sauntered into his smithy, and forged him one or two knives; and of course he had never seen the hammer used with that nicety; but instead of hating me, as the bad forgers in Hillsborough do, he regularly worships me, and comes blushing up to the farmhouse after hours, to ask after me and get a word with me. He is the best whistler in the parish, and sometimes we march down the village at night, arm-in-arm, whistling a duet. This charms the natives so that we could take the whole village out at our heels, and put them down in another parish. But the droll thing is they will not take me for what I am. My gentle giant would say 'Sir' till I pretended to be affronted; the woman and girls will bob me curtsies, and the men and white-headed boys will take off their hats, and pull their front hair to me. If a skilled workman wants to burst with vanity, let him settle in Cairnhope."

[EXTRACT.]

"Martha Dence and I have had words, and what do you think it was about? I happened to let out my opinion of Mr. Raby. Mother, it was like setting a match to a barrel of gunpowder. She turned as red as fire, and said, 'Who be you that speaks against Raby to Dence?'

"I tried to pacify her, but it was no use. 'Don't speak to me,' said she. 'I thought better of you. You and I are out.' I bowed before the storm, and, to give her time to cool, I obeyed your wishes, and walked to Cairnhope old church. What a curious place! But I could not get in; and, on my return, I found Mr. Raby keeps the key. Now, you can't do a thing here, or say a word, but what it is known all over the village. So Martha Dence meets me at the door, and says,

very stiffly, she thought I might have told her I wanted to see the old church. I pulled a long, penitent face, and said, 'Yes; but unfortunately, I was out of her good books, and had orders not to speak to her.' 'Nay,' says she, 'life is too short for long quarrels. You are a stranger, and knew no better.' Then she told me to wait five minutes while she put on her bonnet, as she calls it. Well, I waited the five-and-forty minutes, and she put on her bonnet, and so many other smart things, that we couldn't possibly walk straight up to the old church. We had to go round by the butcher's shop, and order half-a-pound of suet; no less. 'And bring it yourself, this evening,' said I, 'or it might get lost on the road.' Says the butcher, 'Well, sir, that is the first piece of friendly advice any good Christian has bestowed ——' But I heard no more, owing to Martha chasing me out of the shop.

"To reach the old church we had to pass the old ruffian's door. Martha went in; I sauntered on, and she soon came after me, with the key in her hand. 'But,' said she, 'he told me if my name hadn't been Dence he wouldn't trust me with it, though I went on my bended knees.'

"We opened the church-door, and I spent an hour inside, examining and copying inscriptions for you. But, when I came to take up a loose brass, to try and decipher it, Martha came screaming at me, 'Oh, put it down! put it down! I pledged my word to Squire you should not touch them brasses.' What could I do, mother? The poor girl was in an agony. This old ruffian has, somehow, bewitched her, and her father too, into a sort of superstitious devotion that I can't help respecting, unreasonable as it is. So I dropped the brass, and took to reflecting. And I give you my thoughts.

"What a pity and a shame that a building of this size should lie idle! If it was mine I would carefully remove all the monuments, and the dead bones, et cetera, to the new church, and turn this old building into a factory, or a set of granaries, or something useful. It is as great a sin to waste bricks and mortar as it is bread," etc.

"MY DEAR HARRY,—Your dear sprightly letters delight me, and reconcile me to the separation; for I see that your health is improving every day, by your gaiety; and this makes me happy, though I cannot quite be gay.

"Your last letter was very amusing, yet, somehow, it set me thinking, long and sadly; and some gentle remarks from Dr. Amboyne (he called yesterday) have also turned my mind the same way. Time has softened the terrible blow that estranged my brother and myself, and I begin to ask myself, was my own conduct perfect? was my brother's quite without excuse? I may have seen but one side, and been too hasty in judging him. At all events, I would have you, who are a man, think for yourself, and not rush into too harsh a view of that unhappy quarrel. Dearest, family quarrels are family misfortunes: why should they go down to another generation? You frighten me, when you wonder that Nathan and his family (I had forgotten his name was Dence) are attached to Mr. Raby. Why, with all his faults, my brother is a chivalrous, high-minded gentleman; his word is his bond, and he never deserts a friend, however humble; and I have heard our dear father say that, for many generations, uncommon acts of kindness had passed between that family of yeomen and the knights and squires of Raby.

"And now, dear, I am going to be very foolish. But, if these Dences are as great favorites with him as they were with my father, she could easily get you into the house some day, when he is out hunting; and I do want you to see one

thing more before you come back from Cairnhope—your mother's picture. It hangs, or used to hang, in the great dining-room, nearly opposite the fireplace.

"I blush at my childishness, but I *should* like my child to see what his mother was, when she brought him into the world, that sad world in which he has been her only joy and consolation.

"P. S.—What an idea! Turn that dear old church into a factory! But you are a young man of the day. And a wonderful day it is; I cannot quite keep up with it."

"DEAR MOTHER,—I have been there. Mr. Raby is a borough magistrate, as well as a county justice; and was in Hillsborough all day to-day. Martha Dence took me to Raby Hall, and her name was a passport. When I got to the door, I felt as if something pulled me, and said, 'It's an enemy's house; don't go in.' I wish I had obeyed the warning; but I did not.

"Well, I have seen your portrait. It is lovely. It surpasses any woman I ever saw. And it must have been your image, for it is very like you now, only in the bloom of your youth.

"And now, dear mother, having done something for you, quite against my own judgment, and my feelings too, please do something for me. Promise me never to mention Mr. Raby's name to me again, by letter, or by word of mouth either. He is not a gentleman; he is not a man; he is a mean, spiteful, cowardly cur. I'll keep out of his way, if I can; but if he gets in mine, I shall give him a devilish good hiding, then and there, and I'll tell *him* the reason why; and I will not tell *you*.

"Dear mother, I did intend to stay till Saturday, but, after this, I shall come back to you to-morrow. My own sweet dove of a mammy; who, but a beast, could hurt or affront you?

"So no more letters from your

"Dutiful and affectionate son,

"HARRY."

Next day young Little took leave of his friends in Cairnhope, with a promise to come over some Sunday, and see them all. He borrowed a hooked stick of his devotee, the blacksmith, and walked off with his little bundle over his shoulder, in high health and spirits, and ripe for anything.

Some successful men are so stout-hearted, their minds seem never to flinch. Others are elastic; they give way, and appear crushed; but, let the immediate pressure be removed, they fly back again, and their enemy finds he has not gained an inch. Henry's was of this sort; and, as he swung along through the clear brisk air, the world seemed his football once more.

This same morning Jael Dence was to go to Cairnhope, at her own request.

She packed her box, and corded it, and brought it down herself, and put it in the passage, and the carrier was to call for it at one. As for herself, four miles of omnibus, and the other seven on foot, was child's play to her, whose body was as lusty and active as her heart was tender and clinging.

She came in to the drawing-room, with her bonnet and shawl on, and the tear in her eye, to bid Miss Carden good-by. Two male friends would have parted in five minutes; but this pair were a wonderful while separating, and still there was always something to say, that kept Grace detaining, or Jael lingering; and, when she had been going, going, going, for more than half an hour, all of a sudden she cried out, "Oh! There he is!" and flushed all over.

"Who?" asked Grace, eagerly.

"The dark young man. He is at the door now, Miss.—And me going away," she faltered.

"Well then, why go till he has paid his visit? Sit down. You needn't take off your bonnet."

Miss Carden then settled herself, took up her work, and prepared to receive her preceptor as he deserved; an intention she conveyed to Jael by a glance, just as Henry entered, blooming with exercise and the keen air, and looking extremely handsome and happy.

His reception was a chilling bow from Miss Carden, and from Jael a cheek blushing with pleasure at the bare sight of him, but an earnest look of mild reproach. It seemed cruel of him to stay away so long, and then come just as she was going.

This reception surprised Henry, and disappointed him; however he constrained himself, and said politely, but rather coldly, that some unpleasant circumstances had kept him away; but he hoped now to keep his time better.

"Oh, pray consult your own convenience entirely," said Miss Carden. "Come when you have nothing better to do; that is the understanding."

"I should be always coming at that rate."

Grace took no notice. "Would you like to see how I look with my one eyebrow?" said she. "Jael, please fetch it."

While Jael was gone for the bust, Henry took a humbler tone, and in a low voice began to excuse his absence; and I think he would have told the real truth, if he had been encouraged a little; but he was met with a cold and withering assurance that it was a matter of no consequence. Henry thought this unfair, and, knowing in his own heart it was ungrateful, he rebelled. He bit his lip, sat down as gloomy as the grave, and resumed his work, silent and sullen.

As for Jael, she brought in the bust, and then sat down with her bonnet on, quaking; for she felt sure that, in such a dismal dearth of conversation, Miss Carden would be certain to turn round very soon, and say, "Well, Jael, you can go now."

But this Quakers' meeting was interrupted by a doctor looking in to prescribe for Miss Carden's cold. The said cold was imperceptible to vulgar eyes, but Grace had detected it, and had written to her friend, Dr. Amboyne, to come and make it as imperceptible to herself as to the spectator.

In rolled the Doctor, and was not a little startled at sight of Little.

"Hallo!" cried he. "What, cured already? Cairnhope for ever!" He then proceeded to feel his pulse instead of Miss Carden's, and inspect his eye, at which Grace Carden stared.

"What, is he unwell?"

"Why, a man does not get blown up with gunpowder without some little disturbance of the system."

"Blown up with gunpowder! What *do* you mean?"

"What, have you not heard about it? Don't you read the newspapers?"

"No; never."

"Merciful powers! But has he not told you?"

"No; he tells us nothing."

"Then I'll tell you. It is of no use your making faces at me. There is no earthly reason why *she* should be kept in the dark. These Hillsborough trades want to drive this young man out of the town: why—is too long and intricate for you to follow. He resists this tyranny, gently, but firmly."

"I'd resist it furiously," said Grace.

"The consequence is, they wrote him several threatening letters; and, at last, some caitiff put gunpowder into his forge; it exploded, and blew him out of a second-floor window."

"Oh! oh!" screamed Grace Carden and Jael; and by one womanly impulse they both put their hands before their faces, as if to shut out the horrible picture.

"What is that for?" said the Doctor. "You see he is all right now. But I promise you, he cut a very different figure when I saw him directly afterward; he was scorched as black as a coal——"

"Oh, doctor, don't; pray don't. Oh, sir, why did you not tell me?"

"And his face bleeding," continued the merciless Doctor.

"Oh dear! oh dear!" And the sweet eyes were turned, all swimming in water, upon Henry, with a look of angelic pity.

"His nerves were terribly shaken, but there were no bones broken. I said to myself, 'He must sleep or go mad, and he will not sleep in the town that has blown him up.' I just drove the patient off to peace and pure air, and confided him to one of the best creatures in England—Martha Dence."

Jael uttered an exclamation of wonder, which drew attention to her and her glowing cheeks.

"Oh yes, Miss Jael," said Henry, "I was going to tell you. I have been a fortnight with your people, and, if I live a hundred years, I shall never forget their goodness to me. God bless them."

"'Twas the least they could do," said Jael, softly.

"What a pity you are going out. I should have liked to talk to you about your father, and Martha, and George the blacksmith. Doctor, who would live in a town after Cairnhope?"

"Jael's fingers trembled at her bonnet-strings, and, turning a look of piteous supplication on Grace, she faltered out, "If you please, Miss, might I stay over to-day?"

"Of course. And then he will tell you all about your people, and that will do just as well as you going to see them; and better."

Off came Jael's bonnet with wonderful celerity.

"Get the whole story out of him," said Dr. Amboyne. "It is well worth your attention. As for me, I must go as soon as I have prescribed for you. What is the matter?"

"The matter is that there's nothing the matter; prescribe for that. And that I'm a goose—prescribe for that—and don't read the newspapers; prescribe for that."

"Well, then, I prescribe the 'Hillsborough Liberal.' It has drawn a strong picture of this outrage, and shown its teeth to the trades. And, if I might advise a lady of your age and experience, I would say, in future always read the newspapers. They are, compared with books, what machinery is compared with hand-labor. But, in this one instance, go to the fountain-head, and ask Mr. Henry Little there, to tell you his own tragedy, with all the ins and outs."

"Ah! if he would," said Grace, turning her eyes on Henry. "But he is not so communicative to poor us. Is he, Jael?"

"No, Miss."

"He never even told us his name. Did he, Jael?"

"No, Miss. He is very close."

"Open him then," said the Doctor. "Come, come, there are a pair of you;

and evidently disposed to act in concert ; if you cannot turn a man inside out, I disown you ; you are a discredited to your sex." He then shook hands with all three of them, and rolled away.

"Jael," said Miss Carden, "oblige me by ringing the bell."

A servant entered.

"Not at home to any human creature," said the young lady.

"The servant retired.

"And, if they see me at the window, all the worse—for *them*. Now, Mr. Little?"

Henry complied, and told the whole story, with the exception of the threat, to his sweetheart ; and passed two delightful hours. Who is so devoid of egotism as not to like to tell his own adventures, to sympathizing beauty ? He told it in detail, and even read them portions of the threatening letters ; and, as he told it, their lovely eyes seemed on fire ; and they were red, and pale, by turns. He told it, like a man, with dignity and sobriety, and never used an epithet. It was Miss Carden who supplied the "Monsters !" "Villains !" "Cowards !" "Wretches !" at due intervals. And once she started from her seat, and said she could not bear it. "I see through it all," she cried. "That Jobson is a hypocrite ; and he is at the bottom of it all. I hate him ; and Parkin worse. As for the assassin, I hope God, who saw him, will punish him. What I want to do is to kill Jobson and Parkin, one after another ; kill them—kill them—kill them—I'll tell papa."

As for Jael, she could not speak her mind, but she panted heavily, and her fingers worked convulsively, and clutched themselves very tight at last.

When he had done his narrative, he said sadly, "I despise these fellows as much as you do ; but they are too many for me. I am obliged to leave Hillsborough."

"What, let the wretches drive you away ? I would never do that—if I was a man."

"What would you do then ?" asked Henry, his eye sparkling.

"Do ? Why fight them ; beat them ; and kill them. It is not as if they were brave men. They are only cunning cowards. I'd meet cunning with cunning. I'd outwit them somehow. I'd change my lodging every week, and live at little inns and places. I'd lock up every thing I used, as well as the rooms. I'd consult wiser heads, the Editor of the 'Liberal,' and the Head of the police. I'd carry fire-arms, and have a body-guard, night and day ; but they should never say they had frightened me out of Hillsborough—if I was a man."

"You are right," cried Henry. "I'll do all you advise me, and I won't be driven out of this place. I love it. I'll live in it, or I'll die in it. I'll never leave it."

This was almost the last word that passed this delightful afternoon, when the sense of her own past injustice, the thrilling nature of the story told by the very sufferer, and, above all, the presence and the undisguised emotion of another sympathizing woman, thawed Grace Carden's reserve, warmed her courage, and carried her, quite unconsciously, over certain conventional bounds, which had, hitherto, been strictly observed in her intercourse with this young workman.

Henry himself felt that this day was an era in his love. When he left the door, he seemed to tread on air. He walked to the first cab-stand, took a conveyance to his mother's door, and soon he was locked in her arms.

She had been fretting for hours at his delay ; but she never let him know it. The whole place was full of preparations for his comfort, and certain delicacies

he liked were laid out on a little sideboard, and the tea-things set, including the silver teapot, used now on high occasions only.

She had a thousand questions to ask, and he to answer. And, while he ate, the poor woman leaned back, and enjoyed seeing him eat; and, while he talked, her fine eyes beamed with maternal joy. She revelled deliciously in his health, his beauty, and his safe return to her; and thought, with gentle complacency, that they should soon return to London together.

In the morning, she got out a large light box, and said, "Harry, dear, I suppose I may as well begin to pack up. You know I take longer than you do."

Henry blushed. "Pack up?" said he, hesitatingly. "We are not going away."

"Not going away, love? Why you agreed to leave, on account of those dreadful unions."

"Oh, I was ill, and nervous, and out of spirits; but the air of Cairnhope has made a man of me. I shall stay here, and make our fortune."

"But the air of Cairnhope has not made you friends with the unions." She seemed to reflect a moment, then asked him at what time he had left Cairnhope.

"Eleven o'clock."

"Ah! And who did you visit before you came to me?"

"You question me like a child, mother."

"Forgive me, dear. I will answer my own question. You called on some one who gave you bad advice."

"Oh, did I?"

"On some woman."

"Say a lady."

"What does that matter to me?" cried Mrs. Little, wildly. "They are all my enemies. And this one is yours. It is a woman, who is not your mother, for she thinks more of herself than of you."

CHAPTER VII.

HENRY had now to choose between his mother's advice and Miss Carden's commands; and this made him rather sullen and irritable. He was glad to get out of his mother's house, and went direct to the works. Bayne welcomed him warmly, and, after some friendly congratulations and inquiries, pulled out two files of journals, and told him he had promised to introduce him to the Editor of the "Liberal." He then begged Henry to wait in the office, and read the files—he would not be gone many minutes.

The "Constitutional" gave a dry narrative of the outrage, and mourned the frequency of such incidents.

The "Liberal" gave a dramatic narrative, and said the miscreant must have lowered himself by a rope from a parapet, and passed the powder inside without entering. "He perilled his life to perpetrate this crime; and he also risked penal servitude for ten years. That he was not deterred by the double risk, proves the influence of some powerful motive; and that motive must have been either a personal feud of a very virulent kind, or else trade fanaticism. From this alternative there is no escape."

Next day, both journals recorded a trade-meeting at "The Rising Sun." Delegates from the Edge-tool Forgers' Union, and the Edge-tool Handlers'

Union, with some other representatives of Hillsborough unions, were present, and passed a resolution repudiating, with disgust, the outrage that had been recently committed, and directed their secretaries to offer a reward of twenty pounds, the same to be paid to any person who would give such information as should lead to the discovery of the culprit.

On this the "Constitutional" commented as follows: "Although we never for a moment suspected these respectable unions of conniving at this enormity, yet it is satisfactory to find them, not merely passive spectators, but exerting their energy, and spending their money, in a praiseworthy endeavor to discover and punish the offenders."

Henry laid down the paper, and his heart felt very warm to Jobson and and Parkin. "Come," said he, "I am glad of that. They are not half a bad sort, those two, after all."

Then he took up the "Liberal," and, being young and generous, felt disgusted at its comment:

"This appears very creditable to the two unions in question. But, unfortunately, long experience proves that these small rewards never lead to any discovery. They fail so invariably, that the unions do not risk a shilling by proffering them. In dramatic entertainments the tragedy is followed by a farce: and so it is with these sanguinary crimes in Hillsborough; they are always followed by repudiation, and offers of a trumpety reward quite disproportionate to the offence, and the only result of the farce is to divert attention from the true line of inquiry as to who enacted the tragedy. The mind craves novelty, and perhaps these delegates will indulge that desire by informing us for once, what was the personal and Corsican feud which led—as they would have us believe—to this outrage; and will, at the same time, explain to us why these outrages with gunpowder have never, either in this or in any preceding case, attacked any but non-union men."

When Henry had read thus far, the writer of the leader entered the room with Mr. Bayne.

A gentleman not above the middle height, but with a remarkable chest, both broad and deep; yet he was not unwieldy, like Doctor Amboyne, but clean-built, and symmetrical. An agreeable face, with one remarkable feature, a mouth full of iron resolution, and a slight humorous dimple at the corners.

He shook hands with Henry, and said, "I wish to ask you a question or two, in the way of business: but first let me express my sympathy, as a man, and my detestation of the ruffians, that have so nearly victimized you."

This was very hearty, and Henry thanked him, with some emotion. "But, sir," said he, "if I am to reply to your questions, you must promise me you will never publish my name."

"It is on account of his mother," whispered Bayne.

"Yes, sir. It was her misfortune to lose my father by a violent death, and, of course, you may imagine——"

"Say no more," said Mr. Holdfast: "your name shall not appear. And—let me see—does your mother know you work here?"

"Yes, she does."

"Then we had better keep Cheetham's name out as well."

"Oh, thank you, sir, thank you. Now I'll answer any questions you like."

"Well, then, I hear this outrage was preceded by several letters. Could I see them?"

"Certainly. I carry mine always in my pocket, for fear my poor mother should see them: and, Mr. Bayne, you have got Cheetham's."

In another minute the whole correspondence was on the table, and Mr. Holdfast laid it out in order, like a map, and went through it, taking notes. "What a comedy," said he. "All but the denouement. Now, Mr. Bayne, can any other manufacturers show me a correspondence of this kind?"

"Is there one that can't? There isn't a power-wheel, or a water-wheel, within eight miles of Hillsborough, that can't show you just such a correspondence as this; and rattening, or worse, at the tail of it."

Mr. Holdfast's eye sparkled like a diamond. "I'll make the round," said he. "And, Mr. Little, perhaps you will be kind enough to go with me, and let me question you, on the road. I have no sub-editor; no staff; I carry the whole journal on my head. Every day is a hard race between Time and me, and not a minute to spare."

Mr. Cheetham was expected at the works this afternoon: so Henry, on leaving Mr. Holdfast, returned to them, and found him there with Bayne, looking, disconsolately, over a dozen orders for carving-tools.

"Glad to see you again, my lad," said Cheetham. "Why, you look all the better."

"I'm none the worse, sir."

"Come to take your balance and leave me?" This was said half plaintively, half crossly.

"If you wish it, sir."

"Not I. How is it to be?"

"Well, sir, I say to you what you said to me the other day, Stick to me, and I'll stick to you."

"I'll stick to you."

Bayne held up his hands piteously to them both.

"What, sir?" faltered he, turning to Cheetham, "after all your experience!" then, to Henry, "What, fight the trades, after the lesson they have given you!"

"I'll fight them all the more for that," said Henry, grinding his teeth; "fight them till all is blue."

"So will I. That for the trades!"

"Heaven help you both!" groaned Bayne, and looked the picture of despair.

"You promised me shutters, with a detonator, sir."

"Ay, but you objected."

"That was before they blew me up."

"Just so. Shutters shall be hung to-morrow; and the detonators I'll fix myself."

"Thank you, sir. Would you mind engaging a watchman?"

"Hum? Not—if you will share the expense."

"I'll pay one-third."

"Why should I pay two-thirds? It is not like shutters and Bramah locks—they are property. However, he'll be good against rattening; and you have lost a fortnight, and there are a good many orders. Give me a good day's work, and we won't quarrel over the watchman." He then inquired, rather nervously, whether there was anything more.

"No, sir; we are agreed. And I'll give you good work and full time."

The die was cast, and now he must go home and face his mother. For the first time this many years he was half afraid to go near her. He dreaded remonstrances and tears: tears that he could not dry; remonstrances that would worry him, but could not shake him.

This young man, who had just screwed his physical courage up to defy the redoubtable unions, had a fit of moral cowardice, and was so reluctant to encounter the gentlest woman in England that he dined at a chop-house, and then sauntered into a music-hall, and did not go home till past ten, meaning to say a few kind, hurried words, then yawn and slip to bed.

But, meantime, Mrs. Little's mind had not been idle. She had long divined a young rival in her son's heart, and many a little pang of jealousy had traversed her own. This morning, with a quickness which may seem remarkable to those who have not observed the watchful keenness of maternal love, she had seen that her rival had worked upon Henry to resign his declared intention of leaving Hillsborough. Then she had felt her way, and, in a moment, she had found the younger woman was the stronger.

She assumed, as a matter of course, that this girl was in love with Henry (who would not be in love with him?) and had hung, weeping, round his neck when he called from Cairnhope to bid her farewell, and had made him promise to stay. This was the mother's theory—wrong, but rational.

Then came the question, What should she do? Fight against youth and nature? Fight, unlikely to succeed, sure to irritate and disturb? Risk any of that rare affection and confidence her son had always given her?

While her thoughts ran this way, seven o'clock came, and no Henry. Eight o'clock, no Henry. "Ah!" thought the mother, "that one word of mine has had this effect already."

She prepared an exquisite little supper. She made her own toilet with particular care; and, when all was ready, she sat down and comforted herself by reading his letters, and comparing his love with the cavalier behavior of many sons in this island, the most unfilial country in Europe.

At half past ten, Henry came up the stairs; not with the usual light, elastic tread, but with slow, hesitating foot. Her quick ear caught that, too, and her gentle bosom yearned. What? had she frightened him? He opened the door, and she rose to receive him, all smiles. "You are rather late, dear," she said; "but all the better. It has given me an excuse for reading your dear letters all over again; and I have a thousand questions to ask you about Cairnhope. But sit down first and have your supper."

Henry brightened up, and ate a good supper, and his mother plied him with questions, all about Cairnhope.

Here was an unexpected relief. Henry took a superficial view of all this. Sharp young men of twenty-four understand a great many things; but they can't quite measure their mothers yet.

Henry was selfishly pleased, but not ungrateful, and they passed a pleasant and affectionate time; and, as for leaving Hillsborough, the topic was avoided by tacit consent.

Next morning, after this easy victory, Henry took a cab and got to Woodbine Villa, by a circuitous route. His heart beat high as he entered the room where Grace was seated. After the extraordinary warmth and familiarity she had shown him at the last interview, he took for granted he had made a lasting progress in her regard.

But she received him with a cold and distant manner that quite benumbed him. Grace Carden's face and manner were so much more expressive than other people's, that you could never mistake or doubt the mood she was in; and this morning she was freezing.

The fact is, Miss Carden had been tormenting herself; and when Beauty suffers it is very apt to make others suffer as well.

"I am glad you are come, Mr. Little," said she; "for I have been taking myself to task ever since, and I blame myself very much for some things I said. In the first place, it was not for me" (here the fair speaker colored up to the temples) "to interfere in your affairs at all; and then, if I must take such a liberty, I ought to have advised you sensibly, and for your good. I have been asking people, and they all tell me it is madness for one person to fight against these unions. Everybody gets crushed. So now let me hope you will carry out your wise intention, and leave Hillsborough; and then my conscience will be at ease."

Every word fell like an icicle on her hearer's heart. To please this cold, changeful creature, he had settled to defy the unchangeable unions, and had been ready to resist his mother, and slight her immortal and unchanging love.

"You don't answer me, sir!" said Miss Carden, with an air of lofty surprise.

"I answered you yesterday," said he, sullenly. "A man can't chop and change like a weathercock."

"But it is not changing, it's only going back to your own intention. You know you were going to leave Hillsborough, before I talked all that nonsense. Your story had set me on fire, and that's my only excuse. Well, now the same person takes the liberty to give you wise and considerate advice, instead of hot, and hasty, romantic nonsense. Which ought you to respect most—folly or reason—from the same lips?"

Henry seemed to reflect. "That sounds reasonable," said he; "but, when you advised me not to show the white feather, you spoke your heart; now, you are only talking from your head. Then, your beautiful eyes flashed fire, and your soul was in your words: who could resist them? And you spoke to me like a friend; now you speak to me like an enemy."

"Oh, Mr. Little, that is ridiculous."

"You do though. And I'm sure I don't know why."

"Nor I. Perhaps because I am cross with myself; certainly not with you."

"I am glad of that. Well, then, the long and the short is, you showed me you thought it cowardly to fly from the trades. You wouldn't, said you, if you were a man. Well, I'm a man; and I'll do as you would do in my place. I'll not throw my life away, I'll meet craft with craft, and force with force; but fly I never will. I'll fight while I've a leg to stand on."

With these words he began to work on the bust, in a quiet dogged way that was, nevertheless, sufficiently expressive.

Grace looked at him silently for half a minute, and then rose from her chair.

"Then," said she, "I must go for somebody of more authority than I am." She sailed out of the room.

Henry asked Jael who she was gone for.

"It will be her papa," said Jael.

"As if I care what he says."

"I wouldn't show *her* that, if I was you," said Jael, quietly, but with a good deal of weight.

"You are right," said Henry. "You are a good girl. I don't know which is the best, you or Martha. I say, I promised to go to Cairnhope some Sunday, and see them all. Shall I drive you over?"

"And bring me back at night?"

"If you like. I must come back."

"I'll ask Miss Carden."

The words were quiet and composed, but the blushing face beamed with unreasonable happiness; and Grace, who entered at that moment with her father, was quite struck with its eloquence; she half started, but took no further notice just then. "There, papa," said she, "this is Mr. Little."

Mr. Carden was a tall gentleman, with somewhat iron features, but a fine head of grey hair: rather an imposing personage; not the least pompous though; quite a man of the world, and took a business view of everything, matrimony, of course, included.

"Oh, this is Mr. Little, is it, whose work we all admire so much?"

"Yes, papa."

"And whose adventure has made so much noise?"

"Yes, papa."

"By-the-by, there is an article to-day on you: have you seen it? No? But you should see it; it is very smart. My dear," (to Jael,) "will you go to my study, and bring the 'Liberal' here?"

"Yes, but meantime, I want you to advise him not to subject himself to more gunpowder and things, but to leave the town; that is all the wretches demand."

"And that," said Henry, with a sly deferential tone, "is a good deal to demand in a free country, is it not, sir?"

"Indeed it is. Ah, here comes the 'Liberal.' Somebody read the article to us, while he works. I want to see how he does it."

Curiosity overpowered Grace's impatience, for a moment, and she read the notice out with undisguised interest.

"THE LAST OUTRAGE.

"IN our first remarks upon this matter, we merely laid down an alternative which admits of no dispute; and, abstaining from idle conjectures, undertook to collect evidence. We have now had an interview with the victim of that abominable outrage. Mr. * is one of those superior workmen who embellish that class for a few years, but invariably rise above it, and leave it' (there—Mr. Little!)—'He has informed us that he is a stranger in Hillsborough, lives retired, never sits down in a public-house, and has not a single enemy in Hillsborough, great or small. He says that his life was saved by his fellow-workmen, and that as he lay scorched ——' (Oh dear!)"

"Well, go on, Grace."

"It is all very well to say go on, Papa—'scorched and bleeding on the ground, and unable to distinguish faces' (poor, poor Mr. Little!) 'he heard, on all sides of him, expressions of rugged sympathy; and sobs, and tears, from rough, but—man-ly fellows, who—' (oh! oh! oh!)"

Grace could not go on for whimpering, and Jael cried, for company. Henry left off carving, and turned away his head, touched to the heart by this sweet and sudden sympathy.

"How badly you read," said Mr. Carden, and took the journal from her. He read in a loud business-like monotone, that, like some blessed balm, dried every tear. "Manly fellows who had never shed a tear before: this disposed of one alternative, and narrowed the inquiry. It was not a personal feud; therefore it was a trade outrage, or it was nothing. We now took evidence bearing on the

inquiry thus narrowed ; and we found the assault had been preceded by a great many letters, all of them breathing the spirit of Unionism, and none of them intimating a private wrong. These letters, taken in connection, are a literary curiosity ; and we find there is scarcely a manufacturer in the place who has not endured a similar correspondence, and violence at the end of it. This curious chapter of the human mind really deserves a separate heading, and we introduce it to our readers as

“THE LITERATURE OF OUTRAGE.”

“First of all comes a letter to the master intimating that he is doing something objectionable to some one of the many unions that go to make a single implement of hardware. This letter has three features. It is signed with a real name. It is polite. It is grammatical.

“If disregarded, it is speedily followed by another. No. 2 is grammatical, or thereabouts ; but, under a feigned politeness, the insolence of a vulgar mind shows itself pretty plainly, and the master is reminded what he suffered on some former occasion when he rebelled against the trades. This letter is sometimes anonymous, generally pseudonymous.

“If this reminder of the past, and intimation of the future, is disregarded, the refractory master gets a missive, which begins with an affectation of coarse familiarity, and then rises, with a ludicrous bound, into brutal and contemptuous insolence. In this letter, grammar is flung to the winds, along with good manners ; but spelling survives, by a miracle. Next comes a short letter, full of sanguinary threats, and written in, what we beg leave to christen, the Dash dialect, because, though used by at least three million people in England, and three thousand in Hillsborough, it can only be printed with blanks, the reason being simply this, that every sentence is measled with oaths and indecencies. These letters are also written phonetically, and, as the pronunciation, which directs the spelling, is all wrong, the double result is prodigious. Nevertheless, many of these pronunciations are ancient, and were once universal. An antiquarian friend assures us the orthography of these blackguards, the scum of the nineteenth century, is wonderfully like that of a mediæval monk or baron.

“When the correspondence has once descended to the Dash dialect, written phonetically, it never remounts toward grammar, spelling, or civilization ; and the next step in the business is rattening, or else beating, or shooting, or blowing-up the-obnoxious individual by himself, or along with a houseful of people quite strange to the quarrel. Now, it is manifest to common sense, that all this is one piece of mosaic, and that the criminal act it all ends in is no more to be disconnected from the last letter, than the last letter from its predecessor, or letter 3 from letter 2. Here is a crime first gently foreshadowed, then grimly intimated, then directly threatened, then threatened in words that smell of blood and gunpowder, and then—done. The correspondence and the act reveal—

The various talents, but the single mind.

“In face of this evidence, furnished by themselves, the trades’ unions, some member of which has committed this crime, will do well to drop the worn-out farce of offering a trumpery reward, and to take a direct and manly course. They ought to accept Mr. *’s preposterously liberal offer, and admit him to the two unions, and thereby disown the criminal act in the form most consolatory to the sufferer ; or else they should face the situation, and say, “This act was done under our banner, though not by our order, and we stand by it.” The “Liberal” will continue to watch the case.”

"This will be a pill," said Mr. Carden, laying down the paper. "Why, they call the 'Liberal' the workman's advocate."

"Yes, Papa," said Grace; "but how plainly he shows —. But Mr. Little is a stranger, and even this terrible lesson has not —. So do pray advise him."

"I should be very happy; but when you are my age you will know it is of little use intruding advice upon people."

"Oh, Mr. Little will treat it with proper respect, coming from one so much older than himself, and better acquainted with this wretched town. Will you not, Mr. Little?" said she, with so cunning a sweetness that the young fellow was entrapped, and assented before he knew what he was about; then colored high at finding himself committed.

Mr. Carden reflected a moment. He then said, "I can't take upon myself to tell any man to give up his livelihood. But one piece of advice I can conscientiously give Mr. Little."

"Yes, Papa."

"And that is—TO INSURE HIS LIFE."

"Oh, Papa!" cried Grace.

As for Henry, he was rather amused, and his lip curled satirically.

But the next moment he happened to catch sight of Jael Dence's face; her grey eyes were expanded with a look of uneasiness; and, directly she caught his eye she fixed it, and made him a quick movement of the head, directing him to assent.

There was something so clear and decided in the girl's manner that it overpowered Henry, who had no very clear idea to oppose to it, and he actually obeyed the nod of this girl, whom he had hitherto looked on as an amiable simpleton.

"I have no objection to that," said he, turning to Mr. Carden. Then, after another look at Jael, he said, demurely, "Is there any insurance office you could recommend?"

Mr. Carden smiled. "There is only one I have a right to recommend, and that is the 'Gosshawk.' I am a director. But," said he, with sudden stiffness, "I could furnish you with the names of many others."

Henry saw his way clear by this time. "No, sir, if I profit by your advice, the least I can do is to choose the one you are a director of."

Grace, who had latterly betrayed uneasiness and irritation, now rose, red as fire. "The conversation is taking a turn I did not at all intend," said she, and swept out of the room with royal disdain.

Her father apologized carelessly for her tragical exit. "That is a young lady who detests business; but she does not object to its fruits—dresses, lace, footmen, diamonds, and a carriage to drive about in. On the contrary, she would be miserable without them."

"I should hope she never will be without them, sir."

"I'll take care of that."

Mr. Carden said this rather dryly, and then retired for a minute; and Grace, who was not far off, with an ear like a hare, came back soon after.

But in the meantime Henry left his seat and went to Jael; and, leaning over her as she worked, said, "There is more in that head of yours than I thought."

"Oh, they all talk before me," said Jael, blushing faintly, and avoiding his eye.

"Jael Dence," said the young man, warmly, "I'm truly obliged to you."

"What for?"

"For your good advice. I didn't see how good it was till after I had taken it."

"I'm afeard Miss Grace gave you better."

"She advised me against my heart. What is the use of that?"

"Ay, young men are wilful."

"Come, come, don't you go back. You are my friend and counsellor."

"That is something," said Jael, in a low voice; and her hands trembled at her side.

"Why, my dear girl, what's the matter?"

"Hush! hush!"

A DESULTORY DENUNCIATION OF ENGLISH DICTIONARIES.

CONCLUSION OF "WORDS AND THEIR USES."

NEARLY a month before the time at which I am writing I learned that Dean Trench had published a small pamphlet "On some defects in our English Dictionaries." Of this little book I have sought a sight in vain. I have tried to buy and to borrow it; but the only copy that I have heard of in this country belongs to the Mercantile Library, in New York, from which it has been unjustifiably kept out for more than three weeks. I mention this circumstance to call attention to the culpable carelessness and indifference of many persons about the books in public libraries. Here, for instance, is a pamphlet which any person could read through in an hour, and from which a man to whom it would be of any real service could get, in a single evening, all that he could use by way of hint or instruction; and yet by neglecting to read and return it promptly the present holder is likely to hinder others seriously without benefiting himself. But, if the title of Dean Trench's little treatise is an index to its contents, and he does not use the word *defect*, as it is sometimes loosely and incorrectly used, in the sense of fault, mistake, error, the little I have to say upon the subject of this article can scarcely have been anticipated by my reverend and learned predecessor. For I have chiefly to deal, not with the defects of our English dictionaries, but with their superfluities—superfluities which are stupefying, embarrassing, misleading, whose only value is to the compilers of the books, in that they give occasion of boasting as to the number of words assembled, and increase bulk and cost, at a loss of convenience and of money to the buyer.

Bailey's "Universal Etymological English Dictionary" was the first worthy attempt at the making of a word-book of our language; and a very creditable attempt it was for the time of its publication, 1726. For those who care to do more about language than to see how "the dictionary" says a word should be spelled, or what it means, Bailey's work has never been entirely superseded. There was some reason that the compiler should say that he had enriched his book with "several thousand English words and phrases in no English dictionary before extant;" for the English dictionaries that preceded his were so small and deficient that as representations of the vocabulary of our language they were of little worth. But the boasting of subsequent dictionary-makers is like most other boasting, empty and ridiculous in proportion to the magnitude of its pretensions.

When we are told that Webster's Dictionary contains sixteen thousand words not found in any similar preceding work, and then that the Imperial Dictionary contains fifteen thousand more words than Webster's, and yet again that the Supplement to the Imperial Dictionary contains twenty thousand more words than the body of the work, we might well believe that our language spawns words as herrings eggs, and that a mere catalogue of its component parts would soon fill a shelf in an ordinary library; were it not that when we come to examine these additions of thousands and tens of thousands of words thus set forth as made in each new dictionary, and in each new edition of each dictionary, we find that not one in a hundred of the added words, hardly one in a thousand, is really an item unnoticed before of the English vocabulary. Our estimate of the worth of an addition that proceeds by columns of four figures is further lowered by the discovery that these dictionaries, with all their ponderous bulk and verbal multitudinousness, do not fully represent the English of literature or of common life; that they give no aid to the reading of some of our standard authors; that while they set forth, with wearisome superfluity and puerile iteration, that upon which every one who has sense and knowledge enough to use a dictionary at all needs no information, they pass by as obsolete, or vulgar, or colloquial, or what not, that upon which people of intelligence and education do need instruction from the special students of language; and that, while they spot their pages with foreign words and phrases, the use of which by some writers has shown, if their knowledge of other tongues, their ignorance of their own, they neglect home-born words that have been in use since English was a language.

That works to which the foregoing objections can be justly made—and they will apply in a greater or less degree to every existing English dictionary—can have no real authority, is too plain to need insisting upon with much particularity. As to dictionaries of the present day, that swell every few years by the thousand items, the presence of a word in one of them shows merely that its compiler has found that word in some dictionary older than his own, or in some not indecent publication of the day; the absence of a word from one of these dictionaries shows merely that it has not been thus met with by the dictionary-maker. Its presence or its absence has this significance and nothing more. Word-books thus compiled have the value which always pertains to a large collection of things of one kind, even although they may be intrinsically and individually of little worth; but the source of any authority in such word-collections, it would be difficult to discover. Upon the proper spelling, pronunciation, etymology, and definition of words, a dictionary might be made to which high and almost absolute authority might justly be awarded. And the first and the second of these points are determined with a very near approximation to such merit in the works of Ogilvie, Latham, Richardson, Worcester, and that which is strangely enough called Webster's. Etymology is the least valuable element, but one, in the making of a dictionary, as it is of interest only to those who wish to study the history of language. It helps no man in his use of the word *bishop* to know that it comes from two Greek words, *epi*, meaning upon, *scopos*, meaning a looker, still less to be told into what forms those words have passed in Spanish, Arabic and Persian. Yet it is in their etymologies that our dictionaries have shown most improvement during the last twenty-five years; they having profited in this respect by the recent great advancement in the etymological department of philology. The etymologies of words in our recently published dictionaries, although as I have said before they are of no great value for the purposes for which dictionaries are consulted, are little nests (sometimes

slightly mare-ish) of curious and agreeable information, and afford a very pleasant and instructive pastime to those who have the opportunity and the inclination to look into them. But they are not worth, in a dictionary, all the labor that is spent on them, or all the room they occupy. The noteworthy spectacle has lately been shown of the casting over of the whole etymological freight of a well-known dictionary and the taking on board of another. For the etymological part of the last edition of Webster's American Dictionary, so-called, Dr. Mahn, of Berlin, is responsible. When it was Webster's Dictionary, it was in this respect ridiculous, the laughing-stock of philologists, a just reproach to scholarship in this country, and even to the general intelligence of a people upon whom such a book could be imposed as authoritative. And now that it is relieved of this blemish, it is, in this respect, neither Webster's Dictionary nor "American," but Mahn's and German.

As to definitions, if they are, as they have been said to be, the most valuable part of a dictionary, it is the more to be regretted that, upon this point, all our dictionaries are more or less misleading and confusing. And they are so in a great measure because the desire to multiply words has had its counterpart in the desire to multiply definitions, in defiance of simple common-sense. Minuteness of division and variety of signification have been sought, that the book might be big and its definitions be styled copious. The definitions have been marshalled one after the other in single file, that their array might be the more imposing; and to increase the impressiveness of the spectacle, they are solemnly numbered. And so, at last, we are seriously told that, for instance, *fall*, as a verb, has twenty-eight meanings, and as a noun nineteen—all as well-defined and several as the two-and-seventy stinks that Coleridge found in the City of Cologne—besides thirty-eight which it has in established phrases! But this simple word is far over-passed, in the multitude and variety of the meanings assigned to it, by another, *run*, which would seem to express always one simple thought as clearly and absolutely as is possible in language. We are actually told that *run*, as a verb transitive, has fifty-six distinct meanings, thirteen as a verb intransitive, and fourteen as a noun, besides twenty-seven in current phrases. To each one of these a special paragraph is given, so that the line stretches out like that of Banquo's progeny in the witches' cave, as by the tenuity of its sense it vanishes away into nothing, like the receding figures in a perspective diagram. Here are some of these definitions of *fall*, as they are given in Webster's Dictionary: Of the verb—5, to die, particularly by violence; 6, to come to an end suddenly, to vanish, to perish; 7, to be degraded, to sink into disrepute, etc., etc.; 8, to decline in power, wealth, or glory, to sink into weakness, etc., etc.; 26, to sink, to languish, to become feeble or faint; 10, to sink, to be lowered; 11, to decrease, to be diminished in weight or value; 17, to happen, to befall, to come; 18, to light on, to come by chance; 20, to come, to arrive; 21, to come unexpectedly; 27, to be brought forth; 28, to issue, to terminate. Of the noun—3, death, destruction, overthrow; 4, ruin, destruction; 5, downfall, degradation, loss of greatness; 6, declension of greatness, power, or dominion; 7, diminution, decrease of price or value, depreciation, as the fall of prices, the fall of rents, the fall of interest; 8, declination of sound [whatever that may be], a sinking of tone, cadence, as the fall of the voice at the close of a sentence. Of *run*, we find the following among the fifty-six meanings given of it as a transitive verb: 3, to use the legs in moving, to step, as children run alone or run about; 4, to move in a hurry—"The priest and people run about;" 8, to contend in a race, as men and horses run for a prize; 13, to be liquid or fluid; 14, to be fusi-

ble, to melt; 15, to fuse or melt; 18, to flow, as words, language, or periods; 21, to have a course or direction; 24, to have a continued tenor or course; 29, to proceed in succession; 31, to proceed in a train of conduct; 36, to extend, to lie in continued length as veins; 37, to have a certain direction—The line runs east and west; 46, to pass or fall into fault, vice, or misfortune, as to run into vice, to run into mistakes; 48, to have a general tendency—Temperate climates run into moderate governments; 51, to creep, as serpents run on the ground; 52, to slide, as a sled or sleigh runs on the ground; 53, to dart, to shoot, as a meteor in the sky; 54, to fly, to move in the air, as the clouds run from N. E. to S. W. Of *run*, the noun, we have these among other discriminated meanings: 2, course, motion, as the “run of humor;” 3, flow, as “a run of verses to please the ear;” 4, course, process, continued series, as “the run of events.” Words would be wasted in showing the absurdity of a system of definition which gives such results as this; which not only sets forth mere metaphorical uses of words as instances of their use in different senses, but in the metaphorical use regards the application of a word in one sense to two objects as its use in two senses; as, for instance, *to fall*, to die by violence, and to come to an end suddenly; *run*, to pass or fall into vice, and to have a general tendency. Let the reader who wishes to see to what lengths this mania for copious definition can lead those upon whom it seizes, examine the words *work, turn, free, live, life, light, wood, head, make, lay, break, cast, cut, give, go, have, heart, heavy, high, hold, put, raise, serve, set, so, stand, take, to*, and almost any other such simple words in Webster’s Dictionary. Let him turn to Johnson’s, and see that *wooden* is defined first as “made of wood,” and next as “clumsy, awkward,” two passages, of which the following is one, being quoted as support for the latter definition:

When a bold man is out of countenance he makes a very wooden figure on’t.

But *wooden* does not here *mean* clumsy or awkward, it only *suggests* clumsiness and awkwardness; and it verily has that suggestion in its power, because it means made of wood, and means, and can mean, nothing else. The use of *wooden* in this instance brings vividly to mind how like a wooden figure, a figure-head, a man appears who has lost his self-possession. Its very value as an epithet consists in that it does *not* mean clumsy and awkward. In the following passage in “Robinson Crusoe,” Defoe furnishes a more pertinent example of this use of the word than either of the two which have been cited in dictionaries:

Well, this I conquered by making a wooden spade; . . . but this did my work in a wooden manner.

A wooden spade could, of course, serve Robinson Crusoe’s needs only in a wooden manner; but, saying this, in the person of his hero, Defoe also artfully suggests the clumsy insufficiency of his homely tool; and his meaning is conveyed completely and impressively, because it is suggested and not literally told. Defoe’s use of this word is here worthy of Shakespeare himself, who attains many of his happiest reaches of language in this manner. He makes, in “The Tempest,” a like use of the very word in question, when Fernando, carrying logs, says:

[I] would no more endure
This wooden slavery, than to suffer
The flesh-fly blow my mouth.

Here *wooden* at once expresses literally the object of the speaker’s labor, and suggests its dull oppressiveness; and it does the latter at the will of the poet only because without that will it does the former.

If we may say that wooden means clumsy, awkward, dull, oppressive, we

may as well say that *oak* means courage because of the phrase "hearts of oak," or that *gold* means innocence because we speak of "the age of gold."

Webster is not wholly responsible for the vicious system of definition upon which he labored—labored with conscientious thoroughness and rare ability in nice discrimination. This system originated with Dr. Johnson; and it is mere justice to say that, although Webster carried it to such an extreme as to produce a concrete *reductio ad absurdum*, he improved upon his model, and displayed a power of discrimination and an ability for the exact expression of nice distinctions much surpassing that of "the great lexicographer."

Johnson's Dictionary was not only a work of great ability and research—it was a work original in its design and its execution; and it is the model of the great English dictionaries, except Richardson's, that have been since compiled. They are all based upon Johnson's; but his was based upon no other: it was the result of a critical examination of the whole range of English literature. It was almost inevitable that a dictionary made in such a manner should, with its great merits, have all the faults by which those merits are counterbalanced, and particularly this one of superfluous, over-subtle, misleading definitions. Johnson undertook to present a full vocabulary of the language gathered from the writings of its principal authors in all departments of literature, and to define each word of that vocabulary according to the various senses in which he found it used. Considering the end in view, the method adopted was the best, if not, indeed, the only one, for its attainment; and the labor was gigantic. But it was hardly avoidable that, in making and defining a vocabulary in this manner, the various applications of words used by various authors in the same sense should be accepted as uses of those words in different senses; and particularly that various metaphorical applications of words having but one real meaning should be discriminated by different definitions. The collection of passages for the illustration of definitions would naturally lead to this false distinction of significations. And as to the remainder of his task, Johnson, although a scholar, and a thinker of singular clearness and force, was not a philologist, even according to the crude and rudimentary philology of his day; nor was his mind so constituted as to fit him for the quick perception of analogies and the patient tracing of verbal vestiges hidden by the drift of centuries, which are necessary to the successful prosecution of philological inquiry. The consequence was that he produced a work that was at once very convenient and very pernicious. I will not say, with him who yet remains the greatest philologist that has made the English language his peculiar study, Horne Tooke, that Johnson's Dictionary is a disgrace to the English people; but there seems to be no reason for disputing Tooke's judgment that Johnson's system was unscientific and vicious, and that a dictionary ought to be made of a very different kind from anything ever yet attempted anywhere. ("Diversions of Purley," I., 401.) Now, all that has since been done in the making of English dictionaries is merely to build upon Johnson's foundation, and to work upon his plan, with the increased materials and the larger knowledge provided by the development of the language and the investigations of modern philology.

In one respect the makers of later dictionaries have followed, to a monstrous extreme, a fashion set by Johnson—that of introducing compound words, and words formed from others simple and well-known, by the addition of the prefixes *dis*, *un*, *mis*, *re*, etc., the meaning and force of which are as generally understood as that of *s* in the plural and in the possessive case. The catalogues of these words with which our dictionaries are blown up into a bloated emptiness of bulk are an

offence to the common-sense of any reader, even the humblest, and serve the purpose of extorting money from his pocket to pay for that which he does not need, while they fill five times the room that would be required by that which he needs. Open Webster's Dictionary, or almost any other, the Imperial Dictionary or Worcester's—but Webster's is the most superfluous and obtrusive in this respect, because it carries to the furthest extreme the vicious plan of vocabulary-making and definition introduced by Johnson—open it at random and see how it is loaded down with this worthless lumber. Of words formed by joining *milk* and some other word together there are twenty-two, of which number are *milk-pail*, *milk-pan*, *milk-porridge*, *milk-score*, *milk-white*; and yet *milk-punch*, *milk-train*, and *milk-poultice* are omitted! *Straw* furnishes twelve such words, of which are *straw-color*, *straw-colored*! *straw-crowned*, *straw-cutter*, *straw-stuffed*! and even *straw-hat*! and yet in vain will Margery Daw look for *straw-bed*, or Recorder Hackett seek the word *straw-bail*. Of words, so-called, made by the union of *heart* with another, there are actually sixty-nine paraded; *heart* itself having sixteen distinct meanings assigned to it simply, and eleven in established phrases. Among these compounded words are *heart-ache*, *heart-appalling*, *heart-consuming*, *heart-corroding* (but not *heart-destroying*, or eke *heart-smashing*), *heart-expanding*, *heart-shaped*! (which we are informed means "having the shape of a heart") *heart-piercing* (which means "piercing the heart"), *heart-sick* (which means "sick at heart"), *heart-thrilling*, *heart-whole* and the like; and yet, *heart-entrancing*, *heart-enticing*, and *heart-bewitching*, as well as *heart-blood*, are omitted. Why! Gentle Webster, tell us why! Surely, a dictionary, of all things, should be "in concatenation accordingly." After being told that *head*, simple of itself, has thirty-one distinct meanings (it has but one of the thirty-one) we are presented with it in combination with other simple words thirty-seven times; of which manner of dictionary-making here are a few examples: *head-ache* (which the inquirer will learn means "pain in the head"), *head-dress*, *head-first* (which we are told means "with the head foremost." Why not "with the head first?" that would be more in keeping), *headless* (of which we not only learn that it means "without a head," but for which we are given the high authority of Spenser as warranting us to say a headless body, neck, or carcass); *head-strong*, *head-work*, and *head-workman* also appear. We find sixty-seven compounds of *horse*, such as *horse-breaker*, *horse-dealer*, *horse-flesh*, *horse-jockey*, *horse-keeper*, *horse-race*, and (important) *horse-racing*, *horse-shoe*, *horse-stealer*, *horse-thief*, and *horse-stealing*, *horse-whip*, *horse-whipped*; and *horse-whipping* twice. Why were there not sixty-eight compounds, for *horse-marine*, alas! is absent? *Sea* is repeated, with other words, one hundred and fifty-seven times! the words being all printed at full length, each in a line by itself, with definitions to use them withal. Else, indeed, how could a man after being told what *sea* means, compass the meaning of *sea-bank*, *sea-bar*, *sea-bathed*, *sea-breeze*, *sea-captain*, *sea-coast*, *sea-man*, *sea-resembling* (which means "like the sea," the point is settled for "the dictionary says so"), *sea-shell*, *sea-shore*, *sea-side*, *sea-thief*, *sea-water* or *sea-weed*? And yet, in defiance of Cooper and Marryat and Admiral Farragut, and the Navy of the United States being set at naught, *sea-cook* is not to be found, nor yet *sea-lubber*. Again why? Webster, why? for you give us *cook* and give us *lubber*, as you give us *bank* and *breeze*, and *captain*, and *shell*, and *shore*, and *side*, and *thief*, and *water*. Why, therefore, *sea-captain* and not *sea-cook*? why *sea-thief* and not *sea-lubber*? We are told what *ear-deafening* means, but are left in ignorance as to *ear-stunning*. *Tooth-drawer* is worthy of explanation, but *tooth-filler* pines in neglect. *Din-*

ing having been defined, and *room*, we are nevertheless told that *dining-room* is a room to dine in ; and yet we are heartlessly left to our own resources to discover the meaning of *breakfast-room*, *breakfast-time*, *tea-room*, *tea-time*, *supper-room* and *supper-time* ; and although we are told what *banquet* means, and what *room*, and also (perhaps therefore) what a *banqueting-room* is, and what a *hall* is, yet as to what those *banquet-halls* are, visions of which float through the stilly night, we are left to guess from the poet's context, or to evolve from the depths of our own moral consciousness. Perhaps the most audacious of all these presentations of simple words in couples as words with individual claims to places in an English vocabulary is the array in which *self* is shown in conjunction with some noun, adjective, or participle. Of these there are actually in Webster's Dictionary one hundred and ninety-six. Not one, of all this number, from the first, *self-abased*, to the mid-most, *self-denial*, and the last, *self-wrong*, has a right to a place in an English dictionary ; for in every case *self*, in the simple, primitive sense it always preserves, is a mere adjective qualifying the word that follows it ; and there is no reason why, if the combinations thus detailed should appear in a dictionary, all other possible combinations of *self* should not also be presented. The list is either entirely superfluous or very defective. In fact such an array is an affront to the understanding of English-speaking people.

But what need of the further working of a mine of absurdity so rich that its product is not worth taking out, and so homogeneous that one specimen is just like another ? Let the reader turn the pages himself, and think as he turns. Besides such compounds as those just cited, let him remark the array of words joined to the common adverbs and adjectives that come correctly from the lips of the most ignorant man a hundred times daily. Of *ever*, thirty-four. (Why not three hundred and forty ? *Ever-active* is present and *ever-silent*, absent : we have *ever-living*, but why not *ever-running* !) Of *out*, *over*, *less*, *after*, *counter*, *all*, *back*, *free*, *foot*, *fore*, *high*, and the like, the compounds swarm upon the page. Finally let him, not inspect, but take a bird's-eye view (for life is short) of the hordes that troop under the standards of *dis*, and *mis*, and *in*, and *inter*, and *un*, and *re*, and *sub*, and *ex*, and the like, not one in a hundred of which have any more right to a place in a dictionary than one man has to enlist under two names and draw two rations, or than a Fenian has to stir up insurrection in Ireland as an Irishman, and to vote (twice) in New York, as what he calls an "American citizen." Upon this point Johnson's successors have bettered his instructions with a vengeance ; for they have more than doubled his array of words with particle prefixes. Rather they have bettered Johnson's practice, and set at naught his instructions. For on this point he taught much more wisely than he practised. It is one upon which few words will serve our purpose. For instance, *agree*, *agreeable*, *appear*, *approve*, *arm*, being given in a dictionary, upon what supposition or pretence of need can *disagree*, *disagreeable*, *disappear*, *disapprove* and *disarm* be given ? We are properly told all about *trust* ; and could there be a better reason why not a word is needed upon *dis-trust* ? And yet we have, in all such cases, not only the simple word, and also the simple word with the prefix, but all the inflections and derivatives of both : *trust*, *trusted*, *truster*, *trustful*, *trustfully*, *trustfulness*, *trustily*, *trustiness*, *trusting* and *trustingly*, and then solemnly *dis-trust*, *distrusted*, *distruster*, *distrustful*, *distrustfully*, *distrustfulness*, *distrustily*, *distrustiness*, *distrusting*, and *distrustingly*. In like manner are paraded the combinations of all the other particle prefixes. Of words compounded with *dis*, Johnson gave 637, Webster gives 1,334 ; of words compounded with *un*, Johnson gave 1,864, Webster gives

3.935, these two prefixes, heading a catalogue of more than 5,000 words, so-called, and such compounds as *unwitty*, *unsoft*, and *unsuit*, going to make up the multitude.* In Webster's Dictionary, the Imperial, and Worcester's, compounds like those previously noticed comprise one-tenth of the vocabulary, from which, nevertheless, words used by English authors of repute, and by English-speaking people the world over, are omitted. If we did not know by what contrivances dictionaries are sold, and how thoughtlessly they are bought and consulted, we might well wonder that books thus made up had not long ago been scouted out of use and out of sight. Here is page after page, from the beginning of the book to the end, filled with matter that is worse than worthless, the very presence of which is an affront to the common-sense of common people. For no man who has intelligence enough and knowledge enough to need a dictionary at all, or to know what one is, requires one in which *arm* and *disarm*, *armed* and *unarmed*, *take* and *retake*, *bent* and *unbent*, *bind* and *unbind*, and the like pairs, are both given. To say the least, the latter are mere superfluity, cumbering the pages on which they appear. And yet it is largely by the insertion of compound, or rather of double words (for they are few of them really compounded) like *dining-room*, *heart-consuming*, and *tooth-drawer*, and of words with particle prefixes, that dictionary-makers sustain their boasts that their books contain so many more thousand words than those of their predecessors, or than their own of previous editions. Dictionaries made in this manner are the merest catalogues of all possible verbal and syllabic combinations—notably incomplete and necessarily incomplete catalogues, too, for there is no end to word-making of this kind. The compounding of the words already in the language may go on *ad infinitum*, and on such a plan of lexicography the introduction of a new verb or noun would have consequences too numerous, if not too serious, to mention.

I have spoken of the book called "Webster's American Dictionary" in terms that are not applied to a thing that is a model of its kind. But as I have already said, in its present form, its objectionable traits are due merely to the fact that it is the embodied development of a radically vicious plan. Whatever was once peculiar to a book bearing its title was bad in itself and pernicious in its effects. But as the years have gone on during which the book has been forced into use by business combinations of publishers and printers, adroitly and ceaselessly employed, it has been modified, piece by piece, here and there, and always in its characteristic features, until now those features have altogether disappeared. As it laid aside its peculiar traits it ceased to have peculiar faults; its offensiveness passed away with its individuality. When it was Webster's, and was "American," it was a book to laugh at and be ashamed of; but now, having, by the protracted labors of able scholars in both hemispheres, been purged of its singularities in orthography and etymology, and partly in definition, and having ceased to be Webster's (except in regard to definitions) and American (except as to the place of its publication), it has become as convenient and trustworthy a compilation of its kind as any other now before the public. For between such dictionaries as Worcester's, the Imperial, and Webster's in the last edition, there is not a choice worth the toss of a copper. In their labor-saving, thought-lulling convenience, as in their serious faults, their many and grave deficiencies, and their needless, inconvenient, and costly cumbrousness, they are alike.

It is always easier to criticise, and particularly to find fault, than to do

* The counting for this statement was carefully made for me by one whom I have learned to rely upon; and although it may be not exactly correct, I am sure that it is nearly enough so for our purpose.

or make that which will bear criticism. Yet we all must criticise, and we all do find fault, from our uprising to our down-lying, from birth to death, or else what is bad would never be good, and what is good would never be better. Nor is it necessary that we should be able to cook our dinners, to make our clothes, or to compile, or even plan, our dictionaries, that we should know and declare whether they are well cooked, made or planned. As to a dictionary, I will venture to sketch the plan of one; such a one as has not been made, and as I presume to hope Horne Tooke had in mind when he wrote the passage which I have quoted.

A dictionary, or better, a word-book, made for the use of those to whom its language is vernacular, should be very different in its vocabulary and in its definitions from the lexicon of a foreign tongue. So a grammar written for the use of those born to its language-subject, should omit countless items, great and small, that must be carefully set forth for the instruction of foreigners. But one great vice of our dictionaries, as of our grammars, is that they are planned and written as if for men who know nothing of their own language; the fact being that the most ignorant of those who take up dictionary and grammar have a knowledge of their mother tongue that a life's study of both books can neither give nor take away. In making a lexicon of a foreign tongue it must be assumed that the person consulting it is ignorant of the combinations, the idioms, the inflections, contractions and all the minute variations of its simple words, which are matters of the earliest knowledge to those to whom the language is vernacular. This difference between what is needed in a vernacular word-book and a foreign lexicon being constantly borne in mind, the first end sought in making a dictionary should be the inclusion of all simple English words used by writers of repute since the formation of the language at about A. D. 1250, beginning with the works of Wycliffe, Chaucer, and Gower. The omission of any such word will be a defect in the dictionary. The plea of obsolescence is no justification for such an omission. There is no obsolescence in literature. The old irregular orthography is not to be followed, nor need the old inflections be given; but a professed dictionary of the English language which does not contain all the simple words and their compounds of deflected meaning which are used by an English poet of such eminence as Chaucer, is not what its name pretends. The addition of such of these words as are now omitted from our dictionaries would not increase their bulk appreciably, as may be seen by an examination of the glossaries to our authors from Chaucer to Spenser. And besides it is to be remembered that the voluminousness of the dictionary as it is at present known to us, is to be abated materially by the next provision of our plan, which is, that of compound or double words and words formed by particle prefixes, only those have a proper place in a dictionary in which (1) the combination has acquired a meaning different from that of the mere union of its elements, or (2) one of the elements is known, or used, only in combination. Thus, if *disease* had continued to mean only *dis* and *ease*, or the negation of ease, as it does in the following couplet from Chaucer's "Dream,"

Which hast, I trow, gan her displease
And is the cause of my disease.

there would be no need of it in an English dictionary made for men to whom English is their mother-tongue. But it has acquired a modified and an additional meaning, and therefore must be given as a distinct word. So *breakfast*, having come to mean something less, or more, or other than the mere breaking fast, must be given. But to give *breakfast-room* or *dining-room*, is as absurd as

to give *joint-stock-company*, which Webster does; and why *joint-stock-company-limited* should not as well be given, it would be as difficult to determine, as why we are instructed upon *fiddle-string* and *fiddle-stick*, but are left in our native ignorance as to *fiddle-bow*, and in utter darkness upon the subject of the fitting tail-piece of this list—*fiddle-stick's-end*. Words like *after-thought*, *counter-act*, and *un-sound* have no place in a dictionary, except perhaps in a list of compounds under *after*, *counter*, and *un*; but words like *aftermath*, *counterfeit*, and *uncouth*, in which one element is known only in composition, should of course be given. Double words like *black-smith* and *white-smith*, in which one of the elements has a deflected or perverted signification, should be given; but what good end, for any human creature with wit enough to find a word in a dictionary, is gained by giving such double words as *silver-smith*, *gold-smith*, *copper-smith*?

Vulgarity is no more a justification of the omission of any English word than obsolescence. Dictionaries are mere books of reference, made to be consulted, not to be read. In the bear-baiting days of Queen Elizabeth it might be said without offence of a vile, dull man, that he was "not fit to carry guts to a bear." Now-a-days a man who used, in general society, the simple English word for which some New England "females" elegantly substitute *innards*, would be looked upon with horror. But this is no good reason for the omission of the word from a dictionary. It is strange how words, once in general use, are set down as gross and low when the things and thoughts of which they are the mere names are and always must remain on the same level. If need be, no one hesitates now to speak of intestines. Horne Tooke has well said that what are called vulgar words are "the oldest and best authorized, the most significant and widely-used words in the language." No man need use them or seek them in a dictionary unless he chooses to do so. Although words obsolete in the speech of the day should be given, provincial words are out of place in a dictionary of standard and established English. Proper names are no part of language; and whether words formed upon proper names, such as Mohammedanism, Mormonism, Swedenborgian, have claim to recognition as a part of the English language is at least very doubtful. Their inclusion in a dictionary might be justified for the reason that it would be convenient to have them there; but on the same grounds a chronological table, a list of post-offices, or the best receipts for curing corns, might well be given. A dictionary of the English language is not an encyclopaedia of useful information.

Definitions, unless we would have them sprout into the multitudinous absurdities which have been already held up to the light in this article, must be based upon the principle, which is axiomatic in language, that a word can have but one real meaning. Of this, all others—the all being few—are subsidiary modifications; and of this meaning, the metaphorical applications being numberless, unascertainable, dependent upon the will and the taste of every writer and speaker in the language, have no proper place in a dictionary. This renders quotation in support of definition generally superfluous. The maker of a dictionary is not called upon to give a brief history and epitome of his language as a means of illuminating his pages or justifying his vocabulary.

Figures, diagrams, and the like, (first used, not in this country, but in England by Bailey) are not only superfluous in a dictionary, but pernicious. Language is the subject-matter of a dictionary; its function is to explain words, not to describe things. The introduction of a figure or a diagram is a confession of an inability which does not exist. The pictorial illustrations with which dictiona-

ries have lately been so copiously defaced, merely to catch the unthinking eye, are entirely out of place. They pertain to encyclopædias. And, indeed, the dictionaries of the last crop, such as the Imperial, Worcester's, and the so-called Webster's, are too much like encyclopædias to be dictionaries, and too much like dictionaries to be encyclopædias. Their pictures are as if Mr. Church had introduced a fall of real water in his painting of Niagara; which, doubtless, would have been "a very popular feature."

In giving the etymology of an English word it is not necessary, and rarely proper, to trace it beyond the Anglo-Saxon, Norman-French, Latin, Greek, or other word from which it is directly derived. A dictionary is a word-book of reference, not a treatise on general philology. To what purpose is it that a man who consults a dictionary for the meaning, the form, or the sound of a word in the English language, is informed that before the existence of his language, or since, a word with which the object of his search has possibly some remote connection, had, or has, in another language, the same, a like, or a different meaning? Whether the word should be traced from its primitive meaning down to that which it has in present usage, or from the present usage (which is that for which a dictionary is chiefly consulted) up to its primitive meaning, is not quite clear. I am inclined to favor the latter arrangement, although I do not know that it has ever been adopted.

In orthography the usage of the best writers, modified, if at all, by a leaning toward analogy, is the only guide to authoritative usefulness, as even the publishers of Webster's Dictionary have at last been obliged in practice to admit.

In pronunciation the usage of the most cultivated people of English blood and speech is absolute, as far as their usage itself is fixed. But the least valuable part of a dictionary is that which is given to orthoepy. Pronunciation is the most arbitrary, varying, and evanescent trait of language; and it is so exceedingly difficult to express sound by written characters, that to convey it upon paper with certainty in one neighborhood for ten years, and to the world at large for one, is practically impossible.

Upon the plan thus hastily sketched, an English dictionary might be made which would give a vocabulary of the language from its formation, with full and exact definitions, etymology, and pronunciation, and which yet would be a convenient hand-book, in clear typography, and which could be sold at half the price now paid for "the best," whichever that may be.

The present article must be the last of this series, which has stretched out far beyond the not very definite limits of my original design. I have passed by some subjects unnoticed that I purposed to take in hand, but I have also been led whither I did not think of going when I set out. If my readers have lost anything, they have also gained something in the event. That it should be so was hardly to be avoided. To go directly to a fixed point which is the only object of one's journey, is easy; but a tour of observation is generally brought to an end with some proposed object left unattained, through the failure of time and means, and often by the weariness of the observers. If those who have gone with me, in some cases as my confiding fellow-students, in others as my sharp and vigilant censors—a sort of linguistic detective police—do not rejoice at the termination of our word-tour for the latter reason, I have been more fortunate, either in my subjects or in their treatment, than I could have reasonably hoped to be. If I have seemed to neglect the important for the trivial, and to ask my readers to give time and attention to the consideration of minute dis-

inctions which they have thought might better have been occupied with the discussion of great principles, or at least to the investigation of the laws of speech, it should be remembered that linguistic discussion, from its very nature, must be minute, that the widest difference in the meaning of words and of sentences may be made by the slightest changes, that the wealth of language is a sum of trifles, that that which is in a great measure determined by arbitrary usage cannot be judged upon general principles, and that that cannot be tried by its conformity to law for which no law has yet been established. This, true of all languages, is particularly true of English, which is distinguished among the outcomings of Babel for its composite character and its unsystematic, although not unsymmetrical, development. It is, I suspect, less a structure and more a spontaneous growth than any other language that has a known history and a literature. Through all languages, as through all connected phenomena, there may be traced certain continuous or often repeated modes of general development which may be loosely called laws, and upon these there have been attempts, more or less successful, to found a universal grammar or system of speech formation. But upon this field of inquiry I have not professed to enter, having devoted myself rather to the consideration of what is peculiar to our mother-tongue than to what she has in common with others. Even in this respect what I have written is as far from being complete, as my object in writing was from completeness. Such as it is, however, it must remain. For this series of articles cannot run on to the crack of doom, which end of all things—yet somewhat remote, let us hope—might otherwise be the only period to its duration.

The series has been honored by an attention that gratified and cheered me as I wrote. I owe much to my critics; not only to those who have given me a favorable hearing and insured it for me from others; but to those who have endeavored to sting me with sneers and overwhelm me with ridicule, partly from a sense of duty to their language and their kind, and partly that they might show their readers that, with all my deficiencies, I had the merit of being the occasion of the display of superior knowledge, if not of superior courtesy, in others. To the latter, indeed, I stand more indebted than to the former; for it is not from our friends that we learn, but from our enemies. They show us where we are weak. And, besides, few of mine have failed, while giving me instruction in English, to furnish me with the most valuable means of improvement in the use of language—examples of false syntax for correction. Of these, however, I have not availed myself publicly for the instruction of others. And, indeed, in my search for examples I have generally turned from the writings of my immediate contemporaries and countrymen to those of other generations and other countries, or to the anonymous pages of public documents and newspapers.

Many letters have come to me with welcome questions, objections, suggestions; of which I have had time and opportunity to notice very few, to my regret. But some of my correspondents will find the subjects of their letters touched upon in the book for which these articles will furnish the chief material, but which I hope by revision and by correction of some errors no less than by addition, to make worthier than they have been of such approbation as they have received. Among the remarks I have made none was so fruitful of letters of information as my mere passing allusion to the slang phrase, "a continental damn." The number of *THE GALAXY* in which it was made was hardly published before I received a letter informing me of the existence in this country, at the remote period of sixty or seventy years, of a paper currency called

continental, and that this currency was worthless, and that hence—and so forth, and so forth. This was soon followed by others to the same effect, their numbers increasing as the time wore on. They came to me from the North, South, East, West, and Middle; from Passamaquoddy and the Gulf; from Squam Beach and Lower California. I might almost say or sing that they were sent from Greenland's icy mountains, from India's coral strand, to tell me that there had been Continental money in this land. They came to me at THE GALAXY office, at my own office, at my house. Like Pharaoh's frogs in number and in pertinacity, they climbed up into my bed-chamber, and I have the satisfaction of knowing that, like the frogs, some of them went into my oven. I dreaded meeting my friends in the street; for I felt that there was not one of them that did not long to lead me quietly aside, even if he did not do so, and say: "About that continental damn, I think I can set you right. After the Revolution there was a vast amount of paper money circulating through the country. This was called the Continental currency, and, as it proved to be worthless—" and so forth, and so forth. Really, I hope my friends will not misapprehend me when I say that it is generally safe to assume that the court knows a little law. I had heard, before the coming of this year of grace 1869, that, after the Revolution, there was a vast amount of paper money circulating through the country; that this was called Continental currency; that it proved worthless—and so forth, and so forth. Yet I do not incline to the opinion that hence comes our continental damn. The phrase seems to me a counterpart, if not a mere modification of others of the same sort—a tinker's damn, a trooper's damn; and as the troops of the Colonies were called Continentallers or Continentals during the war, and for many years afterward, it seems to me much more probable that the phrase in question was, at first, a Continental's damn, from which the sign of the possessive was gradually dropped, than that an adjective was taken from money and used to qualify a curse; and still more probable that the epithet was added in that mere disposition toward the use of vague, big, senseless phrases that moulds the speech of such as use this one.

Among the propositions and requests that have been elicited by these articles, is one which comes to me from many quarters and from some that I hold in high consideration, and which one correspondent puts in the following attractive form to the editors of THE GALAXY: "Could not he [*i. e.*, the present writer] be induced to prepare a book for schools which would embody his ideas and all that it would be necessary for scholars to learn in regard to the use and construction of language, and so save many cries and tears that go out over the present unintelligible books that pass for grammars? I am sure that a future generation, if not the present, would rise up and bless his name." This request is made by a teacher, as it has been by others of the same honorable profession. I answer that I would gladly act on this suggestion if it were probable that any responsible and competent publisher would make it prudent for me to do so. It would be delightful to believe that the next generation would rise up and call me blessed; but I am of necessity much more interested in the question whether the present generation would rise up and put its hand in its pocket to pay me for my labor. Any one who is acquainted with the manner in which school-books are "introduced" in this country knows that the opinions of competent persons upon the merits of a book have the least possible influence upon its coming sufficiently into vogue to make its publication profitable; and publishers, like other men of business, work for money. One of the trade made, I know—although not to me—an answer like this to a proposition to publish a short series of

school-books: "I believe your books are excellent; but supposing that they are all that you believe them to be, after stereotyping them I should be obliged to spend one hundred thousand dollars and more in introducing them. I am not prepared to do this, and, therefore, I must say No, at once. The merit of a school-book has nothing to do with its value in trade." And the speaker was a man of experience. Provoked by the ineptness of a school-book which fell into my hands, I went once to an intelligent and able teacher, in whose school I knew it was used, and calling his attention to the radical faults in the book—faults of design which I knew there was no need that I should point out to him in detail—I asked him why he used for elementary instruction a book so fitted to mislead his scholars. His answer was: "All that you say is true. I know that the book is a very poor one; but we are ordered to use it. What can I do?" Now, one of the body that gave this order was, at that time, a neighbor of mine—a coarse, low-minded, entirely uneducated man, who was growing rapidly rich. He was about as fit to pronounce upon the merits of a school-book as Caligula's horse was for the consulship. The publication of elementary school-books and dictionaries is one of the most profitable branches of the trade, if books can be "introduced" into general use; but otherwise it is not so; and publishers manage this part of their business just as railway companies and other corporations do, with a single eye to profit. A railway company, composed of highly respectable men, finds itself threatened with a law restraining its privileges, or desires the passage of a law increasing them. Its agents make a calculation somewhat in this form: To submit to the threatened law, or to do without the one that is desired, will involve the loss of so much money; to defeat the law in one case, or to obtain it in the other, will cost so much less. The latter alternative is adopted, as a matter of course. With them it is a mere matter of business; the morals of the question are the concern of the other parties to the arrangement.

Now were such a grammar and such a dictionary published as some readers of these articles would like to have, and should they be received with favor, they would at once provoke the hostility—cool, vigilant, business-like—of men who have many hundreds of thousands of dollars invested in books—in whole systems of books—planned upon radically different principles. It is, and always will be, necessary to fight these men with their own weapons until some man on horseback comes and purges the commonweal. And even then there is the fight in newspapers, by articles, advertisements, and opinions from eminent gentlemen. I have been behind the scenes enough to know thoroughly how all this business is managed. Why, even already the priests of the present idols have begun to denounce a certain pestilent fellow, and their craftsmen to cry Great is Diana of the Ephesians!

To publish, with any chance of success, a book intended for use in public schools has become a great commercial and political undertaking; and if nothing more is expected for it than its introduction into private schools, even then it should be in the hands of a firm sufficiently wealthy and adroit to make it to the interests of teachers to adopt the book in their schools. For if it were left to go upon its mere merits, it would, if good, meet with a certain sale, of course, among intelligent and honorable teachers; but this would be too small to cause it to be regarded by any enterprising publisher as a good investment of money and labor. For these reasons I fear that I must be content with dropping what I have written as seed into the ground, hoping that it may have life enough to grow and bring forth fruit, although in that case others will reap the harvest. *Sic vos, non vobis.*

RICHARD GRANT WHITE.

PAIRS AND REPAIRS.

IT was the room of the Signor Cementi—the famous mender of crockery, glass-ware, furniture, and household utensils. One might have imagined he was the celebrated breaker of all these things from the collection of broken dishes, bijouterie, vases, and statuary that loaded his apartment, along with dislocated furniture of every kind. There was not a thing in the room that had not been pieced. The tables and chairs that held the litter of things, each showed the traces of having been mended; the books of chemistry, that taught the occult sciences of plaster and cement, had covers pasted over their broken backs, and the cups and mugs that held rare glue stood without handles, or had each a chip on its edge.

And the master himself looked like a cracked specimen of his own work. There was a fissure across his forehead that seemed to have been but lately closed by an application of "Spalding," or its like. The dressing-gown that he constantly wore was patched in many colors, and the sparse hairs upon his head were some brown, some grey, some white.

Over all these there had settled one harmonizing tint of dust. It lay heavy on books, furniture, china, and glass; nay, it seemed to hang as heavily on the head and garments of the Signor Cementi himself as on all the utensils around him. His movements were so slow, while they were always sure, that the spider could quietly spin his web, from grey hair to elbow, a little astonished when some motion did at last break his airy castle, and send him to another part of his loved domain.

Not but that there were frequent visitors in Signor Cementi's abode. Ladies came with valuable treasures that had been broken; housekeepers with china; careless housemaids with the bits of some precious vase; fathers of families with pieces of a favorite toy; dealers in furniture for the recipe of that invaluable glue. But these seldom ventured to take a seat if it were proffered. Dusty volumes filled the large arm-chair that stood on three claws; suspicious bottles crowded the corners of a decrepit sofa; and one or two slight wicker chairs, with maimed legs, looked scarcely firm enough to invite repose.

Signor Cementi labored in a healing art, and he pursued it with the enthusiasm with which art inspires her votaries. It was a low branch, indeed, upon which he worked. He did not heal nature; seldom meddled with works of a high art. But from being a mere mender, he came to aspire to be a restorer. He was not content with only bringing together the broken parts, but he wished to renew the influence of life that had originally held them. This was the object of his daily studies and his nightly dreams. For this, the patching of the most plebeian saucer, the mending the clumsiest chair, became a labor of interest.

There were two works of art that held their place constantly in his workshop. One was a vase of exquisite Chinese porcelain, made to appear as if it

had been broken into a thousand pieces, and as if it had been patched together again. This, in his hours of leisure, Cementi would take from its shelf, and wipe away reverently with a soft silk handkerchief the polluting dust.

The other, standing upon a pedestal in the corner, was a large plaster cast of a torso—a mere stump, without head, without limbs; covered with dust; cobwebs draping it tenderly; but around it hung the most glowing dreams of Signor Cementi's imagination. That he should ever invent for it a head, or stand it upon legs of his own casting, or grace it with arms of his own conceiving, of this he never dreamed. But he fancied that some day it might be his part to restore to the dismembered torso, limbs that had lain buried for ages, or a god-like head of marble that he himself might place upon the original.

It was not often that Signor Cementi indulged in such dreams. He was a practical man, and just now had plenty to do in his vocation. His mending powers had just become famous, and his name was as well known as that of Spalding or Upton. We mean the name that he bore, which he had selected from among the names that offered, as being attractive for a sign, and suggesting his favorite calling. He was himself an Englishman, brought up in Scotland; he had travelled in Europe, and married his wife and settled in America. Not that he was an adventurer; he had nothing to conceal in his former life; but he picked up the name of Cementi, as he would select an instrument with which he worked, preferring it to that of Tibbs.

It was into this dusty apartment, that, on the morning of which we are speaking, an inner door suddenly opened, and a young girl came forward, light and airy, with fresh face and sunny hair, her clean blue muslin dress closing with a narrow collar round her white throat: she formed a contrast to each single thing in the room. The old man looked up with as much wonder as we should have shown, at this sudden apparition—with cup in one hand, handle in another, brush in his mouth—with a questioning surprise, although it was only the afternoon before, that he had brought his daughter home from boarding school.

"Papa! it is breakfast time," said the clear, fresh voice. "Are you not coming in to breakfast?"

A ray of memory dawned over his brain, and he laid down cup and brush, and followed his daughter into the next room. This was a back-room, with its only window, like that of many city houses, looking into a square well of brick walls. A dreary room it had been always, with its chairs and tables standing stiffly against the walls; but this morning it was all changed. The breakfast table had been drawn up toward the window, a ray of sunshine had been coaxed down, somehow, through a gap in the roofs, from the square bit of distant sky, and two chairs stood invitingly before an attractive looking meal.

"You must admire my omelette, papa! I made it all myself, this morning. Martha brought me the fresh eggs," the daughter exclaimed, as her father hastily and in silence began to eat his breakfast, while she went on chatting of her difficulties and successes in the kitchen.

After he was fairly through, the old man pushed back his plate, and said: "It is all very well, Clara, this morning, and I dare say the omelette is very nice. But in future, you had better let Martha attend to the meals. She always has brought them from the restaurant, and she may as well go on so. It is not worth while for you to trouble yourself about it."

"Oh, trouble, papa," exclaimed the daughter, "but I like to do it. I always

thought when I left school I should like to begin housekeeping, cooking, and making things. And I must do something, you know!"

"Do something, oh, that is it," echoed the father, dismayed. "Don't you think you could have staid at school a year longer? Would not Miss Burnish take you back again?"

"Oh, papa, you forget I am eighteen years old," exclaimed Clara, "and I have learned all the things; at least, Miss Burnish pretty much said so. There's my practising, she said I might go on with that. She says I have a talent for music, might take lessons, perhaps—"

"Lessons in music!" interrupted the old man, "That will answer, if you want something to do. You shall have a piano and take lessons. For you see, Clara, it is all very well, your moving round the furniture in this room, and setting the sofa where it never was before, and rolling the table out from the middle, and making omelettes, and all that, but I suppose when you have turned the things about here, you will be for coming into *my* room, 'dusting and setting to rights.' But that can't be. If you want to be *doing* something, it shall be taking music lessons. The piano shall come this morning, and meanwhile you can find a place for it. And as for a music-master, there is Antony, he lodges in the upper story, and plays the piano over my head all day, he shall teach you, and that will keep him still for a time."

Clara was bewildered and silenced. She ate the rest of the omelette, and cleared a place for the piano, and when the ill-sounding name of Antony turned out to belong to a handsome young Italian, more romantically called Antonio, she had a pleasant smile and a bashful greeting ready, and he was installed as her music-master.

A handsome young music-teacher, and a lovely young scholar! But Signor Cementi was so relieved at getting rid of the responsibility of his daughter Clara's time, that he was blind to the dangerous proximity. And he was a chemist too, and knew the danger of bringing together two explosive ingredients! But he had an important affair upon his mind.

He had discovered an admirable glue that held together china, glass—one could hardly say what materials it could not affect—but he had the very last night thought of a new influence that he might introduce into it, that should awaken the vitality of the substance on which it was placed. He was in the act of trying it upon a cup when Clara had that morning interrupted him. He was about to find out whether in the innermost kernel of that baked clay, there was not some of its original life left, which could be made to assimilate itself with the kindred life from which it was broken, in the handle of the cup. Clara's entrance had interrupted him at the critical moment. He had allowed himself to be led away from the maze of thought into which he had fallen. He was in a hurry to get back to the work. He had to brush away hurriedly all this interruption of omelette, and breakfast, and daughter, and what the daughter should do. No wonder that he put it all through with the same eagerness as had hurried through his meals every day for many years, to get back to his work. He did go back to it, but not to complete it that morning. Of course, during this delay, the materials had hardened, the substance had been too long exposed to light; but "the principle remained the same," and he went on day after day. His day's vocation only helped him in this work, and did not interrupt it, for he constantly tried his new theory upon the different articles of different materials brought to

him to mend. And the things did stick together! But was it the clinging together of foreign substances, or the cohesion of integral particles?

Meanwhile, those two inflammable substances, music-master and daughter, were acting powerfully upon each other. Antonio was, happily, a noble, kindly fellow. He not only introduced his pupil to the world of music, but to his own little circle of friends. Two pretty girls, his scholars, who lived next door—the Thorntons—welcomed Clara cordially, and the heart of their mother warmed tenderly to the motherless girl. So that Clara found with her a genial home to supply the wants of her own. She lived in a different world from that of Signor Cementi—a gay, happy, young world, with tea-parties, and concerts, and afternoon walks to enliven it; and practising, books, serious talks with the kind mother, grand plans and discussions with the young girls to fill up the more sober hours. And all round the whole there hung the halo of a young love, entrancing, delightful—a delicious romance fed with music.

She believed that music was full of life, and that life was all music. Antonio had shown her this life: she revered him as her leader and defender.

Her father came out from his dusty room, for meals, sometimes recognizing his daughter, asking what she had been doing, where she was going next; but more often mechanically eating what was set before him, his thoughts, nay, even all his senses, left behind in his workshop.

But the quiet of these two lives—the sunny life and the dusty one—was interrupted by the appearance of a new character.

This was a new occupant of the lower story, one Wrysley. When Antonio first saw him, coming from her father's room, he told Clara he thought the man must have been ill put together, and that he had come to the Signor to be re-mended. There was not a single feature in his face that suited another. The nose was too heavy, each eye had a separate cast, the mouth would have been better if the operation for strabismus could have been performed upon it, the large ears projected, the head was set upon the frame without the intervention of a neck, the long arms reached down over short legs. These defects of nature might have excited pity, but there was nothing in the expression of the face to redeem them. On the contrary, it seemed as if the evil expression had created the ill features. The eyes always gave a lie to the mouth. If the words spoke condescension, the nose always snubbed it. And the voice, soft, low, and insinuating, contradicted the brutal force expressed in the form of the large head and the impish look of the eyes.

It seemed as if the very repulsiveness of his appearance had attracted the Signor Cementi to the new comer. His taste had, perhaps, grown distorted by dealing only with broken things. Or, perhaps, Antonio was right, and there awoke within him a desire to repair the ill-set being. But, besides this, Wrysley was a dealer in chemicals, and wise in the innate substances of things. For the first time, Cementi was won to speak of his own theories, to discuss them. Wrysley was not satisfied with carrying on these discussions in the dusty workshop. His love of comfort first led him to suggest the more luxurious chairs in Clara's pretty parlor. And, after he was once introduced there, there was nothing pleasanter for him than to drop in just as tea was over, entice Cementi to stay from his workshop, giving him some fresh lesson in chemistry, or listening to the old man's enthusiastic talk, while he himself watched Clara, as she bent over her work under the lamp.

Clara, even, did not object to these conversations at first. They weaned her

father from his workshop. He seemed more human. They roused him out of his dreams, and it was pleasant, more respectable to have her father sitting in the evening with her in the parlor.

She seldom listened to these conversations. They were very dull and incomprehensible to her. She was not interested in chlorine and hydrogen, sulphurous acid, nitrous oxide, and the like.

But one night, she was aroused from her own dreams over her work by some words of her father's.

"Yes, things do have life; an occult, lower life, perhaps, but nevertheless, it is life."

"What do you mean, papa," broke in Clara. "What things? Chairs and tables, my needle, scissors?"

"Yes, exactly those," her father went on.

"You see, Miss Clara, it accounts for the table tippings," said Wrysley.

"I know sometimes," said Clara, "that my things disappear perversely, as if they knew that I wanted them; but, papa, you don't think they can move of themselves?"

"Well, for motion," answered her father, slowly, "it must be of a restricted sort. But flowers, you know, do not move, except under a wind—and you'll allow they have life."

"But, papa, they grow. Now, 'things' do not grow," said Clara.

"Because their form, my child, is restricted by man, who made them with restricted means. But their substances are natural. How can you say that the wood of this table, growing once, has not a little of its former life in its fibres; not enough to renew growth, but consciousness perhaps, memory perhaps, of the bark that shielded it, the sap that fed it."

Clara looked at her father musingly.

"You go a little too far," put in their guest. "Why not, rather, believe that they are possessed by a lower kind of spirits, too unformed to animate nature, but which cleave to 'things,' and give them occasional animation."

Clara looked from one to another, in a disturbed manner.

Wrysley stooped to pick up her scissors that fell from her work.

"I dare say," he continued, "you often think these scissors of yours fall more than is necessary."

"It is their natural love for gravitation," said the Signor. "'Things' love the force that lies nearest them. It is not necessarily an evil spirit that impels the scissors to fall, but the love of gravitation that conquers their inertia with, perhaps, a desire to imitate the motion of the higher beings around them. If we could only understand how forcible is this particle of life within them, if we could only find sympathy with it, rather than oppose it, who knows but we might then find the origin of all force."

As Cementi went on, Clara again looked anxiously at her father, then at Wrysley.

He pointed his finger to his forehead, nodding toward her father, attempting to wink at once with both his eyes. His expression was so hateful, his effort to make signs to her unobserved by her father was so odious to her, and the suggestion that they conveyed of her father's probable insanity was so horrible, that she dropped her work and hurried from the room in the midst of her father's sentence. Not long after, she heard Wrysley depart, and her father go back to his study. She returned, armed with Martha's kitchen tongs, picked up with

them the scissors that had again fallen, and flung them through the open window. By the light of a neighboring gas lamp, she was pleased to see that they fell into the next yard.

"I shall never have to touch them again," she exclaimed.

She went in to bid her father good night. He had just lighted the lamp under his crucible, but gave her such kindly words that she went to bed less disturbed about him.

But her repugnance to her father's new friend grew more and more intense, and his manners more and more disagreeable. Whenever she knew that he would come, she went away, or invited some of her young friends, so that she could be occupied with them, with the piano in one corner of the room, while her father talked with his guest in another. Still, she observed that Wrysley persevered in trying to come near her, while her father evidently grew more involved by him the more he disgusted her.

Again, another evening, he surprised her sitting alone with her father. Wrysley sat down by his side to talk with him. Clara, annoyed, took up a book, and turned away from their conversation, but was roused from it by some words of Wrysley's.

"I wish you would pay more attention to 'opposites.' This theory of yours of seeking for and cherishing the life hidden in each several thing is interesting, and as soon as you can hit upon the assistance of the lower beings that animate 'things,' you may be successful. But remember, true affinities are found in opposites. Find the integral opposite of a substance, and you will find what will hold it most strongly. What are the marriages that hold? It is those of the light complexions with the dark, of the sanguine with the cold, of the spendthrift with the miser—"

It was here that Clara pricked up her ears. The last words were strangely like some of Antonio's talk. He had babbled somewhat of "counterparts," the evening before, at a little dance at Mrs. Thornton's. She had been pausing a moment before a long mirror, leaning on Antonio's arm; she had overheard a whisper that had led her to look into the glass. There, blushing, she had seen the reflection of herself and Antonio; she with golden hair, blue eyes, cheeks of roses—he with his brown complexion, jet-black hair, and dark eyes looking questioning down to hers.

"The light complexions with the dark." The words thrilled within her, and she looked up suddenly.

Alas, why had she looked up? A hateful gaze was fixed upon her, with an expression that seemed to hold her. Wrysley lingered over his words, then finished, by saying—"and the lovely with the hideous, the beauty and the beast."

A paralyzing terror chilled Clara to the heart. She left her seat to hurry to the door. Wrysley rose to follow her. She feared he would reach her. She seemed as if in a terrible nightmare, where she could neither move nor speak. Yet she got to the door, and flung herself into her room, falling on the floor, fainting, as she reached it.

Cementi had paid no attention to his daughter's departure, but at the movement he rose and led the way into his work-room.

The light from a low lamp flickered, and only served to show the dark corners and duskiness of the room.

Cementi seized Wrysley's arm, and whispered—

"There is one substance that eludes me. Could these spirits you speak of tell me the secrets of sulphur?"

Wrysley laughed discordantly. "They will bring it to you, at your will—brimstone of the hottest!"

Cementi shrunk from him a little.

"Spirits!" said Wrysley, still in a whisper. "Yes, I can show you those that were present when the crystals of marble clung together for your torso. I know them that inflame the rubies, and light emeralds, and fire up diamonds. At your service! Quite at your service. Ah, Prospero, look upon your Caliban!"

Cementi started again. It was the voice of Wrysley, rather than his words, that touched him. He looked round the room anxiously, a gleam of light fell on the old torso. "You could take me into the centre of things," he said, hesitatingly.

"On conditions, with a compact," answered Wrysley. "I can take you down, down, but you must hold me up. You need the help of inferior beings, I, of superior. I give you these, and you give me—Clara!"

"Clara—Clara," murmured the old man—then went on testily—"the woman is inferior to the man; why do you speak of her as higher than you? What do you want of Clara?"

Wrysley answered, with one of his hateful grins, "I must have a human hand to hold me in my place. Call it higher or lower as you will. Oxygen flies to potassium more eagerly than to iron, or to silver even. The higher substance seeks after the lower. Bodies combine more eagerly the more dissimilar they are.

Cementi listened to the chemical axiom, and it brought him back into his own domain.

He looked at Wrysley silently, a few moments. "You are a man," he said, at length. "I thought you were a wise man. I cannot see why you would cumber yourself with a woman."

Wrysley laughed again. He was in a happy mood. "A man!" he exclaimed. "As a man, I want the money you will give the husband of your daughter. Then, I like her face, and I want Clara!"

Cementi shook his head. One word only remained in his mind. "My money, yes, my money. Everybody thinks I have it, because I do not spend it. Yet, you are a wise man. One may sell a secret for money. But why do you not apply, yourself, the secrets that you have," he asked, suspiciously.

"Am I a creator, a maker of things," asked Wrysley, derisively. "Have I ever done more than to destroy? A noble art, as high as yours, I assure you. That boy, Antonio, could see this, when he said I had come to you to be mended and patched together! Insolent, I overheard him! He shall suffer for it. Just now you spoke to me as a man, but are you not now appealing to me as of the kingdom of some lower spirits, of gnomes. Let me whisper to you that I need a warm human hand to hold me in my place. Hark! shall I tell you a history of where I found the various human parts that give me the tongue with which I speak—the hands I use! No, that is my secret. But you ought to know that *our race* is of those who destroy. Your cabinet, here—" Wrysley laughed, as he looked round—"might have been one of their *Subbats*. They would scarcely care to enter it, to heal, to repair. Reporative harmonizing is not in their line. We are 'not generators, but degenerators.' Enough, treat with me as you choose.

As man, give me your daughter and her dowry. As your familiar give me the human link that will bind me finally to humanity."

Cementi stood, irresolute, looking by the dim light into Wrysley's face, as if he would decipher its meaning.

That face was an enigma, indeed. Brute force in the jaw, impish cunning in the eye, firm will in the expansion of the nostril, yet a certain weakness in the want of harmony in the whole.

"In return," said Wrysley, "I give you the secrets of natural things. What is this substance baking in your crucible above this flickering flame?"

Cementi sighed and shook his head. "It was but a simple cement," he said, "I left it this evening to try the effect of a slow heat upon the ingredients. But a few hours ago I fancied I had reached in it the climax of my researches; when a sudden start or shake of the hand lost me the fruit of all my labors. It was a mere paste upon which I was experimenting. I believed I had found the exact proportion of salt and water to bind it together, so little salt, with proportions so minute, hopeless to render again, when Clara's voice startled me!"

"Ha!" cried Wrysley, "you never thought to summon her at the interruption to give you—what you needed—one of her tears! Her tears! Have you never thought of the delicate combinations of salt and water in a human tear?"

Cementi started.

Wrysley went on. "That is the way with you chemists. Eager as you are to go behind nature, you are not willing to accept her simple suggestions. You forget the 'limpid, colorless, slightly saline secretion' of the tear! You see, I know the chemist's phrases, but I work behind chemistry, and, for a price, I will take you into my workshop.

Long through the night Wrysley and Cementi held counsel together.

Clara, meanwhile, in her room, woke up to the darkness, and, as well as she could, had tottered to her bed, and passed a sleepless night. The next morning she went in to breakfast, weak and faint, yet resolute to beg her father to break with Wrysley.

The meal was a silent one. When it was over, Cementi turned to Clara and said, "I want you to see Mrs. Thornton directly. Let her get ready your wedding things. You are to marry Wrysley a week from Thursday. Here is money!"

Clara, for a moment, was struck dumb, but as her father went to leave the room she clung to him, beseeching him to have nothing to do with Wrysley. Cementi flung her away, but Clara still besought him to have pity upon her. He could not mean what he said. He could not bind her to that worse than wretch—that fiend!

The old man was unmoved. He did not seem to hear her words. Then her tears flowed. He suddenly broke from her and hurried to his workshop. In a moment he was back again, and, as Clara turned her face toward him, he caught, in a phial he held in his hand, the tears that tumbled fast from her eyes; then he turned away and hastened back to his room, closing the door, and locking it behind him.

Clara followed wonderingly, but could not make him admit her. "He must be mad, he must be mad indeed!" she cried, and wrung her hands.

At this moment Antonio was ushered in. As soon as he saw Clara in trouble he went toward her.

"What is it? What is the matter?" he cried.

"It is terrible," she said; "my father! How can I do his will! Surely he cannot force me! But lately he is so strange, I fear he has gone mad! And it is all his work, this Mr. Wrysley!"

"But what is it? Let me know. I will help you. Only tell me," said Antonio.

"It seems so impossible," and Clara almost laughed in her tears. "He says I must marry *him*."

"Who says what?" thundered Antonio.

"It is Mr. Wrysley that I must marry. My father says he has promised it. Such words as he has used to me—words he never knew of before! Mr. Wrysley has taught him all; he has poisoned him!"

"But, impossible," interrupted Antonio. "Clara, next week, you know, I am to be offered the place in the orchestra. I have fifteen pupils. That has nothing to do with it. But, Clara, oh, Clara, I was waiting to speak to you. Is it your marriage your father wants—and could you love me—you know how I have loved you—"

Antonio began fluently, but his words failed him. He stammered, he did not know what he was saying; neither did Clara, yet she understood him as he went on, from words to words.

The window was open. A vine had made its way up and was looking in. It was only a scarlet-bean. Somehow its germ had contrived to find soil enough between the bricks, and perhaps Clara's frequent presence at the window had given leaves and stalk an idea of sunshine, toward which they had clambered: Now its scarlet blossoms fluttered across the window. A humming-bird, tempted by the red glow, plunged his head into the flower, quivering, while Antonio was speaking.

I do not know if Clara's eyes, looking out into a dream, as they seemed to do, saw either leaves or flowers or shining bird, but if she had been asked afterward in what scene she was, while Antonio was speaking, I think she would have believed they were both in a garden arbor, in the summer-time, away from all city walls, shut in among green leaves and sprays of flowery vines, where this very bird came to feed upon the blossoms. Whatever ray of outward beauty they could see was woven, unconsciously, into this dream of inner happiness unfolding before them.

A dream of happiness for a few moments—there was a world of reality to which they must come back.

"My father, my father?" asked Clara.

"I will go to him," said Antonio, courageously. "If it is your marriage only, Clara, that he wishes, and soon, we will please him, will we not? You shall go now to Mrs. Thornton, and tell her all. She is kind, and will help you. And I will persuade your father."

Clara was very certain of Antonio's persuasive powers. She went to find Mrs. Thornton, full of hope and faith. Antonio, meanwhile, knocked at the door of the workshop.

It was a long time before he was admitted, and, after opening the door, Cementi returned directly to the paste that he was mixing.

Antonio plunged directly into his subject, and at last succeeded in attracting Cementi's attention. The old man wiped a pallet knife he held in his hand, and said:

"But my daughter Clara is to be married a week from Thursday to another man. I have promised her, and she cannot marry but one man at once."

"And that man she has already chosen. She is of age," said Antonio, stoutly. "She will marry me a week from Wednesday."

Cementi stared a little irresolutely. He had been somewhat moved, in spite of himself, by Clara's entreaties. It was not, after all, going to be so easy to perform this compact formed so readily last night. If Antonio would take his daughter, he might be well rid of her. Meanwhile Wrysley could be made to be satisfied with his precious money.

But at this moment Wrysley came in. He had heard Antonio's last words. "Excuse me," he said, "but Miss Clara is promised to me."

"Very well, very well," whispered Cementi to him, "but if you take the money, why not let him take Clara—"

Antonio did not wait for Cementi to finish his words with Wrysley, but broke in with an appeal to the old man, disdaining to notice the interruption.

"Signor Cementi, you cannot dispose of your daughter as easily as you would a bit of furniture, a mere thing—"

"Not so fast, Mr. Antonio," interrupted Cementi, roused. "I assure you, it is just what I can and will do. The woman is lower than the man. Clara is subject to me. She shall marry Mr. Wrysley. What is more, she shall marry him the very day you have fixed for your own wedding. I will do what I will with my own."

And the old man returned to his paste, as though the affair required no more words.

Antonio tried a few more appeals. But Wrysley threw ridicule upon every expression of feeling that he uttered, and answered him with such bitter sarcasms that he could no longer restrain himself. After making one final effort to waken Cementi from his occupation, at a last retort from Wrysley, he flung himself from the room, banging the door behind him.

Cementi was startled from his work, for the shock had thrown from a shelf the porcelain jar that he had busied himself with mending, on parting with Clara. It was broken into countless pieces.

"A pretty business," said Wrysley. But Cementi picked up the bits with a shout of exultation.

"Eureka! I have found it. The rim holds stronger than ever—the porcelain has broken everywhere else, but my cement holds firm!" He carried it to show to Wrysley.

"Look," he said. "It is an infinitesimal drop of one of Clara's tears that holds this cement."

Wrysley started. His face worked itself into an expression of hideous glee. "Ah, our compact is cemented, too!" he exclaimed. "And I promise you to seal it with a plenty of Mrs. Wrysley's tears!"

Cementi shrunk back, from the glance as well as the words of his companion. But Wrysley recovered himself, and returned to his old arguments.

"As for tears," he said, "we shall be at no loss to find them, without forcing them from the beautiful Clara. But the experiment shows you that I have not been false in my promises, and that I can lead you further yet. I may have to show you that the tears of one human being differ from those of another, and that we are fortunate in finding that those of your daughter hold the magic proportions we need. It is enough; we will be grateful that we have sufficient of

the inestimable liquid for our present experiments, and to help us to state the other proportions necessary."

Wrysley remained master of the field. Both Mr. and Mrs. Thornton afterward tried to move Cementi. He held as firm as his own glue. Sometimes he did not listen to them at all. Sometimes he answered them as he had done Antonio. In vain they tried to convince him that his daughter's marriage with Antonio would be far more respectable than that with Wrysley. Antonio was well known; he had supported kindly and tenderly his invalid mother, as long as she lived; he had made himself independent by his success in teaching.

He was, indeed, a musical genius. And he had gained the reward that musical genius receives in our cities in the number and the caste of the scholars he was permitted to teach. The test of the success of the artist is the list of fashionable patrons who allow him to beat music into the heads of their children, willing or unwilling. Antonio, in the beginning of his career, had cherished his grand ideas about music as an art; he had nourished his dreams and fancies. When he found himself famous, because he could ask any price for the lessons he gave in music, he sighed to think that this was all. He was almost ashamed that he had reached no farther; but he was very modest as to his own powers, and the remembrance that Beethoven had been forced to give lessons in music for a living, consoled him at times, and hardened him to the drudgery.

But if Antonio had been Beethoven himself, it would not have moved Signor Cementi. He was obstinate, and liked to conquer difficulties. When a patron brought him a statuette that anybody else would have refused to mend, his spirit rose always with the emergency. He could conquer matter, and with him spirit was but an etherized matter: he would conquer that, too.

He was told also that Wrysley was a suspicious character. Nobody knew his antecedents. All the merchants were shy of trading with him. Nobody trusted him; he avoided all inquiries. It was impossible to find from what country he came; what were his sources of income. His manners, his impish expression, were repulsive to everybody. He made a great show, but nobody could tell what his resources were. It was madness for any father to entrust a daughter to such a man, who sought her only for the money he supposed she would bring him.

But this representation did not affect Cementi. On the contrary, he acknowledged that it lowered his opinion of Antonio that he had proposed to marry Clara without money.

"For what, indeed, would a man marry a woman, except for the money or the position she will bring him," he exclaimed; "would I have ever married Clara's mother, if her fortune had not saved me from beggary! I should think Wrysley a fool, if he had been merely taken by the girl, without any idea of solid advancement. His wish to marry her for her money gives me a respect for him. And Antony is a mere idiot to be willing to refuse her portion."

And Cementi uttered these words as if he were expressing a lofty sentiment, and turned back to his crucibles.

An appeal was made to Wrysley himself. What could he gain by marrying a girl who could never love him? There was no dependence to be placed upon the fortune of a man like Cementi, who did not know the value of money, and if he could make it, could with difficulty keep it.

"If it were so," Wrysley replied, with a tone of sarcasm, "and if there were no money to be gained by the marriage, why not allow him to be magnanimous

for once, and let him marry his wife for love? Miss Clara pleased him. She was prettier than most girls. He liked the way she dressed herself. More than all, she had never consented to look at him but once, and then he swore a terrible oath, saying he would make her look at him, whatever they said."

Poor Clara! She wept with terror and horror. When she was with Antonio she no longer had any fear. His presence was enough to inspire courage. But away from him, the courage all oozed away. She felt sad pangs of conscience at any talk of leaving her father. He seemed so alone in the world. The only human feeling he had ever shown was toward her. How could she forsake him; how could she leave him in the hands of this terrible man. For her father insisted upon bringing Wrysley every evening into the parlor, and every time she saw him he was more odious to her; and every time she felt more dread of his influence over her father.

She said to Mrs. Thornton: "I do believe he is one of those evil spirits of whom he speaks. It is like the old stories—my father sells not his own soul, but his daughter to the devil! If you could see the way he looks at me—this horrible man—and at my father, you would believe it. God could never have made such a terrible creature. I think he comes from some lower world."

Cementi even asked Mrs. Thornton to get ready Clara's wedding dresses.

"You women like to attend to such things. Here is plenty of money. Let her have everything that is proper—the white dresses, and veil, and all. Women like dress. Whether she marries one or another, it can make but little difference, and let Mr. Antony go and play his pianos."

Mrs. Thornton said she would gladly prepare Clara for her wedding, but she would see her marry no one but Antonio.

"Very well," said Cementi, smiling, "make your preparations. On Wednesday morning Clara shall marry Wrysley; the business affairs shall be all attended to."

It was Tuesday night, the night before the appointed wedding. Clara went in to her father to make a last appeal. He was more than ever occupied with his experiments. It was as much as she could do to make him attend to her at all. At last he put out his spirit lamp and turned round to her, as she poured out all her eloquence, all her heart, before him. She knelt to him even. As if she had been a heroine in an opera, she knelt down before him, all in the dusty room, in her white delicate dress. She wrung her fair hands; the tears interrupted her words; but she did succeed in speaking—words that might have moved, it would seem, the stoniest heart.

"Don't let me think you would wish me to marry that terrible man," she cried, "don't let me think so ill of you. I would like to think of you as my father, and you could not do your daughter such a harm. I think he is the evil one himself. Only say that I shall not marry him, and I will promise to stay by you always. If you say so, I will promise not to marry Antonio, though it would break his heart. But if I go from you, it will break my heart, and you force me to go away from you, by this terrible will of yours."

"Nonsense, Clara," said the old man, amazed at a scene, never having been at the theatre. Broken hearts! What are they? I never had a broken heart brought me to mend!"

"But I will bring you one," said Clara, hastening to his side, trying to laugh,

"I will bring you mine, mine and Antonio's, you can mend them, dear old papa, mend and make them all new," and she tried to caress him.

"Clay hearts!" her father exclaimed, "it is very well for women to have such ware, but what business has a man, your Antonio, with a broken heart! Be a sensible woman, if there is such a thing, Clara. Let your Antonio go and break his heart to pieces. Don't you try to mend it. Let me do all the mending, that is my trade. You are a woman, and your trade is to do as you are told."

Clara drew herself away from him.

"Father, you are cruel," she said, "you force me to do what will make you miserable, and for which I shall always be sorry. I shall have to go away from you."

"Go now," said her father, in a wearied voice. "Why will you always come between me and my dreams? There is but one person who understands me, and that is Wrysley. I have said, too, you shall marry him, and I will accomplish what I say. I have given him to-day the work of my life, to give my daughter is little more. You need stand there no longer, looking pale."

One more appeal Clara made, another cry for help.

"Do not forsake me, father," she cried.

But her father came toward her, and pushed her to the door. He opened it, and almost flung her into the other room.

"Go," he said, "do not let me see you till to-morrow morning, in your wedding dress. It is not worth while to make your eyes red, they will not suit the marriage veil. We need no more tears just now." And he laughed as he closed the door.

He went back to his seat. The twilight was passing away, the shadows were deepening in the dusky room. There was a lingering glimmer of light through the windows—then it passed away, leaving a black darkness, heavier still, in the dusty corners. The old man sat with his hands folded, and his eyes cast down, there was a dull sadness creeping over him with the coming of the night. It was not the effect of the unwonted scene he had just been through, though that, indeed, had shaken him; but he was heavy with an interview he had held with Wrysley just before.

As he told his daughter, he had just given Wrysley the secret of the recipe, he had completed only that day. He had imparted it to him without misgiving, for Wrysley had himself promised a fair return.

When Wrysley left, he had gaily gone to some of his daily work, as though nothing had happened. But the excitement of the scene he had been through, with the contrast of the quiet darkness shutting in around him, moved him deeply. He was indignant with his daughter. What sacrifice was she going to make? what gift could she part with equal to that which he had promised Wrysley—the secret of his life? His daughter, indeed! What was she?

The object of Cimenti's life had, indeed, been attained! Thanks to Wrysley's suggestions, he had been able to embody a receipt whose ingredients were to change their proportions and character to suit the different substances they were to affect. He had that day imparted to Wrysley the secret numbers that gave them their value. The actual receipt itself, written on parchment in letters of red, he had intrusted to Wrysley, that day. He had taken it from the drawer of a hidden cabinet, and Cimenti had even also confided to Wrysley the hiding place of his hoarded treasures, he had betrayed to him the secret ancient cupboard that held his bags of gold!

Nor was this all. Besides this, he had promised to assist Wrysley at midnight to carry away his daughter, that there might be no failure, nor counterplot—that Wrysley might be sure of his bride!

And what was Wrysley to give in return? He had already given, as a pledge of his future powers, the secret knowledge of the proportions of certain natural things which had made the infallible cement possible for which Cementi had been seeking. That night he was to introduce him personally to the agents in their mysteries, to the very beings that animated this nature called inorganic. And Cementi was awaiting the hour.

Cementi was persuaded that the success of his just-completed discovery, could only be carried out by Wrysley's *sub-natural* assistance. They were to work together, and to realize untold wealth.

His thoughts passed from his anger toward his daughter to the charms of his beloved compound. He lingered in thought over its different ingredients—over their occult power. The street grew more and more silent, the darkness in the room closer. The black spiders ventured out from their holes, and the mice forsook their cracks. His head grew heavy with strange dreams and fancies of odd noises. He thought it must be sleep coming over him, and he dragged himself to his bed-chamber, opening from the room, and flung himself on the bed.

Scruples, drachms, ounces—all the delicate and occult quantities that he had been trying to impress on his memory—chased through his brain in an instant. He tried to hold them, to clutch them. In vain. Sleep came on.

Could he sleep with all this upon his mind, when the crowning moment of his life was reached? Could he sleep, when his own daughter, gentle, fair, lovely, was the next hour to be given over into the hands of a wretch, a being who acknowledged that he was in league with spirits, demons, fiends? Strange! There was a cold shudder at his heart, an unusual dizziness in his brain, an access of repentance and remorse. At the same time, he felt stealing over him a singular listlessness, a strange odor oppressed him. His head dropped back upon the pillow. He tried to stir himself; he could not move. Was he really going to sleep?

He did sleep, but woke again, to hear the clock strike twelve. Suddenly, it came over him that there was not the usual silence of midnight. There seemed to be a strange music going on, an odd, suppressed whispering. It was all dark in his bedroom, but he could see a faint streak of light over the threshold of his door. He got up, half in terror; the light was from his workshop; the strange whispering came from there. It was time to meet his appointment. He went toward the door. The music sounded from the parlor, from Clara's piano. Who could be playing it? What fingers could run with such quickness over the keys? It was Paganini's "Witches' Dance" that was played so fast, in time so quick, that it made his brain reel. Could mortal hands hurry so? could they put such strange, wild expression into keys of ivory and strings of wire? He was almost afraid to open the door into his room, but he gathered courage and unclosed it gently. He looked in through the crack.

The room was dim still, though there was a strange light somewhere. There was a hurrying about in it here and there, and the whispering, too, went on, and a bustle of he knew not what. He was ready to call out and frighten away any intruder; but, in turn, he had a fright himself that paralyzed his tongue. He heard his own name repeated often, all round the room, in far-away distant corners. He drew back a little, silently, but still looked eagerly out. When his

eyes had grown sharper in the darkness, he saw that the room indeed was filled with a set of little, chattering beings, not higher than his hand. They covered everything, chairs, tables, his precious books; busying themselves with his tools, with his pastes. They had lighted his lamp, which gave, however, only a strange, lurid light. They were talking diligently.

"The old fellow thinks he can patch up matches; we will show him how," said one.

"He has sold himself to us now; we will do his work for him," cried another.

"Carbon and oxygen, hydrogen and all, we will mix them!"

"Our fresh brimstone, too!" laughed another.

"As for these vases we will mend them for him. We shall show how to patch."

"We will pair and re-pair!" cried another.

"And I shall marry his daughter," sang out a voice, as if in tune with the bewildering music from the piano that still went on.

Cementi started at the familiar, soft, silky voice. He put his head further into the room, to see more clearly.

There was work going on indeed! A pretty statuette of Pan, whose head he intended to restore with his new cement, was already mended. But, alas, the knob from an old andiron, that had been brought him to be burnished, took the place of its beautiful head. By its side a graceful, flying Mercury no longer poised itself upon a delicate, winged foot, but was supported by the leg of a common chair. On another side the classic head of Pan smiled from above the heavy andiron, and an old chair, with three wooden legs, rested its fourth upon the light toe of Mercury.

Cementi was transfixed with terror. Again as the humming music dinned in his ear, he heard the same well-known voice, singing.

"And I shall marry his daughter!"

He leaned forward to seek for the speaker, but was arrested—

"Where is the old fellow? Why does not he come? When he does come in, what shall we do with him?"

"Ah, yes, what shall we do?"

"I know, I know," cried another.

"What is that?" shouted the rest.

"You know the crack in the old man's head?"

"Oh yes, oh yes," screamed they all.

"You see this brown lid of the teapot? I will lift off the top of his head, where the seam is—"

"And patch on the top of the teapot," interrupted another.

"And the knob at the top will serve to lift him by." Such a tittering and screaming followed this, that Cementi drew back in terror; but as he gave one more glance, he saw on the lid of an old china coffee-pot, Wrysley sitting. Could it be he? He was no higher than one's hand, but there was the same head, the same distorted features, the same laugh. Cementi lingered, believing himself unobserved. The busy work was going on. Not only of patching and mending. The little beings amused themselves with mixing the contents of his beloved bottles. An explosion, now and then, gave them fresh joy. They made a jumble of whatever they came across—phosphorus, sulphur, potash—they stirred up his pastes and his glues, and lighted lurid flames here and there. At last one of them turned toward the torso.

"How shall we finish up this old inhabitant?" he cried.

Cementi gave an involuntary scream of supplication. All the gnomes looked toward the door.

"Here he is! He has come at last! Fetch the teapot!" they cried, and the hubbub increased.

Cementi fled, shut the door behind him, locked it, barred it, and clasped his hands over his head, as if to hold the crown on. The voices whispered and buzzed round the door; the wild music quickened and crashed in his ears; he flung himself upon his bed, pulled the pillows over his head, to shut out the terrible sounds, and lay quaking with terror.

A long time he heard the hurrying music, the busy sounds; at last, in all the tumult, he fell asleep again.

He woke late in the morning. The morning light found its way into the room, and as he gradually recovered himself, the events of the night came before him like wild dreams. He put his hand to his head; there was no knob there! Then it was all a dream, the visit of the gnomes—how absurd! But his compact? Was that a dream, too? The infallible cement, was that a vision of the night? No! Drachm, scruple, grain came hammering back into his head. If he could only remember the intricate, beloved proportions! No, he could not recall them. Yet they existed. And he must hasten to look at the invaluable parchment that held them. But last night? Had Wrysley brought it? Clara, Wrysley? Could Wrysley have carried her off while he slept?

He was no sooner inside the room than a terrible quaking seized him. It looked indeed like the scene of a nightly revel. The furniture was all dragged about, bottles were upset upon the floor and tables. Contents of shelves and drawers were thrown down in a promiscuous heap. The floor was stained with colors, yellow, red, strange metallic blues and greens. Pan, the white Pan, held his pipes up to a bare, round, brass knob of a head. Mercury limped upon a kitchen chair leg. An exquisite white porcelain vase was patched with coarse, brown ware. A Chinese mandarin, from an ancient East Indian jar, looked miserably out from the side of a common delft pitcher. Neptune's trident mended an old pair of tongs, and Neptune, in turn, held one tong threateningly. There was nothing that had not been broken or transposed, and Cementi touched the various articles to find that they were infallibly mended, with his own inexorable cement: nothing could unmend them! He hastened to his cup-board, not one of his bag of dollars remained! Where was his cement? Where was Wrysley? Where was Clara?

He turned to the back room; the door was wide open, the room was empty. He scarcely looked round; a hurried glance took in that the piano was open, the furniture disordered; he was not sure but that, in the piano, the black keys had changed places with the white. He called for Clara. Martha appeared.

"Oh, sir, Miss Clara! Miss Clara!"

Cementi interrupted her with an oath. Clara was at the bottom of all his misfortunes. It was she that had lured Wrysley to the house. It was with her Wrysley had flown. He could have repeated the old cry: "My ducats or my daughter! My daughter and my ducats!"

In vain Martha tried to speak to him. He thrust her from his sight. In the midst of it, some men came into the room. They were the police in search of Wrysley. They wanted to arrest him as housebreaker, gambler, forger. As Cementi gradually divined the object of their visit, he begged the officers to

search Wrysley's papers. The cement, the valuable cement! the climax of Wrysley's crimes was that he had escaped with the result of all Cementi's studies, the labor of his life!

It drove the old man almost mad. In vain the neighbors tried to console him: "He could reproduce it; he could recall its various ingredients." He was frantic at the suggestion. Those ingredients so occult! those proportions too exquisite, too delicate for any memory to retain them!

In vain Mrs. Thornton came to tell him she had news of Clara. He asked if she had found Wrysley, and when she said they had not, he swore to her in awful words, that he would thrust any person, man or woman, from his presence, who uttered the name of his daughter. He threatened to dismiss Martha. But she faithfully stood by him, on condition she should never speak Clara's name.

Wrysley could not be found. He had taken the valuable receipt; he had taken the long-treasured gold; he had taken Clara!

Cementi shut his doors against everybody. His customers, dismayed, came for their articles. Cementi returned them, but would have no more to do with them. He treated all with rude contempt. He was forsaken, at last, by all but Martha, and sat day after day silent in his chair.

Seven years passed away. Cementi lived on in the same room. No one knew how he lived. He worked a little with his old cements, but with little encouragement, for his customers had indeed deserted him. There had been, at first, some enthusiasm in going to the room to see the strange changes there; in leaving things to be mended in the hope of some witchery taking place. A young lady who came for her fan, the day after that night of bewitchment, had found an old bone knife-handle in the place of one of its delicate, carved sticks of ivory. As she opened the fan indignantly, the page painted upon it bowed to her and offered his goblet, and the courtly ladies and knights smiled. She carried away her fan not displeased. It afforded quite an amusement to hand it to her partners and see their start of terrified surprise, when its figures smiled in their faces.

Another lady of fashion sent that day for a valuable vase. It was returned mended, but she was shocked to find a bit of old crockery cemented into its rim. She was about to fling it away, when the Chinese mandarin upon it blandly nodded his head to her. She set it up on her mantle-shelf as a curiosity, only a little more hideous than before.

A teapot of blue Wedgewood ware was returned, firmly mended. The spout, the shape of a satyr's head, had been broken. It was restored of a black delft, but the mouth opened and shut at will.

Yet, even wonders tire, when they are repeated often. We seldom disturb ourselves to see the sun rise, because the wonderful event is repeated every day, and we can see it any time. Even goblins grow monotonous and tire, coming day after day or night after night. The fan was laid aside to gather dust upon a shelf, and the page smiled unseen. Old Cementi was again only a china mender, forgotten in the passage of time.

And lately a rival had appeared in his place, with rooms just opposite his own. No one saw him; but one had only to leave on his counter, with his apprentice, whatever needed mending, and in a wonderfully short time it was not only mended, it was restored. The fracture could not be seen; no one would ever guess it had been broken.

Cementi heard of it, and folded his hands and murmured, "It is my cement."

One day, at this time, he was sitting dejectedly in his room. A sudden thought of his daughter Clara came into his mind. He had before always crushed every remembrance of her; he had rejected all overtures from her that the Thorntons, from time to time, wished to bring him. But this day he almost fancied he heard her voice in the next room, now long silent and darkened. His heart warmed toward his child; he turned toward the door, and lo, as he looked, it opened. Two little figures came in. He rubbed his eyes. Could those gnomes be coming back again? No, these were little, laughing human beings. What sunny, fresh faces they had, yellow hair, and smiling lips!

"Grandpapa," cried the taller of the two, "we have come to bring you home." The smaller one repeated the little lesson in his childish dialect. "We shall take you home to Italy!" And the two gay little children laughed merrily, with a happy sound that had never been heard inside those walls, and ran up and each seized a hand of the old man, and dragged him into the other room.

He followed on into the parlor, all changed again—the blinds opened, the table drawn toward the window, the scarlet-bean looking in, and Clara there! Clara, grown older, a little care upon her brow, but sunny, fresh, and lovely still, with a warm greeting for her father, as though they had never parted. He sat down, and she chatted to him in the old way. These were her children. And Antonio stood smiling by her side. The old man looked, bewildered, from one to the other.

"That night, dear papa," Clara began, "Antonio took me away from Mrs. Thornton's. She has tried to tell you so, but you never would listen to her."

"That night, that night," the old man repeated, confused, "don't speak of that night! Yet tell me—Wrysley—how did you escape him? He is here now." He lowered his voice. "He lives on the other side of the way. He is one of the fiends, you can never escape him!"

Clara looked discouraged. But Antonio came forward.

"You need fear him no longer. This very day he has been arrested. He is in prison. We have waited for this moment, and it is accomplished. Terrible stories have been told of him, of his cruelty to a woman he calls his wife. Now that he is justly taken, he acts like a coward. And here is the proof that he is indeed conquered."

He reached to Cementi a parchment, written over in red letters. Cementi seized it eagerly.

"It is restored, the work of your life!" exclaimed Clara. "Then, dear father, you will take it away with us. You do not need to make your fortune with it, for Antonio has earned a home for us all, in Italy, sunny and full of comfort. Why not take there your dear old torso? Who knows if we might not find beneath that Italian soil the marble limbs that belonged to it—if you might not restore them with your cement?"

"No!" interrupted Cementi, with a sudden fire, tearing the parchment to shreds, and flinging them from the window. "You do not know what terrible secrets of tears and anguish are bound into those red letters! Their success would be bought only by your tears. But now"—he looked into the glad faces of the children—"as for tears, we will have no more! Shut up the old room, with its dust, and broken clay, the torso and all! Let the dead bury their dead!"

LUCRETIA P. HALE.

ENGLISH TORYISM AND ITS LEADERS.

SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE tells a story of a man who set out on a voyage of discovery, and sailing on and on in a westerly direction, at last touched a land where he was surprised to find a climate the same as his own; animals like those he had left behind; men and women not only having the same dress and complexion, but actually speaking the same language as the people of his own country. He was so struck with this unexpected and wonderful discovery, that he took to his ship again without delay, and sailed back eastward to impart to his own people the news that in a far-off, strange, western sea he had found a race identical with themselves. The truth was that the simple voyager had gone round the world, reached his own country without recognizing it, and then went round the world again to get home.

If the voyage were made in our time, and the explorer were a British Tory who had left England in the opening of the year 1867, and after unconsciously sailing round the world had fallen in with British Tories again in the autumn of the same year, one could easily excuse his failing to recognize his own people. For in the interval of time from February to August, British Toryism underwent the most sudden and complete transformation known outside the sphere of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. If any of my American readers will try to imagine a whole political party, great in numbers, greater still in wealth, station and influence, suddenly performing just such a turn-round as the "New York Herald" accomplished at a certain early crisis of the late civil war, he will have some idea of the marvellous and unprecedented feat which was executed by the English Tories, when, renouncing all their time-honored traditions, watchwords and principles, they changed a limited and oligarchical franchise into household suffrage. It is singular, indeed, that such a thing should have been done. It is more singular still that it should have been done, as it most assuredly was done, in order that one man should be kept in power. It is even more singular yet that it should have been done by a party of men individually high principled, honorable, unselfish, incapable of any deliberate meanness—and of whom many if not most actually disliked and distrusted the man in whose interest and by whose influence the surrender of principle was made.

Perhaps when I have said a little about the leadership of the English Tories, the phenomenon will appear less wonderful or at least more intelligible. It was not a mere epigram which Mr. Mill uttered when he described the Tories as the stupid party. An average Tory really is a stupid man. He is a gentleman in all the ordinary acceptation of the word. He has been to Oxford or Cambridge; he has received a decent classical education; he has travelled along the beaten tracks—made what would have been called in Mary Wortley Montague's day "the grand tour;" he has birth and high breeding; he is a good fellow, with manly, honorable ways, and that genial consideration for the feelings of others which is the fundamental condition, the vital element of gentlemanly breeding. But he is, with all this, stupid. His mind is narrow, dull, inflexible; he cannot connect cause with effect, or see that a change is coming, or why it should come; with him *post hoc* always means *propter hoc*; he cannot account for Goodwin Sands otherwise than because of Tenterden steeple. You cannot help liking him, and sometimes laughing at him. It may seem paradoxical, but I at least

am unable to get out of my mind the conviction that there is a solid basis of stupidity in the mind of the great Conservative Chief, Lord Derby. Let me explain what I mean. The Earl of Derby is in one sense a highly accomplished man. He is a good classical scholar, and can make a speech in Latin. He has produced some very spirited translations from Horace; and I like his version of the Iliad better on the whole than any other I know. He is a splendid debater—Macaulay said very truly that with Lord Derby the science of debate was an instinct. He will roll out resonant, rotund, verbose sentences by the hour, by the yard; he is great at making hits and points; he has immense power of reply and repartee—of a certain easy and obvious kind; his voice is fine, his manner is noble, his invective is powerful. But he has no ideas. The light he throws out is a polarized light. He adds nothing new to the political thought of the age. I have heard many of his finest speeches; and I can remember that they were then very telling, in a Parliamentary point of view; but I cannot remember anything he said. He is always interpreting into eloquent and effective words the commonplace Philistine notions, the hereditary conventionalities of his party—and nothing more. His mind is not open to new impressions, and he is not able to appreciate the cause, the purpose or the tendency of change. This I hold to be the essential characteristic of stupidity; and this is an attribute of Lord Derby, with all his Greek, his Latin, his impetuous rhetoric, his debating skill and his audacious blunders, which sometimes almost deceive one into thinking him a man of genius. Now the Earl of Derby is the greatest Tory living; and if I have fairly described the highest type of Tory, one can easily form some conception of what the average Tory must be. Every one likes Lord Derby, and I fully believe it to be the fact that those who know him best like him best. I cannot imagine Lord Derby doing a mean thing; I cannot imagine him haughty to a poor man, or patronizingly offensive to a timid visitor of humble birth. Look at Lord Derby through the wrong end of the intellectual telescope and you have the average British Tory. The Tory's knowledge is confined to classics and field sports—when he knows anything. Even Lord Derby has been guilty of the most flagrant mistakes in geography and modern history. People are never tired of alluding to a famous blunder of his about Tambov in Russia. It is also told of him that he once spoke in Parliament of Demerara as an island; and when one of his colleagues afterward remonstrated with him on the mistake, he asked with ingenuousness and *naïveté* “How on earth was I to know that Demerara was not an island?” He once, at a public meeting, spoke of himself very frankly as having been born “in the pre-scientific period”—the period but too recently closed, when English Universities and high class schools troubled themselves only about Greek and Latin, and thought it beneath their dignity to show much interest in such vulgar, practical studies as chemistry and natural history, to say nothing of that ungentelemanly and ungenerous study, the science of political economy. The average British Tory is a Lord Derby without eloquence, brains, official habits and political experience.

How, then, do the Tories exist as a party? How do they continue to believe themselves to be Tories, and speak of themselves as Tories, when they have surrendered all, or nearly all, the great principles which are the creed and faith, and business of Toryism? Because they have, in our times, never had Tories for leaders. A man is not a Tory merely because he fights the Tory battles, any more than a captain of the Irish Brigade was a Frenchman because he fought for King Louis, or Hobart Pasha is a Turk because he commands the

Ottoman navy. The Tory party has always, of late years, had to call in the aid of brilliant outsiders, political renegades, refugees from broken-down agitations, disappointed and cynical deserters from the Liberal camp, or mere adventurers, to fight their battles for them. It used to be quite a curious sight, some three or four years ago, when the Tories were, as they are now again, in opposition, to look down from the gallery of the House of Commons and see the men who did gladiatorial duty for the party. Along the back benches, above and below the "gangway," were stretched out huge at length the stalwart, handsome, manly country gentlemen, the bone and sinew of the Tory party—the only real Tories to be found in the House. But *they* did not bear the brunt of debate. They could cheer splendidly, and vote in platoons; but you don't suppose they were just the sort of men to confront Gladstone, and reply to Bright? Not they; and they knew it. There sat Disraeli, the brilliant renegade from Radicalism, who was ready to think for them and talk for them: and who were his lieutenants? Cairns, the successful, adroit, eloquent lawyer, a North of Ireland man, with about as much of the genuine British Tory in him as there is in Disraeli himself; Seymour Fitzgerald, the clever, pushing Irishman, also a lawyer; Whiteside, the voluble, eloquent, rather boisterous advocate, also a lawyer, and also an Irishman; smart, saucy Pope Hennessy, a young Irish adventurer, who had taken up with Toryism and ultramontaniam as the best way of making a career, and who would, at the slightest hint from his chief, have risen, utterly ignorant of the subject under debate, and challenged Gladstone's finance or Roundel Palmer's law. These men, and such men—these and no others—did the debating and the fighting for the great Tory party of England at a most critical period of that party's existence. Needless to say that the party who were compelled by their own poverty of idea, their own stupidity, to have these men for their representatives, were stupid enough to be led anywhere and into anything by the force of a little dexterity and daring on the part of the one man into whose hands they had confided their destinies.

In speaking, therefore, of the leaders of Toryism, I must distinctly say that I am not speaking of Tories. The rank and file are Tories; the general and officers belong to another race. Mr. Disraeli is so well known on this side of the Atlantic that I need not occupy much time or space in describing him. He is the most brilliant specimen of the adventurer or political soldier of fortune known to English public life in our days. I do not suppose anybody believes Mr. Disraeli's Toryism to be a genuine faith. This is not merely because he has changed his opinions so completely since the time when he came out as a Radical, under the patronage of O'Connell, and wrote to William Johnson Fox, the Democratic orator, a famous letter, in which he, Disraeli, boasted that "his forte was revolution." Men have changed their views as completely, and even as suddenly, and yet obtained credit for sincerity and integrity. It is not even because, in all of Mr. Disraeli's novels, a prime and favorite personage is a daring political adventurer, who carries all before him by the audacity of his genius and his unscrupulousness; it is not even that Mr. Disraeli, in private life, frequently speaks of success in politics as the one grand object worth striving for or living for. "What do you and I come to this House of Commons night after night for?" said Mr. Disraeli once to a great Englishman, and when the latter failed to reply very quickly, he answered his own question by saying, "You know we come here for fame." The man to whom he spoke declared, in all truthfulness, that he did not follow a political career for the sake of fame. But Disraeli was quite incredulous, and probably could not, by any earnestness and apparent

sincerity of asseveration, he got to believe that there lives a being who could sacrifice time, and money, and intellect, and eloquence merely for the sake of serving the public. Yet it is not alone this cynical avowal of selfishness which makes people so profoundly sceptical as to Mr. Disraeli's Toryism. It is the fact that he always escapes into Liberalism whenever he has an opportunity; that he lives by hawking Toryism, not by imbibing it himself; that he is ready to sell it, or betray it, or drag it in the dirt whenever he can safely serve himself by doing so; that he can become the most ardent of Freetraders, the most uncompromising champion of a Popular Suffrage to-day, when it is for his interest, after having fought fiercely against both yesterday, when to fight against them was for his interest. Mr. Disraeli is decidedly a man without scruple. Those who have read his "Vivian Grey" will remember with what zest and unction he describes his hero bewildering a company and dumbfounding a scientific authority by extemporizing an imaginary quotation from a book which he holds in his hand, and from which he pretends to read the passage he is reciting. It is not long since Mr. Disraeli himself publicly ventured on a bold little experiment of a somewhat similar kind. The story is curious, and worth hearing; and it is certain that it cannot be contradicted.

Three or four years ago, a bitter factious attack was made in the House of Commons upon Mr. Stansfeld, then holding office in the Liberal government, because of his open and avowed friendship for, and intimacy with Mazzini. This was at a time when the French government were endeavoring to connect Mazzini with a plot to assassinate the Emperor Napoleon. Mr. Disraeli was very stern in his condemnation of Mr. Stansfeld for his friendship with one who, twenty odd years before, had encouraged a young enthusiast (as the enthusiast said) in a design to kill Charles Albert, King of Sardinia. Mr. Bright, in a moderate and kindly speech, deprecated the idea of making unpardonable crimes out of the hotheaded follies of enthusiastic men in their young days; and he added that he believed there would be found in a certain poem, written by Disraeli himself some twenty-five or thirty years before, and called "A Revolutionary Epick," some lines of eloquent apostrophe in praise of tyrannicide. Up sprang Mr. Disraeli, indignant and excited, and vehemently denied that any such sentiment, any such line, could be found in the poem. Mr. Bright at once accepted the assurance; said he had never seen the poem himself, but only heard that there was such a passage in it; apologized for the mistake—and there most people thought the matter would have ended. In truth, the volume which Mr. Disraeli had published a generation before, with the grandiloquent title, "A Revolutionary Epick" (not "epic," in the common way, but dignified, old-fashioned "epick"), was a piece of youthful, bombastic folly long out of print, and almost wholly forgotten. But Disraeli chose to attach great importance to the charge he supposed to be made against him; and he declared that he felt himself bound to refute it utterly by more than a mere denial. Accordingly, in a few weeks, there came out a new edition of the Epick, with a dedication to Lord Stanley, and a preface explaining that, as the first edition was out of print, and as a charge founded on a passage in it had been made against the author, said author felt bound to issue this new edition, that all the world might see how unfounded was the accusation. Sure enough, the publication did seem to dispose of the charge effectually. There was only one passage which in any way bore on the subject of tyrannicide, and that certainly did not express approval. What could be more satisfactory? Unluckily, however, the gentleman on whose hint Mr. Bright spoke, happened to possess one copy of the original edition. He compared this, to make assur-

ance doubly sure, with the copy at the British Museum, the only other copy accessible to him, and he found that the passage which contained the praise of tyrannicide had been partly altered, partly suppressed, in the new edition specially issued by Mr. Disraeli, in order to prove to the world that he had not written a line in the poem to imply that he sanctioned the slaying of a tyrant. Now, this was a small and trifling affair; but just see how significant and characteristic it was! It surely did not make much matter whether Mr. Disraeli, in his young, nonsensical days, had or had not indulged in a burst of enthusiasm about the slaying of tyrants, in a poem so bombastical that no rational man could think of it with any seriousness. But Mr. Disraeli chose to regard his reputation as seriously assailed; and what did he do to vindicate himself? He published a new edition, which he trumpeted as not merely authentic, but as issued for the sole purpose of proving that he had not praised tyrannicide, and he deliberately excised the lines which contained the passage in question! The controversy turned on some two lines and a half; and of these Mr. Disraeli cut out all the dangerous words and gave the garbled version to the world as his authoritative reply to the charge made against him! This, too, after the famous "annexation" of one of Thiers's speeches, and the delivery of it as a panegyric on the memory of the Duke of Wellington, and after the appropriation of a page or two out of an essay by Macaulay, and its introduction wholesale, as original, into one of Mr. Disraeli's novels.

The truth is that Disraeli is so reckless a gladiator that he will catch up any weapon of defence, use any means of evasion and escape; will fight anyhow, and win anyhow. In political affairs, at least, he has no moral sense whatever; and the public seems to tolerate him on that understanding. Certainly, escapades and practices which would ruin the reputation of any other public man do not seem to bring Disraeli into serious disrepute. The few high-toned men of his own party and the other who hold all trickery in detestation, had made up their minds about him long ago; and nothing could hurt him more in their esteem—the great majority of politicians laugh at the whole thing, and take no thought. The feeling seems to be, "We don't expect grave and severe virtue from this man; we take him as he is. It would be ridiculous to apply a grave moral test to anything he may say or do." In Lockhart's "Life of Walter Scott," it is told that the great novelist went one morning very early to call on a certain friend. The friend was in bed, and Scott, pushing into the room familiarly, found that his friend was—not alone, as he expected him to be. Scott was a highly moral man, and he would have turned his back indignantly on any other of his friends whom he found guilty of vice; but his biographer says that he took the discovery he had made very lightly in this instance; and he afterward explained that the delinquent was so ridiculously without depth of character it would be absurd to find serious fault with anything he did. Perhaps it is in a similar spirit that the British public regard Mr. Disraeli. He delivered a memorable peroration one night last year in the House of Commons, the utterance and the language of which were so peculiar that charity itself could not affect to be ignorant of the stimulating cause which sent forth such extraordinary eloquence. Yet hardly anybody seemed to regard it as more than a good joke; and the newspapers which were most indignant and most scandalized over Andrew Johnson's celebrated inaugural address made no allusion whatever to Mr. Disraeli's bewildering outburst. One reason, probably, is that Disraeli, in private, is much liked. He is very kindly; he is a good friend; he is sympathetic in his dealings with young politicians, and is always glad to give a helping hand

to a young man of talent. Personal ambition, which, in Mr. Bright's eyes, is something despicable, and which Mr. Gladstone probably regards as a sin, is, in Disraeli's acceptation, something generous and elevating, something to be fostered and encouraged. Therefore, young men of talent admire Disraeli, and are glad and proud to gather round him. The men who have any brains in the Tory ranks are usually of the adventurer class; and they form a phalanx by the aid of which Disraeli can do great things. No matter how the honest, dull bulk of his party may distrust him, they cannot do without him and his phalanx; and they allow him to win his battles by the force of their votes, and they think he is winning their battles all the time.

One young man of brains there was on the Tory side of the House of Commons, who did not like Disraeli, and never professed to like him. This was Lord Robert Cecil, who subsequently became Viscount Cranbourne, and now sits in the House of Lords as Marquis of Salisbury. Lord Robert Cecil was by far the ablest scion of noble Toryism in the House of Commons. Younger than Lord Stanley he had not Lord Stanley's solidity and caution; but he had much more of original ability; he had brilliant ideas, great readiness in debate, and a perfect genius for saying bitter things in the bitterest tone. The younger son of a wealthy peer, he had, in consequence of a dispute with his father, manfully accepted honorable poverty, and was glad, for no short time, to help out his means by the use of his pen. He wrote in the "Quarterly Review," the time-honored organ of Toryism; and after a while certain political articles regularly appearing in that periodical became identified with his name. One great object of these articles seemed to be to denounce Mr. Disraeli and warn the Tory party against him as a traitor, certain in the end to sell and surrender their principles. Lord Robert Cecil was an ultra-Tory—or at least thought himself so—I feel convinced that his intellect and his experience will set him free one day. He was a Tory on principle and would listen to no compromise. People did not at first see how much ability there was in him—very few indeed saw how much of genuine manhood and nobleness there was in him. His tall, bent, awkward figure; his prematurely bald crown, his face with an outline and a beard that reminded one of a Jew pedler from the Minorities, his ungainly gestures, his unmelodious voice, and the extraordinary and wanton bitterness of his tongue, set the ordinary observer strongly against him. He seemed to delight in being gratuitously offensive. Let me give one illustration. He assailed Mr. Gladstone's financial policy one night, and said it was like the practice of a pettifogging attorney. This was rather coarse and it was received with loud murmurs of disapprobation, but Lord Robert went on unheeding. Next night, however, when the debate was resumed, he rose and said he feared he had used language the previous evening which was calculated to give offence, and which he could not justify. There were murmurs of encouraging applause—nothing delights the House of Commons like an unsolicited and manly apology. Yes, he had, on the previous night, in a moment of excitement, compared the policy of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to the practice of a pettifogging attorney. That was language which on sober consideration he felt he could not justify and ought not to have used, "and therefore," said Lord Robert, "I beg leave to offer my sincere apology"—here Mr. Gladstone half rose from his seat, with face of eager generosity, ready to pardon even before fully asked—"I beg leave to tender my sincere apology—to the attorneys!" Half the House roared with laughter, the other half with anger—and Gladstone threw himself back in his seat with an expression of mingled disappointment, pity and scorn, on his pallid, noble features.

There was something so wanton, something so nearly approaching to outrageous buffoonery, in conduct like this, on the part of Lord Robert Cecil, that it was long before impartial observers came to recognize the fine intellect and the manly character that were disguised under such an unprepossessing exterior. When the Tories came into power, the great place of Secretary for India was given to Lord Robert, who had then become Viscount Cranbourne, and the responsibilities of office wrought as complete a change in him as the wearing of the crown did in Harry the Fifth. No man ever displayed in so short a time greater aptitude for the duties of the office he had undertaken, or a loftier sense of its tremendous moral and political responsibility, than did Lord Cranbourne during his too brief tenure of the Indian Secretaryship. The cynic had become a statesman, the intellectual gladiator an earnest champion of exalted political principle. The license of tongue, in which Lord Cranbourne had revelled while yet a free lance, he absolutely renounced when he became a responsible minister. He extorted the respect and admiration of Gladstone and Bright, and indeed of every one who took the slightest interest in the condition and the future of India. The manner of his leaving office became him, too, almost as much as his occupation of it. He was sincerely opposed to a sudden lowering of the franchise, and he insisted that his party ought to think nothing of power when compared with principle. He found that Disraeli was determined to surrender anything rather than power, and he withdrew from the uncongenial companionship. He resigned office, and dropped into the ranks once more, never hesitating to express his conviction of the utter insincerity of the Conservative leader. He would have been a sharp and stinging thorn in Disraeli's side, only that death intervened and took away, not him, but his father. The death of his elder brother had made Lord Robert Cecil, Viscount Cranbourne; the death of his father now converted Viscount Cranbourne into the Marquis of Salisbury, and condemned him to the languid, inert, lifeless atmosphere of the House of Peers. The sincere pity of all who admired him followed the brilliant Salisbury in his melancholy descent. I should despair of conveying to an American reader unacquainted with English politics any adequate idea of the profundity and hopelessness of the fall which precipitates a young, ardent and gifted politician from the brilliant battle-ground of the House of Commons into the lifeless, Lethean pool of the House of Lords.

Still, the Tory party may be led, as it has been, by a chief in the House of Lords, although its great and splendid fights must be fought in the Commons. If then, in our time, Toryism ever should again become a principle which a man of genius and high character could fairly fight for, it has a leader ready to its hand in the Marquis of Salisbury. For the present it has Lord Cairns. The Earl of Derby's health no longer allows him to undertake the serious and laborious duties of party leadership. When he withdrew from the front, an attempt was made to put up with Lord Malmesbury. But Malmesbury is stupid and muddle-headed to a degree which even Tory peers cannot endure in a Tory peer; and it has somehow been "borne in upon him" that he had better leave the place to some one really qualified to fill it. Now, the Tories in the House of Commons, the country gentlemen of England, the men whose ancestors came over, perhaps, with the Conqueror, the men who imbibed family Toryism from the breasts of their mothers, are driven, when they want a capable leader, to follow a renegade Radical, the son of a middle-class Jew. In like manner the Tory Lords, also sadly needing an efficient leader, are compelled to take up with a lawyer from Belfast, the son of middle-class parents in the North of Ireland,

who has fought his way by sheer talent and energy into the front rank of the bar, into the front bench of the Parliamentary Opposition, and at last into a peerage. Lord Cairns is a very capable man ; his sudden rise into high place and influence proves the fact of itself, for he was not a young man when he entered Parliament, obscure and unknown, and he is now only in the prime of life, while he leads the Opposition in the House of Lords. He is one of the most fluent and effective debaters in either House ; he has great command of telling argument ; his training at the bar gives him the faculty of making the very most, and at the shortest notice, of all the knowledge and all the facts he can bring to bear on any question. He has shown more than once that he is capable of pouring forth a powerful, almost indeed, a passionate invective. An orator in the highest sense he certainly is not. No gleam of the poetic softens or brightens his lithe and nervous logic ; no deep feeling animates, inspires and sanctifies it. He has made no speeches which anybody hereafter will care to read. He has made, he will make, no mark upon his age. When he dies, he wholly dies. But living, he is a skilful and a capable man—far better qualified to be a party leader than an Erskine or a Grattan would be. A North of Ireland Presbyterian, he has made his way to a peerage, and now to be the leader of peers, with less of native genius than that which conducted Wolfe Tone, another North of Ireland Presbyterian, to rebellion and failure and a bloody death. He has, above all things, skill and discretion ; and he can lead the Tory party well, so long as no great cause has to be vindicated, no splendid phantom of a principle maintained. His name and his antecedents are useful to us now, inasmuch as they serve still farther to illustrate the fact that Toryism is not led by Tories.

In speaking of Tory leaders one ought not, of course, to leave out the name of Lord Stanley. But Lord Stanley is only a Tory *ex officio*, and by virtue of his position as the eldest son and heir of the great Earl of Derby. I have never heard of Lord Stanley's uttering a Tory sentiment, even when he had to play a Tory part. His speeches are all the speeches of a steady, respectable, thoughtful sort of Liberal, inclined to study carefully both or all sides of a question, and opposed to extreme opinions either way. He will never, it is quite clear, be guilty of the audacity of openly breaking with his party while his father lives ; and perhaps when he becomes Earl of Derby, there may be nothing distinctively Tory worth fighting about. Lord Stanley is indeed totally devoid of that generous ardor which makes men open converts. He is no longer young, and he will probably remain all his life where he stands at present. But a genuine Tory he is not. I confess that at one time I looked to him with great hope, as a man likely to develop into statesmanship of the highest order, and to announce himself as a votary of political and intellectual progress. Some years ago I wrote an article in the "Westminster Review," the object of which was to point to Lord Stanley as the future colleague of Gladstone in a great and a really liberal government. I have changed my opinion since. Lord Stanley wants, not the brains, but the heart for such a place. He has not the spirit to step out of his hereditary way. He is one of the sort of men of whom Goethe used to say, "If only they would commit an extravagance even, I should have some hope for them." He seems to care for little beyond accuracy of judgment and propriety ; and I do not suppose accuracy of judgment and propriety ever made a great statesman. There is nothing venturesome about Lord Stanley—therefore there is nothing great. A man to be great must brave being ridiculous ; and I do not remember that Lord Stanley has ever run the risk of being ridiculous. One of the finest and most celebrated passages of modern Parlia-

mentary eloquence is that in which George Canning, vindicating his recognition of the South American republics, proclaimed that he had called in the New World to redress the balance of the Old. I once heard a member of the House of Lords, now dead, who sat in the House of Commons near Canning, when Canning spoke that famous speech, say that when the orator came to the great climax the House was actually breaking into a titter, so absurd then did any grandiloquence about South American republics seem; and it was only the earnestness and resolve of his manner that commanded a respectful attention, and thus compelled the House to recognize the genuine grandeur of the idea, and to break into a tempest of applause. I have heard something the same told of one of the grandest passages in any of Bright's speeches—that in one of his orations against the Crimean War, in which he declared that he already heard, during the debate, the beating of the wings of the Angel of Death. The House was under the influence of a war fever, and disposed to scoff at all appeals to prudence or to pity; and it was just on the verge of a laugh at the orator's majestic apostrophe, when his earnestness conquered, the grandeur of the moment was recognized, and a peal of irrepressible applause proclaimed the triumph of his eloquence. Now, these are the risks that a man like Lord Stanley never will run. Only genius makes such ventures. He is always safe: great statesmen must sometimes brave terrible hazards. In England he has received immense praise for the part he took in averting a war between France and Prussia on the Luxembourg question. Now, it is quite true that he did much; that, in fact, he lent all the influence of England to the mode of arrangement by which both the contending Powers were enabled to back decently out of a dangerous and painful position. But the idea of such a mode of settlement did not come from him. It was originated by Baron von Beust, the Austrian Prime Minister, and it was quietly urged a good deal before Lord Stanley saw it. Von Beust, who has a keener wit than Stanley, knew that if the proposition came directly from him it would, *ipso facto*, be odious to Prussia; and he was, therefore, rejoiced when Lord Stanley took it up and adopted it as his own and England's. Von Beust was well content, and so was Lord Stanley—just as Cuddie Headrigg, in "Old Mortality," is content that John Gudyill shall have the responsibility and the honor of the shot which the latter never fired. The one original thing which Lord Stanley did during the controversy was to write a dispatch to Prussia recommending her to come to terms, because of the superior navy of France, and the certainty, in the event of war, that France would have the best of it at sea.

Now, this was a capital argument to influence a man like Lord Stanley himself—calm, cold-blooded, utterly rational. But human ingenuity could hardly have devised an appeal less likely to influence Prussia in the way of peace. Prussia, flushed with her splendid victories over Austria, and deeply offended by the arrogant and dictatorial conduct of France, was much more likely to be stung by such an argument, if it affected her at all, into flinging down the gauntlet at once, and inviting France to come if she dared. The use of such a mode of persuasion is, indeed, an adequate illustration of the whole character of Lord Stanley. Cool, prudent, and rational, he is capable enough of weighing things fairly when they are presented to him; but he can neither create an opportunity nor run a risk. Therefore, he remains officially a Tory, mentally a Liberal, politically neither the one nor the other. His bones are marrowless, his blood is cold. He can forfeit his own career, and hazard his reputation for his party; but that is all. He cannot give his mind to it, and he cannot redeem himself from his futile bondage to it. He is a respectable speaker, despite his defective

articulation and his lifeless manner ; he will be a respectable politician, despite his want of faith in, or zeal for the cause he tries to follow. That is his career ; that is the doom to which he voluntarily condemns himself.

I do not know that there are any other Tory chiefs worth talking about. Sir Stafford Northcote looks like a Bonn or Heidelberg professor, and has a fair average intellect, fit for commonplace finance and elementary politics ; there is not a ghost of an idea in him. Walpole is a pompous, well-meaning, gentlemanlike imbecile. Gathorne Hardy is fluent, as the sand in an hourglass is fluent—he can pour out words and serve to mark the passing of time. Sir John Pakington is an educated Dogberry, a respectable Justice Shallow. Not upon men like these do the political fortunes of the Tory party of our day depend, although Walpole and Pakington fairly represent the sincerity, the manhood, and the respectability of Toryism.

I come back to the point from which I started—that Toryism, in itself, is only another word for stupidity, and that any triumphs the party have won or may win are secured by the surrender of the principle they profess to be fighting for, and by the skilful management of men whose conscience permits them to adapt the means unscrupulously to the end. Were the Tory party led by genuine Tories it would have been extinct long ago. It lives and looks upon the earth, it has its triumphs and its gains, its present and its future, only because by very virtue of its own dulness it has allowed itself to be led by men whom it ought to detest, whom it sometimes does distrust, but who have the wit to sell principle in the dearest market, and buy reputation in the cheapest.

JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

SUSAN FIELDING.

BY MRS. EDWARDS,

Author of "Archie Lovell," "Steven Lawrence, Yeoman," etc.

CHAPTER XIV.

TOWARD three o'clock next day, and just as Susan was beginning to look out for Tom Collinson's figure between the hollies, a little three-cornered note arrived for her from the Manor.

"MY DEAR SUSAN,—Will you come and see me, and stay to five o'clock tea? Aunt Jemima has gone to town to fight the great fight with grandmamma, and I am alone and unhappy in my mind—I would have asked you to lunch, only grandpapa does not like to be watched as he eats his sage. A heap of the trousseau finery has arrived, perhaps you may care to see it.

"PORTIA.

"I shall give orders for you to be brought up straight to my den, and if you come directly you will not be likely to meet grandpapa."

The postscript was so reassuring that Susan, without a second's delay, ran off to the Manor, where, to her infinite relief, a housemaid, not the dreaded Jekyll, answered her modest single knock at the front door. She was shown up at once to Portia's "den;" a sunny little room on the second floor, containing one luxurious lounging chair, two cheval glasses, a glass above the chimney-piece, and curtains of the exact shade of crimson that suited Portia Ffrench's complexion. No ornaments, no flowers, no work-table; none of the little feminine rubbish by which Susan, if she had the means, would have delighted to surround herself. Warmth, ease, mirrors, becoming drapery against which to test the merit of new dresses, these were necessities to Portia Ffrench, and these she had taken care to secure—nothing beyond. The "den" was characteristic.

She was sitting beside the window, neither reading nor working, a certain anxious flushed look on her handsome face. "Susan, you good little thing to come. I'm bored—bored to death; so I thought I would try if boring some one else would do me any good. Take off your bonnet, child, sit down, and amuse me. I'm sorry I have only one arm chair."

Susan obeyed the first two commands at once. "As to amusing," she remarked, "I shouldn't say talk like mine could ever amuse any one. Certainly not you."

"And why not me, with such an accent?"

"Because you have seen more than I have, and have got more than I have; have got—oh, Miss Portia, I think you have got everything the world can give!"

"I have got," said Portia, "this easy chair; yes, it is legally mine, was given me by Aunt Jemima, I can take it away when I marry, (when I marry! of course you know that the whole thing is problematic, Susan? that I am at this moment waiting to hear whether grandmamma says yes or no?) a case full of not very valuable trinkets; an embroidery frame; a set of tools for wood-carving; every size of tatting needle, and a dozen or so silk dresses; just the sort of collection

you see advertised in the exchange department of the Lady's newspaper. With possessions like these what human heart could indeed feel satiety?"

"But I think you have got a great deal more," cried Susan. "I wasn't thinking of dresses and trinkets. You have got—yourself." This was not in the least what she had meant to say; she meant, "you have beauty, you have grace, charm of manner, wit—qualities that can win as many hearts as you choose to conquer!" But something in the mocking expression of Portia's face chilled her, and she stopped short.

"Myself!" repeated Portia with a laugh. "Yes, I have indeed got myself, and fearfully sick I am of the bargain. Susan, has it never occurred to you what a shocking injustice it is to be born a woman? By no fault of one's own to be cramped and whaleboned—I don't mean physically; taught nothing worth knowing, although one's capacities are as good as a man's; given nothing to do, although one's desire for action is as strong as a man's; and then told to be contented! When I was a small child I remember getting hold of an unfortunate bird once, a robin, I think it was. I wasn't very cruel, as children go, and I determined to make his life happy, fitted up an old cage of Aunt Jem's with the tables and chairs out of my doll's house, gave him water, food, a looking-glass even; arranged fresh leaves and flowers over his head. The poor wretch beat his breast passionately for four-and-twenty hours against the bars, then died, happily for himself!"

"But some birds like living in cages," said Susan, diffidently. "Our bullfinch never used to beat himself, and he ate his food hearty, and liked his looking-glass, too. I would ever so much rather be a woman than a man. Everything in women's lives is so nice." (Pardon the school-girl word, reader. It accurately expresses Susan's meaning.) "Women wear prettier clothes than men, and have no hard work, for needle-work and everything about a house is really play, and then they need never go into danger. Think of having to hunt or fight! Think of having to kill people as a duty, think of being cruel to animals as an amusement, and then say if you could wish to be a man!"

"I have said it always, and I shall say and feel it always," answered Portia. "There are birds and birds, as you remark, and I am not a bullfinch. I was not born for a cage."

"And you would like to hunt—to go to battle—to smoke?" cried Susan, with solemn emphasis upon that awful climax.

"Most undoubtedly I would," said Portia. "Fighting is the great natural instinct of rational beings, and when they can't have it in earnest they imitate it by cards or dice, or pursuing the lower creatures. As to smoking, it is really monstrous—monstrous! that woman should be debarred from a means, the only one we know of, by which persons without brains or work can be stupified into enduring the weight of their own existence."

Portia French, it is just to say, had never tasted the flavor even of a paper cigarette. Her theories were theories only.

Susan's eyes opened wider than usual. "But why should existence be a weight?" she cried. "I know nothing about what men feel or need, but why should a woman want anything who has got home—home and some one to love her and take care of her!"

"Love!" said Portia, with a little curl of the lip. "Such love as falls to a woman's share! Two months of courtship, say; a fortnight's honeymoon; six weeks of waning adoration; and then a kind of pitying friendly toleration, if she is very lucky, 'till the curtain falls. Love is an interlude—a very pretty one, we'll

admit—with men. How, with all the wire-drawing in the world, can it be made to spread over the five mortal acts of an ordinary woman's life?"

"I've never been to the play," said Susan, with a humble sense of her own deficiencies, "but I have heard of many women who were made happy for life by marrying the man they loved, even though he had not always been fond of them. There was Rowena, and Rose Bradwardine, and Amelia Booth, if you remember?"

Portia looked hard at the transparent girlish face of Susan Fielding; this daughter of a Brentford bookseller, amid whose prim little stock of humdrum beliefs there lurked a flavor, an intensity, beyond anything that her life, with all its variety, with all its manifest external advantages, could be made to yield. "Rose Bradwardine and Amelia Booth! You read love stories, then? You take an interest in the sentimental agonies, prolonged through three post octavo volumes, of imaginary young ladies and gentlemen?"

"I read nothing else," said Susan. "Except Robinson Crusoe, I don't think I was ever interested in any book that wasn't a love story."

"And I," said Portia, "can read no book in which love is not kept, as it ought to be, well in the background. I'm not intellectual. I can't read, as Aunt Jemima says young women used to do, to inform my mind. When I read, as when I do everything, it is for excitement. And love, as the novelist treats it, is not exciting!"

"Ah, you can afford to say all this," cried Susan, with a half-sigh. "You, who have nothing but love in your own life, don't need to read about it in stories of other people."

"Well—*there*, perhaps, you hit upon the truth," answered Portia, dryly. "So much love in my own life! Heaven help you, in your innocence, Susan. What love have I got?"

"Mr. Josselin's."

"Poor Teddy! As much as he can like anything that is not Teddy Josselin I do believe he likes me, and I know he will let me have my own way when—if we marry. And then our tastes are the same. We shall run about (together or separate)—that is to say, searching for amusement and spending our money, and not come to a worse end than most people, probably. But love! Ted Josselin's love!"

"Well, then," exclaimed Susan, quickly, "there is Mr. Blake. You can only feel sorry for him, of course, because you know all his devotion is hopeless. Still, it is yours." And having said this, she colored up to the eyes and hung her head.

Portia watched her narrowly. "And you think that all Mr. Blake's devotion, as you call it, is of the slightest value, gives the slightest additional happiness to Portia Ffrench? Mr. Blake goes in for being hopeless and desperate, of set purpose, Susan. It yields him an emotion, an experience that he may use professionally. If I lay in my coffin to-morrow he would go into rhapsodies of grief—gain another experience! write a copy of verses to tell the world what he suffered, and fall in love with a milk-maid, five feet high, next week. No; I may be vain myself, but I am not so foolish as to mistake the symptoms of men's vanity for love. Mr. Blake, in reality, loves Portia Ffrench—just as much as Portia Ffrench loves him."

"That is," said Portia, pausing a little, to prolong the eagerness of her companion's look, "is—oh, why am I so bad at definition, and why are you so much in earnest, Susan? Surely, you have not fallen a victim to Mr. Blake's

melancholy tenor voice and Lara-like sighs? I ought to have guessed there would be danger the moment you began singing sentimental duets together. What did he say as he took you home, child? Something very tender and sentimental, I am certain?"

"Please don't laugh at me—please don't say such things," exclaimed Susan, half ready to cry. "Mr. Blake was good-natured to me because I was your friend, I suppose. I don't know why he was good-natured to me. I never was in love with any one; I'm too young to be in love. I hope you'll never joke me like that again!"

And all the hot shame of a child, whose poor little foolish secrets have been discovered by mature, superior wisdom, burned on Susan's cheeks.

"Too young to be in love?" said Portia, growing amused. "Why, how old are you? Within a year or two of my age, for certain, and I—oh, I have been in and out of love the last five years."

"But I am only seventeen," said Susan, shyly; and then, desperately wanting to get away from the subject of her walk home with Mr. Blake, she added, "and, if you please, I would much rather we should talk about you—not myself—Miss Portia. May I see the finery you told me of? I have never seen any wedding dresses in my life."

"And wedding dresses are quite unlike all others, you know," said Portia. "Satin, and silks, and laces that are to be worn by a bride are invested with a dim religious light that distinguishes them from all common apparel! That is the reason why young ladies flock to gaze and comment upon each other's trousseaux. In the event of my not being married, Susan—very much the most likely event to happen—mind you tell no one that you saw the wedding garments. I remember when Alice Long did not marry Charlie Craven, people used to say forever afterward: 'Ah, here comes another of the wedding dresses. Poor, dear little Alice, what a trial for her to have to wear out her trousseau under such *altered* circumstances!' Now, I don't like to be pitied. Whatever falls to me I like to bear it by myself, and make no sign."

As she spoke, Portia rose and led Susan into the adjoining bedroom. It was piled thick in finery. Even at Miss Budd's, the first milliner shop in Brentford, Susan had never found herself among so many pretty things before. Delicate silks and muslins, fine embroidery, costly laces, were everywhere.

"It may be very well for people, generally, to suspend marriage expenses till they know whether a marriage is possible," said Portia. "For me, the most undoubted wisdom was to obtain all I could while grandpapa was in a humor for spending—'tis a humor that grows rarer with him every year. Ten to one, Lady Erroll will laugh at the whole thing; ten to one, Aunt Jemima is here in an hour's time with word that the engagement is at an end forever. Still, I shall not be utterly bereft. I shall have my embroidery, my silks, my laces—and it is something to have brave clothes to wear above a broken heart. Look at them, Susan, if such things amuse you, and wake me when you have finished."

She sank down with her usual worn-out air upon a sofa beside the window, and closed her eyes. Dress, as dress, was less than nothing to Portia Ffrench. She valued it as a means, an auxiliary to her beauty, a passport to her pleasures; something, like bright smiles or witty talk, to be put on of necessity, while she played her part in the world, and flung wearily aside the moment she quitted the foot-lights. Of the feminine instinct that derives pleasure from soft hues and fabrics, from satin-stitch and Honiton, for themselves, she was simply devoid. She cared no more for such things than she would have cared for pictures and

flowers and ornaments in a room that no one saw. And Susan possessed this instinct to the fullest extent; Susan, with her village bringing up—whose first little part in life's drama was played but yesterday! So bewilderingly divergent from what you would expect are human characters, the moment you begin to take them in detail.

At the end of another ten minutes—Susan still absorbed in millinery—there came the sound of carriage wheels along the gravel drive. Portia jumped up eagerly. "My fate is hanging in the balance, Susan—don't wonder at my excitement. Now, how does Aunt Jem look? Veil down—that's a bad sign to begin with—and Teddy Josselin with her; a worse one still! To-day is the Rawdons' garden party; Ted would never have absented himself from that without cause. Susan, Susan, I predict the worst! Aunt has thrown up her veil and I can see her face. Our side has lost."

She drew back her head, ran up to the glass and smoothed her untidy hair; then took a knot of scarlet velvet from the dressing-table, and pinned it in her white dress. "No need to look ugly because one is defeated, Susan. If the king is dead, may his successor arise! say I."

"Oh, Portia, I don't understand you," cried Susan. "I don't know how you can have courage to talk lightly at such a time."

"Courage!" said Portia, turning round her dark face with a smile as she left the room. "Oh, whatever my sins may be, cowardice is not one of them. If the worst comes to the worst—follow me to the drawing-room in half an hour and you will know it—if the worst comes to the worst I shall still possess my trousseau, remember, all the silks and laces you admire so much, Susan, and—and one thing more!"

"What is that?" cried Susan, solemn-eyed.

"Mr. Blake's devotion."

Susan's heart stood still!

CHAPTER XV.

FOURTEEN years before the time of which I write, Colonel Ffrench had sworn a bitter oath that his grand-daughter Portia should never hold communication with any member of her mother's family while he lived.

The one natural affection, the one unselfish feeling of Richard Ffrench's heart had, undoubtedly, been his feeling for his eldest son. Harry's ruin, Harry's shameful death, had inflicted upon him a blow under which all his worldly cynical philosophy could offer him no support; and the first instructive self-shielding outcry of his own stricken conscience had been an outcry against the Dysarts. But for their influence he had not been estranged from his son; but for the Dysarts his Harry had lived! They were his murderers. These things Colonel Ffrench spoke in his first excess of grief—that awful, blind grief of a man without belief beyond the hour wherein he grieves—he repeated them in colder blood until he came, not only to regard them as true, but to cling to them with a kind of sullen sense of consolation. Harry's child might be brought under his roof. Let her forget the name of the mother who bore her, let it be an understood thing that she should scarcely know what blood ran in her veins, and Harry's child might be saved from growing up a Dysart. Little as he liked children generally, it seemed to him that he might like, might at least support the presence of this one, could some portion of his hatred of her mother's race be only instilled into her heart! And, as we have seen, Portia came. Came,

and in spite of her grace, her cleverness, her likeness to Harry, her want of affection for her mother, awakened very slight feeling one way or the other in Colonel Ffrench's breast.

During their journey to Halfont good Miss Jemima took due care to tutor the child into what she should do and say on first seeing her grandfather. "He is an old gentleman, Portia—nay, never say you don't like old gentlemen; that is not pretty to say; an old man with his head bowed down low; and you must run, with your arms held up, and offer to kiss him, and say, 'Grandpapa, love me for my own papa's sake.'" And Portia, even at six years old being a charming little actress, had carried out these instructions to the letter: the upheld arms, proffered lips—all.

"She has learned her lesson well," said Colonel Ffrench, turning coldly away. "Have her kept to the nursery, Jemima. I don't see the likeness you told me of."

Upon this, Portia, with her baby vanity sore wounded, with confirmed distaste for old gentlemen, was at once hurried from her grandfather's presence, and from that day until the present had never heard another expansive word from his lips! He treated her while she was little with a cool, half-sarcastic civility that would have galled a more sensitive child into positive hatred of him; as she grew to be a woman, was unvaryingly scrupulously polite to her; no more. His last flickering capacity for strong feeling had, in very truth, been buried in Harry's dishonored grave. For Harry's girl he cared nothing; not even enough to seek to keep up, through her, his enmity toward her mother's family. Years went on; Colonel Ffrench becoming more and more indifferent to every subject but gout, and the diet gout involves; and now at one-and-twenty, Portia not only spent six weeks of every season in her grandmother's house, but was engaged to marry her first cousin, a Dysart, Colonel Ffrench acquiescent!

In the constitution of some very old men the instincts survive the affections by a quarter of a century or so. Colonel Ffrench was thus constituted: and love of rank, worship of titles and of titled people, were really instincts with him. Harry's bright face belonged to the past, the past in which so many other fair things, effaced now from the old man's weak memory, had been shipwrecked. The name of the Dowager Countess of Erroll was still written in the Peerage, still connected *him* with the world where his treasure, where his heart had been in his youth. And so the first time that Miss Jemima dared, tremblingly, to make mention of the Dysart name, a year or so after the death of Lady Portia Molyneux, she found, to her astonishment, that Richard, then confined to his sofa with gout, was in just as Christian a frame of mind as she, honest soul, by stout endeavor—aye, and by earnest prayer, had brought herself.

"The child is of the Dysart blood, as well as of ours, brother," she had pleaded. "I have had more than one letter from her grandmother inviting Portia to stay with her, but never dared show them you, and now she has written to me in the same spirit again. There are a few trinkets, it seems, that should come to Portia from her mother, and these Lady Erroll makes the excuse for writing. 'Tis her heart—her heart, of course, that yearns to see the child!" said good Miss Jemima, "and I cannot feel it our duty as Christians to keep them asunder."

"The Countess of Erroll's heart!" said old Colonel Ffrench, looking up, with helpless malignity, from his cup of water-gruel. "My dear Jemima, let the girl go, by all means. She turns her toes in, a London dancing-master will do her good. But don't let you and me talk nonsense. Old Lady Erroll has no

more heart than she has honesty. Take my word for it, the trinkets will turn out paste."

And they did. On her return home from London, Portia, with infinite disgust, displayed her legacy to Miss *Jemima*, tossing each article aside with contempt as she showed it. "Paste brilliants, *Cairngorm* diamonds, miserable garnets, mock pearls! 'Not things, possibly, of intrinsic worth,' says grandmamma, 'but invaluable as mementos.' As if I cared about mementos! She is a painted old woman with a peacock voice, Aunt *Jem*, divides her time equally between squabbling over bills, going to church, and whist—I was reminded of *Brussels*—and there was *so* little to eat! Still I amused myself. I went to the theatre four times. I learned to play cards. I heard naughty stories of every one of grandmamma's friends. My cousin, *Ted Josselin*, taught me to waltz. I amused myself, and I'll go again."

Thus, when Portia was a school girl of sixteen, began the renewal of intercourse between herself and her mother's family. Old Lady *Erroll* and Colonel *Ffrench* never met more (in this world), but some kind of half-conciliatory letter passed between them, and at distant intervals, thrice perhaps in two years, Miss *Jemima* would constrain herself to go up and partake of luncheon—cold in every sense of the word—under the Countess of *Erroll's* roof. Portia, as I have said, passed some weeks of every season at her grandmother's house. There was still very little to eat at that stately *Eaton square* table, with its services of plate, and servants in plush and powder; and grandmamma was still a painted old woman with a peacock voice, dividing her time between rigid economy, her prayer-book, and the odd trick; nevertheless, Portia found plenty to divert her during her town visits, and took special care to propitiate grandmamma while she paid them. The Countess of *Erroll's* countenance had been for her the open sesame to the world; not such a decorous, humdrum world as was comprised in Miss *Jemima's* visiting list, but the world of London, as London has been any time during the last eight years—quite as piquant a phase of manners, in its way, as was that of the *Regency*—and with *Dysart* cousins of all degrees, as her instructors and friends. Play-going, dancing, card-playing, as many flirtations as she could compass, as much excitement as she could live under; all this, and more, was crowded into a short six weeks, during which Portia annually escaped from *Halfont* dulness—for her grandmother was anything but an austere or vigilant duenna; once away from Miss *Jemima*, once among her "*Dysart associates*," and Portia did pretty much as she chose with her time and with herself. Nor had her London visits been without serious and tangible results. Four several offers of undeniable settlements had been made to Portia *Ffrench* since that first season when she came out, a slim girl of eighteen, under the old Countess of *Erroll's* wing. And each time she had accepted; played with her new suitor for a week, or a day; then had a scene with her cousin *Teddy*, repented, broken off the engagement, and been sent down to *Halfont* in disgrace.

The last occasion on which this had occurred was during the present spring, just when poor *Blake* was also falling into captivity—the suitor this time a *Glasgow* manufacturer, very rich, very plain, very much in love, yet determined to "stand no nonsense" from any woman, earl's granddaughter or no, whom he should honor with his addresses. So, on the second day of his new happiness, the Scotchman thought fit to have an opinion; found *Teddy Josselin* helping Portia in an employment they called gardening in the conservatory, and demurred. If Mr. *Josselin* wished to cut off the leaves of dead geraniums, he

might do so ; but not in such close neighborhood to the lady he—with an emphasis—meant to marry.

"You are jealous, Mr. Macbean," said Portia, with beautiful dignity ; "jealous of my cousin, who is more than a brother to me. Good-by, and please take away your ring," drawing a magnificent diamond from her finger. "It was too heavy for me from the first.

With a choking heart, but bearing his defeat manfully, the suitor departed. Then Portia burst into tears.

"It was your fault, Ted ; everything's your fault ! I didn't hate him, not very much—for a real lover, at least ; and, of course, you oughtn't to have been here."

"Shall I call him back ?" said Teddy, innocently. "I think I hear his fairy step still in the hall."

Upon this, Portia's lip quivered, and Teddy put down the scissors, and kissed her deliberately.

"I don't see the slightest reason why *we* shouldn't be lovers," he said. "You've been engaged to other fellows, and thrown them over for me. Now be engaged to me, and let any other fellow make you throw me over if he can !"

They went down that moment, hand-in-hand, to the dining-room, where it was old Lady Erroll's custom to spend her forenoons, looking over accounts—butter's, baker's, green-grocer's—detecting a cutlet too much here, a head of sea-kale she could not remember there ; and Portia told her story bravely. She had quarrelled with one suitor more. She had discarded the Scotchman and his settlements. Teddy and herself—a little tremble in her voice—had found out at last that they liked each other. Might they be engaged ?

Old Lady Erroll looked up—her finger still marking the place in her account-book—from one young face to the other. "The last time this kind of folly occurred I was angry," she said, in her shrill old voice. "I'm not angry now. Old people musn't waste their little residue of life upon useless emotion. If you had married Macbean, I would have left you ten thousand pounds in my will. I told him so last night. You are so much the richer, Ted."

"Which will come exactly to the same, if I marry Portia," remarked Teddy Josselin.

"If !"

This monosyllable, not agreeably uttered, was all the opposition Lady Erroll offered. So Portia and Teddy returned to their gardening ridiculously happy—or perhaps amused might be a juster term ; and in four-and-twenty hours all the town knew Mr. Macbean was supplanted, and by whom.

Old Lady Erroll received the many-colored remarks of her friends with complete equanimity. "Teddy is a little boy," she would say, placidly ; "is a dozen years younger in sense and knowledge of the world than my granddaughter. I don't trouble myself to think about flirtations between cousins. Teddy might spend his time worse."

She was unusually affable and obliging in her relations with Portia. Certainly Mr. Blake might be asked to dinner—any friend of poor little Ted's was welcome. Ted knew very well the house and everything in it belonged to him. To Teddy himself she was charming. Who, under such circumstances, could suspect that the good old octogenarian lady meant mischief ? Well, Portia suspected it, for one ; but then Portia always suspected the worst of everybody. "If grandmamma's intentions were honorable, she would not be so generous," Portia remarked to her lover. "She has given me a real onyx seal, slightly

chipped, and a couple of torn lace lappets. I can't feel easy in my mind with grandmamma in such abnormal dispositions."

But Teddy's peace was untroubled. A sounder philosopher than many wise men, Teddy Josselin never worried himself about any evil whatsoever until it had positively overtaken him. He was really fond of Portia, enjoyed being engaged to her nearly as much as he used to enjoy breaking off her engagements with other people, sincerely thought it would be about the best thing that could happen to him to marry her; at the same time was not a passionate or impatient lover; but content to let everything connected with his engagement shape itself as it would, the subject of money along with the rest. His present means of subsistence were his pay as a lieutenant in the Guards, and five hundred a year allowed him by Lady Erroll. His prospects for the future were from twenty-five thousand to thirty thousand pounds and the house in Eaton square, all dependent upon the will of Lady Erroll. Supposing her to turn refractory, he could thus depend with certainty upon the sum of seven shillings and four pence a day, upon which to maintain his establishment; for Colonel Ffrench had long ago declared that a handsome trousseau and a few hundred pounds in cash would be the only provision he could possibly make for his granddaughter.

Seven shillings and four pence a day—barely enough, with their present habits, to keep Portia and Mr. Josselin in gloves and bouquets. Well, Teddy declared the money part of the matter was not worth disturbing oneself about. See how he managed already! He had five hundred a year nominally; but when by accident he spent twice his allowance, never found any difficulty, to speak of, in getting his debts paid. There were always plenty of people to cash bills and so on, if your prospects were decent; and, besides, grandmamma must consent, in time: no one out of a play ever refused their consent to anything now-a-days. He had sounded her a score of times about his engagement, and her answer was always the same: "You know best, my poor little Teddy, you know best; don't consult me." Of course, if he knew best the thing was settled.

And so Miss Jemima was told that matters were progressing satisfactorily, and Colonel Ffrench's consent gained, for the fifth time, to Portia's approaching marriage; and a wildly-extravagant trousseau ordered by Portia herself before her London visit ended; all without the definite question being mooted as to the means upon which the young couple were to exist.

"We are happy in the present, taking no thought, like lilies," Teddy would say, in his foolish, innocent way, whenever Miss Jemima tried to bring him to business. "The bridesmaids' dresses are decided on, the trousseau is ordered. Now the only thing to think of is Gunter."

And, at last, one fine morning (just two days before the commencement of this story) he told Lady Erroll that she must really begin to see about ordering his wedding breakfast. "Colonel Ffrench is an invalid; and, as you are Portia's grandmamma as well as mine, we thought we would be married in town. A pleasant little party—not more than twenty people, and I'll undertake all trouble about the wine"—the Countess of Erroll's bad wine was proverbial—"I mean I'll undertake to see that we have it nice."

Old Lady Erroll looked, not without genuine compassion, on Teddy's fair, boyish face—the one object left in the world that gave her eyes pleasure to behold. "Teddy, child," said she, "am I to understand that those Ffrench people regard the engagement in any other light than a joke? They do? Ah! now, perhaps, you will tell me what you mean to support Portia Ffrench upon? You

don't know, of course. Very well. Then we old people will talk the matter over for you. Tell old *Jemima Ffrench*—you are going there to-morrow, you say—tell old *Jemima Ffrench*, with my love, that I shall expect her here to lunch and to talk over settlements—you will use that word 'settlements'—at one on Wednesday. Time enough to order the wedding breakfast afterward.'

CHAPTER XVI.

THE message was given duly; and, at the hour and day appointed, *Jemima Ffrench* drove up in a cab before the Countess of Erroll's house. The good old soldier was dressed as usual, in her plain village clothes; but no princess visiting a subject could have held her head higher than did Miss *Jemima* as she marched up Lady Erroll's door-steps, and was ushered by a gorgeous six-foot-high footman into Lady Erroll's dining-room.

The old countess was sitting at her writing table, an open desk at her side, one or two packets of docketed faded letters upon the table. She rose, gave Miss *Jemima* a little curtsy, that had been the mode in the days of George the Third, and two withered fingers. "How are you, my dear? I haven't seen you this age. You look pretty well, but people at our time of life don't grow younger—don't grow younger! How is Colonel *Ffrench*?"

Miss *Jemima* seated herself very upright on a chair at some distance from her hostess, and answered that her brother was in his usual feeble state. He had not got into the open air three times this summer.

"But keeps his faculties, I trust?" said Lady Erroll. (To no one who looked at her would it occur to ask a similar question. Seamed with wrinkles though her face was, you could scarce believe it to be the face of a woman of eighty. The keenness almost of youth was in her pale eyes; her hair, dressed in small flat curls, was yellow still; her prominent teeth were still white, and every one of them her own). "Poor Colonel *Ffrench* is not, I trust, growing feeble in his mind," she continued, in her shrill piping voice, "the very worst affliction we old people have to dread."

"My brother's mind is as strong as it ever was, I thank you," said Miss *Jemima*, stiffer than before. "His memory fails him a little at times. That is all."

Old Lady Erroll took out a gilt bonbon-box from her pocket, opened it, and helped herself to a lozenge. She ate sweetmeats all day long; before her meals, after her meals; *Portia* declared, while her meals were going on. At the kind of conversational pause in which an old man takes snuff, out, invariably, came Lady Erroll's bonbon-box. "I did not mean to offend you, my dear Miss *Ffrench*, but something my little grandson *Josselin* told me made one fear poor Colonel *Ffrench* must be somewhat enfeebled in his mental state. You can guess what I mean?"

"Not in the least," said Miss *Jemima*, but her face turned very red.

"Why, about this love affair—flirtation, I should say—of *Portia's* and *Ted's*. Surely, the boy must have hoaxed me. You can't be taking the thing in earnest, any of you?"

Miss *Jemima's* face grew redder. "If we had not taken it in earnest, Mr *Josselin* would never have come to our house in the way he has done latterly," said she, with energy.

"Oh, dear, dear, how guilty that makes me feel!" said Lady Erroll, with her shrill small laugh. "Why, I had them here together for weeks and weeks, and yet I knew that the whole thing was nonsense. Portia has behaved very foolishly, Miss Ffrench. I hid my annoyance at the time, but I don't know when I have felt more vexed. Macbean was no vulgarer than half the men you meet in society now-a-days, and his offers of settlements were most liberal. Portia may wait long before she meets with as eligible an offer, taking it altogether, as Macbean's."

Indignation, for a moment, held Jemima Ffrench dumb. "Then Portia disliked Mr. Macbean," she cried, hotly. "It made her shudder, she told me, to see him come near her. She detested herself every time she thought of her engagement. Would you have wished her to become the man's wife, with feelings like this?"

"Well, it scarcely matters what I wished," said Lady Erroll. "I am not Portia's guardian or adviser. Remembering who she is, as the child of my poor, unhappy daughter, I certainly should like to see her secured from poverty—married to some man who can keep her in decent comfort, before I die."

The buttons were off the foils; and Miss Jemima's spirits felt relieved. In open warfare she could hold her own against any Dysart of them all. The thrusts and counter-thrusts of preliminary sparring suited her not. "And remembering who she is, as the child of my unhappy nephew, I wish to see Portia marry a man whom she can love," she cried, with spirit, "I don't believe in money. I believe in affection, and affection only, for making the lives of human beings happy."

Old Lady Erroll took another sugar-plum. "It seems to me we are wasting breath on imaginary difficulties, my dear Miss Ffrench. If you believe in poverty as a promoter of happiness, and if Portia believes in it, too, by all means let her marry Teddy Josselin. He has his pay and his debts, and Colonel Ffrench, no doubt, will assist his granddaughter with something more substantial than advice at her starting in life. Still they will be poor, quite poor enough to test the value of your happiness theory. Let them marry, by all means."

"And you, Lady Erroll?" said Miss Jemima, point-blank. "What assistance are they to look for from you? I suppose we may as well talk the matter plainly over."

"Nay," said the old countess, still with suspicious urbanity, "do you tell me the intentions of the lady's friends first. What allowance does Colonel Ffrench propose to make to his granddaughter?"

Miss Jemima's honest eyes fell. If she had possessed a fortune, she would in that moment have settled every shilling of it upon her Harry's child; but she had, remaining in the world, exactly two thousand pounds, the greater part of the income from which was scrupulously received by Colonel Ffrench half yearly as Jemima's "share" in the expenses of Halfont Manor.

"My brother Richard, as you know, is a comparatively poor man. His habits are expensive, rendered more so by his ill health, and every year a narrower margin is left over and above his own personal expenditure. Except a few hundred pounds in ready money, it will not be in Richard's power to assist Portia when she marries."

"And after his death? What certain settlement can be made upon her after his death?"

"My brother's income dies with him, Lady Erroll. The little that remained of his former fortune was sunk by him, years ago, in an annuity. Halfont came

to him with his second wife, and failing children of hers, reverts by settlement, as you are aware, on Richard's death, to her family."

"Aye," exclaimed Lady Erroll, a quick expression of anger lighting up her old face, impassive till now. "As I am aware! You do well to use that expression, Miss Ffrench. Before Portia married Harry Ffrench, do you know what your brother told me about that Halfont property? I can show it you—here—in black and white!" She touched, with her withered hand, one of the packets of letters that lay beside her. "When you came I had just been refreshing my memory by reading an old note or two of your brother's. He was considered one of the acutest letter-writers of his day, Miss Ffrench. Men used to say Talleyrand could scarce surpass Richard Ffrench in the art with which he could mislead others, yet leave himself uncompromised. Hear what he wrote me, a week before my daughter's marriage!" She took up a sheet of note paper, yellow with time, unfolded it and, without spectacles, read aloud: "'Settlements, you know, I have always held in detestation. They are needful only in certain exceptional cases, never where marriage begins under such fair auspices as with that of our children! My dear Portia will, I trust, look upon Halfont as her home, now and hereafter, just as certainly as if a dozen lawyers had been at work to secure it to her on parchment!' Would you like to read the letter yourself? You know your brother's hand."

Then Miss Jemima raised her eyes steadily to Lady Erroll's. "I wish to hear nothing of the past. I wish, if I can, to forget it, with its shame and errors on both sides. I loved Harry as well, perhaps, as you loved your daughter, and have mourned for him as deeply." (Old Lady Erroll went to a rout three weeks after Lady Portia's funeral). "All that is over. I came here to talk of Portia. The girl is brimful of faults. She is extravagant, vain, giddy, I don't rightly know how much Portia could love! But she is young—at one-and-twenty everything is possible! Let her marry this Mr. Josselin, because she cares for him, and he for her. Old animosities, old letters, old wrongs—yes, for I will allow that you were wronged—let all be forgotten in the happiness of these two children," and then Jemima Ffrench's full heart overflowed; her voice choked.

Old Lady Erroll looked at her with a smile of cool curiosity. "You are an enthusiast, Miss Ffrench," she remarked, after a minute's silence; "and I am as completely matter-of-fact as Portia herself. I could say nothing stronger. In the case of two unworldly, hot-hearted, hot-headed young people—such young people as one reads of in old romances—I will admit, for argument's sake, that a marriage begun in poverty might brace character, stimulate honorable ambition. But what are these two lovers—my granddaughter and my grandson—whose cause you plead?"

"They are young, and they love each other!" cried Miss Jemima, quite unconscious that she was saying anything ridiculous.

"They are," said old Lady Erroll, "exact representatives of their class and of their period. Teddy, to begin with. I don't say he is vicious, as men used to be when you and I were young. He neither drinks nor gambles, nor commits public scandal of any kind, after the robust fashion of fifty years ago; but he hasn't an ounce of ballast in his composition. I allow him, nominally, five hundred a year; he spends double that sum, at least—on what? Bouquets, opera stalls, the bills of his men-milliners—who shall say? I, for my part, never ask. I like the boy. He's all that is left to me—Sarah's only child; and Sarah was a good, a *credible* daughter to me, Miss Ffrench. If Ted can meet with a suitable wife, a woman with money and position, he may do pretty well. As long as he

remains single, he won't go very far astray. If he marries into poverty, marries a woman like his cousin Portia—he is ruined. Simply that. No need to pile up words where one expresses everything so accurately."

"But I don't see why marrying Portia need be marrying into poverty," urged Miss Jemima. "Young people can surely begin life on five or six hundred a year. To my mind, such an income, even with a family, is a handsome one. I will, on my part, do everything I can to help them at starting, and—"

"And where is the income you speak of to come from?" interrupted old Lady Erroll, but with great politeness. "Teddy's pay is seven shillings and four pence a day. Colonel Ffrench, you tell me, can give Portia no other assistance than a certain small sum on her wedding day. Where are they to look for the remaining four or five hundred a year of which you speak?"

"From you, Lady Erroll," said Miss Jemima. "You would surely continue the same allowance to Mr. Josselin after his marriage as you make him now?"

"From the day on which Ted Josselin marries Portia Ffrench," said the old countess, "I never allow him one shilling while I live; not—one—shilling!" dwelling upon each syllable with cruel emphasis. "At my death, as I have really no other relation in whom I take interest, I shall leave my money to a charity. I have nothing to say against Portia, personally. I know no better company than my granddaughter, when she chooses; and she is handsome, too, considering her dark skin. I have done what I could for her. Portia might have married well, four times over, if she had chosen; and through me. I would have settled ten thousand pounds on her at my death, if she had married Macbean. But to be Teddy's wife—no! a hundred times, no. She would ruin him in six months—ruin him first, and disgrace him afterward. Don't interrupt me"—for Miss Jemima's eyes flashed fire. "The girl is no worse than all the rest of her generation. With a new dress a day, with an establishment, with diamonds, equipages, Portia would be a good wife, no doubt, as wives go. For Ted, I would a great deal sooner see him—"

"Lady Erroll," said Miss Jemima, rising from her chair and standing erect—very dignified she looked in her rusty black silk, and with her fine, outspoken old face—"it seems to me that, on this subject, there is nothing more for you to say or for me to hear. Portia is your granddaughter, but she is my Harry's child, and I will not listen to her vilification. What you say of young men and women of the world may be true. I thank God I know little of what you call the world, and I can't bring myself to believe it. I think there is much more good than evil in every young heart. I think a marriage of inclination, not of greed, is the best chance for my great-niece, Portia. I pray that she may make such a one. Of course, I shall tell them, word for word, what you have said. Mr. Josselin meets me, by appointment, when I leave your house, and I shall take him down with me to Halfont. My advice to them both will be to look into their own hearts, to weigh all this well, and—not to give each other up! People can live with little money; but life, as you and I have seen to our cost, is not worth holding without love."

A deep color came over Lady Erroll's wrinkled face, then faded, leaving it almost livid white. "In the marriage you speak of," said she, "there was neither love nor money. It was a marriage that began in deception, that was lived out in misery, that ended in shame and dishonor! And yet it is with such blood as *that* in her veins that you will counsel Harry Ffrench's daughter to marry into beggary."

"I will counsel Harry Ffrench's daughter to keep true, if she can, to the

best thing in her nature," said Miss Jemima, staunchly and quietly. "If she loves Teddy Josselin enough to brave poverty for his sake, I shall have better hope for her than if she had married Macbean, with all his settlements."

"Aye, if she does!" said old Lady Erroll, her good humor beginning to return. "Depend upon it, my dear Miss Ffrench, we are both working ourselves into tragedy quite unnecessarily. Let Ted and Portia know, for certain, that by marrying they will become paupers, and I think you will find them quite disposed to shake hands and lapse back into cousins. Going? No, no, I can't think of it. You must stay to lunch. Don't let two old women like you and me quarrel because a silly boy and girl have chosen to play at falling in love."

But Miss Jemima was determined. Food would choke her in her present state of feeling, she said, bluntly. She wished to quarrel with no one, but her heart was sore; she must be alone. And then briefly declining Lady Erroll's offer of sending for a cab, she started forth alone on foot from the great Eaton square house, which an hour ago she had thought was one day to be Portia's home.

Jemima Ffrench's honest heart was sore, yet, as she walked onward with her steady long step, her head well erect, through the London streets, an expression almost of youthful energy was on her fresh old face. If, as she still hoped, love won the day against wisdom, *something*, she determined, should be done by which Portia and Portia's husband might live. She would sell out two hundred pounds for them when they married; two hundred pounds would furnish a small house modestly; Teddy must exchange the Guards for a public office, Portia be taught housekeeping, and Colonel Ffrench forced into helping them. Nay, after a time, for Miss Jemima could believe positive and abiding evil of no one, would not old Lady Erroll herself be forced to relent?

"A poor, good, enthusiastic simpleton!" thought Lady Erroll, as she put away her letters, the cherished relics, not like Miss Jemima's, of dead love, but of dead hatreds, of frustrated ambition. "Ted Josselin fling thirty thousand pounds to a hospital! Portia Ffrench marry any man for the sake of his handsome blue eyes! I shall have them both here to-morrow begging dear grand-mamma's pardon, and vowing they never meant the thing to be taken in earnest."

Then she sat down to her solitary lunch, and calculated, not without satisfaction, how much chicken and sherry had been saved by Jemima Ffrench's losing her temper.

CHAPTER XVII.

FOR a long half-hour Susan Fielding waited, breathless with anxiety, not all unselfish, as to the lovers' fate. Then a light step came flying along the corridor, the door opened quickly, and Portia, her face all alight with animation, looked in.

"Come Susan, child! The oracle has spoken, our fate is decided. Come and witness the last scene in our poor, ill-fated little love drama."

"What—you are not going to marry Mr. Josselin, then?" uttered Susan.

"Ah, that is just what you will hear," was Portia's answer. "I have had a hard alternative placed before me, Susan, I can tell you. Teddy Josselin and herbs, a stalled ox and Macbean. But I think, considering my youth and inexperience, I have chosen wisely, as you will hear."

She hurried Susan down stairs, and on the landing, outside the drawing-

room, they were joined by Miss *Jemima* who, after repeating, with conscientious accuracy, Lady *Erroll's* message, had left the lovers alone to deliberate upon their fate.

"Poor old lady! You are a vast deal more upset by all this than you need be," said *Portia*, patting Miss *Jemima's* hand reassuringly. "As I tell *Susan*, we have, considering all things, decided wisely, and what is more, without a tear. You have been crying, Aunt *Jem*—don't deny it, I see the marks of tears on your cheeks—while we laughed! Yes, laughed so loud I expected every minute grandpapa would send up a message bidding us not disturb him."

She opened the door as she spoke, and *Susan*, with as choking a feeling in her throat as though her own destiny were under discussion, followed old Miss *Ffrench* into the drawing-room. *Teddy Josselin* rose from a sofa where he was reclining by one of the open windows, and came forward to meet them. He looked even more bewitching, *Susan* thought, in his morning dress, than he had done the other evening; the frock coat, the delicate tie, the pointed moustache, the lavender gloves—all were faultless. And his blue eyes were just as full of lazy contentment, his handsome boyish face was just as untroubled as ever. Ah, if she had a lover, mused the little girl, she would not choose him to wear mien so careless in this momentous hour on which their whole future happiness might hang! Poor, romantic little *Susan*.

"How are you, *Susan*," said *Teddy*, taking her hand, all cold and trembling with vicarious agitation. "I have been thinking of you ever since, and so has some one else. Did I tell you, 'Tia? *Blake* soothed me to sleep with praises of *Susan's* voice and *Susan's* 'rustic woodland air' all the way back to town. Don't be jealous."

The thorough good humor of *Teddy's* tone, the familiar "'Tia," (*Teddy Josselin* was the only living being who ever ventured on a diminutive with *Portia*) made Miss *Jemima* augur favorably as to the result of their consultation. "*Portia* is very likely to be jealous about Mr. *Blake*, or Mr. any one else to-day," she said, with an inflection of the voice that made the remark a question.

"Poor *Portia* would be jealous always," said *Teddy*, looking serious. "There is the leading weakness of her character. She cannot part with her meanest slave without a pang, can you, 'Tia?"

Portia had now come close to her cousin's side, and as he was speaking their eyes met. Surely, thought old Miss *Jemima*, not unobservant, not wholly unversed in love matters, the lacerated feeling of lovers on the brink of an eternal parting were never transmitted through such a heart-whole glance as that!

"When I am tired I will tell you," answered *Portia*, lightly. "Up to the present time I have had no experience. What one gives up voluntarily, cannot be spoken of as 'forfeited,' Master *Ted*."

Teddy made a mock-humble bow. "I never knew you had given *George Blake* up, Miss *Ffrench*."

"I was not speaking of *George Blake*, Mr. *Josselin*."

And then every body sat down; the lovers at some distance from each other, perfectly cool and collected; old Miss *Jemima* and *Susan* waiting in agitated silence for them to begin.

"I think," remarked *Teddy*, when two or three minutes had gone by in silence, "that the barometer must be higher than yesterday—I mean the thermometer—no, which is it, 'Tia?"

Miss *Jemima* looked up severely at the ceiling; *Portia* laughed—that pleas-

ant laugh that, as I said before, would in itself have been enough to found many an actress's reputation! "What will you do without me at your side to tell you what you mean, Ted?" cried she.

"Portia!" exclaimed Miss Jemima.

"Ah well, Aunt, painful though it may be to tell the truth, there is no good in putting it off," said Portia, with a business-like air. Susan is in our confidence, and I am sure you are both dying to hear what we have decided on. As well tell them at once, Ted?"

"I suppose so," began Teddy—then Miss Jemima chancing to look at him full and suddenly, his blue eyes sank. "Only, do you say it all, Portia," he added. "You know you get over that sort of thing so much neater than I do."

"Thanks!" said Portia, gaily. "I accept the compliment at its fullest worth. Mr. Josselin wishing me to be the speaker, Aunt Jem, I have to announce that—we do not mean to sacrifice ourselves."

"As I guessed, as I foretold," said Miss Jemima, half to herself. "So much for Lady Erroll's knowledge of human nature."

"We are young, we may be foolish—"

"But not wholly corrupt!" put in Teddy.

"And we cannot give up what to us is simply life itself."

Miss Jemima coughed to keep down her emotion; the tears started to her eyes.

"Dissipation, excitement, dresses by Worth, coats by Bond street tailors, French gloves, French wines. What, in very truth, are all these things?"

A shake of the head from Miss Jemima said, "What, indeed?"

"Superfluities to many people, doubtless. To us, necessities of life."

"Portia!"

"Since I was eighteen, have I ever, in one year, spent less than a hundred and thirty pounds on my dress, Aunt Jem? the precise sum on which grand-mamma suggests we should live. Well, we will say that when I was married I spent half—though the whole calculation is absurd—and Teddy the other half. Sixty-five pounds a year each on dress. What would this leave over for wine bills and travelling, and all those incidental expenses? Not a farthing. We should not be in the least ashamed to beg, but we could not work, either of us, and the only remaining alternative would be—starvation. Teddy," she turned round to her lover, with the brightest smile in the world, "we can't make up our minds to starve, can we?"

"I could make up my mind to anything," said Teddy, "as long as I shared it with you. If you wanted money, 'Tia, you should have remained faithful to the Scotchman."

"If my niece wished it, in short," said Miss Jemima, looking searchingly at the young man's face, "if Portia French would remain true to her word you would remain true to her. Is that what I am to understand, Mr. Josselin?"

"If Portia will marry me to-morrow I shall be the happiest man in England," said Teddy Josselin, lifting his blue eyes to Miss Jemima's—honest blue eyes they were, with all their sleepiness, all their want of intellect. "I've never taken thought for the morrow yet, and never come to very bad grief, that I remember. The natural tendency of things is—is to fall upon one's legs. I don't know why you laugh, Portia?"

"A slight confusion of tenses, Ted. Go on. It was the fault of the metaphor."

"To fall upon one's legs. I'm put out, Miss Ffrench. Portia knows so well how to put me out. If she would quarrel with grandmamma and marry me to-morrow—"

"You would be doubtfully happy for a week, and decidedly repentant for the remainder of your life!" interrupted Portia, in the sort of admonitory tone in which one puts down a child's impending folly. "We can't afford to quarrel with grandmamma, either of us—I the least. She doesn't love me very much, poor grandmamma, our feelings to each other are about equal, but she really means me to make a good marriage, and I mean to do so, too—in my own way, not a Mr. Macbean. From the first year I saw her, grandmamma and I have been playing a kind of game of chess of our own. Who knows yet which will be checkmated?"

"You have been playing a game which I neither understand nor wish to understand," cried Miss Jemima, indignantly. "I have been always lenient to you hitherto, Portia. When you have led on and discarded suitor after suitor, I have been lenient to you, for I have thought your worst sin was girlish levity, and that in your heart—I may say it now—you cared for your cousin. I was mistaken. You have no heart, You care for nothing. You believe nothing. You regret nothing. I congratulate you, Mr. Josselin, I congratulate you heartily on my niece, Portia Ffrench, having at length made up her mind!"

Teddy smoothed his moustache into finer points, and gave one quickly-averted glance at Portia's face. "All congratulations are the mischief to answer," he remarked. "I remember when my cousin Adolphus was going to be married, old Linkwater congratulated him. I've often told you that story, 'Tia?"

"Very often. You surely have no idea of telling it us now?"

"Oh, not at all, only—you know what Adolphus said is pretty nearly what I feel. All these things are leaps in the dark," this to Miss Jemima; "and it would take a wiser man than me to know, till a year and a day afterward, whether he has drawn a prize or a blank. But I am extremely obliged to you for what you said, just the same."

His unruffled fatuity, the lurking smile round Portia's lips, were too much for Miss Jemima's temper. "I congratulate both of you," she cried, rising from her chair; "and I congratulate the people belonging to you on being spared from seeing two such—" a strong word was in the old soldier's mouth, but she swallowed it—"two such babies married. Lady Erroll was right. She does understand human nature—such human nature as yours—better than I do. You will yourself explain the rupture of your *last* engagement to your grandfather, Portia; that task I decline; and the next time, please, that you have wedding preparations to make, make them without consulting me. I assist at no more trousseaux."

And Miss Jemima crossed over to a table where afternoon tea was already laid, poured herself out a cup and drank it, standing, in short, disdainful gulps, and not turning her eyes again toward the culprits. A stranger looking in at the picture at that moment would assuredly never have guessed that Teddy and Portia were lovers, sternly refusing consent to their own marriage; that this incensed old lady's was the heart that bled at seeing generous, youthful ~~folly~~ degenerate into the miserable wisdom of expediency, and of the world!

Teddy was the first to follow her. "Don't be angry with us," he said, humbly offering Miss Jemima a plate of bread and butter. "Bad though we are, we are not responsible for the sins of our ancestors; everything is forced upon us by grandmamma."

He looked so handsome and so much in earnest as he made his little speech that *Jemima Ffrench* could not but soften. "I'm angry with myself for having taken so much interest in you, that's the truth, *Mr. Josselin*. I made he mistake of thinking of you both as of responsible beings, who would help themselves, and whom it would be my duty to help. I see you as you are—children, not knowing the meaning of the words responsibility or duty."

"And who, therefore, must make their way by childish obedience to their elders' dictates," cried *Portia*, coming up and putting her arm round *Miss Jemima's* shoulders. "Now, I insist upon your eating, old lady. You know you told me you had not swallowed a mouthful since you started. Take a lesson from us. Don't quarrel with your bread and butter."

So peace was made. Shocked though good *Miss Jemima* might be by the lover's frivolity, it was impossible to remain seriously angry with any two human beings for refusing voluntarily to encounter starvation. She had been a fox, she confessed, and they—had proved themselves philosophers. The world was too old for romantic sacrifice. Let *Mr. Josselin* look for an heiress, with *Lady Erroll's* assistance, and *Portia*, if she could, find another *Mr. Macbean*.

"You, both of you, suffer so little that I won't go through the pretence or pitying you," she remarked, as *Teddy Josselin* took his leave. "But this I do say," and *Miss Jemima* pressed the young man's hand with honest kindness, "I can't help feeling sorry that we have seen the last of you at *Halfont*. Some day, perhaps, a long time hence, you will look back, and wish you had decided differently."

"And some day, perhaps, not a very long time hence, you will look back and say that we decided like oracles," said *Teddy*. "As to having seen the last of me at *Halfont*, the thing is—is—" *Teddy* stammered and looked pleasant—"weddulous. Because 'Tia and I leave off being lovers is no reason that we should not continue—"

"To be cousins," interrupted *Portia*. "You shall come again in three months, *Ted*. Not a day sooner; the world would talk. Whatever we wish, whatever we think right, do not let us run a risk of making the world talk!"

She went with him to the top of the stairs, then running back to one of the drawing-room windows, kissed the tips of her fingers as the carriage that was taking him to the station drove away. Could any woman discard, in this light fashion, the man she had once loved? *Susan*, to whose simple heart the situation was one of vilest interest, asked herself this question as she watched *Portia's* face. Had the whole engagement been idle child's play, as *Miss Jemima* said; or—a blind. Was *Portia's* heart indeed occupied by some absent lover—a lover far worthier, nobler, thought *Susan*, than poor *Teddy Josselin*, with his lavender gloves, and curled love-locks, and boyish, effeminate beauty.

Portia sank down into a chair and told *Miss Jemima* to ring for some fresh tea, then in wildly high spirits began to discuss the change in her prospects that the last few hours had brought about. Usually she flagged the moment that a scene, that an excitement, however trivial, was past; no such reaction seemed to set in after her final rupture with the man she had professed to love. She would go to town to-morrow. Every worldly hope she had was in grandmamma. Suicidal to run the chance of any fresh family feud! She would get presented at the next drawing-room. She would send her photograph to *Macbean*. He was vulgar, he lived in *Glasgow*, was ugly, demoniacal of temper; but, at the present ebb of affairs, not a chance must be lost. Could a young lady approaching

twenty-two, and whose fifth engagement had just ended tragically, afford to be critical?

So she rattled on, Miss *Jemima* listening grimly sorrowful. At last, when Susan rose to go, *Portia* offered to walk with her as far as the lodge gates, and as soon as the two girls were alone together, out of doors, her mood changed. "You think me a monster of heartlessness, don't you, Susan?" Oh, I can see you do by your face. Don't accuse me too harshly. Remember you only see half—the outside half that tells so little of the truth."

"I know that very well," cried Susan, half impatiently, "and I have no right of course to accuse any one. It all seems hard on—poor Mr. *Josselin*, but I believe I can guess why *you* are in such good spirits!"

"Then you must be a much shrewder person than I take you for," said *Portia*. "Don't judge by what you would do or feel under the same circumstances, child. Think of something that you would consider wildly, utterly impossible, and you will be likeliest to arrive at the truth about me. Not that I want you to arrive at the truth, Susan!" Singularly bright was *Portia's* face, singularly soft her voice. "I should just like to make you say one thing. Aunt *Jem* congratulated *Teddy* on my having found out my own mind at last, will you congratulate me? I'm superstitious, I want good wishes to-day. Give me yours."

The poor child's tell-tale face reddened. I do not say that, after spending one evening in the society of a stranger, a girl's heart can be affected to any passionate or lasting extent. But I do say that a spasm of sharpest pain contracted Susan Fielding's heart at this moment. Love's twin sister, we must remember, arrives so much more rapidly at maturity than does love himself! "I congratulate you, Miss *Portia*," but her voice was unsteady as she said this. "As you say, I can't judge of you or of your actions rightly, but I know enough to feel that you are happier than you ever were in your life before, and I'm glad—I mean I try to be glad of it. I wish you joy, you and—the person you mean to marry."

Portia broke out into a laugh, a heartier, louder one than most people had ever heard from her lips. "That is well-wishing with a vengeance! Well-wishing, not to the living only, but to people who, as likely as not, will never exist. Aunt *Jemima* often says I shall end by being an old maid, and that she and I will live together in lodgings at Cheltenham, Susan. I shall be just a little more discontented than I am now, thin, blue-nosed, a district visitor, and holding rigid opinions about women's emancipation. Good-by—what! won't you give me a kiss after congratulating me so prettily?"

And then, with buoyant steps, she tripped back along the Manor avenue, and Susan, heavy-hearted, went on her way alone toward Addison Lodge.

A GREAT ADVOCATE.

JAMES T. BRADY.

DURING the war of 1812 two Irish emigrants landed in New York after an eventful voyage, during which they had had a narrow escape from a British privateer. They were Thomas S. Brady and his young bride. On a public occasion, long after, James T. Brady, the son of this couple and the most distinguished advocate at the New York bar, took pride in speaking of himself as "the son of an Irish father, who migrated in hot haste, and was chased into the port of New York, his highest ambition being that his son might be born in America."

It was a good stock. The clan Mac Braidaich occupied, of old, an extensive territory near the centre of Ireland. The name became O'Bradaich, O'Brady, Brady. Then came Saxon rule, and the Bradys, from a powerful clan, passed into dependent tenants. The family had contributed a greater number of priests and bishops to the Irish Church than any other. The crest of the house—a mailed hand grasping a scimitar and cutting a feather—suggests the story of Saladin, and seems symbolic of a clear and incisive intellect.

Thomas S. Brady had culture, wit, eloquence, generosity and character. His father, a true scion of this strong and vigorous race, had given him a thorough classical education; and so in 1815 we find him teaching school at No. 21 Warren street, New York, and gaining daily in reputation as an accomplished teacher. Many of his pupils are prominent men in New York to-day. The mother, says Judge Daly, was "a woman handsome in person, as I remember her, having a fine natural intellect—one of those mothers whose quiet virtues shed their blessed influence over families, and are felt so long in their durable effect upon children."

To this couple was born, on the 9th of April, 1815, a man-child—duly christened James Topham, and destined to make his name a household word in the homes of his native city, and a name of honor in his native land.

James was early set to study in his father's school. His old schoolfellow, Judge Daly, pictures him at seven years of age as "a little boy with a large head and a very small frame; his great head bending over his desk, and his little feet playing beneath; his mind intently fixed on his lesson, which he was rather slow to acquire. A great, warm-hearted little boy, exceedingly unselfish, most affectionate in his attachment to his young school companions, and exceedingly beloved by them."

Another schoolmate recalls incidents which show that his independence and indomitable courage were inborn. "He was of a brave, determined disposition, but always kind to every one." "He was a delicate boy, with a very large head; not a handsome boy (Tom was very handsome); was called 'little Jim Brady' all the early part of his life." As he grew in stature and in fame, the epithet, no longer fitting, was dropped; but to those who knew him best, he was "Jim Brady," or "James T.," as it might happen, to the last. He was so noticeable, says still another schoolfellow, "for his loving kindness as a boy, that it almost obliterates every other recollection."

Young Brady went from the school-room to his father's office (his father had meantime entered the profession of law) then in Nassau street, afterward removed

to Beekman street, in the "Inns of Court," where he was office boy and student. A quick-witted, bright boy, sometimes letting the temptation of a repartee prove too strong for that consideration for others, which, later in life, was so marked a characteristic of him; as when, on entering an old gentleman's office, the little office boy neglected to take off his cap, and the old gentleman reproving him, said: "My son, when I go into a gentleman's office I take off my hat." "So do I!" flashed back Master Impudence. He was, however, generally diffident, modest, and industrious, gathering in knowledge in every direction; and when he felt free to express his opinions—as he did to his father, whose pride and joy he was—of remarkable originality and independence of thought. His brother remembers a discussion with his father in which James advanced and maintained resolutely the opinion that classical studies were no help, but rather a hindrance to originality. No doubt a grave heresy, in the eyes of the carefully trained classical scholar. The riper judgment of the son, however, changed his position, and later in life, his opinions of the value and importance of a thorough classical training would have left no room for a renewal of that discussion.

The business of the office, in its details and management, was soon entirely in his charge; and, in those days before the Code, when everything was managed by special pleading, the drawing of pleadings, briefs, and other papers necessarily involved great study and precision.

When he was about nineteen a gentleman remarked to his father, "Your son is of fine promise." "Yes, sir, he is a boy of great promise, a boy of splendid intellect and noble character. Young as he is, I regard him as a walking encyclopædia, his mind seems to gild every subject it touches." The career of the son has certainly justified the estimate of the father.

At this time, and during all his early years at the bar, he was a hard student. Lodging in the office, he frequently passed the whole night in study, adding another to the examples of those who have supplemented the lavish gifts of nature by the most intense application and industry, the consciousness of high powers only stimulating to increased exertion. His earnest and protracted studies at this period are spoken of by all who then knew him. The naturalness of his manner, the spontaneous working of his mind, his fertility and readiness, led the younger members of the bar to imagine that he owed little to industry or training; but, highly gifted as he was, he would doubtless have attributed his success to these early studious years.

Brady was admitted to the bar in 1835. He was twenty years of age. His first case, other than in the Ward Courts, was an insurance case, in which Mr. Charles O'Connor was the opposing counsel. It became so apparent that it was a deliberate attempt on the part of Mr. Brady's client to recover many times the value of the destroyed goods, that Mr. O'Connor fairly ridiculed the case out of court. But, if he lost his case, Brady made his mark. Judge Daly, who was present, declares that he displayed all his wonderful powers of eloquence. The same exhibition of the powers of eloquence, it is said, characterized the first appearance in public of Choate and of Pinckney. Indeed, I believe this to be the case with all great natural speakers. The art of oratory may be acquired; but the magnetic power called eloquence is inherent.

Mr. Brady himself, speaking of the same occasion, said that he trembled all over, and everything grew dark before his eyes, so that he could not see the jury; but, steadying himself by placing his hands on the table before him, and keeping his face turned toward the jury, he spoke on till he recovered his composure.

A few months after, he was engaged in a case in which great interest was felt. The quiet of the town on the Sabbath had been suddenly disturbed by an incursion of newsboys shouting out the newspaper, the "Sunday Morning News," and the church-going portion of the community were greatly shocked and scandalized. One Sunday morning an unusually audacious boy bawled out the name of his paper in the ears of Mr. Gerard, at the very door of the church. Seizing the boy, Mr. Gerard gave him to an officer, whom he promised to protect in the arrest. The officer thereupon took him to the Tombs. The magistrate discharged the boy; but the right of the newsboys to sell the paper was warmly defended in a suit brought against the officer for making the arrest. Mr. Gerard defended the officer, Mr. Brady appeared for the boy. The court was crowded. Brady's speech was broad, liberal, and powerful. The jury were charmed with it and the audience delighted; many strangers congratulated him. The verdict was against him; but, as he said, only a jury of philosophers could have given him a verdict in such a state of public feeling. The Jews had taken great interest in the case, and were present in large numbers. Many of them thereafter became his clients. From that day he never wanted for business. With him there was no dreary waiting—he stepped into the arena, and at once was welcomed to the contest. Of his appearance there, and who were among his competitors, Mr. McKeon says: "We may refer to the period of his introduction to the bar of this city as an epoch in its history. In looking back at the past, we see rising before us George Wood, treading with no uncertain step through the labyrinths of the law of real property; Daniel Lord following, with his legal eye, commerce over the long and dreary waste of waters; David Graham, the younger, and Ogden Hoffman, standing in full panoply of intellectual power before our criminal tribunals. Into the lists where stood these proud knights young Brady sprang, ready to contend with the mightiest of them. How well he contended many of you well remember, and the honors paid to his memory are justified by the triumphs he has won."

At this time, the Supreme Court met four times a year—at New York, Albany, Utica, and Rochester. The leading lawyers of the State attended its sessions, and here the younger men learned, as the young Athenians in the Garden and the Academy, from the lips of living teachers. Only the men of acknowledged power attended the sessions of this court, and it spoke volumes for young Brady's ability that he was among them.

Early in his professional career he found himself at the head of a family, and was forced to practise the strictest economy and prudence. His accounts kept at that time show that he struggled bravely and successfully; but they indicate also much self-denial. The man whose nature was lavish as the sun became, when duty demanded, as careful and painstaking as if "getting and saving" were his leading characteristics. At this time, he was grave and reserved, his devotion to his studies and business was redoubled, and his own personal expenses were diminished to the least possible sum. He had a high motive—the support and training of his motherless sisters. To a friend asking why he, of all men so fitted for domestic happiness, had never married, his answer was: "When my father died, he left five daughters, who looked to me for support. All the affection which I could have had for a wife went out to those sisters; and I have never desired to recall it." His own devotion was rewarded by the devotion of a family. His brother and sisters, much younger than himself, looked up to him as a father and always treated him with the respect due to that

relation. The "Thirty-nine Articles" he drew up for the government of the household over twenty years ago are still extant, and are full of quiet humor.

The brave, self-reliant youth undertook and carried through the task without help from any outside source. With this pressure on him, he worked indefatigably. His synopses and notes of cases, and his notes for his pleas were made with great precision, thoroughness, and clearness. He always had a theory of a case, and knew his objective points; and with close, unerring logic he made his way to the mark. The idea that he relied on his eloquence and the inspiration of the moment to win his case is erroneous. He knew his case thoroughly; and the flowers of rhetoric with which he adorned his arguments or fascinated his hearers were but the wreath beneath which he hid the shining steel and tough shaft of the lance of logic, which he drove straight home, through shield and breast-plate.

His remarks at the meeting of the bar on the occasion of the death of John Van Buren are of interest in this connection, as explaining his own character and ability as lawyer and man:

I think that Mr. Van Buren was the most misunderstood man in reference to his professional capacity that I ever personally knew, except Ogden Hoffman. Because Ogden Hoffman had the reputation of being a brilliant orator he lost the enduring reputation, which he more deserved, of being a sound practical lawyer. I think John Van Buren, when he prepared himself to argue a case, intending to justify his own reputation as well as his duty to his client, was second to none at the bar of this city. The brilliancy of his public oratory, the gleam and flash of his ever-brilliant wit, the great control he had in society wherever he was received, the fact that he gracefully slid into that society, of whatever character it might be, made him the ornament and delight of every company. The poorest laborer in the world, as well as the gentleman of the highest society, could find in Mr. Van Buren the easiest companion in the world.

What change is needed to adapt this to fit its author?

The bashful boy had rapidly risen in his profession. He was retained by Goodyear in the great india-rubber case of *Goodyear vs. Day*, which was argued at Trenton in the United States Circuit Court, before Justices Grier and Dickerson. Daniel Webster was his senior counsel. Mr. Choate was opposed. Brady had worked for months, and opened the case in a two days' speech. Mr. Webster said on rising that if the case was won, the triumph would be due to its able and thorough preparation by his junior. "I thank you, Mr. Brady," he said, "for the manner in which you have opened this case; you have cut a broad highway through it." It was a great combination. The greatest constitutional lawyer and the two best advocates of the nation. In connection with the india-rubber cases is a fact which testifies to his character. A salary of \$25,000 a year for life was offered to be settled on him by the rubber company if he would advise a certain course; but not deeming it right he rejected the offer. When, in France, in 1851, the rubber cases coming in controversy there, Mr. Brady substantially gave in French, to Etienne Blanc, the French advocate, the materials for his brief.

For the last twenty-five years, up to the time of his death, he had been retained upon most of the celebrated cases, criminal and civil. He was sought especially in cases of contested wills, his development of the theory of "moral insanity" in the great case of the forger Huntington having shown him a master in the power of subtle discrimination. In preparing this case his labors were indefatigable. He mastered the subject of insanity in all its phases, and became as familiar with medical authorities as he was with those of the law. His fertile, original mind made incursions into this new field, discovered there unsuspected treasures, and brought back rich spoils.

He was indeed a master of medical jurisprudence, and has imposed his theo-

ries upon the law of the land. In the Parish Will case, the Allaire case, the argument before the Court of Appeals in Mr. Forrest's divorce case, the Gardiner Will case, the Street Commissioner cases, and the case of Governor Price of New Jersey, where he won the heaviest verdict that had then been given in a civil suit, \$300,000, he gave additional proof of his general powers as a lawyer, so fully proved before in the great india-rubber cases. For those who, knowing his superior powers as a popular speaker and as a criminal advocate, hence concluded that he was not a great lawyer, stands the fact that in all these cases he was opposed by the ablest veterans of the bar, "the lawyers" *par excellence*, and won his triumphs contending with no unworthy foes. A line from a letter of Erskine—whose reputation for knowledge of the law was in like manner dimmed by the splendor of his eloquence—applies here: "Remember that no man can be a great advocate who is no lawyer; the thing is impossible."

The knowledge of civil cases is generally limited to those personally interested; but whole communities are moved by great criminal trials, so fame as a great criminal lawyer is far more widely disseminated. The shooting of Philip Barton Key, United States District Attorney at Washington, by Daniel E. Sickles, Member of Congress from New York City, from their public and social position and the romantic story with its tragic end, fixed the eyes of all in America and of thousands in Europe upon the dingy court-room at Washington, where for days the life of the since distinguished major-general hung on the decision of twelve men. John Graham and James T. Brady, of New York, were there, without fee or reward, to serve their boyhood friend. Associated with them was the great lawyer, Edwin M. Stanton, since Secretary of War; Joseph Bradley, of Baltimore; and Peter Caggar, of Albany. It was no small mark of confidence that these distinguished men requested the youngest of their number to conduct the examination and cross-examination of all the witnesses. Upon the management of the case hung the only chance of safety. Adverse public opinion pressed terribly against the accused. The tact and skill with which vital points of evidence were elicited or suppressed, won the admiration of all lawyers. After twenty days of struggle, Mr. Sickles walked forth a free man, and the fame of James T. Brady as a great jury lawyer became national. At this time, Mr. Brady conceived the highest esteem for the great abilities of Mr. Stanton, and the warmest love for the man. This opinion he clung to through all the stormy times when, as Secretary of War, Mr. Stanton became the mark for detraction and hate; when some patriotic men, wounded by the brusque manner of the head of the War Department, gave expression to feelings of bitter dislike. It was not the least of the proofs given by James T. Brady of the possession of rare independence and courage that he dared to stand up in Tammany Hall and declare "that he knew they hated Edwin M. Stanton, but he, a Democrat, knew him, and held him in his heart of hearts!" Few men at that time could have spoken those words in that hall. But James T. Brady was never known to shrink from foe or friend.

The trial of Baker for the murder of Poole furnished a notable instance of Mr. Brady's intrepidity in behalf of a client. It was at the height of the "Know-Nothing" excitement, and Poole, after receiving the fatal bullet, having exclaimed, "I die an American," succeeded in causing himself to be regarded as a martyr to the cause. Lingered for days with—as the *post-mortem* proved—a bullet deeply imbedded in his heart, the interest and excitement became intense; and, on the day of his funeral, twenty thousand men walked in solemn procession behind the coffin of the martyred "rough." In such a state of public feeling

Baker was put on trial for his life. At the opening of the charge by the judge, aroused by its tenor, Mr. Brady seized a pen and commenced writing rapidly, indignation showing itself in his set lips and frowning brow. The moment the judge had ceased he was on his feet and began: "You have charged the jury thus and thus. I protest against your so stating it." The judge said he would listen to the objections after the jury had retired. "No," exclaimed the indignant orator, "I choose that the jury shall hear those objections;" and, defying interference, he poured forth impetuously forty-five separate and formal objections, couching them all emphatically in words of personal protest to the judge. The force of the judge's charge on that jury was pretty effectually broken. The indignation of the advocate at this time was real, not simulated; and he, at least, of the New York bar, dared to defy and to denounce injustice, even when clad in ermine. Of such were those brave, elder members of the legal profession, who, in former days and other lands, kept alive the fires of civil liberty.

After two trials here he obtained a change of venue, and the trial was transferred to Newburg. This gave rise to another incident, which Brady was fond of telling, especially when he wished to disarm prejudice against the looks of any witness or client. The trial was to be held before Judge Chas. A. Peabody, in the Supreme Court. The judge, lawyers, high sheriff, deputies, and prisoner all went up in the cars to Fishkill. The streets were crowded by thousands, eager to see the prisoner. As they passed to the boat to cross over to Newburg, the judge happened to take the arm of High Sheriff Willets. Some one recognizing the sheriff, pointed out his companion as the accused murderer, with "Don't you see his d—d bloodthirsty face!" fancying, as Brady would say, they saw all the lineaments of a brutal murderer in the calm, bland features of his Honor.

Another instance of his intrepidity before a judge was in the Busted case. The judge had threatened to convict him for contempt. Busted had apologized; and Brady also, with his matchless grace and courtesy, had tendered Busted's apology; but the judge still said that he should send him to prison. "You will, will you?" said Brady. "I say you will not!" And, citing authority after authority against his power to do so, he dared him to thus stretch his prerogative. The judge thought best to excuse Mr. Busted.

The fertility of his mind and its rapidity of action, as shown in drawing the objections in the Baker trial, were once illustrated on an occasion when, on a case being called, Mr. Brady answered that his side was ready. The opposite counsel also stated that he was ready, and appeared for the plaintiff. "No," said Brady, "I am for the plaintiff;" adding, "I think I must know which side I am on." However, he was, at last, convinced that he was mistaken. So, gathering up his papers, he requested his Honor to excuse him for twenty minutes, as he saw he was for the defendants instead of, as he had erroneously supposed, for the plaintiffs, adding, "and, from my knowledge of the merits of the case, I am heartily glad that I am to defend instead of prosecute!" He left the room, returned in twenty minutes, tried, and *won* the cause!

The Hon. Luther R. Marsh gives an instance of Mr. Brady's fertility in an important case to which he himself had given thorough and, as he felt, exhaustive preparation. He asked Mr. Brady to assist him on the trial, Brady having had no previous knowledge of the case. "Go on and open your case fully, use all your points without regard to me," said Brady. Mr. Marsh did so, and sat down, wondering what new matter Mr. Brady could find to say. To his astonishment Brady rose and presented seven new and striking points.

Of his quickness in the law of a case an instance is given where a recent decision adverse to his position was introduced. Taking the book in his hand he said it does not appear whether this case has been heard in the Court of Appeals, but when it is it will be reversed for such and such reasons ; which eventually proved to be the exact reasons given by the court reversing the decision. Conceding all his wonderful brilliancy and originality, Judge Daly states, however, that his greatness as a lawyer lay in his sound judgment in the general management of a case. It is stated that in no case involving constitutional questions have his arguments been reversed in the highest appellate court.

Of his manner, Mr. Porter says, "who can ever forget the peculiar manner of his we have all felt and none can describe. It was evanescent as the fragrance of the rose." From the time he entered the court-room his by-play with the jury commenced. He made himself thoroughly at home with them. It is said that he never lost a case in which he was before a jury for more than a week ; by that time they saw everything with his eyes. He was counsel in fifty-two capital cases, in not one of which was he ever unsuccessful, except in that of Beall, who was tried by a court-martial at Fort Lafayette, on charge of being a "spy and guerilla.

It is related that once having successfully defended a man charged with murder, as he was leaving the court the judge said, "Mr. Brady, the next case is that of a man charged with murder ; he has no counsel, can you defend him ?" "Certainly," said Brady, and instantly went on with the trial. The judge assigned him in the same way to two others charged with a similar crime ; so, that in succession, he defended and cleared four capital cases, giving a week's unrequited time to these four criminals. He was obliged to decline to follow this up in the case of the next man, charged with burglary, who, having no counsel, desired him to be assigned to him.

Generous in all respects, he gave with princely liberality his professional services at the call of the distressed, or in the case of personal friends. Every poor Irish man or woman in the city felt that he had a champion in him, and would doubtless have said of James T. Brady, as did the poor Scotchman of Henry Erskine, when a neighbor was dissuading him from going to law with a rich man who had wronged him, on the ground that he had no means to employ counsel, "Ye dinna ken what you're saying, maister, there's no a pair mon in a' Scotland need to want a friend or fear an enemy, sae lang as Hairry Asken lives."

The case of a young man who was charged with murder in what was claimed an accidental fracas, attracted a good deal of interest. He was a Mason, and that society applied to Mr. Brady to defend him, tendering twenty-five hundred dollars as a fee ; but, for some cause, he declined the case. Not long after, one afternoon, a neatly-dressed, modest young girl came to the office and asked for Mr. Brady. Told to walk into his private office, she timidly approached his desk and saying : "Mr. Brady, they are going to hang my brother, and you can save him ! I've brought you this money, please don't let my brother die !" she burst into tears. It was a roll of \$250 which the poor girl had begged in sums of five and ten dollars. The kind-hearted man heard her story. "They sha'n't hang your brother, my child," said he ; and, putting the roll of bills in an envelope, told her to take it to her mother and he would ask for it when he wanted it. The boy was cleared. In Mr. Brady's parlor hangs an exquisite picture, by Durand, with a letter on the back asking him to accept it as a mark of appreciation for his generous kindness in defending this poor boy. Mr. Brady prized *that* picture.

I have alluded to his manner toward a jury ; toward witnesses he was courteous and considerate, when possible. Once a witness, who had evidently told a prepared story, showed so much agitation when Mr. Brady began to cross-examine that he could not proceed ; Mr. Brady was very kind, sent for a glass of water for him, took pity on his distress, and in ten minutes the witness requited his kindness by retracting the whole of his evidence, melted by the magic of his manner. Toward the judges on the bench he was respectful and perfectly frank ; he would have scorned any temporary advantage gained by the slightest misrepresentation to them.

To his brother lawyers he was the very soul of courtesy. His last appearance in a court-room, before Judge Blatchford, in the United States District Court, was signalled by an act of courtesy to Mr. Stoughton, which was only noticeable in him, because it was his last. Every action of his professional or private life testified how royally he bore "The grand old name of gentleman." To his associates in a case, and more especially to the younger ones, he never failed to render any assistance possible, and to give every credit. He knew that encouragement, not censure, vitalizes and inspires. Rare tenderness for the feelings of others lay deep in the hidden nature of the man, and seemed ever eager for manifestation.

Like every lawyer in large criminal practice there were numerous laughable incidents in his experience. I give a few anecdotes illustrative, which can doubtless be largely supplemented by the bar. He had a keen sense and enjoyment of humor, and has often said he would take time to write out and collect in a book the humorous incidents and anecdotes coming to his knowledge during his long service at the bar. Would that he had left such a pleasant memento.

Once when, in the height of his appeal to the jury, a dog began barking vigorously, he whirled around, shaking his finger at the dog, and said gravely, with the quickness of thought, "I am Sir Oracle, and when I ope my lips let no *dog* bark !"

An Irishman once came to his office : "And are yez Misther Brady?" "I am ; come in, Patrick ; what is it you wish?" "I ax yer pardon ; I oughtn't to intrude upon yez." "But what is it, Patrick?" "Well, yer honor, it isn't for the likes o' me to be comin' troublin' yer honor." "But tell me what you want, Pat." "Well, yer honor, I kem to see yer about a friend of mine as met wid an accident!" "An accident?" said Mr. Brady. "Then why don't you go to a doctor?" "Arrah, shure you're the docther for my friend—he had an accident which wants yer honor." "Well, what *was* it?" "Well, yer honor, he was arrested for a thrife of a burglary, shure!" Quick as Mr. Brady was with the readiness of his race for repartee, he sometimes met his match among his own countrymen. He was once examining an unwilling witness who persistently called him Mr. O'Brady. At length, even his proverbial good-nature being a little ruffled, he said to the witness, "You need not call me Mr. O'Brady. I've mended my name since I came here and dropped the O." "Have ye now?" "Pon my sowl it's a pity ye didn't mend yer manners at the same time!"

Of his own power of repartee and flashing wit all who knew him will recall many an instance. He wasted, at a social dinner or a chance conversation, witticisms worthy of Sidney Smith or Tom Hood and fancies that would have endowed a poet. His friends enumerate speech after speech, and lament that no phonographer was present to report them. Notably at a presentation dinner to Leonard W. Jerome, in token of his patriotic liberality early in the war ; and the Gerard dinner, where all the powers of his eloquence seemed to vie with

each other, and wit, humor, pathos, fancy and eloquence moved the hearers to smiles or tears at the speaker's will. It was the last brilliant effulgence of the setting sun ; yet all who listened thought his sun at noon-day splendor.

On one occasion, urging the plea of self-defence on the part of a client charged with murder, he said : "A man's face and figure were given to him by God Almighty as a sacred charge, to which he should permit no man to do violence, and in discharge of that trust he should permit no sacrilege." A clergyman present was very much impressed by his presentation of the idea, and made it the subject of a sermon.

In 1848, he became Corporation Attorney, which position he held for two years. It was his custom, in order to expedite business, to attend at every session of the Common Council, so that as every case came up the Council could have the benefit of his judgment. In that way much valuable time was saved, as many things were condemned at once by the adverse opinion of the attorney. It is stated that during his official term only three suits were recovered against the city, and that in each of those three cases the council had taken action entirely contrary to his advice. To those who are at all cognizant of the suits against the city in these latter days, the above statement speaks volumes both for the Council and the counsellor. He also held for a short time the post of prosecuting attorney. Three boys were charged with stealing a boat. It was proved that they took the boat to go over to Long Island to get some apples, and were taken when half way back on their return. Brady said to the magistrate, "Your honor, it is evident that the boys had no design of stealing the boat—they were only after apples, as you and I have been many a time." It is needless to add his "clients" were discharged. He evidently took a humane view of his duty as public prosecutor.

In considering a case he saw the general principles upon which it was based by the facts, and cared little for precedents, believing with Burke that "cases are but dead things ; principles alone are living and productive." He kept himself, of course, familiar with the changes in statute law and with "practice," but of later years trusted the briefs of the junior counsel as to the catalogue of precedents. His memory, however, was wonderful for its minuteness and precision, and his early years of study had stored his mind with legal lore, ever ready on occasion, as many an opponent has found. He went straight at the objective points of a case, and had the true art of the advocate in presenting his own strong points to the best possible advantage, without making too prominent those of his adversary. He was suggestive in his argument, and enlisted the jury in his reasoning, so that they were very apt to take it up where he left off, and arrive at the conclusion he did not *express*. He was used to say, that the facts were the first term, the law the second, of the syllogism, and the third was for the jury to find—that is the verdict. Many examples could be given of his retentive memory in regard to the minutæ of a case told to him hurriedly in a court room—not tried for months, and at trial finding him perfectly familiar with all the material points and even the names of the witnesses, etc.

Summing up his qualities as a lawyer Mr. Graham pronounces him great in every department of his profession, and concludes—

I have ventured to think that what we call the science of law is but the application of the religion of the Great Creator to the administration of the affairs and the settlement of the concerns of this life. If to be versed in the great principles of moral rectitude which are identified and attached to that system of morality, of which the Divine workman is the author, is to be a great lawyer, then was our deceased brother a great lawyer. The emergencies and exigencies of time and locality may require the interference of a secular legislature, but to be versed in the great principles I have adverted to constitutes the chief excellence and the greatest qualification of a true lawyer.

Gifted with qualities that would have made him a great party leader, there was no position of political power to which he might not have aspired. He persistently declined every overture to political station, and coveted no honors outside his profession. He even declined the appointment of Attorney-General of the United States, though that might have been held to be directly within his professional limits; but he preferred to find "the post of honor in a private station." His political beliefs were honestly entertained and freely expressed. He was a lifelong Democrat—a theoretical extreme "States' Rights" man, and the only time he ran for conspicuous political position was when he became the candidate of the Breckenridge wing of his party for the governorship of New York. He took the nomination (as he said to his intimates at the time) in order that the Southerners might not have it to say that in this election they had no candidate. He believed in giving implicit obedience to the requirements of the Constitution, and recognized their obligations as binding in all respects. So the man who—as was said of him by one who knew him best—enjoyed all things that any find enjoyable, except those that gave pain to anything (on which account he detested hunting and fishing), because the Constitution enjoined it, sustained the Fugitive Slave law and was a Breckenridge Democrat. But when war was precipitated, and the South he had so resolutely defended were in the position of violating the Constitution, like Douglas, his fellow Democrat, Mr. Brady threw his whole soul into the cause of the North and of the Constitution.

He was in Philadelphia when the news came from Sumter. Returning to New York, he went into his office and told his partner that *he* must take care of the business; as for himself, he was going to enlist at once. It was only when Secretary Stanton showed him that he could be of far more service out of the field than in it, that he reluctantly consented to forego this purpose. From the first moment, all his powers, his time, his money, were given freely, absorbingly; and no man's influence was greater. His war speeches would fill a volume, and make a proud monument to his fame.

I cannot pretend to follow him through the war. A single incident, however, will show both his spirit and his ready wit. On one occasion, about the time of the draft troubles, he spoke at a great meeting in Brooklyn, with Admiral Stringham. There was an attempt to break up the meeting; but he told them that a New York boy, educated in the experiences of the Sixth Ward and the excitements of Tammany Hall, was not to be frightened by a little ruffle upon a wave, like this.

They tell you that they propose to have the great drama of the American Republic enacted with the part of Hamlet left out—the American people without the Yankee! [Laughter.] Did ever mortal man hear the like of this? [Laughter.] It is the Irishman's definition of nonsense—"a legless stocking without any foot." [Laughter.] Well, they want peace. "I want peace," says Vallandigham; "I want peace," says the Hon. ex-Mayor Wood, of New York. I am afraid they have mistaken their grammar—they want *pieces*. [Laughter.] They want peace, do they? So do we; so does every man, woman, and child in this country; and when they tell us, in their dishonest resolutions, that they are the special advocates of peace, does not the lie come back to them from every truthful breast over all of the broad lands of the North, and East, and West?

But I must pass rapidly by his war record, noble and suggestive as it is, and turn to regard the man as he appeared to those who knew him, and as he exhibited himself in daily life.

"If," said Judge Porter, "an artist could produce a perfect likeness of James T. Brady, as we have seen him under the inspiration of a great theme, and in the glow of earlier manhood, we should scarcely need anything more to convey to after times the living impress of the man. In that intellectual and beaming face, lighted up, as it often was, with almost womanly grace and beauty, shone out the

character and the genius which made him the most popular advocate of his time."

An ambrotype, taken about his fortieth year, fulfils the above conditions—a rare and exquisite masterpiece of the subtle artist, light; as if the sun delighted to look upon so manly a man. The form slender and full of grace, not yet taking on the fulness of later life; the noble head upraised; the fresh face, untouched by age or care, only paled by thought, it looks the very incarnation of intellect.

The head of Mr. Brady was not merely great in quality, but great in size also. It was, emphatically, a "massive head," its circumference measuring 24 3-8 inches, or 3-8 of an inch more than that of Daniel Webster. It was absolutely as well as relatively (for he was much smaller than Webster) a great head, and of remarkable symmetry and beauty.

All children loved him, as he loved them. His little niece, remembered in his will as "my dearly beloved Toot," was his constant home companion. The following rhymed letter to the little daughter of his friend, Mr. Clarence Seward, shows the pains he would take to please the little folks. Being at Washington, engaged in a cause, the little daughter of the friend with whom he was associated sent, in a letter to her father, a little note to Mr. Brady, asking him to give her something for "the Sanitary," which drew out an impromptu—a veritable impromptu, scratched off on the moment and mailed at once. Here are some of the lines:

If I had something rich and rare,
Alpaca wool or camel's hair,
Mount Hybla's honey in a jar,
Or priceless jewels from afar,
Ashes from consecrated urns,
Sword of Bruce, a pen of Burns,
Amulet a crusader wore,
A stone from Pharaoh's palace floor,
The sigh that Cleopatra heaved,
Cæsar's crown, with laurel weaved,
(Bad grammar makes a quick ear tingle,
But sense and syntax yield to jingle),
I'd give you each and all of these—
Sacred in song or known in fable—
That you might have the means to please,
The worthy folks who seek your table,
Where you dispense, like bounteous fairy,
Your treasures for the Sanitary
Commission, which may soothe and save
Our land's defenders, good and brave.
But, alas! I have not e'en a bauble at hand;
My wish, like your service, is now at a stand;
But when I get home, if I happen to find
An object of "vertu" that pleases my mind,
Something that's curious, antique, or queer,
On your table, Miss Small, it will surely appear.

While his love thus went out to all, it burned brightest and warmest in the home circle. His relations with his brother, Judge John R. Brady were peculiarly intimate. The home, office, purse, aims of the two brothers were ever in common, till the election of John R. to the bench of the Court of Common Pleas terminated their law partnership, and it is needless to say to any one who knew the brothers, that after that time James T. tried no causes in that court. His brother was summoned at the moment of his attack, and was with him till the last. Who that knew them can forget the wit and humor which charac-

terized the brothers—their common inheritance from that father whose fame as a *raconteur* and whose powers of repartee are still remembered.

In the trial of the Allaire Will case, in preparing his argument, for which Mr. Brady had passed the entire night, he said that all his "inspiration" came from a single rose, which a lady in the audience had given him just as he was to speak. One of his clients was a poor blind girl, and the pathos with which he pictured her sad condition was given in a single touch: "She could not even know the beauties of this rose." Blindness in the abstract may be touching, but that one should not be able to see the beauty of that single flower, fresh with morning dew, would have brought its sad deprivation home to the heart of the dullest oaf that ever sat on jury bench.

A friend once asked him, "Have you any special end or aim in this life to accomplish; anything which, when done, you will say, 'I've gained my ends and will stand aside for younger men?'" He was silent for a little, and then said, thoughtfully, "Nothing for to-morrow, nothing for the future. I am thankful only that I have been allowed to live for to-day." This idea he expressed somewhat in reference to his brother in "A Christmas Dream," a sketch published in the "New World," Park Benjamin's paper, in 1846. The sketch is as fine in its way as Dickens's First Christmas Carol. His former pupil and friend, Stephen Masset, read it to appreciative Australian audiences each returning Christmas. On his return here Mr. Brady gave it to Mr. Masset to be published in book form, with a characteristic dedication.

Of his estimate of life and of death he has left testimony. At the Dickinson bar meeting he said,

Like you I honor greatness, genius and achievements, but I honor more those qualities in a man's nature which show that while he holds a proper relation to the Deity, he has also a just estimate of his fellow-men, and a kindly feeling toward them. I would rather have it said of me after my death, by my brethren of the bar, that they were sorry I had left their companionship, than to be spoken of in the highest strains of a gifted panegyric. When I think of Mr. Dickinson I think of a man who, I am quite sure, had no guile in his nature, and who died leaving no living creature to rejoice at his death; and the man who can say that of himself, in the still watches of the night, when his conscience is inspected only by the Almighty and himself, need not, in my imperfect view of religious sentiment and duty, be much afraid to die!"

At the Kent meeting he said,

I do not regard the mere circumstance of physical death with any poignant emotion of grief or sorrow; but I do contemplate with awe the destruction of an intellect. I can never bear to think that when the body returns to dust, the mind which animated, vivified and controlled it is forever lost. I say with a great writer:

Shall that alone which thinks
Be, like the sword, consumed before the sheath,
By sightless lightning?

I think the great dramatist made no greater failure than in the scene where he represents Hamlet holding in his hand the skull of the poor jester. It was an occasion which should have been surrounded with intense feeling, and made eloquent with profound and elevating thought. . . . We do not believe that this intellect perishes, though the frame may decay and dissolve into its elements. We believe in the sweet assurance and promise so sweetly expressed by that other great poet, Whittier, of whom our country may so justly boast:

And Thou, oh most compassionate!
Who didst stoop to our estate
Drinking of the cup we drain,
Treading in our path of pain
Through the doubt and mystery,
Give us but thy steps to see
And the grace to draw from thence
Larger hope and confidence.
Show thy vacant tomb, and let,
As of old, the angels sit,
Whispering by its open door,
"Fear not, for He has gone before!"

He had a great admiration for the poems of Whittier, and when, one day, after dinner, his brother-in-law, Mr. Jarvis, read "Snow Bound" to him, he was so charmed that he said: "I don't know Mr. Whittier, but I am going to write and thank him for the pleasure he has given me," and calling his little secretary "Toot" to bring him some paper, he dashed off the following letter which for some cause was not sent, but has been found since his decease. It shows what it was, the hasty outpouring of a warm appreciative heart:

MR. JOHN G. WHITTIER:

NEW YORK, March 5, 1866.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am a stranger to you personally, but I have long been familiar with your intelligence and spirit, your poetry being a darling of my heart which I have hugged closely for many years. My admiration must at least be deemed impartial, for I am a Catholic and know what you have written about "Pio Nono." I was a Democrat of the Southern class and know how much your thoughts did to keep alive the effort which, I thank God, has resulted in the abolition of slavery. I am of Irish parentage, and it is a source of great pleasure and mirth to my friends and myself that I can challenge all the literature of Erin to furnish one description so thoroughly Irish as your portrait of Hugh Tallent in the "Sycamores." I think it is the most racy and rollicking as well as truthful representation of the Milesian that ever came to my notice. You have learned long since that Tom Moore did not write *Irish* poetry, but treats of Irish subjects with oriental imagery. The poets of '48, particularly Tom Davis and Maginn, have done much better, but the odor of the brogue is stronger in Hugh Tallent than in even *their* pictures.

I am impelled to address you because I have just wiped from my eyes the tears called to them by your "Snow Bound," and, from the bottom of my heart, I thank you for the spiritual enjoyment furnished in this exquisite poem, and for your grand idea,

That life is ever lord of death
And love can never lose its own.

I hope you will be pleased to know that a lawyer, fifty years old, and an old bachelor at that, still keeps alive in his heart the most undying fondness for poetry. As to being an old bachelor, I care little for that now, seeing how gracefully you have presented an old maid in your last sweet production. Yours very truly,

JAMES T. BRADY.

His private benefactions were countless, and only now the tithe of them come to light. In enjoyment of a princely income, he has left but a moderate fortune, and of his vast receipts, others have benefited far more largely than himself. He had been in active practice at the bar, engaged in its most important business from the first, for thirty-four long years; add to that the four years before his admission when, in his father's office, he was practically in his profession, and you have a life of thirty-eight years in the most wearing of the professions.

The day after the Gerard dinner, speaking to some of his family, he said, "I am glad my friends seem to have been pleased last night, for I feel that it is the last time I shall ever appear on a like public occasion." It proved a true prophecy: one week from the day of the dinner he was stricken with paralysis, and on Tuesday morning, February 9, 1869, about five o'clock, he passed quietly from earth. He recovered his consciousness after the first attack and retained his intellect in all its clearness down to the time of the second attack, twelve hours previous to his death, rallying so much that hope was entertained of his recovery. Father Ducey, a young priest whom he had found as an office boy, and at his own request, educated as a priest, was sent for by his brother, Judge Brady, and was with him from the first moment, and remained with him; having, at last, the mournful satisfaction of performing, over his remains, the funeral mass in the great cathedral of St. Patrick, crowded to suffocation with the many friends of his loved patron and friend. Mr. Brady died sustained by the last ministrations of the Catholic Church; and so he had ever wished to die.

I. EDWARDS CLARKE.

A CHOIR OF SONGSTERS.

FLOWER SONGS.

ROSEBUD.

A HALF-BLOWN rose for thee ;
I chose it from the fairest,
'Twas sought out by the bee
As the sweetest and the rarest.
How the soft leaves fold apart
From the rich, deep crimson heart !
Place it on thy bosom white,
There to blush with new delight.

There's a fairy in the rose,
And from its covert creeping,
In thy heart it will repose,
Safer in its new home sleeping.
Dearest, dost thou know this flower
Is an emblem of Love's power ?
Now it seeks thy gentle spirit,
Wilt thou not its joys inherit ?

I know a sweeter rose
Than this in beauty blooming ;
How its dewy crimson glows
On my wildly rash presuming !
If I dared my lips to press
To its perfect loveliness,
'Twere the purest rapture living !
But wouldst thou be unforgiving ?

VIOLET.

Lift those large blue eyes of thine
Once again unto my own ;
Lighted like a sacred shrine
With Love's radiance alone.
In their dark, mysterious deeps
What a tender passion sleeps !
Dost thou love me ?—would I know,
They the perfect secret show.

Take this purple violet,
It will match those eyes of thine ;
With the morning dew 'tis wet,
See the tiny diamonds shine.
But may sorrow's bitter tears,
Leave thine eyes undimmed by years.
May the only cloud they bear
Be my image mirrored there.

HELIOTROPE.

The sunlight glints upon thy hair,
Which falls around thy slender throat
In rippling masses bright and fair,
And to thy rounded waist doth float.

Bind this thy golden curls among,
This heliotrope, whose spicy breath
Speaks to thy heart with perfumed song
Of love which bides in life and death ;

And in exchange, love, give to me
One glittering tress to keep forever ;
Which on my neck shall speak of thee,
Until the silver cord doth sever.

TUBEROSE.

Lay thy small white hand in mine
Fairer than this snowy blossom
Which I place, beloved, in thine ;
Fasten it upon thy bosom.
What a little dimpled hand !
Say, doth it belong to me ?
By this glittering golden band
Swear I now to love but thee !
In this snowy flower dwells
Perfume like a breath from Heaven,
And the perfect fragrance tells
Of the rapture to us given.
Mine art thou, yes, mine alone !
Mine to love, to guard, to cherish ;
Mine to keep in worlds unknown ;
Love like ours can never perish !

EDMUND F. OSBOURNE.

FIRST-BORN.

(JUNE 11TH.)

THERE never was a fairer May,
A sweeter month of flowers ;
For well I marked it every day—
Its sunshine and its showers.
I saw the wind-flowers speck with white
The woodlands and the hills :
I saw the garden-plots grow bright
With golden daffodils ;
And round the bloomy apple trees,
That brushed my lattice-pane,
I heard the humming honey bees
Sing many a soft refrain.

Yet—"Wax and wane with speed," I cried,
"O mellow moon of May,
And usher in the summer tide
I long for every day :
For when the honeysuckles shed
Their sweetness through the air ;
And when the roses, white and red,
Go climbing everywhere,
A bud of hope will bloom at last ;
And you shall see, O Moon,
Upon my happy, happy breast,
The fairest rose of June !"

And so the young May moon grew old ;
For seasons wax and wane,
And heed the happiness they hold
As little as the pain.
One morning, when the East was red
With promise of the day,
I looked, and lo ! upon my bed
The dainty blossom lay :
A rose of June beyond compare ;
For, ah ! what roses blow
With dimpled cheeks and golden hair,
And violet eyes below ?

And never yet was rose of June
That blossomed all the year ;
But mine (ah ! you shall see it, Moon,)
As lovely will appear

When winter wraps the frozen fields
 In burial robes of white,
 As when the radiant summer yields
 Her wealth of bloom and light.
 Nay, more: when all the flowers are dead,
 And all the seasons o'er,
 My little rose will lift her head
 In amaranthine bloom arrayed,
 Beyond the shining shore!

MRS. BRADLEY.

DRIFTING.

WELL, summer at last is over,
 Gone like a long, sweet dream,
 And I am slowly waking,
 As I drift along the stream.

This dolce far niente
 Has been too much for me:
 Nothing done on my picture,
 Except that doubtful tree!

I went to the glen with Gervase,
 And sketched one afternoon,
 And *would* have made sunset studies
 But for the witching moon!

The moon did all the mischief.
 The moment I see it shine,
 With a pretty woman beside me,
 My heart's no longer mine!

But have I really lost it?
 Or has it slipped away,
 Like a child beguiled by summer,
 Who will come home tired with play?

I wonder if I am feeling
 The passion of my life?
 Do I love that woman, Alice,
 Enough to call her *wife*?

I think so, but I know not;
 I only know 'tis sweet
 To lie, as I am lying,
 In sunset, at her feet;

Watching her face, as, thoughtful,
 She leans upon her hand.
 (Is it herself or *me*, now,
 She seeks to understand?)

While overhead the swallows
 Fly home, with twittering cries,
 And through the distant tree-tops
 The moon begins to rise.

—If we could only stay so,
 In such a happy dream,
 I would not for worlds awaken—
 But drift along with the stream!

R. H. STODDARD.

DOLCE FAR NIENTE.

LET the world roll blindly on!
 Give me shadow, give me sun,
 And a perfumed eve as this is:
 Let me lie,
 Dreamfully,
 When the last quick sunbeams shiver
 Spears of light athwart the river,

And a breeze, which seems the sigh
 Of a fairy floating by,
 Coyly kisses
 Tender leaf and feathered grasses;
 Yet so soft its breathing passes,
 These tall ferns, just glimmering o'er me,
 Blending goldenly before me,
 Hardly quiver!

I have done with worldly scheming,
 Mocking show, and hollow seeming!

Let me lie
 Idly here,
 Lapped in lulling waves of air,
 Facing full the shadowy sky.
 Fame! the very sound is dreary—
 Shut, O Soul! thine eyelids weary;
 For all nature's voices say,
 "'Tis the close—the close of day,
 Thought and grief have had their sway;
 Now sleep bares her balmy breast—
 Whispering low
 (Low as moon-set tides that flow
 Up still beaches far away;
 While, from out the lucid West,
 Flute-like winds of murmurous breath
 Sink to tender-panting death),
 "On my bosom take thy rest:
 (Care and grief have had their day!)
 'Tis the hour for dreaming,
 Fragrant rest, elysian dreaming!"

PAUL H. HAYNE.

SUB ROSA.

AY, my face is passing fair,
 And my eyes' deep violet blue
 Has stolen from heaven unaware
 Its own ethereal hue.
 In its gleaming, golden strands,
 With an ever-changing sheen
 Floats back my hair from its velvet bands
 Where the jewels flash between.

And my lips are ripe and red,
 With the rose's deepest dye:
 While the happy smile seems never fled
 From my merry, laughing eye.
 As a queen I rule them all:
 One wave of my jewelled hand,
 And the knee is bent in my lordly hall,
 By the nobles of the land.

Of life's honeyed cup I sip,
 And my lord he loves me well;
 I could freeze the smile on his courtly lip,
 With a secret I could tell:
 But my lips may ne'er repeat
 What my dark heart knows alone,
 For *here* is not set the judgment seat
 Where none dared cast the stone.

He is cold, and stark, and dead,
 He who brought this evil in—
 He who made my life one darkened dread,
 And my soul one soil of sin.
 Where he sleeps in the cold night dew,
 Will his pale lips ever blab
 Of the fair, sweet fame his foul lust slew,
 Or the hand that dealt the stab?

Do I weep and pine? Not I !
 And my laugh is light and gay,
 For my fate seems fair, and my courtiers sigh
 For the lightest word I say.
 I rule in a rosy land ;
 And whoe'er its victims be,
 My world is bland, and its hated hand
 Shall brand no mark *on me*.

But the happy spring is here
 With its sunshine and its showers.
 How I hate the face of the maiden year,
 All garlanded with flowers !
 O, the long, long, weary night !
 O, the dreary, dismal day !
 For the laughing eyes that loathe the light,
 And the lips that fear to pray !

O'er my garden terrace fair,
 Through the windows opened wide,
 Floats the drowsy violet-scented air
 From the distant mountain side,
 Till my heart shrinks, deathly faint
 From the wildly sweet perfume ;
 For my soul is sick with its ghastly taint :
 " Room for the leper !—Room ! "

EDWARD RENAUD.

CASSANDRA.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

J OY in Ilion's halls abounded
 Ere the lofty fortress fell ;
 Hymns of jubilee resounded
 To the harp-strings' golden swell.
 Hands the weary work of slaughter
 Gratefully have laid aside ;
 For King Priam's beauteous daughter
 Is the great Pelides' bride.

Band on band with shout and pæan
 To the temples take their way ;
 To the shrine of the Thymbræan,
 Laurel-crowned, in glad array.
 Through the city roaring hurried
 The rejoicing multitude ;
 While apart, in sorrow buried,
 One heart grieved in solitude ;

'Midst rejoicing joyless only,
 Silently Cassandra strayed,
 All companionless and lonely,
 In Apollo's laurel shade.
 On the maid prophetic hastened
 Till the thickest glooms she found ;
 There the priestly band unfastened,
 Flung it madly to the ground.

" Everything gives way to gladness ;
 Every heart forgets to mourn ;
 E'en our parents banish sadness,
 And their child as bride adorn.
 Not for me the sweet delusion ;
 Only I must lonely weep ;
 For I see a swift confusion
 O'er the fated city sweep.

" I behold a torch's gleaming,
 But not such as Hymen holds ;
 To the clouds the smoke is streaming,
 No thank-offering it infolds.

Feasts of joy I see preparing ;
 But my boding spirit hears
 The avenger onward bearing,
 Who shall change that joy to tears.

" But for my laments they chide me,
 And they mock at my distress ;
 With my anguish must I hide me
 In the lonely wilderness,
 Shunned by all the happy-hearted,
 To the gay a mockery ;
 Hard the fate Thou hast imparted,
 Pythian, cruel Deity !

" Why Thine oracles deliver
 To my heaven-inspired mind,
 But to cast me where forever
 Men are fated to be blind ?
 Why hast Thou revealed the terror,
 Yet the power to change denied ?
 What I dread draws ever nearer,
 And the doom turns not aside.

" Raised is not the veil in kindness
 When the terror threatens nigh ;
 Life exists not but in blindness,
 To have knowledge is to die :
 Take the fatal vision, take it
 From my eyes, this bloody sight !
 Hard for mortal frame to make it
 The receiver of Thy light.

" Make me blind and happy-hearted,
 My unconsciousness restore ;
 Since Thy truth Thou has imparted
 Sing I songs of joy no more.
 Future Thou to me hast given,
 But the present Thou hast ta'en ;
 Glad life from the moment driven ;
 Take thy treacherous gift again !

" Never has my brow been wreathed
 With the garland of the bride
 Since to Thee my vows were breathed,
 At the fatal altar's side.
 All my youth was naught but grieving,
 And I nothing knew but tears ;
 In my bleeding heart receiving
 Every blow a loved one bears.

" Round me all is living, loving ;
 My companions all are gay,
 Through youth's gladsome season roving ;
 On me only sorrows weigh.
 Not for me does Spring with kisses
 Deck the earth in fair array ;
 Who has looked in life's abysses
 Has no heart for holiday.

" Happy in her baseless visions,
 Blest Polyxena I see ;
 For she hopes, of all the Grecians,
 He, the best, her spouse shall be.
 Proudly is her bosom swelling,
 Past control her raptures seem
 Not ye gods, in your bright dwelling,
 Does she envy in her dream.

" My heart, too, has its elected ;
 I a lover's longing know ;
 And in pleading eyes reflected
 Have I seen love's ardors glow.

With my husband loved and loving,
Gladly I a home had made ;
But 'twixt him and me is moving
Black as night a Stygian shade.

"All her host of spectre faces
Sends to me Proserpina ;
Seek I full or desert places,
There alike the spirits are.
On each youthful, sportive hour
Pressed they ever cruelly ;
Forms of horror o'er me lower,
Never can I happy be.

"I beheld a death-dart burning ;
Glares on me a murderous eye ;
Vain to right or left my turning,
I may not the horror fly ;
Must my eyes avert not, even ;
Knowing, seeing, yet unmoved,
Must fulfil the doom of heaven,
Dying far from all I loved."

Hark ! while yet her words are falling,
From the temple far away
Comes a sound confused, appalling ;
Dead, great son of Thetis lay !
Eris shakes her snaky furies,
Every deity has flown,
And the gathering storm-cloud buries
Heavy-fated Iliou.

ELLEN FROTHINGHAM.

A MIDNIGHT STREET-SCENE.

A GASLIGHT trickled down the haze
Upon a haggish head,
Whence looks came stiffened by a glaze
As from eyeballs of the dead.

With her, two girls, on either hand ;
One bursting through thin rags
Into sweet maidenhood, her bland
Eye cast upon the flags.

The dear child breathed like a warm day's
breath
Thrust on midwinter's sky,
With frost before, behind, beneath,
And pitiless north winds nigh.

For her no meed of chaste caress ;
Gross shades about her prowl,
That ere she grow to thoughts that bless
Will grow to shapes that howl.

Her holiest warmths to scalding harms
Turned by offence and wasted,
No babe shall nestle in her arms,
All mother's germens blasted.

Her heart-throbs do but mix the blood
For the ghastly sacrifice
Of a teemful unkut womanhood,
On the Moloch shrine of vice.

'Tis the direst murder life can know,
It saps the fount of health,
To strike with lusts a maiden low,
Her loves and all their wealth.

The mother's face, with hunger lean
And cold and poverty,
With crimes was leaner, that had been,
And crimes that were to be.

G. H. CALVERT.

FORESHADOWINGS.

PILGRIM I am, and make my way alone ;
Sometimes I pitch my tent, when not for rest :
Then, as I sit and muse, there cometh one,
My heart's unbidden, yet most welcome guest :
I know her nigh by neither word nor sign,
Only a sweeter light within the rich sunshine ;

Or, if it be the saintly close of day,
And the day's so beguiled march be o'er,
Then by a starrier clearness in the ray
Of Love's clear star, from that deep sunset shore,
I know my Angel is within my tent,
And her gold-shadowing spirit o'er my spirit leant.

Or, if at midnight, while I lie asleep,
A secret glory down the moonbeam roll ;
Or some serene transfiguration creep
Over the clustering stars that crowd the pole,
Tingeing my dreams, then waking me to dreams,
I know that these are her annunciation gleams.

Fresher than morning, when the morning breaks—
Breaks from my East the morning meant for me :
East is to me the way my Angel takes
To reach my tent, whate'er that way may be ;
To her my tent door opens, self withdrawn,
And to the bridegroom sun swing wide the gates of dawn.

So noonday, evening, midnight, morning, I
Lonely am not, although I dwell alone ;
But my blind poet-heart doth prophesy,
Dreaming a dream and vision of her own—
ONE tent, not far, by Elim's springs and palms,
And two that, side by side, sit singing pilgrim psalms.

AMONG THE LILIES.

BEAUTIFUL black fringed eyes,
How have ye lost your light,
Hidden away from sight,
Veiled with a dull surprise ?
Can ye see farther than we ;
Prophets and spirits of light,
Walking in robes of white,
Out on the jasper sea ?

Rosy and smiling lips,
How are ye paled and chilled,
How is your music stilled—
Your brightness in sad eclipse ?
Could ye but speak and say—
What is the secret of Death,
Robbing your bloom and your breath,
Stealing your sweetness away ?

Fair little idle hands,
Once with so warm a clasp,
Frozen in Death's cold grasp,
Pale in your flowery bands ;
Long shall ye solemnly lie,
Crossed in this callous rest,
Changelessly over her breast,
Under the changeable sky.

Gentle and loving heart,
Have ye no tenderness left?
Pity for us bereft,
Grief for our painful part?
Soothed in that stony sleep
Seas could not part us more,
Ye on the farther shore,
We to remember and weep.

Lilies above her brow,
Lilies upon her breast—
Pure as the place of their rest—
Bury her under the snow;
Bury them under the snow,
Panting with tears the sod,
There let them blossom and grow,
Fit for the garden of God.

LESLIE WALTER.

REST.

INSIDE thy hand lieth mine,
And my cheek is touching thine;
On thy shoulder is my head,
And no syllable is said.

Then flies Rest into my heart,
Stir thou not lest she should start;
Let me hear the lulling song
Of gentle bird away so long.

Keep me folded thus to thee,
Let thy breath a language be,
Yet nor speak nor stir, I pray,
Lest white bird Rest should fly away!

C. F. BATES.

ACROSS THE WALL.

NOT many days ago my garden's southern wall
Was matted o'er with tangled clinging vines,
That covered up the coarse dark stones, and all
Its roughened length, its wild and jagged lines.
Upon this wall there trailed the sweetest rose—
How every day I watched its young leaves grow,
And longed for summer winds that should unclothe
Its folded buds, and all its beauty show!

I prayed the rain all through that fragrant May,
To gently fall upon my tender queen;
And all the winds that rioted by day,
To touch with care her dainty robe of green.
She grew in beauty, and, with arms outspread,
Crept up, and up, my garden's mossy wall,
And hung with clasping hands far overhead
My other vines, so strong she was, and tall.

I waited till the spicy breath of June
Unclosed at last the tardy Summer's door,
And drifted through such clouds of sweet perfume,
As only June sweeps up from young May's leafy store.
And then, it came to pass—O darkest day—
I found my rose that I had made my pride,
Had crept across my wall, and trailed away
To blossom on the other side.

And shall it be? No—foolish hands
That trained your rose to gladden other eyes—
Come now and tear it from the place it stands,
If not for you, who cares how soon it dies?
To-day my garden wall stands cold and bare and grey,
My tender rose lies trailing at my feet,
My hands are pierced with thorns while wild dismay
Fills all my heart! Who says, "revenge is sweet?"

I say at last—"O would that I might see
My rose once more against my barren wall,
Though I should know she grew away from me,
O bitter fate—but I could bear it all.
Yes, anything but this—my poor bruised darling dying,
Because her life, her promise, unfulfilled—
I learn too late—a truth there's no denying,
A rose, like love, must grow which way she will."
E.

FOUR-SCORE.

FOUR-SCORE, four-score to-day!
I'm almost home, they say,
And I'm waiting now to hear my Father call;
He bids me patient be,
And He will come for me,
My tottering steps to guide that I may not fall.

As I look far back
O'er the lonely track
I've wandered through so wearily—since my good man
Went away,
To my old brain it seems
Full of dim and misty dreams.
And I hear his loved voice saying, "Dear, you'll come
to me some day."

Around our hearth-stone bright,
With the glow of fire at night,
There gather'd seven dear and childish forms of
beauty rare;
And its fitful shadows played
O'er each bent and glossy head,
As in tender tones his lips poured forth a blessing
and a prayer.

And now I'm all alone,
For He called them one by one,
'Till the dear pet lamb alone, of all our flock was left.
Then with anguish keen I cried:
"Spare this, my joy and pride,
For if Thou callest *him*, then indeed am I bereft."

But He knew what was best,
And where my heart should rest,
So one bright morn He whispered, and my darling
slid away
Into His arms outspread—
So He has all my dead.
And now I'm waiting to be called, and He *may* come
to-day.

Four-score, four-score to-day,
I'm very old, they say;
Just pull the blanket over me, for I'm very, very cold.
But there's no one to sorrow,
And I may be young to-morrow,
For I see my darlings beckoning me to come into His
fold.

K. F. L.

A LILY OF THE NILE.

WHO was the beautiful woman whose lover
Once left her this dead old flower, did you say?
Well, perhaps that is she in the picture over
The blossoms you brought me to-day.

The one with the deep strange dress that is flowing,
All purple and pearls, through each stiffen'd fold,
And the band on her forehead, whose dusk-red glow-
ing
Shoots into great sharp thorns of gold.

Never mind the light. You will see, to-morrow,

That, with eyes raised darkly and lips close-pressed,
She is giving away her awful sorrow
To the snake she keeps at her breast !

"And who was her lover?" Why, that may be he,
there,

In the other picture glimmering nigh—
Yes, the handsome and wretched man you see there,
Falling against his sword to die.

Will he die for *her*, do you say? (Ah, will he?)
No doubt he has often told her so.

"Did it bloom far away, this crumbling lily?"
Very far — and so long ago.

"And who gave it to me?" . . . So the wither'd story
I've dream'd by the twilight all this while
For some vanished blossom's day of glory
Is your truth, my Lily of the Nile.

For the beautiful woman *is* slowly dying
Of a snake as plain as this to my sight;
And her lover who gave her this flower is lying
On the edge of a sword to-night.

SARAH M. B. PIATT.

THE AGE OF GOLD.

TIS common, in these latter days,
To jeer at ages gone before;
And still, the further back he strays,
The modern scoffer finds the more
Of customs obsolete, of pride
That primmed itself in garments strange,
Of faith that monsters deified,
Of folly vainly scouting change:
He struts before the mirror's face,
To mark his own fantastic trim,
And sighs to think what matchless grace
The Ancients missed in missing him.
He reads of knighthood brave and leal,
That bled in wild crusades of old,
And chuckles, that the Age of Steel
Is now an Age of Gold.

The mail by cunning craftsmen wrought,
The plume that waved o'er joust and fray,
Endured for glory now but nought,
And mould in nameless crypts away.
The lofty chivalry of arms
That nerved the soul of valor then
To smite and bear in fierce alarms
For innocence wronged of men;
That singly braved and bearded Might,
And dared denounce a palaced shame,
Though life were staked upon the right,
Seems to have perished but in name;
And now the coward and the knave,
By peace made sleek, by license bold,
Exult above its sunken grave,
In this, an Age of Gold.

Say'st thou: Humanity hath gained,
And Law hath curbed unbridled Power;
While Progress rules where Darkness reigned,
And Knowledge is the peasant's dower?

From year to year, from time to time,
The world in dull conceit may deem
Its present only is sublime,
Its past an antiquated dream;
Yet pleasure culls no choicer flow'rs,
Truth courses o'er no richer sands,
Contentment breeds no happier hours,
Than those of other days and lands
While they to whom the past appears
A web of barbarous follies old,
Forget the countless woes—the tears
That curse this Age of Gold.

An Age of Gold! Its witless slaves
Are they who watch from gloomy stalls—
Athirst like Tantalus—the waves
Of chance, as Credit floods or falls,
Or walk the world with feverish gaze
Forever fixed upon the ground,
And in the limit of whose days
No respite from their task is found.
Great God! how can they live and die
In whom Thy breath and image join—
Apostates from the earth and sky—
In base idolatry of coin?
Yet round us stalk this hapless brood,
From every nobler aim cajoled—
Yoked in a monstrous servitude—
Serfs, in an Age of Gold.

Oh, Lust of Gain! oh, Avarice!
What subtle demon decks your frame
With such consummate artifice
That few suspect your hideous name?
The spectral triumph of Success
Yields, to the wreck of Youth destroyed,
No ashen fruit of selfishness
But mocks the spirit's aching void:
Peace shuns his dwelling—health betrays—
The future's juster lights expire,
And Mammon's votary ends his days
The starveling of unfed desire:
And though above his hearse be blent
The chimes from vast cathedrals tolled,
His heirs may grudge for *sorrow* spent,
In this, the Age of Gold.

Dull thralls of pelf! no nobler end
Awaits the sordid soul of greed
Than thus to live, and thus descend
To dust—a stone its latest meed.
O, rather mine a nameless grave,
If there one mournful heart hath kneeled
Amidst the tangling ferns that wave
O'er some unblazoned burial-field,
Than all the monuments that rise
In sculptured proof how Midas gained,
That thankless hands might clutch the prize
His dying soul too late disdained,
For deep in faithful hearts shall glow
The humblest name that Love has scrolled,
When none shall care—when none shall know,
Where rots the slave of Gold.

C. H. SHIRDES.

THE GALAXY MISCELLANY.

A TEXAS RIDE.

TAKING it for granted that you care to hear more of my reminiscences of the days when I was a subaltern of artillery in Texas, I will tell you of a hurried trip I once made on horseback from Ringgold Barracks to Brownsville. At that period, the frontier line, commencing near Brazos Santiago, on the coast, and stretching four hundred miles up along the Rio Grande, to the vicinity of Fort Clark, was guarded by four military posts. These, namely, Fort Duncan, at Eagle Pass; Fort McIntosh, at Laredo; Ringgold Barracks, at Rio Grande City, better known as Rancho Davis, and Fort Brown, at Brownsville, were each garrisoned by a small company of artillery. Shortly before the time of which I write, the country—not Texas, but the “States”—had been agitated by one of those periodical and spasmodic throes of economy that generally result in the accumulation of a greater amount of debt than its wise legislators at first intended to cancel. These four companies were, therefore, suddenly withdrawn and sent to the North-western part of Texas, leaving the Southern portion of the frontier, facing Mexico, entirely unprotected. The same order that directed the movements of the troops transferred the public buildings to my care, and instructed me to transport the movable property to other and more interior posts. For the purpose of moving the stores, three or four large wagon trains were consigned to me, and, in the superintendence of their loading and departure, I was obliged to meet them on certain prearranged days at these different, deserted forts. This duty kept me on horseback most of the time, travelling on the road between Fort McIntosh and Brazos Santiago. It was my habit to start a train from the former place, then, coming on down the country, I would overtake an empty train just returning to the post next below, start that one back loaded, and continue thus down the river road to the coast; then, retracing my steps, I would meet the first train coming back empty to Laredo, and repeat the operation.

In carrying out my orders according to this programme, I found myself early one afternoon in May at Ringgold Barracks, having just come down the country, with no other escort than two teamsters who were bringing down their wagons to reinforce the train about to leave that post for the up-country. By four o'clock the whole train was loaded and moved a few miles out of the town, preparatory to a good start in the morning, and I sat down with my clerk to go over the accounts of an auction sale of condemned property that I had held at the place on my last visit. While thus engaged, happening to look through the window, I saw three mounted men approaching the building on the road that led from Rancho Davis to the barracks. There are certain unmistakable signs by which those who travel much in that wild country come to know something of the strangers whom they may meet on the road. Now, these men all wore the goat-skin overalls which are put on at the approach of a “Norther,” or when going on a journey the length of which may expose the wearer to sudden changes of temperature; and, as the weather was remarkably mild, I knew at a glance that these people were not only strangers to me, but that they had come from a distance. Two of the party were Mexicans, and the third was an American. There was no reason for supposing that either I or my affairs were of any inter-

est to these men ; yet, nevertheless, a feeling of vague uneasiness, amounting to a warning, rapidly developed itself in my mind. I say warning, and I will tell you why. From the time when I first began to think at all I had always believed that man, as an animal, is gifted with the finer animal instincts. These, by habitual neglect, become dwarfed, so to speak, as his intellect expands and books become his companions. Absorbed in study or business, and his thoughts diverted from himself by the thousand and one things in which he comes to be daily interested, he falls naturally into the habit of deferring to reason as his only guide ; the idea of yielding to an instinct rarely or never enters his head. There are those, however, who give the animal in their nature (I do not mean this, of course, in the vulgar sense) fair play equally with the mental faculties ; and, as for myself, I may say that, without being an adept in the mystery of divining a man's past history or his intentions for the future, I had always given instinctive feelings—first impressions, if you will—their full weight. This cultivated instinct of mine had served its purpose wonderfully well ; and so unerring had been its judgments, so uniformly correct had proved its prognostications, that I had long ceased ever attempting to *reason away* a prejudice or a liking. And, in this case, the moment I glanced along the three faces, imperfectly seen as they were through the dirt-dimmed window-panes, an instinct, made keenly intuitive by use, and whose voice was never unheeded, bade me be on my guard.

But the American's face had the monopoly of my interest. It was one of those that society can congratulate itself, occur nowhere else except on the Western frontier. Intelligent ? Oh, yes ; but cruel, brave, unscrupulous, hateful, and seamed with marks of age, counted not by periods of time, but by dissipation, fatigues, dangers, and crimes. No gleam of tenderness shone in the grey, hard eye, and no touch of regret for misspent years warmed with its sad light the repelling coldness of those marble features. I had seen faces with somewhat such expressions bending over faro-tables, or moving, pale and threatening, among an inferior and cowed class of men at primary elections. I felt at once that this American and I were not only antagonistic—as two men should be, of whom one upholds law and order and the other preys on society—but, moreover, that the lines of our life travel were soon to become unpleasantly entangled. Just then the clerk, not noticing my momentary abstraction from the accounts, pointed to the balance due, and proceeded to count out about twelve hundred Mexican dollars, the proceeds from the auction sale and other sources, and which I, as quartermaster, was to take into my personal charge. Then it suddenly occurred to me that the two watchmen employed about the premises had, with my permission, gone to town, nearly a mile and a half distant, whence they would not return until after sundown, thus leaving the clerk and me the only occupants of the otherwise deserted garrison. And then, too, there flashed across my mind the recollection of a disbursing officer in New Mexico having been knocked down, gagged, blindfolded, and robbed, a few months before, while alone in his office, not a pistol-shot from the quarters of a company of soldiers.

"Robertson," said I to the clerk, "look here !" and I directed his attention to the group which had dismounted and who were now fastening the ends of their hair lariats to the foot of the long flight of stairs that led up to the office on the second story floor.

He bent over and looking down at the men said, in a low voice, "I know one of them ; he belongs to a gang of outlaws. The others I don't know." Then, turning away from the window, he continued, "Lieutenant, you had best take off your uniform coat and cap and put on this jacket and sombrero. If they ask for

the quartermaster, as they may, I will say that you have gone to town. They have, probably, never seen you, and if they come here for mischief, that will throw them off the track. There is nothing in this country like being prepared, though we need not let them see that we suspect anything." With this he handed me a jacket of dressed deerskin, dyed to a deep brown, and trimmed, Mexican fashion, with pointed brass buttons.

His manner and the few words he spoke, although they might have seemed to others, oddly enough, coincident with my suddenly awakened suspicions, gave me no surprise whatever, so sure was I that my instinctive perception of danger had been correct. Robertson was a good and valuable friend, a brave, kind-hearted and generous man. He had killed a sufficient number of Mexicans to establish a character for courage and to enable him to live thus far in that turbulent community very peaceably. (He was, by the way, himself with two other Americans, in that very place, about two months afterward, foully murdered by a band of robbers.) I had, on more than one occasion, learned the value of his advice, so without further words, and for the time confiding my fortunes to the man whom I knew to be better qualified than I to meet the emergency, I donned the disguise, while Robertson threw an old horse-blanket carelessly over my military coat and the piles of Mexican silver and, turning a small table around so as to bring it between him and the door, sat down behind it, with his right wrist resting on its half-opened drawer. I could distinctly see a revolver lying in the drawer, with its handle within two or three inches of Robertson's wrist, and though he appeared to be deeply absorbed in comparing the papers he held before him, it was quite plain that his right hand was about as near the weapon as it could well be and not grasp it. I was in the background reading a newspaper, my pistol hung at my side in its holster, from which, for convenience sake, the covering flap had long been cut away, and whence the ornamented handle shone out quite conspicuously. In short, to judge from appearances, one would have thought that I had just dropped in for a call. It took very much less time, you may be sure, to arrange this tableau than it takes to describe it, and yet hardly were Robertson and I seated when the heavy tramp of the party was heard ascending the stairs.

A knock was answered by "Come in ;" and, led by the American, the men entered the room. I raised my eyes for an instant, to take in the group as they clustered in the doorway, then dropped them to the paper, leaving Robertson to play the host. The customary salutations, followed by a remark or two relative to the weather, were exchanged between the leader and the clerk, and then the former asked whether there was to be another auction sale ?

"No," said Robertson, "there is nothing more to be sold."

"I understood that the quartermaster was here and I desired some information from him," continued the stranger, and I could feel that he cast a glance of half inquiry at me.

"He has gone to Rancho Davis," was the reply. "Can I be of any service ?"

"No, I wish to see him. Will he be back to night ?"

"Hardly. He will be playing poker with Clay Davis until daylight to-morrow."

This boldly invented slander came near upsetting my composure, and it was fortunate that my eyes were on the paper, for, be it known to you, reader, it is a dismissable offence for a disbursing officer of the army to be known to gamble.

The American was evidently embarrassed. Heretofore, in the worst of

times, the outlaws from society who made their homes in that community, and whose hands were against nearly all men, had always maintained toward army officers a polite deference; and now, at the very moment when this neutrality was to be broken through, the scoundrel learned that the quartermaster was the boon companion of Clay Davis, the most dreaded man on the Rio Grande. And this he could readily believe, for Clay Davis was well known to be friendly to the army, and in fact rented to the Government the land on which stood the barracks. Though not immaculate, as few men were in that region, Clay was possessed of many virtues, among which was hospitality, and his pistol was quite as much at the service of a friend as was his whiskey. He held a peculiar influence over the reckless men who made periodical visits to his settlement, and those who did not really like him had a healthy horror of his "shooting-iron."

"Will he be back in the morning," continued the stranger, after a pause.

"I don't know," replied the clerk "but he leaves here to-morrow evening."

"We will call again," said the American, as, much to my satisfaction, he opened the door and passed out, with the Mexicans at his heels.

"There!" said Robertson, as the jingle of the last huge spur was heard from below and I drew a good long breath of relief. "If that crew didn't come here for robbery I'm a sinner."

"What's to be done now?" said I. "It will not take them very long to find out that they have been tricked; and then there will be a fight on our hands and, even if one did not mind a little excitement, there's the money to be considered?"

Robertson was an inveterate chewer of tobacco, and at that moment he appeared to be exclusively engrossed in selecting an uncommonly large chew, but when that was satisfactorily and rather thoughtfully stowed away, he turned slowly toward me and said, "Well, Lieutenant, there won't be a shindy unless the advantage is all on their side. You cannot attack them until they show their hand, which they won't do before they get you and the money alone. But there are more fellows like those where they came from; and knowing as they do, or soon will, that you pay off the teamsters wherever you happen to meet them on the road, they must believe that the funds in your possession amount to much more than is actually the case, and it will not be long before that little party will be reinforced, when it will be no longer safe to travel about as you do, unattended. At any rate, I would not, if I were in your place, stay here long."

I reflected a moment. It went against the grain to beat a retreat, but it was the safest plan. "Suppose then, Robertson," I replied, "that I start to-night so soon as it is dark. Can you get me my horse and money out of the garrison without any one seeing us?"

"Yes, and keep the secret afterward," replied Robertson, to whom this plan seemed to give great satisfaction.

Preparations were soon made. The silver was packed in an old fashioned dragoon valise that I was in the habit of carrying buckled to the cantle of my saddle, and when it was quite dark we set out.

I have said that the garrison was entirely deserted; moreover, there were no settlers in the immediate neighborhood. But, in order to deceive any one who might be prying about the place watching our movements, Robertson led the horse, unsaddled, down an *arroyo* that wound back of the cemetery to the main road, then returning, he carried the saddle by another route through the bushes to the same point, where I soon after joined him with the money.

Robertson accompanied me a short distance, and as we walked together he

gave me a few hints from his own varied frontier experience as to the best way to manage should matters come to a crisis. There was no use denying it; I was young then, and he knew I had never been in what is called there a "shooting match."

"And mind, Lieutenant!" said he, as at last I mounted, and he stood wringing my hand. "If things look squally, never move your hand toward your pistol as a *threat*. If you do, you are a dead man. Be sure you are right before firing, then point your pistol quickly with your forefinger along the barrel; don't stop to take aim, but shoot at once from the hip!" And then his tall figure straightened as the memories of some old encounters came over his mind.

"And now, God bless you, Lieutenant, and good-by!"

I rode on at a rapid gait, without meeting or seeing a living thing, until near two in the morning, when I came to the remains of a small fire that had been built on the side of the road, and that threw out so little light from its embers of mesquit wood, that, when it first caught my eye it was not four yards distant. I knew at once, from the small quantity of fuel used, that a Mexican teamster had kindled it and that he and his team were not far off. Nor was I mistaken. It proved to be one of my wagons which Robertson had sent down on some special service, and that had stopped here for the night while on its way to Brownsville. I took advantage of this fortunate meeting to give my horse some much needed rest, for he had been on the road nearly the whole of the previous day. Rousing the Mexican, he was dispatched to feed and picket him at such a distance from the road as to prevent his hearing and neighing back to any horses that might possibly pass down during the night, and by so doing betray my presence. After giving the Mexican directions to watch the road, I slept soundly until daybreak, albeit I had the saddle for a pillow, and for my mattress a stiff, undressed, untanned ox-hide, that the faithful driver insisted on loaning me while he passed the rest of the night on the bare ground by the roadside.

The driver awoke me at five. A cup of coffee and an inch or two of jerked beef from the poor fellow's scanty store considerably refreshed me. Then, stowing in my saddle-bags enough corn for a couple of feeds, I mounted, waved an *adios* to the kind-hearted Manuel, as he handed me a lighted cigarita, and, in a moment was once more going over the road at an easy lope. All that day I kept steadily on, stopping but twice to water my animal, and once at an out-of-the-way ranche for a corn cake (or tortilla) for myself. Soon after nightfall I entered the chapparal, and threading my way for over a quarter of a mile in a direction at right angles to the road, I tied the horse and placed his corn before him; then, taking the valise, saddle and equipments back on my shoulders to near the edge of the road, where I could conveniently hear if any one passed, I lay down, rolled in the saddle blanket, with my head on the sub-treasury, and shivered and slept until morning.

Tired, hungry, and with stiffened limbs. I rose with the dawn, fed my poor, worn-out steed again, and then drew myself wearily once more into the saddle. But my spirits rose with the brightening day, and when evening came I had made such good progress that fatigue was forgotten in the prospect of being at Fort Brown on the morrow. The sun went down as I approached Rancho Rosario, the worst place for crime on the river; but I passed on without stopping, rode through the hamlet, and as I left it behind me, reflected that there remained but thirty-five miles of my journey. The next day was the one on which the bi-monthly mail from the north arrived at Brazos, and the morrow's sunset

would see me in the safe shadow of my office porch, reading fresh letters from the dear ones at home. The stars came out and twinkled merrily through the mesquit branches, while I, yielding to pleasing reveries, slackened the gait to a walk, and loosing the reins, rested my hands thoughtfully on the pommel.

But my agreeable musings were not destined to be of long duration, for in a moment I was startled by a noise that quickly recalled to mind the dangers of the situation. It was the sound of horses' feet in a rapid gallop on the hard road, and coming from the rear. An instant after they ceased at the village. Quick as thought I dismounted, penetrated the chapparal with difficulty, led my horse to a tree and securely tied him. Then, jerking the blanket from beneath the saddle, I muffled his ears, and winding the lariat tightly about the blanket and his jaws, I put it out of his power to neigh and thus attract attention. Returning to the road I secreted myself in the bushes, and pistol in hand awaited events. The party had apparently stopped at the ranche I had just left, and I supposed for the purpose of making inquiries. They must have been sure of their prey, for it was quite ten minutes before they came up. I thought I could distinguish English mixed with Mexican words, and I had not much doubt that the party from Ringgold, having discovered my absence, was already at my heels. Yes! there they were, led by the American, the three anxious inquirers I had seen in my office two days before. The American was laughing as he rode by at a slow trot, and it was a laugh that chilled me to the bone. They were quite sure that I was just ahead, and in a few minutes would be in their power. I felt wonderfully like shooting and standing my chance, but, at that time, the Great Rebellion had not been fought, and officers had a habit of always waiting for an "overt" act. But even now I cannot think of the time when I lay there with my revolver pointing toward that scoundrel, without a feeling of almost ferocity, and an involuntary twitching of the fingers of my pistol hand. A moment more, the temptation was removed and they were out of hearing.

What was I to do now? Under the circumstances to return and seek shelter at Rosario was equivalent to ordering my own funeral. To strike out into the chapparal and attempt to reach Brownsville without going by the road, was almost certain to result in starvation, for I was too poor a woodsman to find my way without chart and compass, and I had neither. About two miles below, the road forked, and the left branch led out to Santa Gertrudes, Captain King's ranch. I determined to follow on behind my robber friends until I came to the fork, then take the road to the left, and before noon of the morrow I would be safe at King's ranch, where I could refresh myself and horse, and whence I could take one of his *vaqueros* to guide me into town.

I mounted and started again. Let me tell you here, that the two miles of country I had yet to ride through before leaving the main road, was notorious the whole length of the river for the number of murders that had been committed there, some of which, indeed, had been perpetrated within the preceding two years. In the Roman Catholic community scattered along the Rio Grande it is a custom, borrowed from old Spain, to erect a rough wooden cross on the spot where has taken place a deed of violence and murder. And, in riding through this place several times before, I had observed the large number of crosses that gave an interesting if not mournful aspect to the landscape. On one occasion I had taken the trouble to count them, and, without the least exaggeration, in half an hour's time I had seen at least thirty of these crosses, some old and moss-grown, and some suggestively fresh and of recent erection. At one place there were no less than three of these emblems placed on the old

stump of a tree, around which the road made a sudden turn. Whether the locality had any peculiar configuration of ground that made murder favorable, whether it was its vicinity to a crossing place for specie conductas coming from Mexico, or whether the people who lived thereabouts were unusually bad, I do not know, but it was a murderous hole, and single travellers were not over fond of passing there, even in the day time. It is the habit of the Mexican, when passing such crosses as these, to lift his sombrero and say a short prayer for the departed. I verily believe that when a pious Mexican passed through this region, he carried his sombrero in his hand to save trouble, and with timid glances to the right and left, prayed industriously all the way.

With every sense quickened by danger, head bent, eyes peering into the darkness beyond, and ears alert to the least sound, I cautiously advanced at a walk. I was approaching the stump that bore the three crosses of which I have spoken, and already could I see the dark arm of the largest projecting against the sky, when, without the slightest warning, my horse shied, sprang from the road, and, with a plunge that nearly threw me to the ground, darted to the right at a full run into the chapparal. As I left the track I heard the crunching of horses' feet in the gravel on the road by the crosses, a muttered curse or two, and then a rush down the road, as if to head me off, were I to attempt regaining it. But I had enough on my hands just then, besides listening for the movements of the other party. Fortunately, at the moment the horse started I was firmly clamping him, and so kept my seat; but the reins had been jerked from my hands, and now, with my face nearly buried in the mane, holding my sombrero with one hand to shield my head from the overhanging branches, and with the other vainly reaching for the curb, I was rushed through a mass of mesquit foliage, branches, and brambles, and cactus, every instant expecting to be dashed against a tree, or, more horrible still, to be impaled on the myriad cruel points of the Spanish bayonet. My horse was a mustang, not six months from the herd, and his fatigue of the past few days seemed as nothing in this moment of his terror and regained freedom. On we rushed; the branches tore my clothes, the prickly points of the cactus entered my flesh, and, now and then, as we brushed against a projecting limb, the blow would almost wring from me a cry of pain. John Gilpin and the Headless Horseman were nothing to that ride: the first had a clear field and the last no terrors that did not haunt the very air I breathed. It takes a man but a little time to get used to a new situation, and thus I had become quite reconciled to a general smash when my horse struck a cattle path, and, exhausted by his long run, settled down into a gallop. Regaining the reins just as an opening in the trees showed me the muddy waters of the Rio Grande rolling almost at my feet, I pulled up, and found myself in the midst of a cluster of Mexican houses that clung to the river bank. A Mexican came out, and in a few words I explained to him that I desired a guide to conduct me to Brownsville otherwise than by the direct road. And then I got a piece of information that added to my perplexity. A band of marauders, nearly two hundred strong, had assembled at Donna Estephano's ranch, some few miles above Brownsville, and, after murdering nine persons in the town and creating a reign of terror in its vicinity, now blocked all access to it by the American side of the river, swearing death to all *Gringos* who might fall into their hands. My adventures had saved me an interview with these pleasant gentlemen. Now was the time for a flank movement! I engaged the Mexican to get me and my horse across the river, and, once there, I made my way to Matamoras; and the following evening, with a whole skin, recrossed the river into Brownsville, to find the

town in a state of siege, and anxiously awaiting the arrival of troops. Of my pale American I never heard anything very definite, but I afterward had reason for supposing his ride terminated inadvertently at Donna Estephano's ranch, where the Mexicans, infuriated by the conduct of just such lawless men as he, made short work with him by, in his case, a very justifiable hanging.

REGULAR.

CAPTAIN KIDD—WHY HE WAS HUNG.

THE present being a period of historic reminiscence, let us go back to Captain Kidd.

What Captain Kidd no person will be obliged to ask. But one man rises before the mind at the mention of this name—Captain William Kidd, who, lamenting in the song, says, "Most wickedly I did."

William Kidd is well known, and yet *unknown*, holding the anomalous position of one who is much talked of, but little understood. His treasures have been sought on every shore from Maine to Sandy Hook, but his merits, until recently, no one has troubled himself to find. Perhaps his virtues are as apocryphal as his gold. But let us see.

Captain Kidd is selected for discussion at the present time for two reasons. First, because he forms a fair representative of a class of men who, from their peculiar relations to their associates and their times, are liable to come before the world at last, either as heroes or as fiends, according to fickle fortune's election; and, second, for the reason that he has lately been presented to a portion of the public arrayed in those lofty virtues to which he could lay no claim, thus forming a gross exaggeration that properly challenged criticism in *THE GALAXY* for March. There is no good reason why we should not endeavor to present this famous character in a just light, especially in an age like the present, when we still witness the dangerous operations of what we may almost style a *law*, and which is liable at all times to overpower the weak.

According to the popular notion, Kidd was an extremely bold, bad man. We think of him as a brutal wretch, who passed his life in deeds of plunder and blood, and at last paid the just forfeit on the gallows-tree. The ballad-monger has indeed filled Kidd's mouth with confessions. His famous song is a litany; but since a man arraigned in court is not called to testify against himself, we may expurgate the litany of its sad suffrage, and inquire, in a historical spirit, whether he was, after all, such a bad man as he "sailed."

William Kidd was an Englishman, though some say a Scotchman, of Greenock, and was born near the middle of the seventeenth century. Prior to the year 1691, he was a prominent character in the City of New York, where he married Mrs. Sarah Oort, widow of a merchant of that city. Tradition points to Cedar street, at its junction with William street, as the place of his residence.

From his youth he had been accustomed to the sea, and in the French war he had commanded a cruiser, meeting the enemy on all occasions with courage, skill and success, besides chastising the pirates who were wont to cruise on the New England coast.

In 1691, he was opposed to the administration of Governor Leisler (afterward the victim of judicial murder), and on the arrival of Sloughter, who superseded Leisler, he received a hundred and fifty pounds "as a suitable reward for the many good services done to" the Province of New York. Afterward Kidd and Sloughter associated in London as friends.

In the year 1695, the Indian Ocean swarming with pirates, it became necessary to take measures for their apprehension. Accordingly, as Kidd was at this time in London, in command of a merchant ship, it was proposed to give him an armed vessel, and send him on a cruise to drive the pirates from the seas. Kidd, having a tolerable acquaintance with all their haunts, readily agreed. Bishop Burnet tells us that the King himself was interested, and was in favor of making the expedition a private venture, offering to contribute a thousand pounds. Afterward, however, he excused himself from financial participation on impecunious grounds, leaving the expense to be borne by Richard, Earl of Bellomont, then but just appointed Governor of New York, in connection with Robert Livingstone of New York, Captain Kidd, and others.

Kidd made his contract with Bellomont, having Livingstone as his bondsman, Bellomont agreeing to get him a commission as a private man-of-war to fight pirates, "*with such large and beneficial powers and clauses in such commission as may be most proper and effectual.*" The Earl was to pay four-fifths, and Kidd and Livingstone one-fifth, of the money required for the expedition. The profits each should receive from the voyage were to be regulated by the proportions contributed, Bellomont thereby expecting to receive the lion's share.

On the 11th of December, 1695, Kidd received his commission, authorizing him to war against French ships and such other ships as were liable to confiscation, besides those of the pirates.

The following April he sailed for New York in the Adventure Galley, with a crew of eighty men, on his way taking a French prize. He remained in port about three months, raising men, when, at the end of this time, having increased his crew to one hundred and fifty-six, he sailed for the Indian Ocean, bearing with him an *established reputation* for courage, capacity, prudence and skill. His crew, however, had been enlisted on the principle of "no purchase,* no pay," and were generally of a desperate character. At his trial it was proved that he went to sea with many misgivings; and after he had left, Governor Fletcher wrote home to the Board of Trade, that "many flocked to him from all parts, men of desperate fortunes, and necessitous, in expectation of getting vast treasure. . . . It is generally believed here that they will have money *per fas aut nefas*, that if he miss of the design intended, for which he was commissioned, *it will not be in Kidd's power to govern such a horde of men under no pay.*" This latter clause, excusing Kidd in advance, is the more significant from the fact that it was penned by Kidd's political opponent, who was by no means desirous of doing him any good.

Kidd had, nevertheless, set out on his voyage; and now let us note its incidents.

Early in September, 1696, he sailed for Madeira, arriving there October 8. He reached Madagascar the following January. The next September he was on the coast of Malabar, where he was attacked by two Portuguese ships, which he fought all day, and finally beat off, having fourteen men wounded. He continued to cruise for pirates until the following November (1697), without success. At that time he fell in with a richly laden English ship, which his crew voted to capture, though he eventually restrained them. Soon after they took a ship manned chiefly by Moors, which, it appears, was a legal prize. February 1, 1698, they fell in with a Bengal merchant-ship called the Quidah. This was also taken, though it does not appear that any blood was shed. The capture

* "All the purses and *purchase* I give you to-day by conveyance, bring hither to Ursula's presently. Here we will meet at night, in her lodge, and share."—BEN JONSON.

was, however, declared illegal, while the testimony afterward proved that at this time Kidd was no longer master in his own ship.

After this he sailed to St. Mary's, Madagascar, where he sunk his first prize, and where ninety-seven of his men, satisfied of his real character, gladly improved the occasion to desert to the Mocha frigate, a pirate-ship lying at that port, which ship he desired to capture, but failed to get the co-operation of his men, who assured him that they should much prefer to turn their guns upon him. In his defenceless state he was afterward plundered of much ammunition and stores by the pirates, who, after giving their late commander these expressions of opinion, which plainly implied that he was deemed altogether too virtuous for their society, sailed away. Some time prior to this, in an altercation with his gunner, Kidd struck him with a bucket, and Moore soon died.

Kidd having but sixteen well-disposed men left, improved the occasion to set sail in the Quidah, leaving the Adventure Galley sunk in the harbor.

April 1, 1699, he reached Anguilla in the West Indies. Here, to his utter dismay, he found himself proclaimed a pirate. Upon this, most of his small crew that still remained fled from him, when he was obliged to leave the Quidah in Hispaniola, and sail for New York in a small sloop. On reaching New York he received a letter from the Earl of Bellomont at Boston, inviting him thither, whither he, in too confiding a spirit, at once repaired, confident of his ability to meet every charge that might be preferred. At Boston he saw the Earl, then Governor of Massachusetts, and had several friendly conferences with him. But at the end of six days he was suddenly arrested and sent to England for trial. After lying in prison for more than a year he was brought to the bar, and condemned to execution for murder and piracy.

Such is an impartial statement of the chief facts, so far as they can be ascertained; and now let us inquire whether the action on the part of the Government and the court was just. This leads us to inquire *first*, why Kidd was betrayed by Bellomont. The circumstances prove that this was done *to save himself*.

It appears that the "large and beneficial powers" procured by him for Kidd, but designed to accrue chiefly for his own benefit, had naturally brought upon him odium and suspicion. It was even openly asserted that Bellomont went out to Massachusetts, where Kidd was appointed to bring his prizes, in order to aid and abet him in his work. Charges were carried to the foot of the throne itself, and in the House of Commons it was openly declared that the King had unwittingly exceeded his power, by assigning to Bellomont and Kidd all goods taken from pirates, though it was clear that such goods belonged to the merchants themselves. Otherwise, that the terms of the commission obtained by Bellomont authorized Kidd to plunder honest men. The situation, therefore, became alarming, and Bellomont hastened to declare that Kidd had exceeded even the "large and beneficial powers" given by his commission, hoping thus to outwit his adversaries, and by his virtuous zeal in proclaiming Kidd a pirate to get this disagreeable person off his hands altogether. And, resolved on appeasing the people at home to the extent of his power, he took advantage of a technicality in the law, saying that in Massachusetts it was impossible to convict pirates at all, as the people were in favor of piracy, on account of the gains which it brought (an outrageous libel in itself) and delivered up Kidd to the authorities at home. But this ungenerous treatment of his former friend brought no advantage, and failed to satisfy his enemies; while a few months later, ere Kidd was brought into court, the Earl himself was summoned to meet the last Judge at the Great Assize.

Still others besides Bellomont were implicated, and though the chief manager of the commission had gone where the wicked cease from troubling, he had left associates behind ; and accordingly, on the fifteenth day of April, 1701, Simon Harcourt, the distinguished Tory lawyer, appeared at the bar of the House of Commons, and, in the name of all England, impeached Lord John Somers of high crimes and misdemeanors, one charge being distinctly grounded on his connection with Captain Kidd.

Now, therefore, it behooved his lordship and his friends to show their abhorrence of piracy, together with all commissions having "large and beneficial clauses ;" and though Kidd had lain in prison a whole year, no one caring to press the suit, the political party to which his lordship belonged at once revealed a deep interest. In little more than twenty days, and *before the time fixed for Lord John's own trial*, Kidd was dragged to the bar, and summarily condemned. Those at all acquainted with the history of the times must have little penetration, if unable to detect the policy at the bottom of the whole transaction.

Kidd had now ceased to be of any personal importance, and so slight a sacrifice could by no means be omitted, if the sacrifice would in any degree seem to purge Lord John. Accordingly Kidd must die, to show that man's abhorrence of crime.

Two distinct charges were brought against Kidd, first, the killing of Moore, his gunner, ("I murdered William Moore, as I sailed,") and, second, the capture of the *Quidah* merchantman. In the course of the trial on the first charge, Kidd freely acknowledged that he caused the death of Moore, but declared that the deed was done in the course of a heated altercation. Moore, the gunner, having a chisel in his hand, fell into an angry debate with his commander, who struck him with a bucket. One witness testified that Moore had previously been unwell, and another declared that the trouble arose from the fact that Kidd had refused to capture a vessel which was not a lawful prize. The whole transaction took place before the *Quidah* was taken, and while his crew were in that mutinous spirit which led to his being finally overpowered. Kidd was undoubtedly the cause of his gunner's death, and this he lamented. Yet in our own day it would be difficult for a jury in such a case to bring in any stronger verdict than that of "Unintentional homicide."

The charge of piracy was based entirely on the capture of the *Quidah*. Here the testimony was every way insufficient for conviction. To an unprejudiced mind, it is clear that Kidd had at that time lost the control of his men. The voyage had proved unsuccessful, as regarded the pirates, and now, in accordance with the prediction of Governor Fletcher, the crew determined to have money, *per fas aut nefas*, by fair means or foul. Hence Kidd gave way, and the *Quidah* was taken.

At the trial Kidd frankly acknowledged the fact of the capture and, as his defence, claimed that the *Quidah* sailed with a French pass, and that her master was a French tavern-keeper at Surat. His papers, he declared, had been taken by Earl Bellomont, now deceased, and he only requested time to recover them and produce the French pass in court. One witness testified that Kidd had informed him of the existence of the pass at the time of the capture ; yet the court would not delay the trial for an hour. In the end the prosecution was pressed and Kidd doomed to death.

The action of the judges and all concerned must be regarded simply as atrocious. Kidd was not even allowed the assistance of an advocate. Two eminent members of the legal profession were silenced by the judge, and forced

to remain in their seats dumb. It is true that the English law at that time did not permit persons charged with piracy, and kindred crimes, to have the benefit of counsel, except on points of law. And when Dr. Oldish, one of the advocates referred to, attempted to come to the aid of his client, he was put down with the declaration that he must treat a matter of *law*, or else be quiet. It is strange that down to so late a period there should have been no better provision to secure justice. In 1695, a law was introduced in Parliament, for the protection of accused persons, but it was some time before it was enacted. It is doubtful, says Lord Campbell, whether it would ever have passed at all, had not the Earl of Shaftesbury, after breaking down under the fatigue of a speech made in its favor, responded to a cry to go on, by rising to his feet and saying: "If I, sir, who rise only to give my opinion on a bill now pending, in the fate of which I have no personal interest, am so confounded that I am unable to express the least of what I proposed to say, what must the condition of that man be, who, without any assistance, is called to plead for his life, for his honor, and his posterity?" This stirring appeal electrified the house, and secured the passage of the bill. But it came too late for the untutored sailor. Denied the privilege of that delay which might have secured his papers, baffled by the chicanery of the prosecuting counsel, and badgered by the oppressions of an unjust judge, William Kidd gave up the case in bewilderment, and laid down his life.

Kidd was the victim of a political necessity. The party sought to save Lord Somers by sacrificing one of his subordinates. In 1699, a "Person of Quality," who saw the political turn the whole affair had taken, wrote: "As considerable a man as our friend Bellomont is, if one of yet greater degree had not been concerned in this undertaking, it had never been taken notice of, or at least had never had been blamed. That," he continues, "which deserves praise in others may become a crime in men of eminent station, if the season be proper for attempting their ruin."

The remark has been attributed to the great Napoleon, that if he could make the songs of a people he cared not who made their laws. And he knew what he meant. We find an illustration of the power of song, even in the doggerel verse of "Ye Lamentable Ballad" of Captain Kidd, which, so far from being anything like "Ye true Historie," does not even give his right name, making him declare

My name was *Robert* Kidd, as I sailed.

As many get their opinion of Lord Bacon from a line by Pope, so the people at large have taken their conception of Kidd from a lyric source; and the portrait, thus drawn by one of the most singular of ballad-mongers, now often glows in the baleful splendor of the foot-lights at Blue Beard's side.

William Kidd owes his present reputation, not to his intrinsic badness, but to one of those freaks of fortune which sets some men up and casts others down. Kidd was indeed no saint; yet, though too vicious for a martyr, he was good enough for a victim.

He came upon the stage at a time when maritime law had just discarded the maxim that might made right, and when every bold explorer was not invariably a buccaneer. Worse men than he (Sir Samuel Argall, for instance,) were in those days honored with decorations, and Kidd himself might have been made a knight. But a political necessity interposed, and so they turned him off at Execution Dock.

B. F. DE COSTA.

THE GASTRONOMICAL ALMANAC.

MAY.

ALTHOUGH this month is not so much favored as June in the gastronomical line, still we have a few kinds of vegetables the most healthful and appetizing. Excellent dishes of vegetables and greens take the place of the winter dishes of game. As I have said before, nature points out to us what we should feed on, and we invariably feel the worse for it if we act in opposition to her laws. Wild animals are seldom sick, and very few have bodily defects; domestic animals are often sick and many have bodily defects. Why? The former follow their instinct in feeding, while the latter are fed by man.

If man has succeeded in improving the breed of several classes of domestic animals, he has done it through repeated experiments; by a close study of the effects produced on them by such or such food; by the construction and arrangement of stables, etc.

But man does not take such good care of himself. He does not get the same direct material return for his own sound condition, that he does when he sells a well trained and kept horse or an ox carefully and scientifically fattened.

Everybody knows that slave-owners, in many cases, will not allow their slaves to be as careless as they themselves are of bodily health and welfare. The diet of the slave is regulated by a physician. Hygienic laws are strictly enforced. But the master continues to violate the laws of his being, and laughs at restraint, until a day comes when it is too late.

My readers will find in my almanac, several articles that were in the list for the month of March: it must be so; for, to be of practical value, our almanac must contain a list of all the articles of food that are good during the month, and as there are some articles that are good during two or more months, those articles must be in several lists. There are some kinds of food, when properly taken care of (such as potatoes, carrots, turnips, onions, etc.) that are good during eight and nine months. But in the list of each month there are some kinds that are just coming in season and others that are going out. Besides, there are some kinds of food that are good all the year round.

The following articles of food are the best and most healthful during this month:

POTAGES.—Asparagus, Lettuce, Bisque of Lobster, Mutton Soup, Sorrel, Green Turtle, Oyster.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.—Pickled Beets, Horseradish, Oysters (raw or pickled), Fish (salt, smoked or pickled), Prawns, Frogs, Red Radishes.

RELEVÉS.—Sea Bass, Lamprey, Mackerel, Perch (black and white), Ray, Salmon, Scup, Shad, Sheep's-head, Sturgeon, Speckled Trout, Turbot, Weak-fish, Lobster.

ENTREES.—Beef, Mutton, Veal, Lobster, Salmon, Turbot, Green Turtle.

ROTIS.—Brant, (also called Brand Goose), Lapwing, Brown Lark, Rail.

SALADS.—Dandelion, Watercress, Lettuce, Wild Chicory.

ENTREMETS.—Asparagus, Cauliflower, Dock, Poke, Rhubarb, Sorrel, Turnips.

DESSERT.—Bananas, Gooseberries, Pineapples.

List of articles of food that are good during the whole year:

POTAGES.—Arrowroot, Barley, Beans, Corn-starch, Lentils, Macaroni, Rice, Tago, Tapioca, Vermicelli, Fecula.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.—Anchovy, Cervelas, Horseradish, Olives, Sardines, Sausage, Pickles, Butter.

ENTREMETS.—Beans, Cranberries, Eggs, Lentils, Macaroni, Rice; and when preserved, Sorrel, Tomatoes, Green Corn, etc.

DESSERT.—Almonds, Apples, Cheese, Cranberries, Dates, Hazelnuts, Raisins, Figs (dried), and Preserves of several kinds.

DIVERS.—Chocolate, Cocoa, Hominy, Ham, Milk, Flour, Truffles, Meal, etc.

My readers will please take notice that I put the same article in two or more courses ; it is because it may be used either as potage or relevé (such as lobster) or as potage and entremets (such as asparagus).

The asparagus is such an excellent and delicate vegetable that I will give my readers a few directions as to the cooking of it.

Take hold of the asparagus by the top, lay it flat on the table, and scrape off the skin of the white part, scraping downwards. Cut it of an even size as much as possible, tie it in bunches of eight or ten, and drop it in cold water for five minutes. Set water (the water must not have been on the fire before) and a little salt on the fire, and, at the first boiling, drop the asparagus in. As soon as it is in the boiling water it is necessary to watch it carefully, and not allow it to boil till done ; it must be taken off when crisp, or rather underdone. If boiled too long, it is soft and tasteless. Have a kitchen fork at hand, and once in a while pull out a bunch ; press the asparagus between the thumb and forefinger, to ascertain when tender enough. Take it off and drop it in cold water for half a minute.

Asparagus is prepared as entremets in several ways ; but there are only four ways known, so far, in which it can be prepared, and its good flavor retained. All other ways either destroy or neutralize the agreeable and delicate flavor. These four ways are, first, *en petits pois* (green peas like) ; second, fried ; third, in *vinaigrette*, or *à l'huile* ; fourth, in white sauce.

We also have, in this month, when the spring is early enough, some cauliflower. Rhubarb and sorrel, two of the most healthful vegetables that can be partaken of, are found in the market during this month. Physiologists seem to agree on this point, that rhubarb, sorrel, and tomatoes have never indisposed anybody.

Weather permitting, we may also expect to have green turtle for the amateurs of turtle steaks and soup.

I must not forget to add a few words about wines, else I should be like the mason who tried to make mortar without water. The food, when in the stomach, in order to digest well, must be like liquid mortar, else the blood cannot build with it. The California claret is, like the French claret, a red wine, but contains more alcohol and is less sour. It is made exactly in the same way, and there are several qualities, according to soil and position of the vineyard. It is just as good as any other wine for the table, as well as for cooking purposes. Some is made with the same grape as the French wine, other with what is called the native brown grape (supposed to have been imported by the Spaniards.)

California wines generally are heavier than the European wines made with the same grapes. This difference comes from the soil and atmosphere ; the soil of California being generally much richer than that of European vineyards.

Wine made in Cincinnati with the same grapes and in the same way as in California, has a different flavor. I cannot say which is the better ; both are good.

Some prefer European to California wines, *et vice versa*. The preference comes only from habit. When we have been used to eat or drink anything for a long time, we become so well used to it that anything else tastes inferior at first, no matter how superior it may be. Give a cup of real, good Arabian berry coffee to a person who has been drinking bean or rye coffee for a long time, and you may be pretty sure that your coffee will be pronounced a very inferior beverage.

California hock is a light, natural, white wine, somewhat similar to the Ger-

man hock, and made in the same way. Of all the California wines it is the one that comes nearest the Cincinnati catawba in taste and color.

The port is a heavy, rich, high-colored wine; has a great similarity to the Oporto wine. It is made with Seville, or native brown grapes (supposed to have been imported by the Spanish Jesuits). Some is made also with one-third of native brown grapes and two-thirds of black Hamburg grapes. What makes port wine sweeter and heavier than claret is the addition of a certain quantity of grape spirits when fermentation has progressed sufficiently to give it color. The addition of spirits, besides arresting the fermentation instantaneously, prevents the saccharine matter from evaporating and from sinking in the dregs.

PIERRE BLOT.

LES PETITS ITALIENS.

WITHIN the past few years a new class of street musicians has appeared among us, coming in, apparently, as their ancestors went out. The old Italian organ grinder, with his moving figures and red-capped monkey, has become almost a thing of the past, and a crippled soldiery now receive for their support the coppers which once kept alive a disgraceful vagabondage. But, as these elder sons of Italy departed, a new class entered and took their place, and the old worn out *lazzaroni* are now represented by wee toddling children hidden under the cover of a huge harp or shuffling along beside a violin almost as tall as its owner. It may not be uninteresting to follow out the history of these child musicians who have so lately become a part of our moving population, and around whom so much that is pitiful still lingers. It is only within a few years that they have made their appearance, yet they are now found in almost every street of the great metropolis, in all the surrounding towns and cities, and often in the villages and country sites of the more distant States. It is often a matter of wonder how these children, hardly out of their cradles and still brown with the sun of Italy, have found their way to such a distant shore at such an early age, and their story is indeed an interesting one.

In middle Italy lies a rich and fertile province, ever canopied by a summer sky, and blessed with a soil as rich as it is uncultivated. It is called Basilicata. Most of the inhabitants, bowing beneath the yoke that rests upon their land, earn a scanty livelihood as wandering musicians or beggars. Hence come those flocks of children which are at all times setting out for different parts of Europe and which, in the end, find their way even to America. The towns of Marsico Vetere, Corleto, Laurenzana, Calvello, Picinisco, and Viggiano are especially noted for the number of these emigrants. The old governments of Naples encouraged this emigration in order to get rid of a numerous, and, consequently, dangerous population; and as the poor mountaineers of Savoy and Piedmont, driven by the cold, seek food and shelter in the large cities, so the Calabrians seek a living by begging in distant countries. Poor Italy!—that once supported the legions of Cæsar and found pleasure in the eloquence of a Cicero—now too poor to nourish even the meanest of your subjects!

The custom of begging from town to town, by means of children, has given birth to a traffic which is practised openly and with the consent of the authorities of every district. Each year, at certain times, several hundred children, of all ages and both sexes, set out from the villages in groups of from two to ten, under the charge of persons calling themselves their parents or patrons, but who are, in reality, the veritable masters of these little slaves. For the children are

bound to them by contracts which both parties seem to consider lawful. These contracts generally stipulate that the children shall be hired out for a certain fixed time in consideration of the payment of an annual sum of money, or of a sum paid in advance. This sum ranges from ten to one hundred dollars, and the patron sometimes executes a writing in which he binds himself to send back to the parents all, or a certain portion of the earnings above a specified amount. The price received by the parents depends upon the beauty or proficiency of the child. A handsome girl, with a fine voice, could not, probably, be obtained even for the highest sum mentioned, for she would find a better employment in her own country. Every Italian child can, at a very early age, and with little instruction, be taught to play the violin or harp with sufficient proficiency to enable him to join the street orchestra, so that size and looks are considered of more importance than any signs of musical talent. The parents are thus freed from the care and expense of providing for their little ones, and have a few francs to assist them in eking out their own wretched lives. This hiring is, in reality, a sale, for when once the children are in the possession of the patron, they are completely in his power. All their earnings must be given over to him, and under his direction they must go wherever he chooses to lead them. Only twenty out of every hundred who leave their native villages, ever return; of the rest thirty will settle in some foreign country, and fifty will die under the privations and hardships to which they are subjected. The men who purchase the children generally belong to the provinces from which they come, and are known to the parents. They easily obtain passports either on false representations or by bribing the under officials. As soon as the children leave their native villages they begin to beg for their masters, wandering over all Italy and following the coast of the Mediterranean until they reach Nice or Marseilles. Very few reach France by sea, for at Marseilles the landing of beggars is strictly guarded against, and, unless they have correct passports, they pass over the Alps by Brigantium, and on reaching the frontiers are resold to men from Paris and the other large cities. When their patrons have disposed of their merchandise they return to Basilicata to collect other children, who make the voyage with the same papers which have served for their predecessors. Thus, for many years, has a system of human slavery been carried on, some of the fruits of which have but lately reached our shores.

When the children arrive in Paris, they are placed, boys and girls together, in lodging-houses. These lodging-houses are situated chiefly in the *Place Maubert* and in the *Panthéon*. At one time they were all lodged in a single street, *la rue du Bon Puits*, in the house of a Madam Tron. This woman, whom the children called *matrona*, had under her control a number of houses in this street, in which she could shelter two hundred and fifty children and their masters. This estimable lady has now retired from business, and the street has been taken up by the great boulevard maker of Paris.

Every morning the little ragamuffins are sent forth in all directions to seek for *sous*. Sometimes the masters watch them from a distance and take from them the money as soon as the giver is out of sight. But generally the collection of the money is intrusted to one of the older boys, and the masters spend the day in saloons awaiting the return of their troops. The smaller a child is the more suited is he to the wants of his patron, for his little wan face will open many a purse whose owner thinks a real charity is given. Thus they spend the day wandering about the streets, returning late in the evening to their wretched lodgings, when every penny of their gains must be given over to the wretches

whom their toil supports. And many a weary child, whose labors have been unsuccessful, wanders through the streets long after the shades of evening have fallen, preferring a door step for a pillow to the oaths and blows which would await him at home. They are often sent on journeys through the country, to attend fairs and play at holiday fêtes, and may often be seen at railroad stations, sawing away at their fiddles on the arrival of every train.

The police of Paris seldom disturb these children as they ply their "profession," although a law of the city forbids wandering musicians being accompanied by children less than sixteen years of age. When a child is arrested for the first time in a state of vagrancy, word is sent to the Consul-General of Italy, and the patron generally comes at once, and claims his little slave. The arrest is a sad punishment to the child, as his liberation is attended with some expense, for which he is obliged to do extra labor, and receive, besides, the brutal treatment which always follows. If arrested a third time, he is sent out of the country; but, generally, only to return under a new name and by some other frontier.

These children are also found in London, where their condition is even more degraded than in Paris, although their number is not so large.

Having traced the wanderings of these little travellers across Europe, let us now look into their condition in our own land. Their appearance is too familiar to need description. Clad as well as street boys generally are, with the dark skin and flashing eyes of their race, saying nothing as they trudge along the streets, generally in companies of two and three, they spend the long day in trying to collect the sum which will be expected of them on their return to their lodgings. They do not hold their violins to their shoulder, as is the common way; but, grasping it by the neck, hold it upright in front of them, sawing away tune after tune, while their eyes are watching for pennies from their listeners. Some of them play with a good deal of accuracy, not only the tunes most common in their native land, but also the popular airs of the day, which they readily learn, and some accompany their instruments with the voice, singing, in shrill tones, the "*Vive la Garibaldi*." Here, as in France, they are generally under the care of a patron. "Old Antoine," who lived, until very recently, in the Fourteenth Ward, had a large number of these children under his control. There are in this city some half a dozen houses occupied entirely by these musicians, not including the organ-grinders. The latter, who come originally from Genoa, form a class entirely distinct from the harpists, violinists, and singers. One of these childrens' lodging-houses is situated in Crosby street, near the rear of the Metropolitan Hotel. We went through a dark entrance into a cellar, where were two rooms, dark, damp, and dreadfully offensive, in which, we were told, from thirty to forty children sleep, stretched out on the rotten floor. The rooms are almost entirely destitute of furniture, a couple of chairs and a shelf being considered amply sufficient for their wants. In summer, they prefer, and very naturally, to sleep out-doors, nestling in courts or under basement steps. For food, they take a piece of bread before starting out in the morning, and the remainder of their subsistence they pick up in the course of their wanderings. Thus their food costs them almost nothing, and their clothing little more. Their daily earnings average from 75 cents to \$1 25 each. They, in common with all street boys, soon acquire a passion for gambling, and may be seen on Sundays, in the vicinity of their lodgings, pitching away the few pennies they have succeeded in saving for their own use. None of them speak intelligible English; but they will all tell you that they speak French. As they go about the

streets they carry a card on which the name of the street and the number of the house in which they live is written, and when they are in doubt as to their direction they show this card to a policeman, and obey his instructions. As a class, they are very orderly, and the police give them a very good character.

Setting out from New York, they visit all the large cities, playing on the Boston Common; to the students in New Haven; in the large hall of the Sherman House, in Chicago; to the Quakers of Philadelphia; and to the learned statesmen of Washington. Never receiving any instruction—struggling through their baby years for the morsel of bread which sustains their miserable existence—knowing human nature only as they see it reflected in themselves, and seeing humanity only through the clouds of poverty, cruelty, and neglect—these poor little outcasts, born under the same sun that looked down upon the cradle of a Dante, a Raphael, and an Angelo, and on a soil once tilled by the servants of emperors and trodden by the feet of the world's great rulers, form a fitting picture of their country's abasement and decline.

W. A. LINN.

ACUTENESS.

IN contemplating the acuteness of the human intellect, as it is so largely and unhealthily developed in literature and in daily life, I must confess that my emotions are rather those of apprehension than of tranquil satisfaction. In an antiquated Connecticut parish I used to hear it said of a man sometimes, in a tone that expressed mingled distrust, admiration, and mystery, "Oh! he's *keute!*" and I believe that I always felt an undefined dread of such a person.

Within certain restraining limits, it may be possible for one to exercise an incisive and keen-edged wit without detriment to the general interests of mankind. I suppose we have all enjoyed the anecdote of Rabelais, who, desiring to go to Paris, and not having sufficient money to take him there, carefully prepared three packages of brick-dust, which he labelled, respectively, "Poison for Monsieur," "For the Dauphin," "For the King," and placed in the way of his inquisitive and patriotic landlord, through whom he was immediately reported at Court, arrested, and taken, free of expense, to the city of his love. There, being known, he enjoyed the discomfiture of his enemies upon the analyzation of the contents of the packets, and disported himself with much delight amid the luxuries of the metropolis. But it will be seen that there was the same element of mental acuteness in this, as was displayed in the unsuccessful attempt of a young man of Pittsburg, Pa., to support himself by glueing bristles to the tails of rats and selling them for squirrels; and also in the unremunerative experiment of an enterprising person in Vermont, who began the manufacture of a cheap and improved style of shoe-pegs, which were to be shipped and disposed of under the name of oats. We observe a similar ingenuity in the business of painting fowls so that they shall seem to possess unique and brilliant plumage, which is said to be carried on to quite as great an extent as that peculiar traffic in dogs, whereby, for instance, a valuable terrier is stolen and sold to a second party, and a reward being offered for him, is stolen from the second owner and returned to the first (no questions asked), and is thus successively stolen, sold, re-stolen, and returned, so as to be made the source of a permanent and certain income. The sharp play of mental forces which is necessary to the successful conduct of an operation of this character would, in the more congenial field of the stock exchange, the board of railway directors, or the lobby, achieve a disreputable

fortune. Better for the unambitious dog thief that he moves less obnoxiously in humbler spheres.

There is some poetical justice to be perceived in the action of that strictly pious person who, in a certain period in English history, when great abuses had become prevalent among the Romish priests, hearing that a reverend father was about to transfer a large amount of coin from one treasury to another, bought of him an indulgence for theft, and, under the operation of that indulgence, robbed him the next day of the money he was in the act of transporting. It is said that, though he paid an exorbitant price for the indulgence, the proceeds of the robbery were a dozen times more than the expense.

But in all these examples which I have mentioned, there is an element of dishonesty—of that deception which seems to be the prevalent vice of the time—which is a constituent part of the attire of ladies on the Fifth avenue, of the sign “Imported Wines and Liquors” on corner groceries, and of the oyster shells and lobster backs which country landladies are said to buy from the hotels and strew in front of their houses, to entice boarders thereto. On the contrary, there was thrift without dishonesty in the arrangement of four young men who bought a co-operative swallow-tail coat, which they wore on various evenings, each to parties and balls given by his respective circle of friends. Similarly, there was no dishonesty in the commonly-mentioned case of an Irish gentleman who, having arrived at Syracuse, and being assured, on detailed inquiry at the telegraph office, that no charge was made for the date, address, and signature of a message, explained to the operator that he merely wanted to let his brother know that he was in Syracuse, and sent the following dispatch gratis :

SYRACUSE, Feb. 28th.

TO JOHN MCFINN, New York.

(Signed)

PATRICK MCFINN.

Possibly such things as these may not lead one to despair utterly of human nature, or of the possibility of the coming of that time when universal peace shall lie like a shaft of light across the land, and like a lane of beams athwart the sea through all the circle of the golden year ; but there are some others that do. Of such a character is the device by which an innocent and unsuspecting gentleman with elegant whiskers is led to pick up from some lady's drawing-room table a rich morocco case of the size and form of an ordinary photographic miniature, labelled, in gold, “Portrait of the Gorilla,” and opening it with much curiosity perceives his own face reflected in a neat little looking-glass.

“I will bet you a bottle of wine,” said a gentleman to his friend, “that you will come down out of that chair before I ask you twice.”

“Done !” replied the friend.

“Come down !” cried the other.

“I will not,” said his friend, with much obstinacy.

“Then stop till I ask you a second time,” said the other.

Perceiving that he would never be asked a second time, the gentleman in the chair came down in a double sense. Thus, also, we read that Jean, the official fool of King Charles, of France, came to the palace one morning, exclaiming, “Oh, Sire, such news ! Forty thousand men have risen in the city !”

“What ?” cried the startled king. “Why have they risen ?”

“Well,” said Jean, “they have risen probably with the intention of lying down again at bedtime.”

A professor of logic at the University of Edinburgh once asked a pupil, while illustrating some self-evident proposition, “Can a man see without eyes ?”

"Certainly," said the pupil.

"How, sir!" cried the enraged professor, "Pray, sir, how do you make that out?"

"He can see with one, sir!" replied the pupil.

The late Peter Cute, Esq., was once called upon by two young men for professional assistance.

One of them commenced: "Mr. Cute, our father died and made a will."

"Is it possible? I never heard of such a thing," answered Mr. Cute.

"I thought it happened every day," said the young man.

"It's the first case of the kind," answered Mr. Cute.

"Well," said the young man, "if there is to be any difficulty about it, we had better give you a fee to attend to the business."

The fee was given, and then Mr. Cute observed: "O, I think I know what you mean. You mean that your father made a will and died. Yes, yes, that must be it! that must be it." But he took the fee nevertheless.

The propensity of every man to "sell" his neighbor has developed a class of beings who consider themselves incapable of being deceived. Whoso approaches them with the keen-edged rapier of wit finds them armor-proof. Not to them are to be spoken marvellous things or sayings that bear a sting behind them. They pull down one corner of their eye, thus inquiring more eloquently than by words whether anything green is discernible there. With the same idea you will see a man in the far western country, while listening to a story of adventure, take off his hat with the utmost gravity and shake his hair and brush it with his hand, as though he had been rolling in a meadow or pitching hay and desired to get the timothy seeds out of his head. At another time he will remark, "I haven't been in the grass for two weeks," or "I hain't seen a prairie for more'n three months."

The hero of a song sings to the same purpose, "I'm a young man from the country but you can't come over me." The culminative expression of this sweet sentiment is to be found in that singularly meaningless and yet remarkably sharp chorus:

Not for Joe! O dear no—if I knows it! not for Joseph!

Oh, no, no! not for Joe! Not for Joseph! O dear, no!

"Sir," said a fierce lawyer, "do you, on your solemn oath, declare that this is not your handwriting?"

Witness—contemptuously—"I reckon not."

"Does it resemble your handwriting?"

Witness—ironically—"Yes, sir, I think it don't."

"Do you swear it don't resemble your handwriting?"

Witness—derisively—"Well, I do, old head."

"You take your solemn oath that this writing does not resemble yours in a single letter?"

Witness—exasperatingly—"Y-a-a-a-s, sir."

Lawyer—emphatically and conclusively—"Now, how do you know?"

Witness—with unnecessary calmness—" 'Cause I can't write!"

So in the case of an inquisitive traveller who stopped to talk to a boy whom he found hoeing in a patch of sickly-looking corn, and who seems to have been not only of an acute but also of a literal turn of mind:

"Your corn looks very yellow," said the traveller.

"Y-a-a-s," said the boy, "it was the yaller kind we planted."

"It is mighty small, too," continued the traveller.

"In course," said the boy, "'cause we planted the small kind of corn."

"Yes, yes, I know, but I don't think you'll have more than half a crop there."

"Why no, certainly not," said the boy, "we planted this here lot to halves."

The traveller passed on.

Even among the rising generation I find, from observation and from reading, a tendency to acuteness which I think forebodes no good.

What do you think of the boy who accused his grandfather of being very small of his age? There was still another boy who had been told that he was dust, and who was chid for getting muddy. "If I am dust," said he, "how can I help being muddy when it rains?" There was also a little daughter whose mother called her attention to a word in a book and asked her what it was?

"Why, don't you know?" asked the girl.

"Yes," said the mother, "but I wish to find out if you know."

"Well," responded the child, "I do know."

"Tell me then, if you please," said the lady.

"Why no," said the little miss, archly, "you know what it is, and there's no need of saying anything more about it."

Sometimes, when I have been reading all day, glancing over the daily papers, the exchanges, and twenty or thirty new books, with the cutting paragraphs, the slashing editorials, the sharp and piercing criticisms, the dissecting and slicing, the rasping and chiselling, the lancet here and the scalpel there—the axe laid with steady blows at the roots of other men's beliefs—I ask myself what refuge there is from the mental edge-tools that attack, at this time, all vulnerable things? Yes, there is refuge. You and I know books, which it would be ungracious to mention, which can owe their popularity to no other fact than that it is impossible that they should impart to any one the ruffle of an emotion. Such books are a relief from the intense brilliancy of the times—they realize the envied felicity of those of whom we are told,

They read botanic treatises
And works on gardening through there,
And methods of transplanting trees
To look as if they grew there.

As I meditate on this prevalent acuteness of the mental form and spirit of the times, I again confess that a feeling of alarm, of vague unrest, and of weariness comes over me. Ah, for some garden of tranquil delights, where all undue mental activity shall be lulled to rest, where all men shall be honest, inoffensive, and dull.

GEORGE WAKEMAN.

GEORGE FREDERICK COOKE IN NEW YORK.

ON a visit, some years since, to the city of New York, I occupied, at Bixby's, on Broadway—an old hotel, now discontinued or demolished, I believe—the apartment in which George Frederick Cooke, the great tragedian, expired in 1812.

Chancing about the same time to make the acquaintance of the famous Dr. Francis, I heard from that walking biographical dictionary of old times a number of interesting particulars relating to Cooke; and these details presented the actor so clearly to my mind that, on returning to my room at "Bixby's," I almost fancied I could see him there, once more "in the flesh."

All the playgoers of his time are long dead—for Cooke flourished more than half a century ago ; and the present generation knows little of him besides his name. His glory is only a vague tradition, for such is the cruel fate of actors ; but when he moved on the stage, in the great parts of Shakespeare, he was one of the most famous personages of his time.

He appeared, for the first time in America, at the Old Park Theatre, on the 21st of November, 1810, in the character of Richard III. His acting was an era in the drama. Nothing like it had ever been seen before on the boards of the New World, and he more than equalled the high-wrought expectations which had been formed of his powers. In England he already enjoyed a vast renown, and he was now, at the age of fifty-three, in the plenitude of powers which have rarely been surpassed in all the annals of the stage. His interpretation of Shakespeare was so masterly ; there was so little of the commonplace stage rant in his delineations ; and he seized upon the characters which he personated with a hand so powerful and original, that the coldest spectators found themselves carried away, and deprived almost of critical judgment in his presence. An enormous audience greeted him on this his first appearance at the Old Park. The *élite* of New York had thronged to witness the American *début* of the famous tragedian, and all looked with admiration on the splendid figure which bounded on the stage. Cooke's person was tall, erect, commanding. He had the walk and bearing of a monarch. His eyes were dark, flashing—fitted to express every passion of the human heart ; and his voice ranged from the deepest tones to the highest stretch of tragic utterance. He was the character which he represented for the moment, and nothing but that character. His great intellect, united to an originality and boldness of conception rarely equalled, enabled him to lose sight of his own identity ; and in ten minutes the spectators had almost forgotten Cooke the actor : they were looking upon the cunning, cruel, and unscrupulous Richard of Shakespeare. When the drama terminated, amid thunders of applause, the most carping critics, and those least disposed to recognize his genius, declared George Frederick Cooke the first tragedian of his time.

But it is not my purpose to enter on a criticism of this famous actor, or narrate his career either in England or America. The incidents of his life may be found in the biographies, and need not be repeated here. What interested me most in the conversation of Dr. Francis, on this subject, was the personal character of the individual ; and this will here be dwelt upon more fully than his mere life. A word, however, in reference to his main personations, and the effect which they produced upon audiences. From the first moment of his entrance upon the stage, he held the listener spellbound ; and in the greater characters of Shakespeare he seemed to illustrate and throw a new light on the text. His Shylock was a passionate delineation—something new, and to that time unseen upon the stage. It was not the conventional Jew usurer so much as the ideal conception of the master mind of English drama realized in flesh and blood before the eye. Shylock was the Jew all over in Cooke's personation, even down to the aquiline nose ; and his triumph in the trial scene was perfect. Iago, in his hands, was the incarnation of consummate villainy ; his Macbeth was excellent ; his Lear one of the grandest successes of the tragic stage. In other characters he was equally excellent. His Sir Giles Overreach, Sir Archy McSarcasm, and Sir Pertinax McSycophant were new developments of these characters. The whole city of New York, it is said, believed him a Scotchman by birth, after seeing him in the last ; and Dr. Francis informed him of the general conclusion. " They have the same opinion of me in Scotland," he said ; " but

I am an Englishman. I studied more than two and a half years in my own room, with repeated intercourse with Scotch society, in order to master the Scottish dialect, before I ventured to appear on the boards in Edinburgh as Sir Pertinax; and when I did Sawney took me for a native. It was the hardest task I ever undertook."

With these few words I shall dismiss the actor, and come to the man. In his private character Cooke displayed so many eminent virtues in spite of his one great fault of intemperance, that it is due to him to present these conspicuous merits fully, if only to relieve him of a portion of the obloquy thrown upon him. He was brave, generous, kind-hearted—with a hand ever open to melting charity, and as noble and expanded in his views and feelings as a prince. Princely he indeed was in the whole mould and conformation of his character. What he earned by the exhibition of his splendid genius, trained and perfected by months and years of arduous study, he scattered royally among the needy or the unhappy. No tale of want ever found in him a cold or indifferent listener. His warm heart seemed to throb in response to every story of human misery, and he might have adopted for his motto the noble sentiment of Terence, "I am a man, and look on nothing that concerns my species as indifferent to me." With this tenderness of heart and impressibility, Cooke united, however, a will as stiff and unbending as steel. Self-confidence and self-reliance, indeed, were carried to excess by him. He believed that "if you make a sheep of yourself the wolves will devour you," and, throughout his life, took especial pains not to be a sheep! He was not, however, so much a domineering as a dominant man. It seemed to be his nature to rule—direct others—control all around him. His caprice was largely his rule of action; and if he thought fit to follow any course, it appeared to him the height of presumption for any human being to oppose or attempt to thwart him.

Such were his virtues—courage, pride, generosity, princely charity, and a noble indifference to mere carping criticism. Add to these a native kindness of feeling; the tenderness of a child or a woman for all suffering, and the sum presents surely a very beautiful character. His faults were, however, almost as conspicuous; and unfortunately his habits brought out all these faults in the most painful and vivid relief.

I here come to the great blot upon the famous tragedian's character—his crazy tendency toward strong drink. On the voyage from England to America, he had been forced, by want of supplies on board ship, it is said, to abstain; and his health and spirits had been greatly benefited by this enforced abstinence. On his arrival in New York, however, the habit was speedily resumed, and throughout his career in America he was subject to terrible attacks, which almost paralyzed his immense powers. What was worse still, these fits of mad indulgence changed his whole character—dethroning his reason, and degrading him at times to the level of the brute, almost. At such times he lost all his dignity, all his kindness; his countenance was distorted by a diabolical grin; his brows were knit together in a savage scowl; and he would rage, break forth into the wildest violence, insult his dearest friends, and develop the traits of the tiger. A hundred anecdotes of his excesses are related, but they are probably well known to the reader, and have been already too much dwelt upon, perhaps—as the better attributes of the man have been too little considered.

When awakening, as it were, from one of these crazy fits, he was not, like other men, broken in nerves and downcast. His grand pride sustained him, and casting on those around him a savage glance, he would ask—in stern and

imperious tones, "What part is George Frederick Cooke placarded for to-night?"

When, on one of these occasions, Dr. Francis was called in by friends to see him, the Doctor found him seated at a table covered with empty decanters, into the mouths of two or three of which candles had been inserted and lighted. The actor was just emerging from a drunken debauch. He had not slept for more than thirty hours—the theatre, his part, the great audience awaiting him were all forgotten. Such was his condition when Price the manager appeared, persuaded him to enter the carriage waiting at the door to conduct him to the theatre; and through the dark and stormy night they reached the playhouse.

"Let him only get before the lights," said the manager, "and the receipts are secure." And Cooke was got before the lights, in the full regal costume of Richard III. By an exertion of his powerful will, he seemed to do away with the effects of his terrible debauch in an instant. Thunders of applause greeted him; it was declared afterward to have been his greatest performance, and, on issuing from the theatre, the tragedian muttered to a friend, with a sarcastic smile on his lips, "Have I not pleased the Yankee Doodles!" What followed was characteristic of the man. He scattered the sum of four hundred dollars among the poor; stretched himself upon a couch and fell into a deep sleep; when he rose all traces of his excesses had disappeared.

The splendid career of Cooke ended in September, 1812, in the old apartment at Bixby's Hotel, of which I have spoken. His death was not caused, directly at least, by intemperance, he died of serous effusion of the chest and abdomen. He was conscious to the last, died resigned to his fate, and his funeral was attended by an immense concourse, embracing the chief personages of the city. He was buried in the "Strangers' vault," at St. Paul's; but many years afterward, when Edmund Kean came to America, he called, with Dr. Francis, on the Bishop of New York, to request permission for the erection of a monument.

"You do not, gentlemen, wish the tablet inside St. Paul's?" asked the bishop.

"No, sir," replied Dr. Francis, "we desire to remove the remains of Mr. Cooke from the 'Strangers' vault,' and erect a monument over them on some suitable spot in the burial-ground of the church."

"You have my concurrence then," returned the bishop, "but I hardly knew how we could find a place inside the church for Mr. Cooke!"

Such was the curious question raised in reference to the dead actor's ashes. The monument was erected and may be seen by the passers-by on Broadway to-day, with its inscription so much admired by Kean,

Three kingdoms claimed his birth
Both hemispheres pronounce his worth.

A last incident was to attract attention to the great actor. Many years afterward Hamlet was to be played one night at the Old Park Theatre, when the manager suddenly discovered that he had no skull for the scene of the gravediggers. In this emergency, he sent a hasty request to Dr. Francis, that he would supply him with one; and the Doctor, having no other, was compelled to send him the skull of George Frederick Cooke, which he had preserved! It was used in the scene—over his own skull were uttered the words, "Alas! poor Yorick!" which had so often escaped from the fleshless lips. What a commentary on life. What a termination to a great career!

JOHN ESTEN COOKE.

DRIFT-WOOD.

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?

WE did not need Senator Sprague to tell what ignorance, presumption, and corruption are doing in American politics and legislation. But who is to be blamed? Our Aldermen, Assemblymen, Councilmen, Congressmen represent the people; and so long as we choose *average* men instead of best men, we shall find our legislation reflecting only the average degree of honesty, virtue, and sagacity extant among the people. Of the men of any calling, are three-fifths fair and square in dealing, when beyond danger of detection? On the contrary, while we might confide our fortunes to one in three, or five, or ten of our acquaintances, we all know that the majority of mankind would be untrustworthy. Nevertheless, some of us seem to expect the majority of mankind to be more scrupulous with the fortunes of the nation than they would be with our own, and to look for a higher ratio of integrity in politicians than in mechanics or tradesmen.

"I have never before," cries Mr. Sprague, "seen so much ignorance displayed in the discussion of any question as to-day." But does not impudence habitually browbeat intelligence in the canvass before the people, and a crafty mixture of flattery and bribery distance that cold integrity which neither begs nor buys a vote? The roots of the evils that flower in Washington, Harrisburg, and Albany, run back miles underground to the districts that sent the law-makers. It is senseless to ascribe the vices of our politics and legislation to some mysterious cause—to fate, the "dispensation of Providence," a "ring," a strange conjunction of circumstances. It was not their vile emperors that ruined Rome, but the whole Roman people. Sometimes history is justified in ascribing national distresses to a Bourbon or Stuart on the throne, to a "landed aristocracy," to a feudal system strong with years, and so on; but it is a contradiction in ideas for us of America to lay such faults anywhere but upon us, the people, ourselves.

When we are told that \$100,000 were offered to a Senator, to make a certain report from his committee, we lift our hands in horror; but if it is *our* corporation that offers the bribe will we, on that account, de-

nounce it? Will we who criticise, even so much as go to a "primary meeting," in order to take part in nominating candidates, when we can go instead to the club, or the church, or the play? And, when the candidate is chosen, if we know him to be unfit for the post, will we support another? Will we refuse to subscribe money, if we are candidates ourselves, or rich enough to give it, which we know will be used in buying votes? Yet people expect men who buy votes by money—or by money's worth, in promises, offices, salaries, support, or what not—to refuse to sell their own.

The party press is savage upon legislative corruption, ignorance, and presumption—as exhibited in the *other* party; but press, public, and politicians are in the same boat. If a demagogue and a statesman are candidates for the same office, and the former is the "regular nominee," the party press abuses the "bolters" like pickpockets. The charges of fraud, embezzlement, "jobs," and support of the worthless and the corrupt, which each great newspaper fixes upon all the others, and perhaps substantiates, is quite as appalling as anything described by Mr. Sprague—and yet nobody questions that these are worthy "organs" of public opinion. A list of the incompetent or knavishly-disposed men whom some able editors privately recommend for appointment to public office, would be equally appalling, if thoroughly understood.

We complain of ignorance with as little self-justification as of corruption. Men who ought to know better go about the country haranguing the people on the disadvantages of what is called "a liberal education," and flinging sneers at the very culture they may be providing for their children. Mr. Sprague himself attacks "lawyers" in Congress—as if being a *good* lawyer was a disqualification for law-making; as if Mr. Shellabarger, for example, is a worse legislator for being a lawyer; and as if it were not the abuse or non-use of legal acumen, or the substitution of the special-pleading or impudence of the attorney for the candor and exactness of the judge, which causes the mistakes he complains of.

We can trace all our legislative evils back

to ourselves, the people. We do not need to bring in Bramah to account for them, but only Hans, and Pat, and Brother Jonathan. The fault is not in our stars, but in ourselves; we always have our remedies. In like fashion, when we send disgraceful ministers and consuls to represent us in foreign countries, the latter are justified in asking, in the spirit of the old play, what Democracy will lead us to, "if its gods have sent us this fellow;"—for, it is the gods of the ballot that are responsible.

THE MERCIFUL ELEMENT IN FICTION.

NOTING that the Rev. Dr. Tyng and the Rev. Mr. Beecher write stories now, and that sectarian newspapers print serial novels, a Western editor lets down the bars for his flock of subscribers, and proclaims that it has become orthodox to read such fiction as it is orthodox to write.

Wendell Phillips, however, says that the reason why the literature of two centuries ago cannot go into the family of to-day, is that it was written for man alone, whereas, "since woman was brought into the circle of readers, literature has become elevated." Now, whether it be that the change in readers has wrought a change in writers, or that a change in writers has wrought the change in readers, certain it is that Dickens, and Reade, and Thackeray can be universally read, while Sterne, and Fielding, and Smollett our better taste banishes from the fire-side.

But I wonder if it is the change in readers, or in the age, or what it is, that has made our light literature more merciful and less destructive to its *dramatis personæ*. Where are the sanguinary novels of our boyhood? Where the heroes and highwaymen, the Turpins and Gahagans, the suicides and the slaughters? They have well-nigh vanished out of genteel literature. More smoke than fire, more flirting than fighting goes to the milk-and-water romance of our day, whose scene is circumspect society, and whose canvas the artist stretches mainly in order to paint "still life." We get a Trollope for an Ainsworth, a George Eliot for a James, and desert Sue for Souvestre; Bulwer writes, instead of "Paul Clifford," the mild "My Novel;" Reade leaves "Cloister and Hearth" for "Griffith Gaunt;" and gallant Lever, the "Irish Dragoon" for "That Boy at Norcott's." Fiction has nearly neglected the Sixth and Eighth Commandments for the Seventh and

Tenth, with change of text changing the sermon; and, if we find sensational mystery in Hugo, or Braddon, or Wilkie Collins, yet for horror served hot, and sharp and spicy catastrophe, we must turn to "Red Knife," in the "Ledger."

And so it is with the drama. We have "Caste" and "School" now-a-days, but who writes us English tragedy? Nobody, unless he takes it from the French, where the hero or heroine, very likely, dies of consumption or the doctor, instead of the poniard or the cup. What would our panadafed pits say to Marlowe, or to the strong meat in that "most lamentable tragedy" "Titus Andronicus?" Here is a programme of the work in the latter play:

BILL OF MORTALITY, ETC., IN "TITUS ANDRONICUS."

- ACT I., Sc. 2. "Alarbus' limbs are lopped,
And entrails feed the sacrificing fire."
- ACT I., Sc. 2. Titus kills Mutius, his own son.
- ACT II., Sc. 3. Bassianus is stabbed and killed in the forest. Lavinia, his bride, ravished.
- ACT II., Sc. 4. Martius and Quintus are made to fall into a deep pit containing the body of Bassianus.
- ACT II., Sc. 5. Lavinia's hands cut off, and her tongue cut out.
- ACT III., Sc. 1. Titus's hand cut off. Two heads and a hand presented to Titus.
- ACT IV., Sc. 2. Nurse stabbed and killed.
- " Sc. 3. Titus gone mad.
- " Sc. 4. Clown hanged.
- ACT V., Sc. 2. Chiron's throat cut by Titus. Demetrius's throat cut by Titus. Their bones ground to powder, mixed with their blood, which Lavinia catches in a basin, and a paste made from the compound is cooked into a pie.
- ACT V., Sc. 3. Lavinia killed by her father. Tamora cuts the pie made out of her own sons' heads mixed with blood. Titus kills Tamora. Saturninus kills Titus. Lucius kills Saturninus. Aaron is set breast-deep in earth, and famished to death.

This is a very Banquet of Thyestes—but our age prefers "Box and Cox." And so it is, I pretend, with the novel. Reade is one of the most dramatic of novelists, having a brain fertile in events and tableaux. Look at "Foul Play;" look at "Never Too Late to Mend," which, like Kingsley's "Amyas Leigh," has stock enough to make a dozen ordinary novels. Yet in this same "Griffith Gaunt" that makes such a pother in the courts, what do we find? The scene opens with a fox-hunt, and Reynard slips off with a whole skin. Next comes a duel betwixt a pair of lovers, with two exchanges of shots,

and neither hurt, though both might have been disposed of, together with the heroine Kate Peyton, who rides in between the levelled pistols at a most tempting moment for bringing down all three at one stroke. That "priest" or "holy man" escapes sound and whole, in body and soul, and isn't even ducked in the horse-pond. It is a story of extraordinary power, and yet closes as merry as marriage bells, Griffith returning to Mrs. Gaunt No. 1, Sir George taking Mrs. Gaunt No. 2 (though a more sanguinary writer would have disposed otherwise of all four); and nobody being killed in the whole affair except the miserable pedlar, who gets drunk and drowned.

Now, by way of contrast, look, for example, at Sue. When you read Thackeray (say "The Virginians,") the first thing necessary to do is to draw a family tree on the fly-leaf of your volume, to avoid confusion. When you read Sue, you must, in like manner, and to the same end, make out a necrology of the characters, to aid the memory. Here, for example, is the

BILL OF MORTALITY IN "THE WANDERING JEW."

<i>Character.</i>	<i>Cause.</i>
Jacques Rennepoint.....	Drank himself to death.
Goliath.....	Trampled to death by a mob.
Mother Arsène.....	Cholera.
Cephyse.....	Suicide by charcoal.
Florine.....	Cholera.
Rose.....	"
Blanche.....	"
Hardy.....	Died in delirium.
Adrienne.....	Suicide by poison.
Djalma.....	" " "
Marshal Simon.....	Stabbed in a duel.
Father D'Aigrigny....	" " "
Rodin.....	Poisoned.
Mad. St. Dizier.....	Went mad.
Wandering Jew.....	Died of very old age.
The Jew's Sister.....	" " "
Morok.....	Hydrophobia.
Gabriel.....	A natural death (!)

It is many a year since I read the book and made this memorandum; but I believe not a single chief personage escaped the remorseless author, while the prodigious slaughter of his rank-and-file and supernumeraries, was like that of unnamed privates on a battle-field.

"Oliver Twist," on the other hand, if sensational (like most good English literature since Shakespeare), is not specially sanguinary. Such scenes as Monks looking through the window upon sleeping Oliver, and Fagin in the condemned cell, are haunting and intense—thanks to a combination of genius in author and artist, blending, blow-pipe fashion, against the same point; and

so one can easily fancy the horror fixed in the white faces of his spell-bound audience, as Dickens reads the story of Sykes and Nancy. But when "Oliver Twist" was played at the Mormon theatre the other night, by Miss Western, such was the "realistic" character of the murder scene that the saints arose and withdrew in dudgeon and disgust; and the next night (being Sunday) they were counselled by the elders, at the ward religious meetings, to stay away if "Oliver Twist" were re-enacted. The next day, the managers made an apology; and on Tuesday evening crime-life in London had fled, and the play was "Flowers of the Forest." This is a long step in behalf of the merciful element in fiction; but the Mormons are tender-hearted, and dislike bloodshed, even if the blood is brick-dust and water, and the shedding is uncorking a secreted vial; and Brother Brigham is in favor of banishing *all* tragedy from the stage. What a picture for a sentimental painter—Melpomene among the Mormons!

There is one refinement of cruelty which even tenderest romancers cannot forego, namely, torturing the reader by keeping him in suspense during the evolution of a thrilling story. Take that consummate novel just begun in THE GALAXY—how did it pause, or pull up, a month since? Poor Henry, "scorched, blackened, and blinded," was pitching head on through a high window whose iron bar his scone had snapped like a pipe-stem, with gunpowder bursting in his immediate rear, and he flying through the air, "swept as by a flaming wind." "This it was made Cheetham scream." Made Cheetham scream? It makes the gentle reader utter a half-suppressed "Oh!" merely to think of it. Put Yourself in His Place (and, by the way, is *this* one of the places we are to put ourselves in, shooting through that narrow aperture?) and imagine the workman's sensations, "head downward, and the paving stones below." There we were—Henry, and, sympathetically, we—he "black as a cinder, and bleeding at the face," hanging by one hand, moaning with terror, for thirty days and thirty nights, with "death by suffocation at his back, and broken bones awaiting him below."

The serial novelist has a great advantage over his brethren in this respect. *Their* books, published all at once, can be read forward or backward, or conscientiously or skippingly; and if a sympathetic reader cannot resist his (or her) interest in the mis-

fortunes of the story, and burns to know how it comes out, all he (or she) has to do is to peep at the last page and find that "he marries her" and that "they all lived happy ever after." But the serial story blocks (and misanthropes chuckle over the fact) that insidious habit which many young gentlemen (isn't it young gentlemen?) have, of beginning a novel at the last chapter. And so I have often thought a magazine editor might—not to say accumulate wealth by *selling* out, at least, might earn popular gratitude and esteem by *giving* out private information regarding the fortunes of the characters in his serial, based on the unpublished manuscript put in advance in his hands.

— FACES AND PLACES.

A NEW YORK editor adds this thought to the many offers of assistance in filling the public offices now made to President Grant:

Applicants for office ought to forward their *photographs* along with their recommendations, when they are not able to put in an appearance in person. In many cases the President and his Secretaries could form a better judgment of a candidate's fitness for the place by looking at his photograph than by reading a bushel of letters.

There is always a kernel of truth in such half-jests as this, and, barring unpleasant reflections on the possibility of *borrowing* photographs (just as autographs, for the same purpose, are sometimes borrowed by would-be postmasters of limited education), we can stoutly argue its practicability. Handwriting is sometimes a partial token of personality—albeit gorgeous penmen often have a plentiful lack of brains—and even spelling may give a clue to character. I know, as a fact, of one unsuccessful application for the commission of Justice of the Peace, in which the petitioner averred that he had got a good education, by the grace of God, and spelled God with a small g. But crafty applicants often veil shortcomings of this sort and of all sorts; and hence, perhaps, the day may come—who knows?—when an office-seeker will file his photograph with his other papers as a matter of course,—precisely as if he or she should answer a matrimonial advertisement in this morning's "Herald." The most flattering photographer could not deceive worse than a ream of credentials.

Shakespeare says,

There's no art

To find the mind's construction in the face.

But Sir Thomas Browne declares "there

are mystically in our faces certain characters which carry in them the motto of our souls, wherein he that cannot read A B C may read our natures."

Physiognomy is a science at the very base of all literature and life. Theory would sustain its claims from the mere logic of analogy, and history confirms theory by its myriad facts; only, it is a science that sometimes falls into disrepute by our knowing too little of it to use it, or else because some of its pretentious interpreters are quacks. All literature tacitly acknowledges its universality. The poet, or novelist, or even historian, in describing his hero, heroine, hypocrite, tyrant, villain, saint, takes it for granted that if he paints a man or woman with such eyes, nose, mouth, chin, brow, it will appeal to a universal experience, and so justify the subsequent delineation of character; and as every writer begins with the facial imagery of his characters, their features and expression, so be he ever so illogical in his development of character, he is instinctively just in fitting visage to traits, face to mind. And *why* this palpable relation exists, there are many obvious, many more recondite reasons set forth in many books, and perhaps with as fine perception as anywhere in Emerson's "Spiritual Laws."

The saying of Shakespeare was not his own, but something he puts into the mouth of Duncan, on Cawdor's defection. The neighboring lines show that it bears no weight as a general reflection, while, on the contrary, a hundred scenes in Shakespeare—for example, that between Robert Faulconbridge and Philip the Bastard, which opens "King John," or the closet scene in "Hamlet," teach the contrary doctrine. Take down a Shakespeare Concordance and turn even to this single word "face;" you will find it used nearly a hundred times in his works, but rarely or never with doubt of the truth of physiognomy.

A beggar from a single glance at the swift passers-by will pick out the face that shows compassion and charity; a superintendent knows from the looks of a workman whether to give him a job; in short, there is nothing so familiar in life as this association of outward with inward character. Hypocrisy sometimes bewilders this science, as quackery does any other—yet only in special cases not in its general laws.—But we draw simultaneously to the end of the page and the opening of the subject.

PHILIP QUILIBET.

LITERATURE AND ART.

"SAUL" AND "THE BLAMELESS PRINCE."

CHARLES HEAVYSEGE'S name is almost unknown in English literature; and yet, twelve years ago, he published one of the most striking and admirable poems of its kind in any language, a poem that is the finest presentation, indeed the only worthy presentation in a connected form of that notably dramatic sequence of events through which the Hebrew people passed from under the guidance of a pure theocracy to that of a hereditary monarchy. That such a drama as "Saul"* should have been written in Montreal by a man who had put forth (so far as we know) no previous claims upon the attention of the public; that it should have dropped silently into the world, making scarcely a ripple on its surface; that it should have been fished up again in consequence of one or two intelligent suggestions as to its value, to be again set, and worthily, before the eyes of intelligent readers, and to be again passed by with but little more notice than it at first received, is a remarkable phenomenon in literary history.

In the space and time at my command it would be vain for me to attempt to give a worthy analysis of this strangely beautiful and fascinating dramatic poem—a poem every page of which bears the stamp of original and truly masculine genius, which is filled with fancies lovely and grotesque, which is peopled with the creatures of a fruitful and life-giving imagination, which is freighted deep with wisdom, and which moves on from its opening to its close with that easy mastery of language that is only shown when words are marshalled by the hand of a born commander. It is irregular, unequal, without other unity than that given to it by the story of its hero; it places in immediate and untempered juxtaposition the most incongruous themes, which are treated in a fitting, and therefore most incongruous manner; it is full of anachronism, both of style and of matter; but still it is a great poem, and one of the most stirring dramas of that school that had its rise in the Mysteries and Moralities of

the darker ages, the great master of which is the master of all men—Shakespeare. So at least it seems to me. I may be deceived by a felicitous assumption of a style thus far proved to be inimitable by all who have essayed to be its imitators, and by the interest of a story that stands out almost abreast Joseph's from the annals of the most imaginative and yet the most nakedly human people of antiquity. But this I am not ready to believe. There is nothing of imitation in this style, although it brings up that of more than one great poet; and as to Saul's story, has it not been told to us in verse *ad nauseam*? Of that story, then, nothing need be said, or of its management, which is very artless. The incidents succeed each other in their order in the Hebrew chronicle; but they are expanded and worked out with a richness and full-producing fertility of resource that suggests unbounded stores at the command of the writer. The drama swarms with personages, of some of which most of us have ideals in our own minds; others of which are developed from mere hints given by the Hebrew writer; others, not a few, being the poet's own creation. For in this respect he seems to have felt no restraint; if, indeed, he was conscious of *any* restraint other than that of the few fixed conditions of the story which he undertook to dramatize. If, at some new juncture, he desires to say somewhat that is pertinent to the occasion, he has no hesitation as to the introduction of a personage whose only function is to speak for him, and into the mouths of such apparently superfluous people he puts his best thoughts, with a lavish recklessness and a disregard of the apparent fitness of things which has but one parallel in the history of literature. The principal personages are first, of course, Saul, then David, Samuel, Jonathan, Michal and the wife of Saul, the presence of the last of whom we feel even more than we see, and whom the troubled and haunted king, in one of his gloomiest moments, calls, in words that paint her with a single master-touch "the silent critic of my life." Saul is haunted, obsessed, possessed. The drama is full of spirits, chiefly evil. Of these,

* "Saul, a drama in three parts." By Charles Heavysege. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co., 1860, pp. 436.

Malzah, the evil spirit from the Lord sent to torment Saul, is one of the most real and vivid of the author's creations. He is not a wholly fiendish, gloomy and black-hearted personage—not a mere abstract embodiment of wickedness and cruelty; but a creature who, although he has come up, at superior bidding, out of the bottomless pit, and who belongs there, has yet human sympathies, and whose devilish traits are tempered with a droll humor, and a man-of-the-world's way of yielding gracefully to the inevitable. He usually is brought upon the scene soliloquizing in fantastic verse, and stepping in cadence to his own quaint measures. His speeches seem to be spontaneous outbreaks of a sardonic humor by which he seeks to relieve an irritating consciousness of his devilish nature. In two of the very few notices that I have seen of the poem, the following lines have been quoted; but they will bear repetition. No just notion of this strange character could be given without them. Malzah soliloquizes:

There was a devil and his name was I;
From out Profundus he did cry;
He changed his note as he changed his coat,
And his coat was of a varying dye.
It had many a hue; in hell 'twas blue,
'Twas green in the sea, and bright in the sky.
O, do not ask me, ask me why
'Twas green in the sea and white in the sky;
Why from Profundus he did cry?
Suffice that he wailed with a chirruping note,
And quaintly cut was his motley coat.

Need the author of "Faust" have been ashamed of these lines? And can we heartily hate such a devil as that, who wails with such a chirruping note? In truth this fiend is not only one of the most interesting, but one of the most companionable personages in all the drama. Sent to torment Saul, he is troubled by his sympathy with and his pity for his victim. The, king in his trance, says to him: "Thou art not from God," and he replies, "Alas! I am." Hurled headlong in midflight from ether into Saul's palace by a beautiful female angel, he breakes out into reviling and complaints tinged all through with whimsical drollery.

O, but this
Is dreadful, far beyond aught in our annals;
Since the great rough and tumble down the skies,
When sex and friendship were alike forgotten
Throughout heaven's host, there has been nothing
like it.
But I will be revenged, even yet, for this;
I'll turn it into verses, yet, which shall
Be sung, or howled, at the heels of heaven's bright
fops,

Till they for very shame shall shun the earth
And leave it echoing to us in our mirth.

Fie! fie!

There is no love instinctive 'twixt heaven's sexes.
'Tis true she is a saint and I'm a sinner—
But what of that? do we not feel in common?
No, they feel not for pain who've known but pleasure.

But I must turn from this delightful devil who, in his own words, has "a pith of goodness" yet left in him, and give the reader a taste of the poetry in the mouths of the other personages. Saul, in whom the struggle of ambition, vanity, and selfishness, with the nobler impulses of an unsordid soul are finely portrayed all through the poem, is standing at evening on the field of Ekron after the battle. He says:

Pass the word

That bids our host march homeward; better shade
Than shine, to drowsy brows, and eyes that, failing
Beneath the canopy of drowsy lids,
Guide not the falling of way-weary feet.

[*Exit AIDE-DE-CAMP, and a trumpet is blown in the distance*]

How sadly sounds the trumpet through the gloom!
And leaves yet gloomier silence. Sad and low
The sleepy soldiers to their comrades call;
And sad the owl hoots, answering from the wood
The bat awakes and forth from yonder ruin
Comes sadly sailing hither; from the sky
Comes, sad, the caw of the funeral rook;
Sad sounds the trooper's laugh, and sad the sound
O' the champing charger, neighing o'er his corn,
And sadder yet than all, mine own sad soul.
My soul is much abused; my thoughts seem things
Dim moving as the day withdraws; and night
Comes down, and of the darkness makes a tent
Over our tentless host; and now, behold,
Another host, as from another world,
Amidst expiring twilight toward me comes;
Lorn shadows and uncertain, shifting shapes
Before me flit; or, lingering, on we gaze
With melancholy mien and dumb with doom.

A passage more picturesque than that, and more dramatic, would be hard to find in modern literature. I turn to another, of equal merit, but of an entirely different character. David, whom the author paints with rich and vivid colors as radiant with manly beauty and gaining all hearts by his graciousness, has left Saul restored to reason, and has returned to Bethlehem. A young courtier and an old are talking over court gossip, and the latter says that David was sent away because "he hindered labor." To the question "How?" he thus replies, in lines, the vivid poetic painting, the satirical humor, and the rhythm of which—although they are a reminiscence or an imitation of nothing that ever was written—take us back two hundred and fifty years, and remind us of what we have called inimitable:

How?

Even from the garrets to the cellars, all
 The palace's industrious routine
 Worked under a dull clog on every wheel;
 And every opant shuttle of the loom
 Would catch and stop midway as he went by it.
 He was the song of the fat, smutted slut,
 As she knelt scouring, and, with labor, sweating
 Into her greasy kettles; and the maid
 O' the chamber murmured his euphonious name,
 As she stroked down the milk-white coverlet.
 While minxes, from the town and country near,
 Came hither, zealous to serve for naught the Queen.
 Nor were the ladies of the court much better:
 They scarce concealed their loves; and antique maids,
 Gazing abstracted, browsed upon his cheeks
 And drank long at the clear brook of his eyes,
 'Neath some excuse of empty colloquy.
 The youthful damsels have I caught—ha, ha!—
 Peering from lattice corners at him; yea,
 Each other pulling thence, that each might view
 The Adolescent, and, with wanton image,
 Tenant the empty chamber of her mind;
 Or the desire-scorched desert of her soul
 Invade, with Ishmaelites of lawless thoughts,
 To rove at leisure o'er her virgin rock
 And love-unwatered fancy.

Taken out from the richly-varied, solemn banquet, of which it is a mere *hors d'œuvre*, this seems high flavored; but no one can deny that its zest is eminently human. In his portrayal of passion the author shows a rare knowledge and a rare faculty for its expression. I would gladly show what he has done in depicting the turmoil of Saul's soul and the exquisitely sweet, tender, womanly nature of the enamored Michal, distracted, yet finally not hesitating between her love and reverence for her royal father and her passion for his young rival, to whom he has given her to wife. Perhaps the most charming character in the poem is that model of manliness and friendship, Jonathan, one of the very few gentlemen and men of honor we meet with in Hebrew history. Him chiefly we mourn when the poem ends with grand solemnity upon the fatal Mount of Gilboa.

Having thus, most incompletely and unsatisfactorily, pointed out some of the beauties in a strong and singular work, I turn to speak, far more briefly than its merits demand, of a new poem, also beautiful, but the charm of which is of a very different character—Mr. Stedman's "Blameless Prince." * The appearance of this poem must have been welcome to many in whom the author's earlier works had begotten confidence in his poetic powers, and awakened a desire that he would try them in some higher flight than

any he had before attempted. Mr. Stedman has himself shown that modest consciousness of power without which gifted men are not often left, and without which more than a very moderate measure of success is very rarely attained. He has been faithful to his talent, and has revered his art; and now he has his reward in the success of the long flight he has taken upward. "The Blameless Prince" tells the story of a double life of love. The likeness of the hero to Prince Albert, in character and in the circumstances of his life, will at once strike every reader. Mr. Stedman, apparently impressed with, and a little resentful of, the constant setting forth of the immaculate character of the Prince, who was spoken of by many of his British eulogists after his death as if he were free from human passion and human frailty, seems to have determined to take this modern Arthur—Tennysonian Arthur—and give the man a double life, such as many men about us have, such as every one has, to a certain extent. Mr. Stedman's Prince is blameless in all respects but one. His doubleness is in his married life. Loved by a neighboring maiden queen, he accepts her proffered hand; but, on his journey to wed her, he meets, loves, and is loved by the young wife of an aged nobleman. Their love is understood, but not told. The Prince is married; and, won by the loveliness and devotion of the young Queen, he loves her, and forgets her predecessor in his heart. But a day comes when the latter is released from attendance on her aged lord by his death. She goes to court, eager to see again the man she has never forgotten. There, "as she bends her shining shoulders down" before the Queen, the old love flames up in the Prince's heart. Without a word she leaves the palace, sure that he will follow her—a fine touch that, revealing a high nature. And this he does, afterward visiting her through years, until, at last, just as, goaded by his conscience, he breaks the silent bond between them, he is killed by a fall from his horse, returning from his last visit to her. She goes into a convent, where, just before her death, and on the evening before the unveiling of a statue to the Prince, the Queen has an interview with her, in which her relations to him are, at last, fully explained in a scene of very high passion. On the morrow the Queen draws away the veil from the statue, and falls dead at its feet, the victim of her emotions. The style in which this story is told, although lacking in no

* "The Blameless Prince and other Poems." By Edmund Clarence Stedman. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co., 16mo, pp. 192.

charm of narrative poetry, is simple and terse, with a notable avoidance of all superfluous, not to say meretricious ornament. The scenes and the persons are put before us clearly, I might say sharply, were it not for a certain soft mellowing atmosphere that pervades the poem, and which shades off all hard outlines. It is upon the situation of the characters, strange to say, that the author seems to have relied for the originality of his work. It is nothing new that a man should be married to one woman and love another; and yet, by his treatment of this situation, Mr. Stedman has made it a new one. He concentrates his attention rather on the inner life than the outward circumstances and surface joys and sorrows of his personages, until the end comes; and then the movement of the poem becomes dramatic and stirring. The reader may reasonably expect some evidence in support of this opinion; but there is not room on this page for quotation, which is the less to be regretted, as the beauty of "The Blameless Prince" is diffused through it, an ever-present charm of thought and language. Among the minor poems in this volume, "The Mountain" deserves special mention for imagination and true poetic insight. The volume concludes with some translations from Theocritus. But Mr. Stedman has shown the possession of such original powers that he can do better than toil over Greek various readings, and tangle his lightly-tripping tongue in the maze of English hexameters.

R. G. W.

A GLANCE AT SOME OF OUR NATURALIZED LITERATURE.

THE contemporary light literature of Northern Europe was, until about ten or fifteen years ago, almost unknown to the English-speaking public. Our own novel-readers, to whom American novels offered then, as they still offer, rather a poor and monotonous entertainment, were kept well supplied with foreign fiction; but the supply came almost without exception from French and English sources. We had the "Sorrows of Werter," it is true, and Carlyle had translated "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship;" there were translations also from some of Richter's novels; but these, with all their excellences, did not appeal strongly to the average novel reader; and they belonged, moreover, to a past generation. One or two of Andersen's novels were to be found in English versions, and nearly all of his de-

lightful fairy tales. Mrs. Howitt had made household friends of the Bremer novels also; but, with a few such exceptions, we remember no attempt to make the American public familiar with any living European novelists, except the French, until the Harpers reprinted translations of Hakländer's "Slave Life in Europe" and Freytag's "Debit and Credit." The first of these was rendered very cleverly into English, and had a fair success; and "Debit and Credit" was a really good novel, which might, it seems to us, be again reprinted with advantage. Then, about the beginning of the war, an enterprising publisher in Mobile printed a translation of one of Mrs. Clara Mundt's novels—"Joseph II." it was—and it seems to have met with some success at the South, for, in 1865, it was followed by "Henry VIII.," by the same author. They were both pretty bad novels; but a year or two later, the Appletons, moving according to that mysterious law which sometimes makes the ways of publishers so inscrutable to the better class of readers, reprinted them both from the Mobile editions, and followed them by a host of others from the same hand. The "Mühlbach Novels" for a time sold wonderfully well, and gained a certain factitious popularity which they are now fast losing. As exponents of the state of contemporary German literature they were quite worthless, and in any other point of view they were about equally so.

Within a year or two, however, the number of translated novels from all sources has greatly increased, and some of them bid fair to become permanent additions to our literature. Mr. Schuyler surely did a good work in making us acquainted with Turgenev, and the specimens he has lately given of the prose and poetry of Count Alexis Tolstoi are of a kind to make us wish for more. A little poem of Tolstoi's, called "At the Spring," which was published in "The Nation" last year, is so exquisite that we feel tempted to quote it—it is hardly possible to meet it too often:

A spring in an orchard of cherries,
The prints of a girl's bare foot,
And, deeply impressed beside them,
The marks of a nail-studded boot.

All is still in the place of their meeting,
Yet my spirit with jealousy burns,
Hears the whispers, the passionate pleading,
The noise as the pail overturns.

Then there is Auerbach's "On the Heights," which, in its moral tone, is really one of the

noblest of modern novels. Its success has induced Auerbach's Boston publishers to announce translations of the "Edelweiss" and others of his earlier stories—a dangerous experiment, for they are like enough to tell unfavorably when contrasted with his maturer work. The "Villa on the Rhine," however, bids fair to be as popular a novel as "On the Heights," and is sure to contain plenty of lofty morality and sound philosophy. With books like these, and certain others, inferior to them, to be sure, but still valuable additions to our store of fiction—Miss Marlitt's pleasant stories, for instance, and, perhaps, Dingelstedt's "Amazon," which has, however, been overpraised to an extent that really dwarfs its actual, although very moderate merits—there is mingled, of course, a good deal of sad trash. The biographical novels and the musical novels, like the "Mozart," for example, or like the recently issued "Madame de Staël," cannot be regarded as successes. The instruction they afford is, after all, not worth a great deal, and the amusement they offer does not seem too exhilarating.

But among the most delightful of the recent foreign additions to our literature, are surely Herr Björnson's stories, two of which have just been published (by Sever, Francis & Co., and by Leypoldt and Holt.) To read "Arne" is to get quite a new sensation, so unique in fact and yet so puzzlingly simple, that Herr Björnson's critics seem, by a sort of mutual consent, to have been obliged to content themselves with defining him by negatives—to say what he is not rather than to attempt to determine what he is. Certainly it must be easier to say with the London "Spectator" that he is not a Milton or a Dante, nor yet a Goethe, than to say precisely in what respects he differs from these and other artists. The life he describes is one so close to nature; it is so little vexed by problems, so untroubled by philosophies or by any but the simplest wants and emotions, that one gets from it a sense of quiet paradisiacal innocence. "Arne" is full, of course, of the sentimentality which runs through all Scandinavian literature, and which, taking the place of passion, separates it from the writings of other races. The story is extremely simple in its construction, the characters are few in number and there is almost no plot. It is hard to say what is its chiefest charm, since in trying to recall and analyze the pleasure it gives, the impression seems to be too sim-

ple a whole to admit of dissection. One can speak of the exquisite beauty with which the appearances of the outside world are described, and of the ease with which the frequent transitions from prose to verse are effected, but to account for the peculiar beauty and ease, one is again driven back upon the simplicity of Herr Björnson's relations with nature. He looks at landscape with the eye, observant but unreflective (using that word in a quite respectful sense), of an artist, and his songs are as natural as a bird's; they are never out of harmony, and fit into their setting of prose as perfectly as possible. One or two of the poems—one of them called "Over the Mountains High," and which expresses the restless longing of the dweller in a mountain-encircled valley to get beyond his visible barriers—are in themselves quite worth getting the book for. It is hard, too, to choose between it and another of them, "He went in the forest the whole day long." They are both somewhat long for quotation, although they are very well worth it. "Arne" seems, in fact, a true work of art—unconscious art we are tempted to call it, however, if the expression does not involve too wide a contradiction, when we remember how much inferior to it is the "Fisher Maiden." But this is criticism by comparison—putting "Arne" out of the question, one might go a long way in search of pleasanter reading than the "Fisher-Maiden." Both of them are books to be heartily commended. "Arne," especially, would lend itself to illustration more readily than ninety-nine books out of a hundred. It suggests pictures at every page and ought to be put into the hands of a competent artist. Thinking, too, of the delicate vividness of Herr Björnson's touches, one calls to mind no illustrator but Mr. La Farge, whose artistic language would not give too prosaic a translation of them.

On the whole the acquaintance with the literature of the North, which the recent translations have made possible, is something to congratulate ourselves upon. The publishers make sad mistakes occasionally, and give us English versions of books which even in their own tongue could show no good reason for their existence; but they supply us also with so much that is good that it is unfair to mingle too harsh a word of censure with the gratitude which is fairly due them.

LITERARY AND ART NOTES.

MR. SHIRLEY BROOKE has commenced a new series of articles in the "Gentleman's Magazine," called "Tales From the Old Dramatists."

MR. TRENCH has received £1,000 for the first edition of his "Realities of Irish Life." The work has been republished in this country by Messrs. Roberts Brothers, of Boston.

MR. CARLYLE AND MR. BROWNING were recently for the first time introduced to Queen Victoria. The interview took place at the residence of the Dean of Westminster.

A SECOND edition of the translation of Ewald's "History of Israel" has just appeared in London, with a preface and appendix by Russell Martineau.

THE purchaser of Doré's "Spanish Beggars" has sent to that artist a collection of the unfavorable criticisms on his picture that have appeared in American magazines and newspapers.

A NEW periodical has recently appeared in Paris, entitled "Journal des Femmes," in which women are to be taught politics, science and art.

THE remains of Rossini will be transported to the Church of Santa-Croce, in Florence, after the death of his widow.

SOME interesting unpublished letters of Sir Walter Scott have just come to light, as well as letters to the poet from Sophia Lockhart, which are to appear in the "Gentleman's Magazine."

THE original MS. of Mozart's celebrated "Requiem," in the Imperial Court Library at Vienna, is now shown to the public.

THE English circulating libraries, it is said, interfere seriously with the sale of the shilling magazines. At first everybody used to buy them; but they increased so rapidly that no one could afford them all, and now everybody reads them in the libraries.

AN English pamphleteer suggests that the Government of that country should be transferred from Parliament to the Press!

M. DE FORCADE LA ROQUETTE, French Minister of the Interior, has ordered the return of the volumes of the Duke d'Aumale's "History of the House of Condé," sequestered by the Government six or seven years ago, and has offered to pay the cost of the suit instituted for their recovery.

MR. GEORGE NORTON's volume of "Commentaries on the History and Franchises of the City of London" has been reprinted for the third time, with some revision by the author. The work is issued at the expense of the corporation.

THE "Athenæum" announces that Professor Morley is at work on the continuation of his useful "Tables of English Literature," which show at a glance all the contemporary authors, and all the books of note published in any year.

THE first book of Professor Seeley's edition of Livy is about to be published in London.

MR. EMANUEL DEUTSCH has set out on a journey through Egypt and Palestine, to collect material for his work on the Talmud, which is already considerably advanced.

A WRITER in an English paper suggests that "who-so wants to know where Mr. Swinburne learned the art of poetry should read sixteen sonnets by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, published in the last number of the 'Fortnightly Review.'" No greater compliment can

be paid these beautiful sonnets than to say that the English writer's remark does no injustice to the genius of Swinburne. They approach more nearly the perfect sonnet ideal than those of any other modern bard.

MR. SCOTT MOORE has published in London an essay on pre-glacial man, in which he maintains the compatibility of scientific theories with the Mosaic record. He makes the fifth day terminate with the chalk formation, and the eocene to commence the sixth.

THE "Westminster Review" predicts that the present demand for fiction will only be a fleeting one.

MR. SWINBURNE is so seriously ill that his friends fear he may not recover.

THE invasion of Great Britain by Julius Cæsar is still discussed in England. A correspondent of the "Athenæum" quotes from a history of King Arthur to prove that it took place from Flanders.

A WRITER in "Fraser's Magazine" argues that comets on approaching the sun very closely may become disintegrated by the intense heat and break up into fragments, forming distinct comets. He thinks the appearance of double comets, recorded in history, may be thus explained.

HERR WICHMANN, an eminent sculptor of Munich, has finished the model for a bronze statue of Goethe, which is to be erected in that city. It will be unveiled on the 28th of August.

WHATEVER their literary demerits, Mr. Dixon's books always sell. Two rival editions have already appeared in this country, and a German translation is announced.

A LIFE of Count Bismarck, translated by Mr. Lewes from the German of Mr. Bamberger, a member of the Customs Parliament, is announced in London.

THE "Athenæum" apologizes for having, by "a slip of the pen," it says, called the distinguished Protestant scholar Ewald a Jew. The so-called "slip" is a whole sentence, rather a long slip even for an Athenæum reviewer.

A NUMBER of the temperance friends of Mr. George Cruikshank have presented to the English nation his great picture, "The Worship of Bacchus," valued at £3,000.

THE Chevalier Rosa, imperial director of the excavations on the Palatine, has discovered several very fine remnants of statues in a corridor leading to a staircase which was filled with rubbish. Photographs of the subjects have been forwarded to the Emperor Napoleon.

MR. MILLAIS, the eminent English artist, is seriously ill.

THE theatrical season of 1863, at Munich, was distinguished by the production of 107 operas and 214 plays, among which seventeen plays and six operas were produced for the first time.

A PARISIAN amateur recently discovered at Rouen an enamel plate of the sixteenth century, which he bought for 200 francs, and sold to a Parisian dealer for 3,000 francs. It proved to be a painting by Léonard Limousin.

THE "Court Journal" says that Tennyson has again refused an offer of a peerage.

THE Leigh Hunt Memorial is no longer an uncertainty, £200 having been subscribed for the monument. In the second list of donors are to be found

the names of Alfred Tennyson, Robert Browning, Dr. Russell, and W. M. Rossetti.

MR. EDWIN WHITE, one of the most refined of American artists, is about to go abroad for several years. He will reside most of the time in Dresden.

MR. GIGNOUX will visit Paris this summer, to execute several large commissions and to superintend the copying of his "Niagara in Winter," in chromo-lithography. He may remain abroad two years.

BIERSTADT's "Storm in the Rocky Mountains," by many critics held to be his greatest picture, has been sold in England for £4,000, an extravagant price for any picture he ever painted.

GUSTAVE DORE will send two paintings to the salon of this year. The first represents the body of Rossini after death; the other, Rossini under the figure of the Genius of Music in tears.

MR. HOLMAN HUNT has been elected a member of the Society of Painters in Water Colors.

MR. ROBERT BUCHANAN's readings from his own poems have proved very successful, scarcely less so than the readings of Charles Dickens.

A new burletta, entitled "The Girl of the Period," has been played at Drury Lane. London papers speak of it as excessively dull.

EHNINGER's series of war pictures, on which he is now engaged, will be exceedingly fine. His "Sheridan's Ride to Winchester," is an original and spirited composition on a subject which has foiled many artists, and his "Farragut at Mobile," has merit of a very striking character. The series, when complete, will form a most valuable contribution to American illustrative art.

HECTOR BERLIOZ, the celebrated French composer, died recently in Paris. Paganini thought him equal to Beethoven, and one occasion made him a present of 20,000 francs. M. Berlioz was the author several works relating to his art.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA is engaged on a work on Spain, which will be illustrated by Gustave Doré.

THE London "Court Journal" announces a new novel, entitled "Faithless; or the Love of the Period;" and adds: "It is spoken of as a tale of 'real life,' and several well-known personages moving in London society are said to figure within its pages."

THE first volume to be published by the "Holbein Society" will be "The Dance of Death." The first issue will be limited to 500 copies.

LEVER's story, "That Boy of Norcott's," which appeared in the "Cornhill Magazine," has been published separately, in this city, by Harper & Brothers.

PERRY, Tenth street Studio Building, has started a new picture called "The Lesson in the Tiles." It represents a mother seated with her little son before an old-fashioned fire-place, the border of which is ornamented with rude tiles representing scriptural events—such as "Jonah and the Whale," "Daniel in the Lion's Den," etc. The mother is pointing out the story, and doubtless the moral of each picture to the attentive child. Mr. Perry has nearly completed his picture "The Weaver." It is one of his best works.

GREY has finished a very characteristic portrait of the late Charles Elliott. It is one of the best likenesses of Elliott ever painted.

THE most interesting and important picture painted by La Farge, is a large Newport landscape. It is very beautiful in color.

BRADFORD has just completed a large marine picture, representing a vessel cast on a rocky shore. It is full of action, and is painted with considerable power.

"BEEN to the Circus," by Lambdin, is a very creditable work. The boy, who has been inside the tent and is rehearsing the performance for the benefit of his less favored companions, is admirably painted.

SHATTUCK is engaged upon a large White Mountain picture.

LE CLEAR painted several very fine portraits during the winter, all of them for private persons.

IT is now said that Jarvis McEntee and Launt Thompson will soon return from their European trip. Gifford will not return till fall. Bierstadt and Church are expected home in June.

ROGERS is engaged on a new group, representing Beecher, Whittier and Garrison listening to the story of a fugitive slave woman. It is well composed, and promises to be a very effective work.

S. COLMAN's "Fort Lafayette" is the strongest and by far the best work this admirable artist has ever produced. An extended notice is deferred until next month.

JAMES HART has spent most of the spring in finishing up the work of the winter months. He has now on the easel a picture representing the break up of ice in the Hudson, with a rich sunset effect; and also a companion piece to his "Morning."

GEORGE H. SMILLIE has painted a large landscape, from studies taken in the Adirondacks. In the foreground is a broad meadow, through which runs a clear river; in the middle distance a village half-hidden in foliage; and a noble mass of hills form a picture background to the whole.

JAMES D. SMILLIE has also a large picture painted from Adirondack studies—a forest scene, with a bit of river in the foreground, which affords the opportunity to repeat the colors of the sky and distant mountain.

THE sale of Rossini's magnificent collection of snuff-boxes proved a failure. Two among these royal gifts went for only £4, and others brought but little more.

BERTHOLD AUERBACH, the celebrated German novelist, has offered to devote the whole proceeds of his forthcoming work to the erection of a synagogue in the Bohemian town of Eger.

A "RAFFAELLE" was recently sold at auction in Paris for more than \$30,000. It is a small picture of the Virgin and Child, not more than twelve inches high.

IT is said that several of Gustave Doré's most celebrated pictures are now on their way to this country—among them are "The Gaming Table," which is thirty-four feet long, "The Neophyte," and Jephthah's Daughter."

AMONG recent historical publications in England, one of the more noticeable is "The History of the Life and Times of Edward III.," by William Longman, the younger of the two brothers so long associated together as publishers. The work is in two volumes, splendidly illustrated with engravings.

PAGE's portrait of Henry Ward Beecher is a grand work of art, magnificently drawn and painted. His portrait of Wendell Phillips, entirely opposite in character, is also a work of very great merit.

NEBULÆ.

—THE recent romantic marriage, in a New York police court, of a prince of the House of Bourbon with a young Havanese belle of American birth, is not by any means the only instance of a romantic Bourbon marriage, nor is it the only case in which a Bourbon has made a runaway match or formed a matrimonial alliance outside of the charmed circle of royalty. It is true that no case could show more striking and vivacious incident than that in which Prince Louis-Marie-Ferdinand-Pierre-d'Alcantara, of the royal lines of Naples and Brazil, stood before a petty magistrate of this city as bridegroom to Miss Hamel, the daughter of a respectable ship broker, formerly of New Orleans. But there was another Bourbon runaway match, which created a sensation in Paris some twenty-seven years ago, and which caused a great deal more stir among the Bourbons, besides giving a slight commotion to every European court blessed with princesses still young and unmarried. The bride (we must mention her first, as it was the lady who was the Bourbon in this instance) was the Infanta Isabel, sister of the ex-King of Spain, and daughter of the brother of Fernando VII. The bridegroom was the Polish Count Ignatius Gurowski—a younger brother, by the way, of the radical and revolutionary Count Adam Gurowski, who was a resident of the United States for many years before his death in 1866, and who was known to thousands of our citizens not only as a man of gruff manners and acerb temper, but as an author and publicist of immense learning and great intellect. The story of young Gurowski's love and boldness, and of the marriage of the gallant Pole with the Spanish Bourbon Infanta, may thus be epitomized:

He was residing in Paris as a refugee from his own country (where he had been implicated in the revolutionary troubles), and at the time of the episode was maintaining his independence through the exercise of his talents. How the intimacy arose between the young Polish refugee and the royal Princess of Spain was never known, for the existence of a mere acquaintanceship was scarcely dreamed of. The pair had met at the receptions of the Princess Czartoryska, and had danced the mazourka together many a time and oft—for Gurowski was one of the most brilliant of dancers—while the mother of the Infanta looked on with complacency as she thought of the advantage to her daugh-

ter from the acquisition of so much grace, and of the lofty marriage in the ranks of royalty which such superiority would enable her to make. The royal ladies (Donna Francesca the mother, and the Infanta her daughter) were residing at the Convent of the Sacré Cœur, occupying the pavilion whose windows look upon the Boulevard des Invalides. At about ten o'clock one dark night, a signal was given by striking a lucifer match upon the bark of one of the elm trees which border the avenue. A few moments after, a sheet was let down from the balcony, and the Infanta fell into the arms of the cavalier waiting for her beneath. A hackney-coach was stationed near by, and while the good nuns were sleeping, and the mother of the Infanta was dancing at a ball, the Infanta herself was hastening to England with Gurowski. It was not for some hours after her departure that the patrol on duty rang at the convent gate to know the meaning of the long white sheet which was streaming from the balcony. So secret had the affair been kept by all parties concerned, that the news of the elopement gave a shock to the Court of Louis Philippe from which it never recovered. Pardon was granted after awhile, and the Infanta Isabel has often been heard to declare that, of all her royal mother's children, she has been the happiest in marriage.

To the above we may add that, during the last half year, Gurowski has been plotting in the interest of the Carlist party of Spain, and has been actively carrying on intrigues—now seen to be futile—for elevating Juan Carlos to the Spanish throne.

—WHILE imitation gems are consciously worn by many fashionable people there is no doubt that they are also very frequently *unconsciously* worn. The extent to which jewellers, playing on the ignorance of purchasers, palm off, as the genuine article, cheap manufactured semblances of the diamond, the ruby, the emerald, the amethyst, and the topaz, as well as amber and pearls, could only be credited by experts engaged in the manufacture or by skilled persons accustomed to take observation in bejewelled society. It is really quite painful to witness the extent to which poor and "bogus" jewelry is displayed by those who fancy they are making an impression by the value and glory of their show. It cannot be out place for us to say: When you intend to purchase jewelry—if you wish *genuine* jewelry—you should either inform yourself thoroughly of the *tests* applicable to the particular article you desire to purchase, or you should take the advice of some *connoisseur*—assuring

yourself, also, that you find one who has no advantage in allowing you to be deceived.

— THE finest conception of the man Shakespeare that we have ever seen in art, is embodied in his figure as it appears in Kaulbach's great cartoon of the "Era of the Reformation." This grand work has been on exhibition in America for a year past; and we are sure that every one who has seen it will agree with us that of all the illustrious historical personages represented in it, none more perfectly accords with the knowledge we possess, and with the best conception we are able to form, than Shakespeare. We will not attempt to convey any idea of the representation to those who have not seen the cartoon in this country, or the great painting in Dresden for which it was drawn. Our object in referring to it is merely to say that we are surprised some artist has not copied the figure of Shakespeare from Kaulbach's cartoon, and had it engraved or chromo-lithographed for sale as a popular work of art.

— SOME of the lady graduates of our female medical colleges have lately been making good use of the scientific knowledge they have acquired, by delivering lectures to audiences of women on the laws of physiology and the principles of hygiene. They cannot be too highly commended for this, nor can the value of their labors be overrated; and we wish a hundred lecturers would enter this field for every one who is now in it. No knowledge can be more valuable to mankind than the knowledge of the laws of organic being. It is related to life, morals, personal happiness, and public welfare. The general ignorance of the subject on the part even of people otherwise intelligent, is lamentable, and from it spring the greater part of the vices and evils which afflict mankind. Every human being, man and woman, should comprehend at least the elementary principles of physiology and the human constitution. We cannot say to which sex such knowledge would be of the most advantage; but certainly it would not be of less advantage to women than men; for women would not only benefit by it themselves, but would confer its benefits upon the children whom it is their special duty to train and nurture. We, therefore, give our word of encouragement to all capable lady doctors who have entered this field, and we assure our lady readers that they could not do themselves a

greater service than by attending a course of lectures on this subject.

— FROM Mr. John Swinton, of the "Times," we have received, among other things, "Five Maxims"—in reply to a request for a few contributions embodying some of those wise or witty, speculative or philosophical, subtle or mystical ideas, which he now and then "projects through chaos" in his own peculiarly forcible and vivacious style. We fear that to the ordinary reader more than one of these maxims will appear quite *nebulous*, in the sense of being indistinct; but we have not the slightest doubt that they too, like the nebulae of the heavens, are stars, and that they may be seen as such by the moral star-gazer possessed of intellectual insight and the spirit of investigation:

FIVE MAXIMS.

I.

Maxim of Mephisto.—There's nothing finer than seeing a rocket go up,—unless it be seeing the stick come down.—JOHN SWINTON.

II.

Maxim of the Intellect.—How can I find time to go to the circus,—how can I find time to read your book,—when I have not yet been able to comprehend the Phædo?—JOHN SWINTON.

III.

Maxim of Despair.—If you escape the gallows and the poor-house, your life cannot be considered altogether a failure.—JOHN SWINTON.

IV.

Maxim of Malice.—Whenever you hear an individual exploiting his hatred of the whole human race, be sure that there is one man of it whom he especially hates,—that is, himself.—*Extracted from a private letter of a friend to*—JOHN SWINTON.

V.

Maxim of Alpha and Omega.—Love and Death,—these are the deep facts of time and history.—JOHN SWINTON.

— WE find that the Parisians doubt the truth of the report from the colony of New Caledonia that seven Frenchmen had been killed and eaten by a party of seventeen savages. It is argued that this would be a Frenchman to each two and a half savages, which is said to be beyond the limits of the savage stomach, even if the Franks were fricasseed. But the fact is, that an epicurean savage would not find much to eat in an ordinary Frenchman. We doubt if any part of him would be palatable except the shanks and shoulders.

— CAN it be that those frightful libels on nature, those nightmares of operatives'

brains—called in commerce “fancy flowers”—are really subtle revenges taken by the flower-workers on society for making them slaves to its whims, for confining them constantly in dingy work-rooms, out of sight of the waving grasses and the growing flowers?

—THE advance of liberty and unity among the nations of Europe, during the last ten years, is altogether marvellous; and history furnishes us with nothing in the way of precedents for the events that have passed before our eyes. Ten years ago, the despotism of Naples was the most powerful of Italian Governments, and the small monarchy of Sardinia was one of the half-dozen States into which Italy was divided. Now, all Italy (with the exception of the petty Papal territory) is united under Victor Emanuel as a Constitutional Parliamentary Government. Four years ago, the hoary despotism of Austria—that remarkable agglomeration of nationalities and races—stood apparently strong in its repressive energies, and under the domination of a kaiser who had reached the throne by bayonets that were yet red with the blood of Hungary. Now Austria is the most liberal government of Europe, and Francis Joseph is a constitutional ruler, governing his people through their parliaments elected by the popular vote. In Germany, also, the half-dozen governments, some of them as petty as they were despotic, that existed four years ago, are now united under the crown of King William, and the advancing liberality of the administration has kept pace with the progress of unification and public sentiment. Less than a year ago, the old Bourbon despotism maintained its power in Spain, and the ancient kingdom remained the most striking example of mediæval ideas in government and ecclesiastical polity as well as in social life and manners. Now Spain, even Spain, is a Liberal Constitutional and Parliamentary Government, with all the essential guarantees of popular rights. This brief *resumé* shows what amazing political developments have taken place on the European continent within the past few years. And the profoundest of these great changes have been effected without great wars, though it must be said that two of them were the indirect results of great wars; the unification of Italy having been begun through the Franco-Austrian war, but subsequently consummated through the almost bloodless triumphs of Garibaldi;

the Liberalization of the Austrian Government having been accomplished after the Prusso-Austrian war, when the war had shown Austria the weakness of her despotic system and the imperative necessity of a Liberal order of political administration. In but two great powers of Europe—France in the West and Russia in the East—is the dictatorial form of government now to be found; and no man, observing the course of history and the spirit of the times, can believe that it will last there forever.

—IT is a constant subject of wonder that people in general do not exercise more intelligence in regard to “catching cold.” More than half the sickness and more than half the deaths in modern civilized communities come through “catching cold.” It results in inflammation of all sorts (in fact, it *is* inflammation), in fevers of all kinds—in consumption, catarrh, rheumatism, and what not? Greater multitudes are killed in every generation by “catching cold” than ever were killed by plague or cholera. Avoid “catching cold” as you would avoid the deadliest enemy of the human race.

—FENNIMORE COOPER once exclaimed to a friend of his, who is now a friend of ours, that “New York city would some day sink suddenly into the bowels of the earth, or come to instantaneous destruction by some other God-sent means, for its deep corruption and multiplied iniquities, in which it was far more damnable than Sodom or Gomorrah.” If this was Cooper’s idea thirty years ago, what would he say of the great city now? But then it must be admitted that Cooper’s judgment was based on a one-sided view of things.

—IN the course of a conversation with an “able editorial” writer of a leading New York journal, the question was asked:

“What, then, do you mean by the *journalistic talent*?”

“I mean,” replied he, “that kind of genius which enables a writer to take up a great variety of subjects with facility, to discuss them all with intelligence and vivacity, and to dismiss them all without grief.”

What the italicized passage (which was much emphasized in its utterance) may mean, we will not attempt to show; but certainly its philosophy has a cloudy aspect, which differs greatly from the respondent’s “able editorials.”

— IF the workers in precious metals—who are not usually grand creative artists, but only skilful artisans—would confine themselves to humbly copying nature, instead of seeking to improve it, we would be spared the sight of the bull-headed, bat-winged, scorpion-tailed “butterflies” offered by some of the leading jewelry stores as the latest style of ladies’ hair pins. As the perpetrators of these monstrosities cannot be reached, let ladies punish their aiders and abettors—the dealers—by letting their wares severely alone; let them wear no golden butterflies with jewelled eyes in their hair, until they are furnished with facsimiles of the light-winged insect they knew by that name and chased on the hillsides when girls.

— A GOOD sign in our lighter literature is the large number of translations from the German that have been made and published in this country of late. The half dozen German novels which lie before us in an English dress have suggested this remark. These novels are a vast improvement on the French novels, which have, for so long a time, been thrown from our press. The French novel—and it is not an injustice to generalize on the subject in this way—is as loose in morals as it is brilliant in color, is as dippant as it is sensational, is as enfeebling to the conscience as it is confusing to the judgment. (There is nothing easier than to take exception to this remark, and name French novels to which the characterization does not apply.) The German novel—and again we take the liberty of generalization—is of a more philosophical cast; has a more wholesome social influence; is healthier, sounder, stronger, and more genuine. Both the French and the German novelist indulge in speculation; but the German is less fantastical and *bizarre* than the French, more logical or self-possessed, less revolutionary, volcanic, and destructive. (Here, again, we may say it is easy enough to take exception, and name exceptions to the application of this remark.) Both the French and German may portray character, life, and history; but the German has less of artificiality, intrigue, and madness, and more of nature, honesty, and reason. It is pleasing, therefore, to see the German novel appearing among us, and attaining popularity, in the place of the French. We suppose the immense infusion of the German element into our population of late years has been the chief cause of inducing the supply of these works, and the

demand for them. There are now millions of German-Americans who read the English language, and who are every year becoming less familiar with the German, and there are millions of native-born Americans of German ancestry, who, though speaking nothing but English, are yet attached to the reminiscences of the Fatherland. To these the novels of German life, thought, and tradition are especially attractive, and must ever be welcome. Not only to these, however, but to all Americans, whatever their origin, race, type, or kinship, the higher German novel appeals, through a spirit of philosophy and nature that is at once elevating and strengthening.

— A VERY strange impression is made on the mind of the American reader by the diatribes upon the “Girl of the Period,” which have been kept up in the English press for the last two years. A state of society in which the creature described by English writers is the ordinary feminine product, is quite inconceivable to the untravelled or unsophisticated American. We find a thousand articles about her, denunciatory and descriptive, thus epitomized:

Firstly, she does nothing; secondly, she does that saucily; thirdly, she is given up to a life of frivolous pleasures; she talks slang; she discourses of forbidden subjects; she is hard-hearted, scheming, avaricious, ignorant, bold, indelicate.

There may, for all we know, be “Girls of the Period” in America; but thus far, certainly, they do not display themselves in what is known as “society.” The English creature thus portrayed is as different as the girl of the Cannibal Islands from our ordinary American girl, pure-hearted and bright-minded. The English “Girls of the Period” must soon destroy the English race, if they be really as numerous and as rampant as the English scribblers of the period say they are.

— IF one-half of the distinguished American scholars who have signed the call for a Convention of Philologists in Poughkeepsie next July, will take the trouble to attend its sessions, it will be an undoubted success—so far as the number of the attendants, and their scholarly eminence are concerned. Nearly all the hundred signers are professors in American colleges, and nearly all the colleges of the country are represented in the list. At this Convention measures will be taken to organize a National Society for the Promotion of Philological Studies

and Research in America. Philological papers will also be read, and such questions as these, bearing upon the study of Language, will be discussed :

1. How much of the time in a Collegiate course should be given to the study of Language?
2. How much of this time should be devoted to the Modern Languages?
3. Should the study of French and German precede that of the Latin and Greek Languages?
4. What position should be given to the study of the English Language in our Colleges and other high schools of learning?
5. What is the most efficient method of instruction in the Classical Languages?
6. What is the best system of pronouncing Latin and Greek?
7. Should the written accent be observed, in pronouncing Classical Greek?
8. What more efficient measures can be taken to preserve from destruction the Languages of the Aboriginal Indians of America?

We need not say that it is desirable that this Convention should be well attended by American scholars. The matters to be discussed, and the interests to be advanced, have a most important bearing upon the all-important subject of education.

— DIAMONDS are going out of date, pearls are taking their place in the affections of the fair. Dr. Feuchtwanger, in his treatise on gems, published several years ago, uttered a prophecy to this effect :

It is my opinion that pearls, which for the last half-century have been at a very low market value, will soon take a fresh rise in favor and in price among the nobility and the richer classes, for the reason that persons of the middling classes, thinking to invest safely without future loss their surplus capital, purchase and wear diamonds that formerly were possessed and treasured exclusively by the rich and the noble.

Is it any wonder that brilliants have sunk to the condition of mere representatives of money values? When articles are thus associated with the market-place, they lose, as it were, their metaphysical value, even though their commercial value may be increased. English ladies of nobility have long held diamonds in a kind of contempt, insisting on them for their money value, in the way of *parures* at wedding settlements, but turning them into money at the least need for it, and wearing paste in their stead. (The extent to which paste diamonds are worn by the very flower of English nobility may be learned by the frequently published accounts of the *débris* of the "Queen's drawing-room after the "Crush.") Now, while good and sufficient reasons are given why diamonds should lose favor in aristocratic eyes, not a suggestion is made why they should be superseded, particularly by pearls. We would like to ask the learned

doctor why he predicted that the pearl, and not the opal or the amethyst, or the sapphire or the ruby, would take the place of the diamond? Why the pearl, and not the newer fancies of crysophrase or satin-spar, or tourmaline or essonite? Why pearls and not that unique suggestive magnetic article, amber? The reasons assigned would doubtless be very erudite, but in truth the real reason why pearls are again in fashion is, that it has pleased fashion to reproduce the costumes of a century ago. Picture galleries have come to be the best fashion magazines, and old portraits the best models. In old portraits, pearls repeat themselves with unfailing regularity. A lady cannot therefore be historically correct without at least a pearl necklace, while she may add pearl bandeaus, and bracelets, and ear-drops, and armlets, and stomachers, and in her effort to be historically correct may even go so far as Lollia Pauline, the wife of Caligula, who, from the tiara on her hair to the buskins on her feet, is represented as a literal incrustation of pearls.

— WHEN the Kingdom of Italy was formed, and for years after its formation, all the croakers of Europe indulged in constant predictions of its speedily falling in pieces. But their expectations have been disappointed year after year, and every year has seen the kingdom stronger and better consolidated, while at the same time it has grown in liberalism, and improved its condition in all respects. Of late, even the bitterest enemies of United Italy have ceased to look for its disintegration or downfall.

— THE pay and position of American journalists and editorial writers are now very different from what they were twenty years ago. Journalism has now become a profession, and men of intellect and ideas, men of large cultivation and wide knowledge, enter it as a pursuit that furnishes them the opportunity of honor and power. Even in point of remuneration the editorial profession now ranks respectably high, and the writer of the "able editorial" is always in "active demand" (to use a commercial phrase) throughout the country among the leading journals. The great increase in the ability of American journals is one of the best signs of the times. What is now most needed in our journalism is a higher morality and a more general application of the laws of conscience to all judgments upon public questions and measures.

— MR. CHARLES LEVER, who, as "Cornelius O'Dowd" has written so many wise and frisky essays in "Blackwood" during recent years, has followed the example set by Earl Russell and Mr. Gladstone, and sent his apologies to this country for language heretofore used about its people. Says he :

For as many years as I have been a writer I have said flippant impertinences of them (the Americans) — on their pretensions, their boastfulness, their arrogance, and their accent. I have quizzed their vulgarity and laughed at their conceit.

But now he has been led to repentance, and thus it is recorded :

When I say I forgive them (the Americans), I ask you, can you imagine anything more touchingly beautiful than this generosity on my part? To forget an injury is fine in its way, but to pardon the man you have wronged—to forgive him you have been unjust to—is about as fine a trait as human nature can boast of.

As the dashing author of "Charles O'Malley" has been kind enough to pardon us for being Americans, we suppose we must also forgive him for his Hibernian generosity.

— THE etymology of the name of General Almonte, who has played such an important part in the history of Mexico, and whose death has just occurred, is a very curious one, and little known except in the well-informed circles of that country. Almonte was the natural son (or rather *sacriligious* son, according to Spanish and Mexican civil and canon law,) of the celebrated priest and insurgent leader Padre Morelos, who organized and headed the great movement against the Viceregal power in Mexico, and had almost achieved its independence from Spain a short time before Iturbide proclaimed it at the head of the royal troops. The Indian woman, by whom Morelos had this son, always accompanied the General, with her child by her side, throughout the campaigns, sharing his toils and his successes. Whenever a battle or an encounter with the Spanish troops was about to take place, Morelos's order was sure to be to have the child hid in the woods : *el niño al monte*, were his words, *the child to the woods*. He was known by these words among the soldiers, and these words, *al monte*, were destined to be the name given to an orphan who had no other to inherit.

— THE Scotch, who, a few years ago, celebrated throughout the world the centen-

nial of the birth-day of Robert Burns, are beginning to make preparations for celebrating, two years hence, the centennial of the birth-day of Sir Walter Scott. We have no doubt that the scheme will be successful, and wherever a few Scotchmen can be gathered together on any part of the surface of the globe, the genius of the "great Magician of the North" will be celebrated around the festive board, and amid the flow of eloquence. We notice also that the centennial birth-day of the great German *savant*, Alexander von Humboldt, is to be celebrated in Berlin in the coming September of this year. Humboldt was an honorary citizen of Berlin, where he resided many years ; and among the participants of the September celebration will be the city authorities, the university, the scientific and literary societies, and the trades' and mechanics' unions ; and it is also said that the Liberals will appear on the occasion with particular emphasis, as a demonstration against present reactionary tendencies.

— QUEEN VICTORIA shows more kindness of heart than royalty of authorship in her writing. It now appears that she is about to bring out a household volume, all about her Scottish servants at Balmoral, giving their portraits and clan descent, each man being a representative of some ancient sept. Never were servants more honored by a sovereign than these Gaels will be, descended as they are from those old Picts and Scots who first plundered the English, and then continued to puzzle them down to the present day. It is not probable that John Brown will find a place in this work, as he does not seem to belong in any way to those "redshank" families that cut such a very picturesque figure in poetic history.

— COUNT BISMARCK says that the time may come when we shall say of a liar that he "lies like a telegraph." But the Count ought to know that the telegraph is the great enemy of falsehood. Formerly, when we got a false report, or a *canard*, by mail, we had to wait for other mails before we could get its contradiction ; and in the interval of days or weeks between mails, the false report often did its work—which might be irretrievable. But now, when the telegraph enables us to send dispatches across the continent and across the seas, and get back answers within an hour, it is hardly worth while to use it as a means of propagating falsehoods—or, at all events, the

falsehood is far shorter lived, and far less likely to work evil than it would be without the telegraph.

— IN a letter written by John Bright to an American correspondent, the great British Reformer, if not Republican, says :

One by one we "Americanize" our institutions; and I hope, in all that is good, we may not be unwilling to follow you.

It is certain that the *Americanization* of the political institutions of Great Britain, which has been going on for the last two or three years, has been very rapid. And we believe it to be equally certain that the steps which have already been taken—such as are indicated by the Reform bill, the extension of the franchise, and the enlargement of popular rights, as well as the movement for the abolition of ecclesiastical establishments—will be followed by further steps in the same direction, and by other steps in other directions. We shall soon hear of reform in the House of Lords, in the land tenure, in the army system, and, more important than all, in the great matter of popular education. The throne may last a long time yet, but *that* also must in season submit to the reform of some of its more barbaric features.

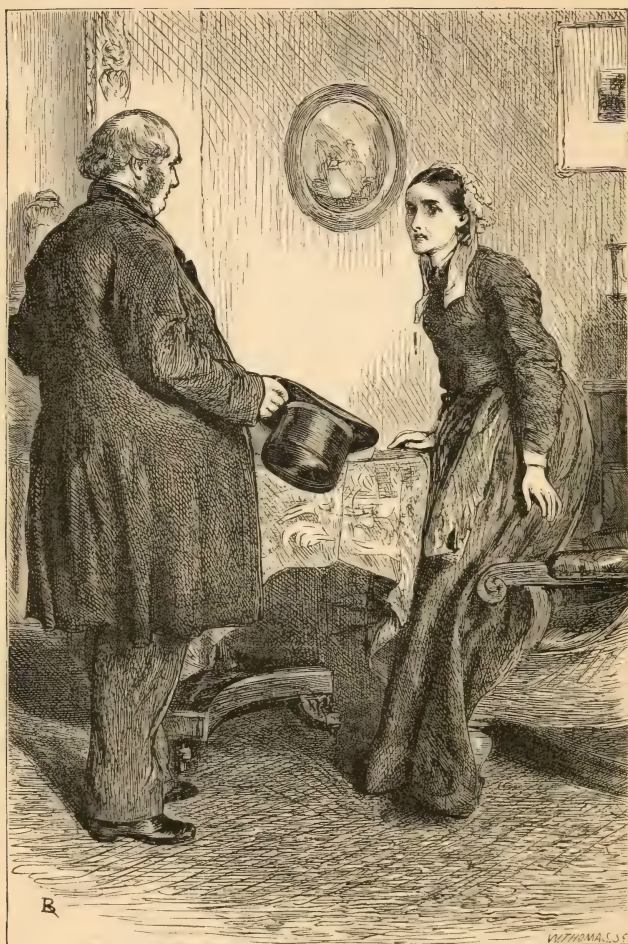
— THE want of harmony in dress and appointments so frequently displayed by our fashionable *belles*, was exemplified as strikingly as usual during the season just closed. For instance, ladies were daily to be seen on the promenades wearing comfortable sets of furs, and—blush roses in their bonnets. Is woman, indeed, not the sensitive, susceptible creature some believe her to be, that she cannot see, cannot feel, the incongruity of this—that she cannot realize that a flower is not less delicate than a woman, and that she should not expose it to cold from which she carefully guards herself. That the flowers worn are not natural ones but only their semblances, does not affect the case. They stand for real flowers, and should be treated accordingly. Whatever is manifestly *malàpropos* for real roses, with the soul of June sunshines glowing in their perfumed petals, is equally *malàpropos* for their delicate semblances. Only winter vegetation should be worn out-doors in winter. Of this there is abundance in the highest style of artificial flower-making. Scarlet winter berries with their deep green leaves, golden-brown acorns with diminutive

oak leaves, the bright seed capsules of the sweet-briar on their graceful sprays, scarlet leaves, ferns, ivy, feather-like evergreens, mosses and russet leaves, either plain or frosted, are beautiful and in good taste for winter out-door decorations.

— THE following pungent remarks are sent us—we need not say—by an art critic who is also a lady :

When enterprising speculators bring to this country from Europe great original oil paintings, not only purchased from a great artist, but the first of his great works ever brought to America, we can but cry "May they be the last," if they resemble Doré's Spanish Beggars. No one looking at this execrable work could help asking "What was it painted for?" What moral does it inculcate? What lesson teach? What fancy please? What sense gratify? Murillo's Spanish Beggars have a picturesqueness and grace in every flutter of their rags—an irresistible *insouciance* of manner which proclaims that they could ask alms from a prince and think they thereby honored him. In them you can recognize a common humanity—can even, if you let them magnetize you to that degree, recall the time when you too were a Spanish beggar and went gipsying with them in Andalusia. But the vile beggars of Doré excite only antagonism and disgust—the hypocritical little girl and the scowling money-greedy little boy fail to touch you with the helplessness of childhood—indeed you want to beat them both. But the big beggar! Monster without sex it seems—a blear-eyed, festering mass of deformity—a hideous, impossible monstrosity, a *lazzaretto* in itself, suggestive of leathsome parasites, why is it allowed to come between the wind and our nobility? If, as the spiritually initiated say, every false line, every bad brick, every atom of faithless mortar, every vicious wall-paper pattern, every vulgar design for a carpet or a house-front, is continually sending out subtle streams of evil, then what showers of metaphysical malaria that scorbutic beggar must rain on the poor world night and day. That it flaunts its foulness in the face of the statute against the "sale or exhibition of immoral books and pictures" is owing to the ethic and æsthetic obtuseness of the powers that be, and to the specific and petty meaning ascribed to the word "immoral."

— THE death of Mr. James Harper, the founder of the great publishing house of Harper & Brothers, and the senior member of the firm up to the time of his decease, has called forth profound expressions of grief from all classes of the community. We add our word to those that have gone before. We offer our tribute to the memory of a man who was not only enterprising and large-minded, who was not only a benefactor of his country and its literature, but whose personal and business integrity, and whose many generous and noble deeds entitle him to the eulogies and the memories of a good man.



IT WAS THE WOMAN HE HAD LOVED—THE ONLY ONE.—PAGE 638.

THE GALAXY.

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PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE.*

BY CHARLES READE,

Author of "Foul Play," "Griffith Gaunt," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

GRACE came in that moment, with a superb air. She settled herself on the sofa.

"Now, it is my turn, if you please. Pray, sir, do you think your life will be any safer for your insuring it? Insuring does not mean that you are not to be killed; but that when you *are*, for your obstinacy, somebody else will get paid some money, to dance with over your grave."

"I beg your pardon, Grace," said Mr. Carden, entering, with some printed papers in his hand. "That is not the only use of an insurance. He may want to marry, or to borrow a sum of money to begin business; and then a policy of insurance, with two or three premiums paid, smooths the difficulty. Everybody should make a will, and everybody should insure his life."

"Well then, sir, I will do both."

"Stop!" said Mr. Carden, who could now afford to be candid, "first of all you ought to satisfy yourself of the flourishing condition of the company." He handed him a prospectus. "This will show you our capital, and our disbursements last year, and the balance of profit declared. And this gives the balance-sheet of the 'Vulture' and the 'Falcon,' which have assigned their business to us, and are now incorporated in the 'Gosshawk.'"

"Oh, what a voracious bird!" observed Grace. "I hope these other chickabiddies will not prove indigestible. Were they plucked first, papa? or did the 'Gosshawk' swallow them, feathers and all?"

Little laughed heartily at this pert sally, but Mr. Carden winced under it.

Then Grace saw she was not quite weaponless, and added, "After such a meal as that, Mr. Little, you will go down like a crumb."

"Grace, that is enough," said Mr. Carden, rather severely.

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by SHERIDON & COMPANY, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

Grace held her tongue directly, and the water came into her eyes. Anything like serious remonstrance was a novelty to her.

When Henry had read the papers, Mr. Carden asked him, rather carelessly, what sum he wished to be insured for.

Now Henry had so little wish about the matter that he had not given it a thought, and the question took him quite aback. He looked helplessly at Jael. To his surprise, she decided on the sum for him without a moment's hesitation, and conveyed the figure with that dexterity which the simplest of her sex can command whenever telegraphy is wanted. She did it with two unbroken movements: she put up all the fingers of her right hand to her brow, and that meant five; then she turned her hand rapidly, so as to hide her mouth from the others, who were both on her right hand, and she made the word thousand clear, with her lips and tongue, especially the "th."

But the sum staggered Henry, and made him think he must be misinterpreting her.

He hesitated, to gain time. "Hum!" said he, "the sum?"

Jael repeated her pantomime as before.

Still Henry doubted, and, to feel his way, said, half interrogatively, "Five—thou—sand?"

Jael nodded.

"Five thousand pounds," said Henry, as bold as brass.

"Five thousand pounds!" cried Mr. Carden. "A workman insure his life for five thousand pounds!"

"Well, a man's life is worth five thousand pounds, or it is worth nothing. And, sir, how long do you think I shall be a workman, especially in Hillsborough, where from workman to master is no more than hopping across a gutter?"

Mr. Carden smiled approval. "But five thousand pounds! The annual premium will be considerable. May I ask about how much you make a year?"

"Oh, papa!"

"Well, sir, Mr. Cheetham pays me £300 a year, at the rate of, and I can make another £100 by carving at odd times. But, if you doubt my ability, let us stay as we are, sir. It was your proposal, not mine, you know."

"Young man," said Mr. Carden, "never be peppery in business." He said this so solemnly and paternally, it sounded like the eleventh commandment.

To conclude, it was arranged Henry should take the higher class of insurance, which provided for accidents, voyages, everything, and should be insured for £5,000, provided the physician appointed by the company should pronounce him free from disease.

Henry then rose, and said, sorrowfully, to Grace, "You will not see me here very often now; and never on Saturday afternoon or Monday morning. I am not going to have some blackguard tracking me, and flinging a can of gunpowder in at your window. When I do come, it will be in the morning, and on a working day; and I shall perhaps go ten miles round to get here. It must be diamond cut diamond, for many a month to come, between the Trades and me." He uttered these words with manly gravity, as one who did not underrate the peril he was resolved to face; and left them with a respectful bow.

"That's a rising man," said Mr. Carden, "and may draw a hundred of his class to the 'Gosshawk.' It was a good stroke of business, quite out of the common."

Grace said not a word; but she shook her head, and looked pained and ill at ease. Jael watched her fixedly.

Henry called at the works that night, and examined the new defences with Mr. Cheetham. He also bought a powerful magnifying glass; and next morning he came to the factory, examined the cinders, and everything else, with the magnifier, lighted his forge, and resumed his work.

At dinner time he went out and had his chop, and read the "Liberal;" it contained a letter from Jobson, in reply to the editor.

Jobson deplored the criminal act, admitted that the two Unions had decided no individual could be a forger, a handler, and a cutler; such an example was subversive of all the Unions in the city, based, as they were, on subdivision of crafts. "But," said Mr. Jobson, "we were dealing with the matter in a spirit quite inconsistent with outrages; and I am so anxious to convince the public of this, that I have asked a very experienced gentleman to examine our minute-books, and report accordingly."

This letter was supplemented by one from Mr. Grotait, Secretary of the Saw-grinders, which ran thus: "Messrs. Parkin and Jobson have appealed to me to testify to certain facts. I was very reluctant to interfere, for obvious reasons; but was, at last, prevailed on to examine the minute-books of those two Unions, and they certainly do prove that, on the very evening before the explosion, those trades had fully discussed Mr. *'s case" (the real name was put, but altered by the editor), "and had disposed of it, as follows: They agreed, and this is entered accordingly, to offer him his travelling expenses (first class) to London, and one pound per week from their funds, until such time as he should obtain employment. I will only add that both these secretaries spoke kindly to me of Mr. *; and, believing them to be sincere, I ventured to advise them to mark their disapproval of the criminal act, by offering him two pounds per week, instead of one pound; which advice they have accepted very readily."

Henry was utterly confounded by these letters.

Holdfast commented on them thus:

"Messrs. Jobson and Parkin virtually say that, if A, for certain reasons, pushes a man violently out of Hillsborough, and B draws him gently out of Hillsborough for the same reasons, A and B cannot possibly be co-operating. Messrs. Parkin and Jobson had so little confidence in this argument, which is equivalent to saying there is no such thing as cunning in trade, that they employed a third party to advance it with all the weight of his popularity and seeming impartiality. But who is this candid person, that objects to assume the judge, and assumes the judge? He is the treasurer and secretary of an Union that does not number three hundred persons; yet in that small Union, of which he is dictator, there has been as much rattening, and more shooting, and blowing-up wholesale and retail, with the farcical accompaniment of public repudiation, than in all the other Unions put together. We consider the entrance of this ingenious personage on the scene a bad omen, and shall watch all future proceedings with increased suspicion."

Henry had hardly done reading this, when a man came into the works, and brought him his fifteen pounds back from Mr. Jobson, and a line, offering him his expenses to London, and two pounds per week, from the Edge-tool Forgers' box, till he should find employment. Henry took his money, and sent back word that the proposal came too late; after the dastardly attempt to assassinate him he should defy the Unions, until they accepted his terms. Jobson made no reply. And Henry defied the Unions.

The Unions lay still, like some great fish at the bottom of a pool, and gave no sign of life or animosity. This did not lull Henry into a false security. He

never relaxed a single precaution. He avoided Woodbine Villa; he dodged and doubled like a hare, to hide his own abode. But he forged, handled, and finished, in spite of the Unions.

The men were civil to him in the yard, and he had it all his own way, apparently.

He was examined by a surgeon, and reported healthy. He paid the insurance premium, and obtained the policy. So now he felt secure, under the ægis of the Press, and the wing of the "Gosshawk."

By-and-by, that great fish I have mentioned gave a turn of its tail, and made his placid waters bubble a little.

A woman came into the yard, with a can of tea for her husband and a full apron. As she went out, she emptied a set of tools out of her apron on to an old grindstone, and slipped out.

The news of this soon travelled into the office, and both Cheetham and Bayne came out to look at them.

They were a set of carving tools, well made and highly polished; and there was a scrap of paper with this distich—

We are Hillsborough made,
Both haft and blade.

Cheetham examined them, and said, "Well, they are clever fellows. I declare these come very near Little's. Call him down, and let us draw him."

Bayne called to Henry; and that brought him down, and several more, who wended something.

"Just look at these," said Cheetham.

Little colored. He saw the finger of the Unions at once, and bristled all over with caution and hostility.

"I see them, sir. They are very fair specimens of cutlery, and there are only about twenty tools wanting to make a complete set; but there is one defect in them, as carving tools."

"What is that?"

"They are useless. You can't carve wood with them. None but a practical carver can design these tools, and then he must invent and make the steel moulds first. Try and sell them in London or Paris, you'll soon find the difference. Mr. Bayne, I wonder you should call me from my forge to examine 'prentice-work." And, with this, he walked off disdainfully, but not quite easy in his mind, for he had noticed a greedy twinkle in Cheetham's eye.

The next day, all the grinders in Mr. Cheetham's employ, except the scissor grinders, rose, all of a sudden, like a flock of partridges, and went out into the road.

"What is up now?" inquired Bayne. "The answer was, their secretaries had sent for them."

They buzzed in the road for a few minutes, and then came back to work.

At night there was a great meeting at the "Cutlers' Arms," kept by Mr. Grotait.

At noon next day, all the grinders aforesaid, in Mr. Cheetham's employ, walked into the office, and left, each of them, a signed paper to this effect:

"This is to give you notice that I will leave your service a week after the date thereof." (Meaning hereof, I presume.)

Cheetham asked several of them what was up. Some replied, civilly, it was a trade matter. Others suggested Mr. Cheetham knew as much about it as they did.

Not a single hot or uncivil word was spoken on either side. The game had been played too often for that, and with results too various.

One or two even expressed a sort of dogged regret. The grinder, Reynolds, a very honest fellow, admitted, to Mr. Cheetham, that he thought it a sorry trick for a hundred men to strike against one that had had a squeak for his life. "But no matter what I think, or what I say, I must do what the Union bids me, sir."

"I know that, my poor fellow," said Cheetham. "I quarrel with none of you. I fight you all. The other masters in this town are mice; but I'm a man."

This sentiment he repeated very often during the next six days.

The seventh came, and the grinders never entered the works.

Cheetham looked grave. However, he said to Bayne, "Go and find out where they are. Do it cleverly now. Don't be noticed."

Bayne soon ascertained they were all in the neighboring public houses.

"I thought so," said Cheetham. "They will come in, before night. They shan't beat me, the vagabonds. I'm a man—I'm not a mouse."

"Orders pouring in, sir," sighed Bayne; "and the grinders are rather behind the others in their work already."

"They must have known that; or why draw out the grinders? How could they know it?"

"Sir," said Bayne, "they say old Smitem is in this one. Wherever he is, the master's business is known, or guessed, Heaven knows how; and if there is a hole in his coat, that hole is hit. Just look at the cleverness of it, sir. Here we are, wrong with the forgers and handlers. Yet they come into the works and take their day's wages. But they draw out the grinders, and mutilate the business. They hurt you as much as if they struck, and lost their wages. But no, they want their wages to help pay the grinders on strike. Your only chance was to discharge every man in the works the moment the grinders gave notice."

"Why didn't you tell me so, then?"

"Because I'm not old Smitem. He can see a thing beforehand. I can see it afterward. I'm like the weatherwise man's pupil—as good as my master, give me time. The master could tell you, at sunrise, whether the day would be wet or dry, and the pupil, he could tell you, at sunset; and that is just the odds between old Smitem and me."

"Well, if he is old Smitem, I'm old Fighitem."

At night, he told Bayne he had private information, that the grinders were grumbling at being made a catspaw of by the forgers and the handlers. "Hold on," said he; "they will break up before morning."

At ten o'clock, next day, he came down to the works, and some peremptory orders had poured in. "They must wait," said he, peevishly.

At twelve, he said, "How queer the place seems, and not a grindstone going. It seems as still as the grave. I'm a man—I'm not a mouse."

Mr. Cheetham repeated this last fact in zoology three times, to leave no doubt of it in his own mind, I suppose.

At one, he said he would shut up the works rather than be a slave.

At 1.15 he blustered.

At 1.20 he gave in; collapsed in a moment, like a punctured bladder.

"Bayne," said he, with a groan, "go to Jobson, and ask him to come and talk this foolish business over."

"Excuse me, sir," said Bayne. "Don't be offended; but you are vexed and worried, and whoever the Union sends to you will be as cool as marble. I have just heard it is Redcar carries the conditions."

"What, the foreman of my own forgers! Is he to dictate to me?" cried Cheetham, grinding his teeth with indignation.

"Well, sir, what does it matter?" said Bayne, soothingly. "He is no more than a mouthpiece."

"Go for him," said Cheetham, sullenly.

"But, sir, I can't bear that your own workman should see you so agitated."

"Oh, I shall be all right the moment I see my man before me."

Bayne went off, and soon returned with Redcar. The man had his coat on, but had not removed his leathern apron.

Cheetham received him as the representative of the Unions. "Sit down, Redcar, and let us put an end to this little bother. What do you require?"

"Mr. Little's discharge, sir."

"Are you aware he is with me on a month's notice?"

"They make a point of his leaving the works at once, sir; and I was to beg you to put other hands into his room."

"It is taking a great liberty to propose that."

"Nay. They only want to be satisfied. He has given a vast o' trouble."

"I'll give him a month's warning. If I discharge him on the spot, he can sue me."

"That has been thought on. If he sues you, you can talk to the Unions, and they will act with you. But the grinders are not to come in till Little is out."

"Well, so be it then."

"And his rooms occupied by Union men."

"If I swallow the bolus, I may as well swallow the pills. Anything more?"

"The grinders are not to lose their time; a day and a half."

"What! am I to pay them for not working?"

"Well, sir, if we had come to you, of course the forgers and handlers would have paid the grinders for lost time; but, as you have come to us, you will have to pay them."

Cheetham made a wry face; but acquiesced.

"And then, sir," said Redcar, "there's another little matter. The incidental expenses of the strike."

"I don't know what you mean."

"The expenses incurred by the secretaries, and a little present to another gentleman, who advised us. It comes to thirty pounds altogether."

"What!" cried Cheetham, struggling with his rising choler. "You want me to pay men thirty pounds for organizing a strike, that will cost me so dear, and rob me of a whole trade that was worth £300 a year? Why not charge me for the gunpowder you blew up Little with, and spoiled my forge? No, Bayne, no; this is too unjust and too tyrannical. Flesh and blood won't bear it. I'll shut up the works, and go back to my grindstone. Better live on bread and water than crawl a slave."

Redcar took a written paper out of his pocket. "There are the terms written down," said he. "If you sign them, the strike ends; if you don't, it continues—till you do."

Cheetham writhed under the pressure. Orders were pouring in; trade brisk; hands scarce. Each day would add a further loss of many pounds for wages, and doubtless raise fresh exactions. He gulped down something very like a sob, and both his hand and his voice shook with strong passion as he

took the pen. "I'll sign it; but if ever my turn comes, I'll remember this against you. This shows what they really are, Bayne. Oh, if ever you workmen get power, GOD HELP THE WORLD!"

These words seemed to come in a great prophetic agony out of a bursting heart.

But the representative of the Unions was neither moved by them nor irritated.

"All right," said he, phlegmatically; "the winner takes his bite; the loser gets his bark: that's reason."

Henry Little was in his handling room, working away, with a bright perspective before him, when Bayne knocked at the door, and entered with Redcar. Bayne's face wore an expression so piteous, that Henry divined mischief at once.

"Little, my poor fellow, it is all over. We are obliged to part with you."

"Cheetham has thrown me over!"

"What could he do? I am to ask you to vacate these rooms, that we may get our half-day out of the grinders."

Henry turned pale, but there was no help for it.

He got up in a very leisurely way; and, while he was putting on his coat, he told Bayne, doggedly, he should expect his month's salary.

As he was leaving, Redcar spoke to him in rather a sheepish way. "Shake hands, old lad," said he: "thou knows one or t'other must win; and there's not a grain of spite against thee. It's just a trade matter."

Henry stood with his arms akimbo, and looked at Redcar. "I was in hopes," said he, grinding his teeth, "you were going to ask me to take a turn with you in the yard, man to man. But I can't refuse my hand to one of my own sort that asks it. There 'tis. After all, you deserve to win, for you are true to each other; but a master can't be true to a man, nor to anything on earth, but his pocket."

He then strolled out into the yard, with his hands in his pockets, and whistled "The Harmonious Blacksmith," very sick at heart.

CHAPTER IX.

THE strike was over, the grinders poured into the works, and the grindstones revolved. Henry Little leaned against an angle of the building, and listened with aching heart to their remorseless thunder. He stood there disconsolate—the one workman out of work—and sipped the bitter cup, defeat. Then he walked out at the gates, and wandered languidly into the streets. He was miserable, and had nobody to mourn to, for the main cause of his grief lay beneath the surface of this defeat; and how could he reveal it, now, that his ambitious love looked utter madness? Young as he was, he had seen there is no sympathy in the world for any man who loves out of his sphere. Indeed, whatever cures or crushes such a passion, is hailed by the bystanders as a sharp but wholesome medicine.

He sauntered about, and examined all the shops with lack-lustre eye. He looked in at everything, but observed nothing, scarcely saw anything. All his senses were turned inward. It was such a pitiable and galling result of a gal-

lant fight. Even the insurance office had got the better of him. It had taken one-third of his savings, and the very next day his trade was gone, and his life in no danger. The "Gosshawk" had plucked him, and the trade had tied his hands. Rack his invention how he would, he could see no way of becoming a master in Hillsborough, except by leaving Hillsborough and working hard and long in some other town. He felt in his own heart the love and constancy to do this; but his reason told him such constancy would be wasted; for, while he was working at a distance, the impression, if any, he had made on her would wear away, and some man born with money would step in and carry her gaily off. This thought returned to him again and again, and exasperated him so at last, that he resolved to go to Woodbine Villa, and tell her his heart before he left the place. Then he should be rejected, no doubt, but perhaps pitied, and not so easily forgotten as if he had melted silently away.

He walked up the hill, first rapidly, then slowly. He called at Woodbine Villa.

The answer was, "Not at home."

"Everything is against me," said he.

He wandered wearily down again, and just at the entrance of the town he met a gentleman with a lady on each arm, and one of those ladies was Miss Carden. The fortunate cavalier was Mr. Coventry, whom Henry would have seen long before this, but he had been in Paris for the last four months. He had come back fuller than ever of agreeable gossip, and Grace was chatting away to him, and beaming with pleasure, as innocent girls do, when out on a walk with a companion they like. She was so absorbed she did not even see Henry Little. He went off the pavement to make room for their tyrannical crinolines, and passed unnoticed.

He had flushed with joy at first sight of her, but now a deadly qualm seized him. The gentleman was handsome and commanding; Miss Carden seemed very happy, hanging on his arm; none the less bright and happy that he, her humble worshipper, was downcast and wretched.

It did not positively prove much: yet it indicated how little he must be to her: and somehow it made him realize more clearly the great disadvantage at which he lay, compared with an admirer belonging to her own class. Hitherto his senses had always been against his reason: but now for once they co-operated with his judgment, and made him feel that, were he to toil for years in London, or Birmingham, and amass a fortune, he should only be where that gentleman was already; and while the workman, far away, was slaving, that gentleman and others would be courting her. She might refuse one or two. But she would not refuse them all.

Then, in his despair, he murmured, "Would to God I had never seen her!"

He made a fierce resolve he would go home, and tell his mother she could pack up.

He quickened his steps, for fear his poor sorrowful heart should falter.

But, when he had settled on this course, lo! a fountain of universal hatred seemed to bubble in his heart. He burned to inflict some mortal injury upon Jobson, Parkin, Grotait, Cheetham, and all who had taken a part, either active or passive, in goading him to despair. Now Mr. Cheetham's works lay right in his way; and it struck him he could make Cheetham smart a little. Cheetham's god was money. Cheetham had thrown him over for money. He would go to Cheetham, and drive a dagger into his pocket.

He walked into the office. Mr. Cheetham was not there: but he found Bayne, and Dr. Amboyne.

"Mr. Bayne," said he, abruptly, "I am come for my month's wages."

The tone was so aggressive, Bayne looked alarmed. "Why, Little, poor Mr. Cheetham is gone home with a bad headache, and a sore heart."

"All the better. I don't want to tell him to his face he is a bragging cur; all I want out of him now is my money: and you can pay me that."

The pacific Bayne cast a piteous glance at Dr. Amboyne. "I have told you the whole business, sir. Oughtn't Mr. Little to wait till to-morrow, and talk it over with Mr. Cheetham? I'm only a servant: and a man of peace."

"Whether he ought or not, I think I can answer for him that he will."

"I can't sir," said Henry, sturdily. "I leave the town to-morrow."

"Oh, that alters the case. But must you leave us so soon?"

"Yes, sir."

"I am very sorry for that. Tell me your reason. I don't ask out of mere curiosity."

Henry replied with less than his usual candor: "Is it not reason enough for leaving a place, that my life has been attempted in it, and now my livelihood is taken?"

"Those are certainly strong reasons. But, on the other hand, your life is no longer in danger: and your livelihood is not gone; for, to speak plainly, I came over here the moment I heard you were discharged, to ask you if you would enter my service on the same terms as Mr. Cheetham gave you, only guineas instead of pounds."

"What, turn doctor?"

"Oh, dear no: the doctors' union would forbid that. No, Mr. Little, I am going to ask you to pay me a compliment; to try my service blindfold for one week. You can leave it if you don't like it; but give me one week's trial."

"How can I refuse you that?" said Henry, hanging his head. "You have been a good friend to me. But, sir, mark my words, this place will be my destruction. Well, when am I to begin work?"

"To-morrow at ten."

"So be it," said Henry, wearily, then left the works and went home; but, as he went, he said to himself, "It is not my doing." And his double-faced heart glowed and exulted secretly.

He told his mother how the Trades had beaten him, and he was out of work.

Mrs. Little consoled him hypocritically. She was delighted. Then he told her his departure had been delayed by Dr. Amboyne: that made her look a little anxious.

"One question, dear: now the Union has beaten you, they will not be so spiteful, will they?"

"Oh, no. That is all over. The conquerors can afford to be good-natured. Confound them."

"Then that is all I care about. Then do not leave Hillsborough. Why should you? Wait here patiently. You do not know what may turn up."

"What, mother, do *you* want to stay here now?" said Henry, opening his eyes with astonishment.

"Wherever my son is happy and safe from harm, there I wish to stay—of course."

Next morning Henry called on Dr. Amboyne, and found him in his study,

teaching what looked a boy of sixteen, but was twenty-two, to read monosyllables. On Little's entrance the pupil retired from his uphill work, and glowered with vacillating eyes. The lad had a fair feminine face, with three ill things in it; a want, a wildness, and a weakness. To be sure Henry saw it at a disadvantage: for vivid intelligence would come now and then across this mild, wild vacant face, like the breeze that sweeps a farm-yard pond.

"Good morning, Little. This is your fellow-workman."

"He does not look up to much," said Henry, with all a workman's bluntness.

"What, you have found him out! Never mind; he can beat the town at one or two things, and it is for these we will use him. Some call him an idiot. The expression is neat and vigorous, but not precise; so I have christened him the Anomaly. Anomaly, this is Mr. Little; go and shake hands with him, and admire him."

The Anomaly went directly, and gazed into Little's face for some time.

He then made his report. "He is beautiful and black."

"I've seen him blacker. Now leave off admiring him, and look at these pictures while I prose. Two thousand philosophers are writing us dead with 'Labor and Capital.' But I vary the bore. 'Life, Labor, and Capital,' is my chant: and, whereas Life has hitherto been banished from the discussion, I put Life in its true place, at the head of the trio. (And Life I divide into long Life, and happy Life.) The subject is too vast to be dealt with all at once; but I'll give you a peep of it. The rustic laborer in the south sells his labor for too little money to support life comfortably. That is a foul wrong. The rustic laborer in the north has small wages, compared with a pitman, or a cutler; but he has enough for health, and he lives longer and more happily than either the pitman or the cutler; so that account is square, in my view of things. But now dive into the Hillsborough trades, and you will find this just balance of Life, Labor, and Capital, regarded in some, but defied in others: a forger is paid as much or more than a dry-grinder, though forging is a hard but tolerably healthy trade, and dry-grinding means an early death after fifteen years of disease and misery. The file-cutters are even more killed and less paid. What is to be done, then? Raise the wages of the more homicidal trades! But this could only be done by all the Unions acting in concert. Now the rival philosophers, who direct the Unions, are all against Democritus—that's myself; they set no value on life. And indeed the most intelligent one, Grotait, smiles blandly on Death, and would grind his scythe for him—at the *statement price*—because that scythe thins the labor-market, and so helps keep up prices."

"Then what can we do? I'm a proof one can't fight the Unions."

"Do? Why lay hold of the stick at the other end. Let Pseudo-Philosophy set the means above the end, and fix its shortsighted eyes on Labor and Capital, omitting Life. (What does it profit a file-cutter if he gains his master's whole capital and loses his own life?) But you and I, Mr. Little, are true philosophers, and the work we are about to enter on is—saving cutlers' lives."

"I'd rather help take them."

"Of course; and that is why I made the pounds guineas."

"All right, sir," said Henry, coloring. "I don't expect to get six guineas a week for whistling my own tune. How are we to do the job?"

"By putting our heads together. You have, on the side of your temple a protuberance, which I have noticed in the crania of inventors. So I want you to go round the works, and observe for yourself how Life is thrown gaily away,

in a moment, by needless accidents, and painfully gnawed away by steel-dust, stone-grit, sulphuret of lead, etc. ; and then cudgel your brain for remedies."

"Sir," said Henry, "I am afraid I shall not earn my money. My heart is not in the job."

"Revenge is what you would like to be at, not Philanthropy—eh?"

"Ay, doctor." And his black eye flashed fire.

"Well, well, that is natural. Humor my crotchet just now, and perhaps I may humor yours a month or two hence. I think I could lay my hand on the fellow who blew you up."

"What sir! Ah! tell me that, and I'll do as much philanthropy as you like—after—"

"After you have punched your fellow-creature's head."

"But it is impossible, sir. How can you know? These acts are kept as secret as the grave."

"And how often has the grave revealed its secrets to observant men? Dr. Donne sauntered about among graves, and saw a sexton turn up a skull. He examined it, found a nail in it, identified the skull, and had the murderess hung. She was safe from the sexton and the rest of the parish, but not from a stray observer. Well, the day you were blown up, I observed something, and arrived at a conclusion, by my art."

"What, physic?"

"Oh, dear no; my other art, my art of arts, that I don't get paid for; the art of putting myself in other people's places. I'll tell you. While you lay on the ground, in Mr. Cheetham's yard, I scanned the workmen's faces. They were full of pity and regret, and were much alike in expression—all but one. That one looked a man awakened from a dream. His face was wild, stupid, confused, astonished. 'Hallo!' said I, 'why are your looks so unlike the looks of your fellows?' Instantly I put myself in his place. I ceased to be the Democritus, or laughing philosopher of Hillsborough, and became a low uneducated brute of a workman. Then I asked this brute, viz., myself, why I was staring and glaring in that way, stupidly astonished, at the injured man? 'Were you concerned in the criminal act, ye blackguard?' said I to myself. The next step was to put myself in the place of the criminal. I did so; and I realized that I, the criminal, had done the act to please the Unions, and expecting the sympathy of all Union workmen to be with me. Also that I, being an ignorant brute, had never pictured to myself what suffering I should inflict. But what was the result? I now saw the sufferer, and did not like my own act; and I found all the sympathy of my fellows went with him, and that I was loathed and execrated, and should be lynched on the spot were I to own my act. I now whipped back to Dr. Amboyne with the theory thus obtained, and compared it with that face; the two fitted each other, and I saw the criminal before me."

"Good heavens! This is very deep."

"No slop-basin was ever deeper. So leave it for the present, and go to work. Here are cards admitting you, as my commissioner, to all the principal works. Begin with — Stop a moment, while I put myself in your place. 'Let me see, Cheetham's grinders think they have turned me out of Hillsborough. That mortifies a young man of merit like me. Confound 'em! I should like to show them they have not the power to drive me out. Combine how they will, I rise superior. I forge as they could not forge: that was my real crime. Well, I'll be their superior still. I'm their inspector, and their benefactor, at higher wages than they, poor devils, will ever earn at inspecting and benefiting,

or anything else.' Ah! your color rises. I've hit the right nail. Isn't it an excellent and most transmigratory art? Then begin with Cheetham. By-the-by, the Anomaly has spotted a defective grindstone there. Scrutinize all his departments severely; for no man values his people's lives less than my good friend John Cheetham. Away with you both; and God speed you."

Henry walked down the street with the Anomaly, and tried to gauge his intellects.

"What's your real name, my man?"

"Silly Billy."

"Oh, then I'm afraid you can't do much to help me."

"Oh yes, I can, because—"

"Because what?"

"Because I like you."

"Well, that's lucky, any way."

"Billy can catch trout when nobody else can," said the youngster, turning his eyes proudly up to Henry's.

"Oh, indeed! But you see that is not exactly what the Doctor wants us for."

"Nay; he's wrapped up in trout. If it wasn't for Billy and the trout, he'd die right off."

Henry turned a look of silent pity on the boy, and left him in his pleasing illusion. He wondered that Dr. Amboyne should have tacked this biped on to him.

They entered Cheetham's works, and Henry marched grimly into the office, and showed Mr. Bayne his credentials.

"Why, Little, you had no need of that."

"Oh, it is as well to have no misunderstanding with your employer's masters. I visit these works for my present employer, Dr. Amboyne, with the consent of Mr. Cheetham, here written."

"Very well, sir," said Bayne, obsequiously; "and I respectfully solicit the honor of conducting our esteemed visitor."

A young man's ill humor could not stand against this. "Come along, old fellow," said Henry. "I'm a bear, with a sore heart; but who could be such a brute as quarrel with you? Let us begin with the chaps who drove me out—the grinders. I'm hired to philanthropize 'em—d—n 'em."

They went among the dry grinders first; and Henry made the following observations. The workmen's hair and clothes were powdered with grit and dust from the grindstones. The very air was impregnated with it, and soon irritated his own lungs perceptibly. Here was early death, by bronchitis and lung diseases, reduced to a certainty. But he also learned from the men that the quantity of metal ground off was prodigious, and entered their bodies. they scarce knew how. A razor-grinder showed him his shirt: it was a deep buff color. "There, sir," said he, "that was clean on yesterday. All the washerwomen in Hillsboro' can't make a shirt of mine any other color but that." The effect on life, health, and happiness was visible; a single glance revealed rounded shoulders and narrow chests, caused partly by the grinder's position on his horsing, a position very injurious to the organs of breathing, and partly by the two devil's dusts that filled the air; cadaverous faces, the muscles of which betrayed habitual suffering, coughs short and dry, or with a frothy expectoration peculiar to the trade.

In answer to questions, many complained of a fearful tightness across the

chest, of inability to eat or to digest. One said it took him five minutes to get up the factory stairs, and he had to lean against the wall several times.

A razor-grinder of twenty-two, with death in his face, told Henry he had come into that room when he was eleven. "It soon takes hold of boys," said he. "I've got what I shall never get shut on."

Another, who looked ill, but not dying, received Henry's sympathy with a terrible apathy. "I'm twenty-eight," said he; "and a fork-grinder is an old cock at thirty. I must look to drop off my perch in a year or two, like the rest."

Only one, of all these victims, seemed to trouble his head about whether death and disease could be averted. This one complained that some employers provided fans to drive the dust from the grinder, but Cheetham would not go to the expense.

The rest that Henry spoke to accepted their fate doggedly. They were ready to complain, but not to move a finger in self-defence. Their fathers had been ground out young, and why not they?

Indifferent to life, health, and happiness, they could nevertheless be inflamed about sixpence a week. In other words, the money-price of their labor was everything to them, the blood-price nothing.

Henry found this out, and it gave him a glimpse into the mind of Amboyne.

He felt quite confused, and began to waver between hate, contempt, and pity. Was it really these poor doomed wretches who had robbed him of his livelihood? Could men so miscalculate the size of things, as to strike because an inoffensive individual was making complete carving tools all by himself, and yet not strike, nor even stipulate for fans, to carry disease and death away from their own vitals? Why, it seemed wasting hate, to bestow it on these blind idiots.

He went on to the wet-grinders; and he found their trade much healthier than dry-grinding: yet there were drawbacks. They suffered from the grit whenever a new stone was hung and raced. They were also subject to a canker of the hands, and to colds, coughs, and inflammations, from perspiration checked by cold draughts and drenched floors. These floors were often of mud, and so the wet stagnated and chilled their feet, while their bodies were very hot. Excellent recipe for filling graves.

Here Bayne retired to his books, and Henry proceeded to the saw-grinders, and entered their rooms with no little interest, for they were an envied trade. They had been for many years governed by Grotait, than whom no man in England saw clearer; though such men as Amboyne saw farther. Grotait, by a system of Machiavelian policy, ingeniously devised and carried out, nobly, basely, craftily, forcibly, benevolently, ruthlessly, whichever way best suited the particular occasion, had built a model union; and still, with unremitting zeal and vigilance, contrived to keep numbers down and prices up—which is the great Union problem.

The work was hard, but it was done in a position favorable to the lungs, and the men were healthy brawny fellows; one or two were of remarkable stature.

Up to this moment Silly Billy had fully justified that title. He had stuck to Henry's side like a dog, but with no more interest in the inquiry than a calf. Indeed, his wandering eye and vacant face had indicated that his scanty wits were wool-gathering miles from the place that contained his body.

But, as soon as he entered the saw-grinders' room, his features lighted up, and his eye kindled. He now took up a commanding position in the centre, and appeared to be listening keenly. And he had not listened many seconds before he cried out, "There's the bad music! there! there!" And he pointed to a grindstone that was turning and doing its work exactly like the others. "Oh, the bad music!" cried Billy. "It is out of tune. It says, 'Murder! murder!' Out of tune!"

Henry thought it his duty to inspect the grindstone so vigorously denounced, and, naturally enough, went in front of the grinder. But Billy pulled him violently to the side. "You mustn't stand there," said he. "That is the way they fly when they break, and kill the poor father, and then the mother lets down her hair, and the boy goes crazed."

By this time the men were attracted by the Anomaly's gestures and exclamations, and several left their work, and came round him. "What is amiss, Billy? a flawed stone, eh? which is it?"

"Here! here!" said the boy. "This is the wheel of death. Kill it, break it, smash it, before it kills another father."

Henry spoke to the grinder, and asked him if there was anything amiss with the stone.

The man seemed singularly uneasy at being spoken to: however he made answer sullenly that he had seen better ones, and worse ones, and all.

Henry was, however, aware, that the breaking of a large grindstone, while revolving by steam-power, was a serious, and often a fatal thing; he therefore made a private mark upon the wall opposite the grindstone, and took his excited companion to Bayne. "This poor lad says he has found a defective grindstone. It is impossible for me to test it while it is running. Will you let us into the works when the saw-grinders have left?"

Bayne hem'd and haw'd a little, but consented. He would remain behind half-an-hour to oblige Little.

Henry gave the Anomaly his dinner, and then inspected the file-cutters in two great works. Here he found suicide reduced to a system. Whereof anon.

Returning, to keep his appointment with Bayne, he met a well-dressed man, who stopped Billy, and accosted him kindly.

Henry strolled on.

He heard their voices behind him all the way, and the man stopped at Cheet-ham's gate, which rather surprised him. "Has Billy told you what we are at?" said he.

"Yes. But the very look of him was enough. I know Billy, and his ways, better than you do."

"Very likely. What, are you coming in with us?"

"If you have no objection."

The door was opened by Bayne in person. He started at sight of the companion his friend had picked up, and asked him, with marked civility, if there was anything amiss. "Not that I know of," was the reply. "I merely thought that my experience might be of some little service to you in an inquiry of this kind."

"Not a doubt of it, sir," said Bayne, and led the way with his lantern, for it was past sunset. On the road, the visitor asked if anybody had marked the accused stone. Henry said he should know it again. "That is right" said the other.

On entering the room, this personage took Billy by the arm, and held him. "Let us have no false alarms," he said, and blindfolded the boy with his handkerchief in a moment.

And now an examination commenced, which the time and the place rendered curious and striking.

It was a long, lofty room; the back part mainly occupied by the drums that were turned by the driving power. The power was on the floor above, and acted by means of huge bands that came down through holes in the ceiling and turned the drums. From each of these drums came two leather bands, each of which turned a pulley-wheel, and each pulley-wheel a grindstone, to whose axle it was attached; but now the grindstones rested in the troughs, and the great wheel-bands hung limp, and the other bands lay along loose and serpentine. In the dim light of a single lamp, it all looked like a gigantic polypus with its limbs extended lazily, and its fingers holding semicircular claws: for of the grindstones less than half is visible.

Billy was a timid creature, and this blindfolding business rather scared him: he had almost to be dragged within reach of these gaunt antennæ. But each time they got him to touch a grindstone, his body changed its character from shrinking and doubtful, to erect and energetic, and he applied his test. This boy carried with him, night and day, a little wooden hammer, like an auctioneer's, and with this he now tapped each stone several times, searching for the one he had denounced: and, at each experiment, he begged the others to keep away from him and leave him alone with the subject of his experiment; which they did, and held up the lamp and threw the light on him.

Six heavy grindstones he tapped, and approved, three he even praised and called "good music."

The seventh he struck twice, first gently, then hard, and drew back from it, screaming "Oh the bad music! Oh the wheel of death!" and tried to tear the handkerchief from his eyes.

"Be quiet, Billy," said the visitor, calmly; and, putting his arm round the boy's neck, drew him to his side, and detached the handkerchief, all in a certain paternal way that seemed to betoken a kindly disposition. But, whilst he was doing this, he said to Henry "Now—you marked a stone in daylight; which was it?"

"No, no, I didn't mark the stone, but I wrote on the wall just opposite. Lend us the light, Bayne. By George, here is my mark right opposite this stone."

"Then Billy's right. Well done, Billy." He put his hand in his pocket and gave him a new shilling. He then enquired of Bayne, with the air of a pupil seeking advice from a master, whether this discovery ought not to be acted upon.

"What would you suggest, sir?" asked Bayne, with equal deference.

"Oh, if I was sure I should not be considered presumptuous in offering my advice, I would say turn the stone into the yard, and hang a new one. You have got three excellent ones outside; from Buckhurst quarry, by the look of them."

"It shall be done, sir."

This effective co-operation, on the part of a stranger, was naturally gratifying to Henry, and he said to him: "I should be glad to ask you a question. You seemed to know a good deal about this trade—"

A low chuckle burst out of Bayne, but he instantly suppressed it, for fear of giving offence—

"Are serious accidents really common with these grindstones?"

"No, no," said Bayne, "not common. Heaven forbid."

"They are not common—in the newspapers," replied the other. "But," (to Bayne,) "will you permit me to light these two gaslights for a moment?"

"Well, sir, it is contrary to our rules,—but—"

"All the more obliging of you," said the visitor, coolly, and lighted them, with his own match, in a twinkling. He then drew out of his waistcoat pocket a double eye-glass, gold mounted, and examining the ceiling with it, soon directed Henry's attention to two deep dents and a brown splash. "Every one of those marks," said he, "is a history, and was written by a flying grindstone. Where you see the dents the stone struck the ceiling;" he added, very gravely, "and, when it came down again, ask yourself, did it *always* fall right? These histories are written only on the ceiling and the walls. The floor could tell its tales, too; but a crushed workman is soon swept off it, and the wheels go on again."

"That is too true," said Henry. "And it does a chap's heart good to hear a gentleman like you—"

"I'm not a gentleman. I'm an old Saw."

"Excuse me, sir; you look like a gentleman, and talk like one."

"And I try to conduct myself like one; but I *am* an old Saw."

"What! and carry a gold eye-glass?"

"The Trade gave it me. I'm an old Saw."

"Well, then, all the better, for you can tell me, and please do; have you ever actually known fatal accidents from this cause?"

"I have known the light grinders very much shaken by a breaking stone, and away from work a month after it. And, working among saw-grinders, who use heavy stones, and stand over them in working, I've seen——. Billy, go and look at thy shilling, in the yard, and see which is brightest, it or the moon. Is he gone? I've seen three men die within a few yards of me. One, the stone flew in two pieces; a fragment weighing about four hundred weight, I should say, struck him on the breast, and killed him on the place; he never spoke. I've forgotten his very name. Another, the stone went clean out of window; but it kicked the grinder backward among the machinery, and his head was crushed like an egg shell. But the worst of all was poor Billy's father. He had been warned against his stone; but he said he would run it out. Well, his little boy, that is Billy, had just brought him in his tea, and was standing beside him, when the stone went like a pistol shot, and snapped the horsing chains like thread. A piece struck the wall, and did no harm—only made a hole; but the bigger half went clean up to the ceiling, and then fell plumb down again; the grinder he was knocked stupid like, and had fallen forward on his broken horsing. The grindstone fell right on him, and, ah—I saw the son covered with the father's blood."

He shuddered visibly, at the recollection. "Ay," said he, "the man a corpse and the lad an idiot. One faulty stone did that, within four yards of me, in a moment of time."

"Good heavens!"

"I was grinding at the next stone but one. He was taken, and I was left. It might just as well have been the other way. No saw-grinder can make sure, when he gets on his horsing, that he will come off it alive."

The visitor left Henry to think of this, while he drew Bayne aside and spoke on another matter.

Afterward, all three left the works together; and Henry was so pleased with

his new ally that he told him, at the gate, he should be glad if he might be allowed to make his acquaintance.

"By all means," said the other. "I am quite at your service. You will find me at the 'Cutlers' Arms.'"

"Who shall I ask for?"

"George Grotait."

"Grotait. The devil!"

"No, no. Not quite so bad as that."

"What," said Henry, roughly, "do you mean to say you are Old Smitem?"

"That is a name *fools* give me."

Henry had no reply ready, and so the sturdy old secretary got the better of him again, and went his way unruffled.

Henry scolded Bayne for not telling him. Bayne excused himself on the ground that he thought everybody knew Grotait. He added, "He knew you, and told me if he could serve you, without being unjust to the Trades, I was to tell him."

Henry replied to this only by a snort of defiance, and bade him good night.

The next day and the next were spent in other works, and then Henry, having no more facts to learn, fell into deep dejection again. He saw he must either cheat Dr. Amboyne, by shamming work, or else must leave Hillsborough.

He had the honesty to go to the Doctor and say that he had mastered the whole matter, and didn't see his way to take any more wages from a friend.

"You mean you have mastered the broad facts?"

"I have, sir, and they are beyond belief; especially the file-cutters. They are the most numerous of all the Trades, and die like sheep. If your notion about Life, Labor, and Capital is right, the trades are upside down; for the deadliest are the worst paid."

"And you are prepared with the remedies?"

"Not I."

"Yet you fancy you are at the end of your work. Why you are only beginning. Now comes the real brain work—invention. Now are craniology and you upon your trial. But you are quite right about weekly salary. Invention must not be so degraded, but paid by the piece. Life, Labor, and Capital are upside down in this place, are they? Then you shall be the man to set them on their legs."

Henry shook his head. "Never, sir, unless I could give the masters bowels and the men brains."

"Well, and why not? To invention all things are possible. You carry a note-book?"

"Yes, sir."

"Got it in your pocket?"

"No; on my shoulders."

"Haw! haw! haw! Then write this down in it—'THERE'S A KEY TO EVERY LOCK.'"

"It's down, sir."

"Now you must go out trout fishing with Billy. He will take you on the hills, where the air is pure, and favorable to invention. You will divert your mind from all external subjects, especially Billy, who is a fool, and his trout killing inhumane, and I a merciless glutton for eating them; and you will think, and think, and think, and forge the required key to this lock with three wards—Life, Labor, Capital. And, when forged, the Philanthropic Society shall pay you

a good price for it. Meantime, don't dream of leaving Hillsborough, or I shall give you a stirrup-cup that will waft you much farther than London; for it shall be 'of prussic acid all composed,' or 'juice of cursed Hebenon in a phial.' Come, away with you."

"Good-by, Doctor. God bless you. You have found 'the key to my heart,' somehow. I come to you a miserable, broken-hearted dog, and you put life and hope into me directly. I declare talking with you it's like drinking sunshine. I'll try all I know to please you."

He went down the street with his old elastic tread, and muttered to himself, "There's no lock without a key."

Next day he went out on the hills with Billy, and saw him tickle trout, and catch them under stones, and do many strange things, and all the time he thought of Grace Carden, and bemoaned his sad fate. He could not command his mind, and direct it to philanthropy. His heart would not let him, and his personal wrongs were too recent. After a short struggle, these got so thoroughly the better, that he found himself stealing the Doctor's words for his own purposes. "No lock without a key." Then there must be some way of outwitting these cursed trades, and so making money enough to set up as a master, and then court her, and woo her, and marry her. Heaven seemed to open on him at this prospect, and he fell into a deep reverie. By-and-by, as he pondered, it seemed to him as if the shadow of a coming idea was projected in advance of the idea itself. He knew somehow there was a way to baffle his enemies, and resume his business, and yet he could not see the way; but still he was absolutely conscious it existed.

This conviction took such hold of him, that he became restless, and asked Billy to leave off and come away. The youth consented, and they returned to the town with a basket of trout. Henry sent Billy on to the Doctor with half of them, and took the other half to his friend Bayne.

On what a trifle things turn. Bayne was very much pleased with his little attention, and asked him to take them to his lodging, and beg the landlady to cook them for dinner. "Tell her you dine with me, old fellow."

"Oh, hang it, I wasn't fishing for a dinner."

"As if I didn't know that. But you must. Then I shall enjoy your company in peace. I shall be there in an hour."

And so he was; but in that one hour events had occurred that I shall leave Mr. Bayne to relate.

During dinner neither of the friends wasted much time in talk; but, after dinner, Bayne produced a bottle of port, notwithstanding Henry's remonstrances at being treated like a stranger, and it soon became apparent that the host himself was not in the habit of drinking that generous mixture every day. At the second glass he so far forgot himself as to utter the phrase "Eternal friendship," and, soon after, he began to writhe in his chair, and, at last, could no longer refrain himself, but told Henry that Miss Carden had been canvassing customers. She had just sent in six orders for sets of carving tools, all for friends of her own.

Henry colored to the temples at this unexpected proof that she he loved thought of him, too.

"Oh, Bayne," cried the poor young man, almost choking, "I little thought—God bless her!"

"Let us drink her health," said Bayne, excitedly.

"Ah, that I will." And this was the first glass Henry drank honestly.

"Now, Little, I'm not doing quite right, you know; but I *must* tell you

When we lost you—you know that set of tools the Union dropped in our yard—well, he sent them to London for yours.”

“That is just like him,” said Henry, bitterly.

“And I’ll tell you a good joke; they were in the place when you called, only not unpacked till just before I came away. Returned, sir! with a severe reprimand. ‘Wonder you should send us such things as these for carving tools by Little. If the error is not repaired shall consider ourselves at liberty to communicate direct with that workman.’ A regular sugar-plum.”

“Oh, thank you, my kind friend, for telling me. The world isn’t all bitterness, after all; a poor fellow gets a sweet drop of friendship now and then.”

“Yes, and a good drop of port now and then, though I say it that shouldn’t. Fill up. Well, my boy, Cheetham is in a fine way. I left him walking about the office like a hyena. So now is your time. You can’t fight the Trades; but, if Cheetham will go in with you, and I know he will, for he is sorer than you are, you can trick the Trades yet.”

“Ah! tell me how, that is all.”

“Oh, I can’t tell you exactly. I’ll try, though. I say, what a glorious thing the Ruby is: it inspires us, and fires us, etcetera, and gives us ideas beyond our sphere. Did you ever see one of these new portable forges?”

“No; never heard of them.”

“No wonder; they are just out. Well, buy one of them—they were invented here—and carry it to some dismal cavern, where the foot of man never treads: make Cheetham grind your blades in another county: and who will ever know? Go to him, and don’t say a word, but just ask him for your month’s salary. Then he will open the door of business himself—safe. I’ll drink his health. He’s not a bad sort, Cheetham: only he’d sell his soul for money. I hate such rubbish. Here’s ‘Perdition to the lot; and no heel-taps.’”

These words of fire set Henry pondering deeply; and, as he pondered, Bayne stuck to the port, and so effectually, that, at last, after an interval of silence, he came out in a new character. He disturbed his companion’s reverie by informing him, in a loud aggressive tone, that it had long been his secret wish to encounter the Hillsborough Trades, in the persons of their secretaries, under the following conditions: a twenty-four feet ring, an experienced referee, and a kingdom looking on. As to the order of the pugilistic events, he was not unreasonably fastidious; must stipulate to begin with old Smitem; but, after that, they might encounter their fate in any order they chose, one down t’other come on. He let him know that this ardent desire for single combats, in an interminable series, arose from their treatment of his friend—“the best friend—the best heart—oh!—the best company—oh! oh!—the best—oh! oh! oh!” Whereupon he wept, the bellicose Bayne. And, after weeping the usual quantity, he twaddled, and, after twaddling, he became as pacific as ever, for he went to sleep in his chair.

And, while he snoozed, the words he had uttered set his friend’s brain boiling and bubbling.

When the time came at which Bayne ought to return to the works, Henry called the landlady, and said, “Mr. Bayne is not very well. I am going to make his excuses. I wouldn’t disturb him till five, if I was you, and then I’d give him a strong cup of tea.”

Henry then went direct to the office, and found Mr. Cheetham there.

“Well,” said Mr. Cheetham, rather surlily.

“I am come to ask for my month, sir.”

“So I guessed. Do you really mean to exact that?”

"Why not, sir?"

"Haven't you heard how they ground me down?"

"Yes, sir. But why did you give in? I was true to you, but you failed me. I'd have shut up the works for three months, rather than be made a slave of, and go from my word."

"Ay, ay; that's bachelor's talk. I've got a wife and children; and they make a man a mouse."

"Well, sir, I forgive you: but as to my month's wages—now all I say is—**PUT YOURSELF IN MY PLACE!**"

"Well?"

"You are me. You are brought from London, under an agreement, a month's notice on either side. You work, and give satisfaction. You are threatened, but you don't run from your employer. You are blown up, and nearly killed. You lose a fortnight, but you don't charge for it; 'twasn't your employer's fault. You come back to him, and face the music again. You work with the sword hanging over you. But your employer gives in, and sacks you in a minute. Oughtn't you to have your month? Come now, man to man, oughtn't you?"

"I ought, and that's the truth. I didn't look at it that way. I saw my own side. There—no more about it—I'll draw the check—with a good heart."

He drew his check-book to him, with a face as if vultures were tearing his vitals.

When Henry found him Amboynable, and saw his piteous look, he felt a little softened toward him, and he said, very impressively, "Wait one moment, sir, I've got an idea. I'm not the sort that likes to be beat. *Are you?*" The men looked steadily at each other.

Cheetham lowered his voice: "I've had hell inside me ever since. I thought I was a man, but they made a mouse of me. If you know any way to beat them, I'll go in with you."

"Well, sir, there's a key to every lock."

"That is well said, and I believe it; but one can't always find the key."

"I almost think I have, sir."

"See nobody is listening. Where is Bayne? He is due."

"Oh, he is not very well, sir; and I was to ask you for an hour's absence."

"Let him have the whole afternoon. I'll not have a soul in this but us two. Now come close, and tell me."

They sat opposite each other, and put their heads together over the table, and the following dialogue passed almost in a whisper. To see them, you would have thought they were conspiring against the law, instead of combining to hide a lawful act from the violators of the law.

"I can forge the blades a dozen miles from Hillsborough."

"Not you; you will be told of. That won't do."

"I shall not be told of; for nobody will know but you. I shall only forge at night; and the building is out of the world, and wedged in, out of sight, between two bleak hills. Sir, it is a deserted church."

"What, forge blades in a church?"

"A deserted church; why not?"

"Little, you are A I. Go on."

"I can get the blades ground by a friend at Birmingham; and my mother and I can put them together at home. The complete articles will come to you in parcels of a certain colored paper, invoiced in cipher outside, so that they need not be opened; you can trust the invoice, and dispatch them to your London agent."

"All right."

"The steel you must supply me at the current price, and charge it against me."

"Certainly. But your price per gross? For this work can't be done by time."

"Of course not." And Henry named a price per gross at which Cheetham lifted up his hands. "Why, you'll take nine pounds a week at that!"

"Ay, and more," said Henry, coolly. "But I shan't make it. Why, this scheme entails no end of expenses. A house, and stables with back entrance. A swift horse, to gallop to the forge at sunset, and back by noon. A cart to take the things to the railway and back, and to the parcel delivery for you. And, besides that, I must risk my neck, riding over broken ground at night; and working night and day shortens life. You can't reduce these things to Labor and Capital. It's Life, Labor, and Capital."

"Hallo! There's a new cry. I tell ye what; you know too much for me. You read the 'Beehive.' I take you at your price."

Then he had a misgiving. "That old Smitem's as crafty as a fox. If he finds you stay here, with no visible employment, he will soon be down on us."

"Aye; but in the daytime I shall appear as a carver of wood, and also an inspector of factories for Dr. Amboyne. Who will suspect me of a night trade, as well as two day trades?"

Cheetham slapped the table triumphantly; but, recovering his caution, he whispered, "It's planned first-rate."

"And now, sir, there is one difficulty you must help me in, if you please. It is to set up the forge unobserved."

"What, am I to find the forge?"

"There's a question, sir! Of course you are. One of these new portable forges."

Cheetham reflected for some little time. He then said it was a ticklish thing, and he saw but one way. "The forge must come here, after closing hours, and you and I must fetch it away in the dead of night, and take it down to the old church, and set it up."

"Well, but, sir, we shall want assistance."

"Nay, nay. I've got the last suit of moleskin I ever worked in laid away. I'll air 'em, and put 'em on again; and, when I've got 'em on once more, I shall feel a man again. I'll have neither fool nor spy in it; the thing is too serious. I might bring some country fellow, that can't read or write; but no, these portables are small things, and I'm one of the strongest men in Hillsborough. Best keep it to ourselves. When is it to be?"

"Say next Wednesday, two hours after midnight."

"Then that is settled. And now I'll square the old account, as agreed." He drew his check-book toward him again.

But Henry stopped him. "Fair play's a jewel," said he, smiling. "The moment you sacked me——"

"Say the Trades, not me."

"Dr. Amboyne hired me, at six guineas a week, to inspect the works. So you owe me nothing; but to be true to me."

This trait, though it was one of simple probity, astonished and gratified Mr. Cheetham. He looked on the young man with marked respect. "You are hard; but you are very square. I'll be true as steel to you, and we'll outwit our tyrants together, till I get a chance to put my foot on them. Yes, I'll be open

with you ; there are plenty of orders from London and the Continent, and one for six sets from swells in Hillsborough."

" Might I see that order ? "

" Why not ? There, run your eye over it. I want to go into the packing room for a minute."

He then tossed Henry the order, as if it was nothing more than an order.

But it was a great deal more than that to Henry. It was Grace Carden's handwriting, the first specimen he had ever seen.

He took the paper in his hand, and a slight perfume came from it that went to his heart. He devoured the delicately formed letters, and they went to his heart, too : he thrilled all over. And the words were as like her as the perfume. She gave the order, and the addresses of her friends, with a pretty little attempt at the business-like ; but, this done, she burst out " and we all entreat you to be good to poor Mr. Little, and protect him against the wicked, cruel, abominable Unions."

These sweet words made his heart beat violently, and brought the tears of tenderness into his eyes. He kissed the words again and again. He put them into his bosom, and took them out again, and gloated over them till they danced before his manly eyes. Then his love took another turn : he started up, and marched and strutted, like a young stag, about the room, with one hand pressing the paper to his bosom. Why had he said Wednesday ? It could all have been got ready on Tuesday. No matter, he would make up for that lost day. He was on the road, once more, the road to fortune, and to her.

Cheetham came in, and found him walking excitedly, with the paper in his hand, and of course took the vulgar view of his emotion.

" Ay, lad," said he, " and they are all swells, I promise you. There's Miss Laura Craske. That's the mayor's daughter. Lady Betty Tyrone. She's a visitor. Miss Castleton ! Her father is the county member."

" And who is this Mr. Coventry ? " asked Henry.

" Oh, he is a landed gentleman, but spends his tin in Hillsborough ; and you can't blame him. Mr. Coventry ? Why, that is Miss Carden's intended."

" Her intended ! " gasped Henry.

" I mean her beau. The gentleman she is going to marry, they say."

Henry Little turned cold, and a tremor ran through him ; but he did not speak a word ; and, with Spartan fortitude, suppressed all outward sign of emotion. He laid the paper down patiently, and went slowly away.

Loyal to his friend even in this bitter moment, he called at Bayne's place, and left word with the landlady that Mr. Bayne was not wanted at the works any more that day.

But he could not bear to talk to Bayne about his plans. They had lost their relish. He walked listlessly away, and thought it all over.

For the first time he saw his infatuation clearly. Was ever folly like his ? If she had been a girl in humble life, would he not have asked whether she had a sweetheart ? Yet he must go and give his heart to a lady without inquiry. There, where wisdom and prudence were most needed, he had speculated like an idiot. He saw it, and said to himself, " I have acted like a boy playing at pitch-farthing, not like a man who knew the value of his heart."

And so he passed a miserable time, bemoaning the treasure that was now quite inaccessible instead of nearly, and the treasure of his own heart he had thrown away.

He awoke with a sense of misery and deep depression, and could not eat ; and that was a novelty in his young and healthy life. He drank a cup of tea,

however, and then went out, to avoid his mother's tender looks of anxious inquiry. He meant to tell her all one day ; but to-day he was not strong enough. He must wait till he was cured ; for cured he must be, cured he would be.

He now tried to give his mind to the task Amboyne had set him ; but it was too hard : he gave it up, with rage and despair.

Then he made a desperate resolve, which will not surprise those who know the human heart. He would harden himself. He would see more of Miss Carden than ever ; only it should be in quite a new light. He would look at her, and keep saying to himself all the time, "you are another man's wife."

With this determination, he called at Woodbine Villa.

Miss Carden was not at home.

"Are you sure she is not at home?"

"Not at home," replied the man, stiffly.

"But you needn't to keep him at the door," said a mellow female voice.

"No, Miss," said the man, with a sudden change of manner, for he was a desperate and forlorn admirer of the last speaker. "Come in, sir." And he ushered him to Jael Dence. She was in her bonnet, and just going out. They shook hands, and she told him Miss Carden was out walking.

"Walking with her beau?" said Henry, affecting a jaunty air, but sick within.

"That's more than I can say," replied Jael.

"You know nothing about it, of course," said Henry, roughly.

Jael looked surprised at the uncalled-for tone, and turned a mild glance of inquiry and reproach upon him.

The young man was ashamed of himself, and at that moment, too, he remembered he had already been rather ungrateful to her. So, to make amends, he said "Didn't I promise to take you to Cairnhope?"

"Ay," said Jael ; and she beamed and blushed in a moment.

"Well, I must go there, Sunday, at the latest. So I will come for you, if you like. Will you be ready at ten o'clock?"

"Yes."

"I'll bring a gig, and take you like a lady."

"Any way you please. I'd as lieve walk as ride."

"I prefer riding. Ten o'clock, the day after to-morrow. Good-by."

And he hurried away, provoked, not pleased, at the manifest pleasure he had given. The woman he loved—inaccessible ! The woman he only liked—he could spend the whole day with her. So the reasonable youth was cross with her for that, and for being so pleased, when he was wretched.

That feeling soon wore off, however, and, being a man of business, he wrote a line to Martha Dence, and told her he should visit her on Sunday. He added, with a gleam of good humor, "and look out, for I shall bring my lass," intending to give them all an agreeable surprise ; for Jael, he knew was an immense favorite.

Next day he went on the hills with Billy, and, instead of thinking for the benefit of his enemies, as agreed with Amboyne, he set himself to hate everybody, especially Miss Carden's lover, and the Hillsborough Unions. The grinders and file-cutters might die like sheep. What did he care ? As much as they cared for him. Dr. Amboyne was too good for this world, and should keep his money to himself. He (Henry Little) would earn none of it, would take none of it. What invention he had, should all go to outwit the trades, and turn that old ruffian's church into his own smithy. This double master-stroke, by which he was to defeat one enemy, and secretly affront another, did make him chuckle once or twice, not with joy, but with bitterness.

He awoke in a similar mood next morning : but there was eight o'clock service near, and the silver-toned bell awakened better thoughts. He dressed hurriedly, and went to church.

He came back sadder, but rather less hot, less bitter ; he had his breakfast, improved his toilet, went to the livery stable, and drove to Woodbine Villa.

Mr. and Miss Carden had just finished breakfast, when he drove up to the door.

"Who is this ?" said Mr. Carden.

"What, have you forgotten Mr. Little ?"

"Indeed ! Why, how he is dressed. I took him for a gentleman."

"You were not very far wrong, papa. He is a gentleman at heart."

Jael came in, equipped for the ride. She was neatly dressed, and had a plain shepherd's plaid shawl, that suited her noble bust. She looked a picture of health and happiness.

"If you please, Miss, he is come to take me to Cairnhope."

"Oh ! it is for that ! And I declare you expected him, too."

"Yes," said Jael, and blushed.

"You never told me," said Grace, with a slight touch of asperity.

"I didn't feel very sure he would keep his word."

"Then you don't know him as well as I do."

"I haven't the chance. He speaks a deal more to you than he do to me."

"Well, Jael, you needn't snub me, because you are going with Mr. Little."

As a bone, put between two friendly dogs, causes a growl, so when a handsome young man enters on the scene, I have seen young women lose a little of that unmitigated sweetness which marked them a moment before.

With Grace, however, to snap and to repent generally followed in a breath. "I hope you will have a happy day, dear, as happy as you deserve." She then went to kiss her, but gave her cheek, instead of her lips. "There," said she, in rather a flurried way, "don't keep Mr. Little waiting."

Just as they drove off, Grace came to the window, after a slight irresolution, and kissed her hand to them enchantingly ; at which a sudden flood of rapture rushed through Little's heart, and flushed his cheek, and fired his dark eye ; Grace caught its flash full in hers, and instinctively retired a step. They were off.

"How bright and happy they look," said she to her father. And no wonder.

She sat down, and, somehow, she felt singularly dull and lonely.

Then she dressed for church, languidly. Then she went to church. By-and-by she came back from church.

Then she sat down, in her bonnet, and felt alone in the world, and sad ; and, at last, she found herself quietly crying, as young ladies will sometimes, without any visible cause.

Then she asked herself what on earth she was crying about, and herself told her she was a little hysterical fool, and wanted a good beating.

Then she plucked up spirit, and dried her eyes. Then she took to yawning, and said Sunday was a dull day, and life itself rather a wearisome thing.

Then a servant came to inquire if she was at home.

"What, on Sunday ? Of course not. Who is it ?"

"Mr. Coventry, Miss."

"I am at home."

"GEORGE ELIOT" AND GEORGE LEWES.

LITERARY reputations are, in one respect, like wines—some are greatly improved by a long voyage, while others lose all zest and strength in the process of crossing the ocean. There ought to be hardly any difference, one would think, between the literary taste of the public of London and that of the public of New York; and yet it is certain that an author or a book may be positively celebrated in the one city and only barely known and coldly recognized in the other. Every one, of course, has noticed the fact that certain English authors are better known and appreciated in New York than in London; certain American writers more talked of in London than in New York. The general public of England do not seem to me to appreciate the true position of Whittier and Lowell among American poets. The average Englishman knows hardly anything of any American poet but Longfellow, who receives, I venture to think, a far more wholesale and enthusiastic admiration in England than in his own country. Robert Buchanan, the Scottish poet, lately, I have read, described "Evangeline" as a far finer poem than Goethe's "Hermann und Dorothea," a judgment which I presume and hope it would be impossible to get any American scholar and critic to indorse or even to consider seriously. On the other hand, it is well known that both the Brownings—certainly Mrs. Browning—found quicker and more cordial appreciation in America than in England. Lately, we in London have taken to discussing and debating over Walt Whitman with a warmth and interest which people in New York do not seem to manifest in regard to the author of "Leaves of Grass." Charles Dickens appears to me to have more devoted admirers among the best class of readers here than he has in his own country. Of course, it would be hardly possible for any man to be more popular and more successful than Dickens is in England; but New York journals quote him and draw illustrations from him much more frequently than London papers do—I do not think any day has passed since first I came to this country, six or seven months ago, that I have not seen at least two or three allusions to Dickens in the leading articles of the daily papers—and I question whether, among critics standing as high in London as George William Curtis does here, Dickens could find the enthusiastic, the almost lyrical devotion of Curtis's admiration. Charles Reade, again, is more generally and warmly admired here than in England. Am I wrong in supposing that the reverse is the case with regard to the authoress of "Romola" and "The Mill on the Floss?" All American critics and all American readers of taste, have doubtless testified practically their recognition of the genius of this extraordinary woman; but there seems to me to be relatively less admiration for her in New York than in London. The general verdict of English criticism would, I feel no doubt, place George Eliot on a higher pedestal than Charles Dickens. We regard her as belonging to a higher school of art, as more nearly affined to the great immortal few whose genius and fame transcend the fashion of the age and defy the caprice of public taste. So far as I have been able to observe, I do not think this is the opinion of American criticism.

In any case, the mere question will excuse my writing a few pages about a woman whom I regard as the greatest living novelist of England; as, on the whole, the greatest woman now engaged in European literature. Only George Sand and Harriet Martineau could fairly be compared with her; and, while Miss

Martineau, of course, is far inferior in all the higher gifts of imagination and the higher faculties of art, George Sand, with all her passion, her rich fancy, and daring, subtle analysis of certain natures, has never exhibited the serene, symmetrical power displayed in "Romola" and in "Silas Marner." Mrs. Lewes (it would be affectation to try to assume that there is still any mystery about the identity of "George Eliot") is what George Sand is not—a great writer, merely as a writer. Few, indeed, are the beings who have ever combined so many high qualities in one person as Mrs. Lewes does. Her literary career began as a translator and an essayist. Her tastes seemed then to lead her wholly into the somewhat barren fields where German metaphysics endeavor to come to the relief or the confusion of German theology. She became a contributor to the "Westminster Review;" then she became its assistant editor, and worked assiduously for it under the direction of Dr. John Chapman, the editor, with whose family she lived for a time, and in whose house she first met George Henry Lewes. She is an accomplished linguist, a brilliant talker, a musician of extraordinary skill. She has a musical sense so delicate and exquisite that there are tender, simple, true ballad melodies which fill her with a pathetic pain almost too keen to bear; and yet she has the firm, strong command of tone and touch, without which a really scientific musician cannot be made. I do not think this exceeding sensibility of nature is often to be found in combination with a genuine mastery of the practical science of music. But Mrs. Lewes has mastered many sciences as well as literatures. Probably no other novel writer, since novel writing became a business, ever possessed one tithe of her scientific knowledge. Indeed, hardly anything is rarer than the union of the scientific and the literary or artistic temperaments. So rare is it, that the exceptional, the almost solitary instance of Goethe comes up at once, distinct and striking, to the mind. English novelists are even less likely to have anything of a scientific taste than French or German. Dickens knows nothing of science, and has, indeed, as little knowledge of any kind, save that which is derived from observation, as any respectable Englishman could well have. Thackeray was a man of varied reading, versed in the lighter literature of several languages, and strongly imbued with artistic tastes; but he had no care for science, and knew nothing of it but just what every one has to learn at school. Lord Lytton's science is a mere sham. Charlotte Brontë was all genius and ignorance. Mrs. Lewes is all genius and culture. Had she never written a page of fiction, nay, had she never written a line of poetry or prose, she must have been regarded with wonder and admiration by all who knew her as a woman of vast and varied knowledge; a woman who could think deeply and talk brilliantly, who could play high and severe classical music like a professional performer, and could bring forth the most delicate and tender aroma of nature and poetry lying deep in the heart of some simple, old-fashioned Scotch or English ballad. Nature, indeed, seemed to have given to this extraordinary woman all the gifts a woman could ask or have—save one. It will not, I hope, be considered a piece of gossiping personality if I allude to a fact which must, some day or other, be part of literary history. Mrs. Lewes is not beautiful. In her appearance there is nothing whatever to attract admiration. Hers is not even a face like that of Charlotte Cushman, which, at least, must make a deep impression, and seize at once the attention of the gazer. Nor does it seem, like that of Madame de Staël or Elizabeth Barrett Browning, informed and illuminated by the light of genius. Mrs. Lewes is what we in England call decidedly plain—what people in New York call homely; and what persons who did not care to soften the force of an unpleasant truth would describe probably by a still harder and more emphatic adjective.

This woman, thus rarely gifted with poetry and music and imagination—thus disciplined in man's highest studies and accustomed to the most laborious of man's literary drudgery—does not seem to have found out, until she had passed what is conventionally regarded as the age of romance, that she had in her, transcendent above all other gifts, the faculty of the novelist. When an author who is not very young makes a great hit at last, we soon begin to learn that he had already made many attempts in the same direction, and his publishers find an eager demand for the stories and sketches which, when they first appeared, utterly failed to attract attention. Thackeray's early efforts, Trollope's, Charles Reade's, Nathaniel Hawthorne's, all these have been lighted into success by the blaze of the later triumph. But it does not seem that Miss Marion Evans, as she then was, ever published anything in the way of fiction previous to the series of sketches which appeared in "Blackwood's Magazine," and were called "Scenes of Clerical Life." These sketches attracted considerable attention, and were much admired; but I do not think many people saw in them the capacity which produced "Adam Bede" and "Romola." With the publication of "Adam Bede" came a complete triumph. The author was elevated at once and by acclamation to the highest rank among living novelists. I think it was in the very first number of the "Cornhill Magazine" that Thackeray, in a gossiping paragraph about novelists of the day, whom he mentioned alphabetically and by their initials, spoke of "E" as a "star of the first magnitude just risen on the horizon." Thackeray, it will be remembered, was one of the first, if not, indeed, the very first, to recognize the genius manifested in "Jane Eyre." The publishers sent him some of the proof sheets for his advice, and Thackeray saw in them the work of a great novelist.

The place which Mrs. Lewes thus so suddenly won, she has, of course, always maintained. Her position of absolute supremacy over all other women writers in England is something peculiar and curious. She is first—and there is no second. No living authoress in Britain is ever now compared with her. I read, not long since, in a New York paper, a sentence which spoke of George Eliot and Miss Mulock as being the greatest English authoresses in the field of fiction. It seemed very odd and funny to me. Certainly, an English critic would never have thought of bracketing together such a pair. Miss Mulock is a graceful, true-hearted, good writer; but Miss Mulock and George Eliot! Robert Lytton and Robert Browning! "A. K. H. B." (I think these are the initials) and John Stuart Mill! Mark Lemon's novels and Charles Dickens's! Mrs. Lewes has made people read novels who perhaps never read fiction from any other pen. She has made the novel the companion and friend and study of scholars and thinkers and statesmen. Her books are discussed by the gravest critics as productions of the highest school of art. Men and journals which have always regarded, or affected to regard, Thackeray as a mere cynic, and Dickens as little better than a professional buffoon, have discussed "The Mill on the Floss" and "Romola" as if these novels were already classic. Of course it would be a very doubtful kind of merit which commanded the admiration of literary prigs or pedants; but that is not the merit of George Eliot. Her books find their way to all hearts and intelligences, but it is their peculiarity that they compel, they extort the admiration of men who would disparage all novels, if they could, as frivolous and worthless, but who are forced even by their own canons and principles to recognize the deep clear thought, the noble culture, the penetrating, analytical power, which are evident in almost every chapter of these stories. Most of our novelists write in a slipslop, careless style. Dic-

kens is worthless, if regarded merely as a prose writer ; Trollope hardly cares about grammar ; Charles Reade, with all his masculine force and clearness, is terribly irregular and rugged. The woman writers have seldom any style at all. George Eliot's prose might be the study of a scholar anxious to acquire and appreciate a noble English style. It is as luminous as the language of Mill ; far more truly picturesque than that of Ruskin ; capable of forcible, memorable expression as the robust Saxon of Bright. I am not going into a criticism of George Eliot, who has been, no doubt, fully criticised in America already. I am merely engaged in pointing out the special reasons why she has won in England a certain kind of admiration which, it seems to me, hardly any novelist ever has had before. I think she has infused into the novel some elements it never had before, and so thoroughly infused them that they blend with all the other materials, and do not form anywhere a solid lump or mass distinguishable from the rest. There are philosophical novels—"Wilhelm Meister," for example—which are weighed down and loaded with the philosophy, and which the world admires in spite of the philosophy. There are political novels—Disraeli's, for instance—which are only intelligible to those who make politics and political personalities a study, and which viewed merely as stories would not be worth speaking about. There are novels with a great direct purpose in them, such as "Uncle Tom's Cabin," or "Bleak House," or Charles Reade's "Hard Cash ;" but these, after all, are only magnificent pamphlets, splendidly illustrated diatribes. The deep philosophic thought of George Eliot's novels suffuses and illumines them everywhere. You can point to no sermon here, no lecture there, no solid mass interposing between this incident and that, no ponderous moral hung around the neck of this or that personage. Only you feel that you are under the control of one who is not merely a great story-teller but who is also a deep thinker.

It is not, perhaps, unnecessary to say to American readers that George Eliot is the only novelist who can paint such English people as the Poyzers and the Tullivers just as they really are. She looks into the very souls of these people. She tracks out their slow peculiar mental processes ; she reproduces them fresh and firm from very life. Mere realism, mere photographing, even from the life, is not in art a very great triumph. But George Eliot can make her dullest people interesting and dramatically effective. She can paint two dull people with quite different ways of dulness—say a dull man and a dull woman, for example—and you are astonished to find how utterly distinct the two kinds of stupidity are—and how intensely amusing both can be made. Look at the two pedantic, pompous, dull advocates in the later part of Robert Browning's "The Ring and the Book." How distinct they are ; how different, how unlike, and how true, are the two portraits. But then it must be owned that the poet is himself terribly tedious just there. His pedants are quite as tiresome as they would be in real life, if each successively held you by the button. George Eliot never is guilty of this great artistic fault. You never want to be rid of Mrs. Poyser or Aunt Glegg, or the prattling Florentines in "Romola." It is almost superfluous to say that there never was or could be a Mark Tapley, or a Sam Weller. We put up with these impossibilities and delight in them, because they are so amusing and so full of fantastic humor. But Mrs. Poyser lives, and I have met Aunt Glegg often ; and poor Mrs. Tulliver's cares and hopes, and little fears, and pitiful reasonings, are animating scores of Mrs. Tullivers all over England to-day. I would propose a safe and easy test to any American or other "foreigner" (I am supposing myself now again in England), who is curious to know how much

he understands of the English character. Let him read any of George Eliot's novels—even "Felix Holt," which is so decidedly inferior to the rest—and if he fails to follow, with thorough appreciation, the talk and the ways of the Poyzers and such like personages, he may be assured he does not understand one great phase of English life.

Are these novels popular in England? Educated public opinion, I repeat, ranks them higher than the novels of any other living author. But they are not popular—that is, as Wilkie Collins or Miss Braddon is popular; and I do not mean to say anything slighting of either Wilkie Collins or Miss Braddon, both of whom I think possess very great talents, and have been treated with quite too much of the *de haut en bas* mood of the great critics. George Eliot's novels certainly are not run after and devoured by the average circulating library readers, as "The Woman in White," and "Lady Audley's Secret" were. She has, of course, nothing like the number of readers who follow Charles Dickens; nor even, I should say, nearly as many as Anthony Trollope. When "Romola," which the "Saturday Review" justly pronounced to be, if not the greatest, certainly the noblest romance of modern days, was being published as a serial in the "Cornhill Magazine," it was comparatively a failure, in the circulating library sense; and even when it appeared in its complete form, and the public could better appreciate its artistic perfection, it was anything but a splendid success, as regarded from the publisher's point of view. Perhaps this may be partly accounted for by the nature of the subject, the scene and the time; but even the warmest admirer of George Eliot may freely admit that "Romola" lacks a little of that passionate heat which is needed to make a writer of fiction thoroughly popular. When a statue of pure and perfect marble attracts as great a crowd of gazers as a glowing picture, then a novel like "Romola" will have as many admirers as a novel like "Consuelo" or "Villette."

I am not one of the admirers of George Eliot who regret that she ventured on the production of a long poem. I think "The Spanish Gypsy" a true and a fine poem, although I do not place it so high in artistic rank as the best of the author's prose writings. But I believe it to be the greatest story in verse ever produced by an Englishwoman. This is not, perhaps, very high praise, for Englishwomen have seldom done much in the higher fields of poetry; but we have "Aurora Leigh;" and I think "The Spanish Gypsy," on the whole, a finer piece of work. Most of our English critics fell to discussing the question whether "The Spanish Gypsy" was to be regarded as poetry at all, or only as a story put into verse; and in this futile and vexatious controversy the artistic value of the work itself almost escaped analysis. I own that I think criticism shows to little advantage when it occupies itself in considering whether a work of art is to be called by this name or that; and I am rather impatient of the critic who comes with his canons of art, his Thirty-Nine articles of literary dogma, and judges a book, not by what it is in itself, but by the answer it gives to his self-invented catechism. I do not believe that the art of man ever can invent—I know it never has invented—any set of rules or formulas by which you can decide, off-hand and with certainty, that a great story in verse, which you admit to have power and beauty and pathos and melody, does not belong to true poetry. One great school of critics discovered, by the application of such high rules and canons that Shakespeare, though a great genius was not a great poet; a later school made a similar discovery with regard to Schiller; a certain body of critics now say the same of Byron. I don't think it matters much what you call the work. "The Spanish Gypsy" has imagination and beauty; it has exquisite pictures and lofty thoughts; it has melody and music. Admitting this much, and the

most depreciating critics did admit it, I think it hardly worth considering what name we are to apply to the book. Such, however, was the sort of controversy in which all deep and true consideration of the artistic value of "The Spanish Gypsy" evaporated. I am not sorry Mrs. Lewes published the poem; but I am sorry she put her literary name to it in the first instance. Had it appeared anonymously it would have astonished and delighted the world. But people compared "The Spanish Gypsy" with the author's prose works, and were disappointed because the woman who surpassed Dickens in fiction did not likewise surpass Tennyson and Browning in poetry. Thus, and in no other sense, was "The Spanish Gypsy" a failure. No woman had written anything of the same kind to surpass it; but some men, even of our own day, had—and no man of our day has written novels which excel those of George Eliot. Mrs. Lewes will probably not write any more long poems; but I think English poetry has gained something by her one venture.

Mrs. Lewes's mind is of a class which, however varied its power, is not fairly described by the word "versatile." Versatility is a smaller kind of faculty, a dexterity of intellect and capacity—the property of a mind of the second order. If we want a perfect type and pattern of versatility, we may find it very close to the authoress of "Silas Marner," in the person of her husband, George Henry Lewes. What man of our day has done so many things and done them so well? He is the biographer of Goethe and of Robespierre; he has compiled the "History of Philosophy," in which he has something really his own to say of every great philosopher, from Thales to Schelling; he has translated Spinoza; he has published various scientific works; he has written at least two novels; he has made one of the most successful dramatic adaptations known to our stage; he is an accomplished theatrical critic; he was at one time so successful as an amateur actor that he seriously contemplated taking to the stage as a profession, in the full conviction, which he did not hesitate frankly to avow, that he was destined to be the successor to Macready. He did actually join a company at one of the Manchester theatres, and perform there for some time under a feigned name; but the amount of encouragement he received from the public did not stimulate him to continue on the boards, although I believe his confidence in his own capacity to succeed Macready remained unshaken. Mr. Lewes was always remarkable for a frank and fearless self-conceit, which, by its very sincerity and audacity, almost disarmed criticism. Indeed, I do not suppose any man less gifted with self-confidence would have even attempted to do half the things which George Henry Lewes has done well. Margaret Fuller was very unfavorably impressed by Lewes when she met him at Thomas Carlyle's house, and she wrote of him contemptuously and angrily. But these were the days of Lewes's Bohemianism; days of an audacity and a self-conceit unsubdued as yet by experience and the world, and some saddening and some refining influences; and Margaret Fuller failed to appreciate the amount of intellect and manliness that was in him. Charlotte Brontë, on the other hand, was quite enthusiastic about Lewes, and wrote to him and of him with an almost amusing veneration. Indeed, he is a man of ability and versatility that may fairly be called extraordinary. His merit is not that he has written books on a great variety of subjects. London has many hack writers who could go to work at any publisher's order and produce successively an epic poem, a novel, a treatise on the philosophy of the conditioned, a handbook of astronomy, a farce, a life of Julius Cæsar, a history of African explorations, and a volume of sermons. But none of these productions would have one gleam of genuine native vitality about it. The moment it had served its purpose in the literary market it would go, dead, down to the

dead. Lewes's works are of quite a different style. They have positive merit and value of their own, and they live. It was a characteristically audacious thing to attempt to cram the history of philosophy into a couple of medium-sized volumes, polishing off each philosopher in a few pages—draining him, plucking out the heart of his mystery and his system, and stowing him away in the glass jar designed to exhibit him to an edified class of students. But it must be avowed that Lewes's has been a marvellously clever and successful attempt. He certainly crumples up the whole science of metaphysics, sweeps away transcendental philosophy, and demolishes *a priori* reasoning, in a manner which strongly reminds one of Arthur Pendennis upsetting, in a dashing criticism and on the faith of an hour's reading in an encyclopædia, some great scientific theory of which he had never heard previously, and the development of which had been the life's labor of a sage. But Lewes does, somehow or other, very often come to a right conclusion, and measure great theories and men with accurate estimate; and the work is immensely interesting, and it is not easy to see how anybody could have done it better. His "Life of Goethe" is undoubtedly a very successful, symmetrical, and comprehensive piece of biography. Some of his scientific studies have a genuine value, and they are all fascinating. One of his pieces—adapted from the French, of course, as most so-called English pieces are—will always be played while Charles Mathews lives, or while there are actors who can play in Charles Mathews's style. I wonder whether any of the readers of THE GALAXY read, or having read remember, Lewes's novels? I only recollect two of them, and I do not know whether he wrote any others. One was called "Ranthorpe," and it had, in its day, quite a sort of success. How long ago was it published? Fully twenty years, I should think: I remember quite well being thrown into youthful raptures with it at the time. But I do not go upon my boyish admiration for it. I came across it somewhere much more recently, and read it through. There was a good deal of inflation, and audacity, and nonsense in it; but at the same time it showed more of brains and artistic impulse and constructive power than nine out of every ten novels published in England to-day. It was all about a young poet, who came to London and made, for a moment, a great success, and was dazzled by it, and became intoxicated with love for a lustrous beauty of high rank, who only played with him; and how he forgot, for a time, the modest, delightful, simple girl to whom he was pledged at home; and how he did not get on, and the public and the *salons* grew tired of him; and he became miserable, and was going to drown himself (I think), but was prevented by some wise and timely person; and how, of course, it all came right in the end, and he was redeemed. This outline, probably, will not suggest much of originality to any reader; but there was a great deal of freshness and thought in the book, some of the incidents and one or two of the characters had a flavor of originality about them; and the style was, for the most part, animated and attractive. It was the work of a man of brains, and culture, and taste; and one felt this all through, and was not ashamed of the time spent in reading it. The other of Lewes's novels was called "Rose, Blanche, and Violet." It charmed me a good deal when I read it; but I have not read it lately, and so I forbear giving any decided opinion as to its merits. It is, of course, quite settled now that George Lewes had not in him the materials to make a successful novelist; but men of far less talent have produced far worse novels than his, and been, in their way, successful.

Lewes first became prominent in literature as a contributor to the "Leader," a very remarkable weekly organ of advanced opinions on all questions, which was started in London seventeen or eighteen years ago, and died, after much

flickering and lingering, in 1861 or thereabouts. The "Leader," in its early and best days, fairly sparkled all over with talent, originality and audacity. It was to extreme philosophical radicalism, (with a dash of something like atheism) what the "Saturday Review" now is to cultured swelldom and Belgravian Sadoceism. Miss Martineau wrote for it. Lewes and Thornton Hunt (they were then intimates, unfortunately for Lewes) were among its principal contributors; Edward Whitty flung over its pages the brilliant eccentric light which was destined to immature and melancholy extinction. Lewes's theatrical criticisms, which he used to sign "Vivian," were inimitable in their vivacity, their wit, and their keenness, even when their soundness of judgment was most open to question. Poor Charles Kean was an especial object of Lewes's detestation, and was accordingly pelted and peppered with torturingly clever and piquant pasquinades in the form of criticism. Lewes has got wonderfully sober and grave in style since those wild days, and his occasional contributions in the shape of dramatic criticism to the "Pall Mall Gazette" are doubtless more generally accurate, are certainly much more thoughtful, but are far less amusing than the admirable fooling of days gone by. It was in the "Leader," I think, that Lewes carried on his famous controversy with Charles Dickens on the possibility of such spontaneous combustion as that of the old brute in "Bleak House," and it was in the "Leader" that he made an equally famous exposure of a sham spiritualist medium, about whom London was then much agitated. The "Leader," probably, never paid; it was far too iconoclastic and eccentric to be a commercial success, but it made quite a mark and will always be a memory. It did not succeed in its object; but, like the arrow of the hero in Virgil, it left a long line of sparkles and light behind it. Lewes has abandoned Bohemia long since, and Edward Whitty is dead, and Thornton Hunt has come to nothing—and there is another "Leader" now in London which bears about as much resemblance to the original and real "Leader" as Richard Cromwell did to Oliver, or Charles Kean to Edmund.

Bohemianism, and novel-writing, and amateur acting, and persiflage, and epigram, are all gone by now with Lewes. He has settled into a grave and steady writer, for the most part of late confining himself to scientific subjects. A few years ago he started the "Fortnightly Review," in the hope of establishing in England a counterpart of the "Revue des Deux Mondes." The first number was enriched by one of the most thoughtful, subtle, beautiful essays lately contributed to literature; and it bore the signature of George Eliot. Lewes himself wrote a series of essays on "The Principles of Success in Literature," very good, very sound, but not very lively reading. A great English novelist was pleased graciously to say, *apropos* of these essays, "Success in literature! What does Lewes know about success in literature?" and the small devotees of the great successful novelist laughed and repeated the joke. It is certain that the "Fortnightly Review" was not a success under the editorship of George Henry Lewes; and people said, I do not know how truly, that a good deal of the nobly-earned money paid for "Silas Marner" and the "Mill on the Floss" disappeared in the attempt to erect a British "Revue des Deux Mondes." The "Fortnightly" lives still, and is called "Fortnightly" still, although it now only comes out once a month, but Lewes has long ceased to edit it. I think the present editor, John Morley, a young man of great ability and promise, is better suited for the work than Lewes was—indeed I doubt whether Lewes, with all his varied gifts and acquirements, possesses the peculiar qualities which make a man a genuine editor. But the difference between wild Hal, the Prince of Gadshill, and grave, wise Henry the Fifth, could hardly be greater than that be-

tween the Vivian of the "Leader" and the late editor of the solemn, ponderous "Fortnightly Review."

Lewes wrote at one time a great deal for the "Westminster Review." It was during his connection with it that he became acquainted, at Dr. Chapman's house, with Marion Evans. There was a great similarity between their tastes. Both loved the study of languages, and of philosophical thought, and of literature and science generally. Both were splendid in conversation, brilliant in epigram; both loved music and were intensely susceptible to its influence. The mind of the woman was, I need hardly say, far the stronger, wider, deeper of the two; but the affinity was clear and close. A great misfortune had fallen on Lewes; and he was probably in that condition of mind which makes a man not unlikely to lose his faith in everything and drift into hopeless, perpetual cynicism. From this, if this impended over him, Lewes was saved by his intercourse with the rarely-gifted woman he had met in so timely an hour. The result is, as every one knows, a companionship and union unusual indeed in literary life. Very seldom has a distinguished author had for wife a distinguished authoress, or *vice versa*; indeed, it used to be one of the dear delightful theories of blockheads that such unions, if they could take place, would be miserably unhappy. This theory, so soothing to complacent dulness, was hardly borne out in the instance of the Brownings; it is just as little corroborated by the example of "George Eliot" and George Lewes. I believe, too, the example of George Eliot is highly unsatisfactory to the devotees of that other theory, so long cherished by dolts of both sexes, that a woman of talent and culture can never do anything in the way of mending or making, of cooking a chop or ordering a household. People tell us they can trace the influence of Lewes's varied scholarship and critical judgment in the novels of George Eliot. It is hardly possible to doubt that some such influence must be there, but I certainly never saw it anywhere distinctly and openly evident. It would be poor art which allowed a thin stream of Lewes to be seen sparkling through the broad, deep, luminous lake which mirrors the genius of George Eliot. I am, however, rather inclined to fancy that Lewes, in general, abstains from critical *surveillance* or restraint over the productions of his greater companion, believing, perhaps, that the higher mind had better be a law to itself. If this be so, I think it is a wholesome principle pushed sometimes too far, for one can hardly believe that the calm judgment of any sincere and qualified adviser would not have discouraged and condemned the painful, unnecessary underplot of past intrigue and sin which is so great a blot in "Felix Holt," or suggested a rapider dramatic movement in some passages of "The Spanish Gypsy." Lewes once wrote to Charlotte Brontë that he would rather be the author of Miss Austen's stories than of the whole of the Waverley Novels. I certainly do not agree with him in that opinion; but it is strange that one who held it should not have endeavored to prevent an authoress greater than Miss Austen, and far more directly under his influence than Charlotte Brontë, from sinking, in one or two instances, into faults which neither Miss Austen nor Miss Brontë would ever have committed. Many things are strange about this literary and domestic companionship; this comparatively trifling fact seems to me not the least strange.

Finally let me say that I fully expect George Eliot yet to give to the world some work of art even greater than any she has already produced. She is not a woman to close with even a comparative failure. Her maxim, I feel confident, would be that of the Emperor Napoleon—offer terms of peace and repose after a great victory; never otherwise.

JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

THE THRONE OF LOUIS PHILIPPE.*

ITS ERECTION AND ITS OVERTHROW.—NO. I. ITS ERECTION.

UPON the sudden overthrow of the throne of Charles X. by a revolution in the streets of Paris, four parties appeared struggling for the crown. Charles, as he fled with his court in terror from France, threw back a decree of abdication in favor of his grandson, the Duke of Bordeaux. This child, who still lives, and is generally known as the Count of Chambord, was about ten years of age. He was born a few months after the assassination of his father, who fell beneath the dagger of an assassin just as he had accompanied the duchess to her carriage from the opera. The birth of this child, Henry, the legitimate heir to the ancient throne of the Bourbons, was hailed with rejoicing throughout France. It is recorded that quite a dramatic scene occurred at his birth. His grandfather, Charles X., hastened to the chamber, seized the newborn babe in his arms, and exclaimed, with delight, "Here is a fine Duke de Bordeaux. He is born for us all." He then gave the child a few drops of the wine of Pau, with which tradition says that the aged father of Jeanne d'Albert anointed the lips of her child, Henry IV., before he had placed his mouth to his mother's breast. The heroic mother, the Duchess de Berri, whose subsequent fate was so deplorable, said to the king, the father of her departed husband, "Sire, I wish I knew the song of Jeanne d'Albert, that everything should be done here as at the birth of Henry IV."

The advocates of the ancient *régime*, the Legitimist party, many of them illustrious in rank and intellect, rallied around the banner of young Henry, the Duke of Bordeaux. They probably had the sympathies of all those European dynasties which, by force of arms, had replaced the Bourbons upon that throne of France from which the revolution of 1789 had expelled them. In accordance with the decree of abdication which Charles X. had issued, the Legitimists wished the young Duke of Bordeaux to be recognized as sovereign, with the title of Henry V.; and the Duke of Orleans, Louis Philippe, to be accepted as regent during the minority of the child.

Next came the Republican party, formidable in physical strength in Paris and other large cities. The Republicans had roused the masses, filling the streets with a hundred thousand armed workmen. They had inspired the conflict, demolished the throne, achieved the revolution. But they had no leader capable of organizing and controlling the tumultuous populace. The moneyed men, remembering the Reign of Terror, were afraid of them. All through the rural districts the peasantry, influenced by the priests, could not endure the idea of a republic.

The bankers in Paris, the moneyed class, men of large resources and influence, were the leaders of the third, or Orleans party, so called. These men were opposed to the aristocracy of rank, but were in favor of the aristocracy of wealth. They had ample means, and very able leaders. They wished for a constitutional monarchy, modelled after the aristocratic institutions of England. They would place upon the throne the Duke of Orleans, a Bourbon, the richest

* The authority for all the statements contained in this article may be found in the "History of Europe," by Sir Archibald Alison, or "Les Dix Ans de Louis Philippe," by Louis Blanc, or "Mémoires d'Outre Tombe," by M. de Chateaubriand.

man in France, and the legitimate heir to the throne should the young Duke of Bordeaux die. He, with his vast wealth, would be the fitting representative of the moneyed class. The Orleanists could very effectually appeal to the moderate men of the Legitimist and Republican parties in favor of a compromise in the interest of the Duke of Orleans. To the first they said, "Unless you accept the Duke of Orleans, there is danger that the Republicans will gain the ascendancy, and then our time-honored monarchy will be overthrown." To the Republicans they said, "Unless you consent to this compromise, which gives us a constitutional monarchy, under a *citizen king*, there is danger that another coalition of the powers of Europe will inundate France, and after years of blood and woe the old *régime* of the Bourbons will be again forced upon us."

In speaking to the Republicans, they emphasized the declaration that Louis Philippe would be a *citizen king*. When speaking to the Legitimists, they laid stress upon the fact that the Duke of Orleans would be the *legitimate* sovereign should the frail child die who alone stood between him and the throne.

There was a fourth party—the Imperial or Napoleonist. It existed then in rather a latent state, though in a condition to be roused, as subsequent events proved, to marvellous life, by an electric touch. The renown of the great Emperor filled the land. The memorials of his reign were everywhere. He was enthroned in the hearts of the French people as monarch was never enthroned before. But the Bourbons had taken especial care to banish from France every one who bore his name. The revolution had burst upon Paris with almost the suddenness of the lightning's flash. There was no one there who could speak in behalf of the descendants of him who had so lately filled the world with his renown, and who was still enshrined, with almost idolatrous worship, in so many hearts.

From the above it will be perceived that the chances were greatly in favor of the Orleans party. Louis Philippe was placed in perhaps as embarrassing and painful a position as man ever occupied. He was far advanced in life, with property amounting, it is said, to about one hundred millions of dollars. Revolutionary storms had, at one time, driven him into the extreme of poverty. He had experienced the severest sufferings of persecution and exile. Now, in his declining years, happy in his magnificent retreat at Neuilly, he was anxious for repose.

Should he allow himself to be placed at the head of the obnoxious, utterly-defeated Legitimist party, as regent during the minority of the Duke of Bordeaux? It was scarcely possible that he could maintain his position. Republicans, Orleanists, and Imperialists, all would combine against him. The army could not be relied upon to sustain him. Ruin seemed inevitable—not only the confiscation of his property, but also, probably, the loss of his head.

Should he allow himself to be made king by the bankers in Paris? He would be an usurper; false to his own principles of Legitimacy, to those principles which had induced him to unite himself with the allied dynasties of Europe in those long and bloody wars by which they had forced rejected Legitimacy back upon France.

The little Duke of Bordeaux and Charles X. were his near blood relatives. He had received from the royal family great favors—the restoration of his vast domains. He would morally be guilty of the greatest ingratitude in assuming the attitude of their antagonist, interposing himself between the lawful heir and the crown. Should he stand aloof from these agitations, and take no part in the movement of affairs, then anarchy or a republic seemed the inevitable result. In

either case he, as a rich Bourbon, with an amount of wealth which endangered the State, would be driven from France, and his property confiscated.

But affairs pressed. Scarcely a moment could be allowed for deliberation. The crisis demanded prompt and decisive action. The embarrassment of the Duke is painfully conspicuous in the interviews which ensued. Anxiously he paced the floor of his library at Neuilly, bewildered and vacillating.

There was a rich banker at Paris, by the name of Lafitte. He called a meeting at his house of Guizot, Thiers, and other leading journalists. There they decided to unite upon the Duke of Orleans, and to combine immediately, without a moment's delay, all possible influences in Paris to place the sceptre of power in his hands before the dreaded Republicans should have a chance to grasp it. It was the 30th of July, the last of the three days' conflict. The thunders of the battle had scarcely ceased to echo through the streets of the metropolis.

Baron Glandevès, Governor of the Tuileries, and, of course, a warm partisan of Charles X., who had probably heard of this meeting, called upon M. Lafitte, and the following conversation is reported as having taken place between them :

"Sir," said the baron to the banker, "you have now been master of Paris for twenty-four hours. Do you wish to save the monarchy?"

"Which monarchy?" inquired Lafitte; "the monarchy of 1789 or the constitutional monarchy of 1814?"

"The constitutional monarchy," the baron replied.

"To save it," rejoined M. Lafitte, "only one course remains; and that is to crown the Duke of Orleans."

"The Duke of Orleans!" exclaimed the baron, "what are his titles to the crown? That boy, the son of Napoleon, whom Vienna has educated, can at least invoke the memory of his father's glory. It must be admitted that Napoleon has written his annals in characters of fire upon the minds of men. But the Duke of Orleans, what prestige surrounds him? What has he done? How many of the people know his history, or have even heard his name?"

"In the fact of his want of renown," replied the banker, "I see a recommendation. Having no influence over the imagination, he will be the less able to break away from the restraints of a constitutional monarch. His private life is irreproachable. He has respected himself in his wife, and has caused himself to be revered and loved by his children."

"Mere domestic virtues," rejoined M. Glandevès, "are not to be recompensed by a crown. Are you ignorant that he is accused of approving of the vote of his father for the death of Louis XVI.; that in our dark days he associated himself with projects to exclude forever from the throne the legitimate heirs; that during the Hundred Days he preserved a mysterious inaction; that since 1815, while pretending to be the humble servant of the court, he has been the secret fomentor of all intrigues? Louis XVIII. restored to him his vast estates. Charles X., by a personal request to the Chambers, secured them to him by legal and irrefragable rights, and conferred upon him the title of royal highness, which he so long coveted. How can he now, thus burdened with kindnesses from the elder branch of the Bourbons, seize upon their inheritance?"

"It is not for the personal interest of the duke," replied M. Lafitte, "that we wish to place him upon the throne; but for the salvation of the country. This alone can save us from anarchy, which otherwise seems inevitable. I do not ask whether the situation of the Duke of Orleans is painful to his feelings, but simply whether his accession to the throne is desirable for France. What prince

is more liberal in his political sentiments, or more free from those prejudices which have ruined Charles X.? And where can we find any candidate for the throne who combines so many advantages?"

The Orleans party very rapidly increased. The leading journalists espoused their cause. The moneyed men, trembling in view of threatening anarchy, earnestly rallied around that banner. Béranger, the most popular poet in France, notwithstanding his profound admiration of Napoleon, which was breathed forth in so many of his soul-stirring songs, gave the Orleanists the aid of his all-powerful pen.

A proclamation in favor of the Duke of Orleans was issued. It was placarded throughout Paris, and was simultaneously published in the three leading journals, the "National," the "Courier Français," and the "Commerce," which were severally edited by the distinguished journalists Thiers, Mignet, and Laréguy. Another renowned editor, M. Carrel, was dispatched to Rouen, to gain that important city to the Orleans cause.

In the meantime, the Legitimists, headed by Chateaubriand and Talleyrand, were not idle. These men were not merely ambitious partisans. It cannot be doubted that they believed that the interests of France would be best promoted by respecting the rights of the Duke of Bordeaux, under the lieutenant-generalship of the Duke of Orleans.

The successful insurrectionists, composed mainly of the Republican and Democratic parties in Paris, held their headquarters at the Hotel de Ville. Here they hastily organized what they called a provisional government. General Lafayette presided over their deliberations. The embarrassment of affairs was such that the illustrious marquis was in a state of cruel anxiety. In principle, he was a Republican. And yet he could see no possibility of evolving a stable republic from the chaos into which the political world was then plunged. After much deliberation, the Republican leaders at the Hotel de Ville sent General Dubourg, as a commissioner, to the Orleanists assembled at M. Lafitte's, to confer respecting a compromise and union of parties. But already the Orleanists felt so strong that they refused even to admit him to their presence.

The Orleanists were very anxious from fear that the Duke of Orleans might accede to the proposition of the Legitimists, and proclaim the Duke of Bordeaux King, and himself, in accordance with the decree of Charles X., Lieutenant-General of France, and Regent during the minority of the Duke. This would be in accordance with the forms of law, and the only legal course. Such a step would give the Legitimists immense vantage ground, from which they could only be driven by another bloody conflict.

To guard against this peril it was decided to send a delegation, consisting of M. Thiers, M. Scheffer, and M. Sebastiani, to the rural chateau of Louis Philippe, at Neuilly, which was but a short distance from Paris, to offer to him the crown. Should he refuse it they were directed to secure his arrest, convey him to a place of safety, and hold him in close custody. Louis Blanc, in his "Dix Ans de Louis Philippe," has given a minute account of this interview. It would seem that Louis Philippe, in an agony of suspense, though apprised of the approach of the delegation, was not prepared to meet them. To avoid the interview he fled to Rancy, leaving his wife and sister behind him.

The Duchess of Orleans received the gentlemen. Pale and trembling she listened to their offer of a crown to her husband. Then with extreme emotion she replied to M. Scheffer, the speaker of the party:

"How could you undertake such a mission? That M. Thiers should have

charged himself with it I can understand. He little knew us. But that you, who have been admitted to our intimacy—who knew us so well—ah! we can never forgive it.”

Just then, Louis Philippe’s sister, Madame Adelaide, followed by Madame de Montjoie entered the room. Fully comprehending the object of the mission and the dangers which surrounded them, Madame Adelaide said :

“Let them make my brother a president ; a commander of the National Guard, anything, so that they do not make him a proscribed.”

“Madame,” responded M. Thiers, “it is a throne which we come to offer him.”

“But what,” rejoined the princess, “will Europe think? Shall he seat himself on the throne from which Louis XVI. descended to mount the scaffold? What a panic will it strike in all royal houses? The peace of the world will be endangered.”

“These apprehensions, Madame,” M. Thiers replied, “are natural, but they are not well founded. England, full of the recollection of the banished Stuarts, will applaud an event of which her history furnishes an example and a model. As to the absolute monarchies, far from reproaching the Duke of Orleans for fixing on his head a crown floating on the storm, they will approve a step which will render his elevation a barrier against the unchained passions of the multitude. There is something great and worth saving in France. And if it be too late for legitimacy, it is not so for a constitutional throne. After all, there remains to the Duke of Orleans only a choice of danger. In the present posture of affairs to fly from the possible dangers of royalty is to face a republic and its inevitable tempests.”

These forcible words of the sagacious statesman produced a deep impression upon the strong and well-balanced mind of Madame Adelaide. She was fully capable of appreciating all their import. She gave virtual assent to them by saying, “I am a child of Paris. I am willing to intrust myself to the Parisians.” It was decided to send immediately for the Duke. A messenger soon reached him and he set out on horseback, accompanied by M. de Montesquiou, for Paris. Still his irresolution, timidity and bewilderment were so great that, before reaching the city, his heart misgave him, and turning his horse he galloped with the utmost speed back to Rancy. Alison, in depicting these scenes, says, with severity which we fear is merited :

“He had neither courage enough to seize the crown which was offered to him, nor virtue sufficient to refuse it. He would gladly have declined the crown, if he had been sure of retaining his estates. The most powerful argument for accepting it was that by so doing he could save his property.”

The strange crisis of affairs was such that while the population of France was over thirty millions, a few bankers in Paris, without consulting the voice of the people, were about to impose upon them a government and a king. And it must be admitted that the peril of the nation was such that many of the purest and noblest men approved of these measures. The majority of the members of the Chamber of Deputies were gained over to this cause. And even the members of the House of Peers were so overawed by the menacing aspect of the state of affairs that they were disposed to fall in with the movement.

The deputies were assembled at the Hotel Bourbon, waiting to receive the report of the delegation which had been sent to offer the crown to Louis Philippe. It is said that there was but one man, M. Hyde de Neuville, who occupied the benches reserved for the advocates of the old royalty. There were,

probably, however, others in favor of the Duke of Bordeaux who absented themselves. While thus in session the rumor came that a body of Royalist troops, from Rouen, were marching upon Paris, and that their cannon were already planted upon the heights of Montmartre, which commanded the city. In the midst of the consternation which this communication created, the deputies returned from Neuilly with a report of their favorable reception by the family of Louis Philippe.

Immediately, though with some dissenting voices, the following resolution was adopted, and transmitted to the Duke :

"The deputies in Paris deem it essential to implore his royal highness, the Duke of Orleans, to repair immediately to Paris, to exercise the functions of Lieutenant-General of the kingdom, and also to resume, in accordance with the universal wish, the tri-color flag."

Meanwhile the peers had met, in their hall in the palace of the Luxembourg. Chateaubriand was then in the plenitude of his renown as a writer, an orator, a statesman. Crowds of young men, in admiration of his genius, were ready enthusiastically to follow his leading. This distinguished man fully realized the true state of affairs—the difficulties involved in whatever course they should attempt to pursue. For some time he sat apart silent and melancholy, apparently lost in gloomy thought. Suddenly he arose, and in deliberate, solemn tones, said :

"Let us protest in favor of the ancient monarchy. If needs be let us leave Paris. But, wherever we may be driven, let us save the King, and surrender ourselves to the trust of a courageous fidelity. If the question come to the salvation of Legitimacy, give me a pen and two months and I will restore the throne."

Scarcely had he concluded these proud, bold words, when a delegation presented itself from the Chamber of Deputies, soliciting the co-operation of the peers in placing the crown upon the brow of the Duke of Orleans. It was soon manifest that but few of the peers were prepared to surrender themselves to martyrdom by following the courageous but desperate councils of Chateaubriand.

The ultra Democratic party dissatisfied with the moderate tone assumed by Lafayette and his associates at the Hotel de Ville, formed a new organization at a hall in the Rue St. Honoré. They were bold, determined men, ready to adopt the most audacious resolutions and to shed their blood like water, in street fights, to maintain them. They were numerous, and with nervous gripe held the arms they had seized. But they had no commander. There was not a man in their ranks who could secure the support of a respectable party throughout France. They had no pecuniary resources. They consisted merely of a tumultuous band of successful insurrectionists, with no one of sufficient character and prominence upon whom even they could unite, to recognize as their leader.

The eloquent and universally popular Béranger, advocating in all his glowing verse the rights of the people, with other agents of the Orleans cause, repaired to this democratic gathering to win them over, if possible, to their side. Angrily the Democrats rejected all such propositions. A ferocious debate ensued, which was terminated by a pistol-shot from an enraged opponent which wounded an Orleanist orator severely in the cheek. It was no longer safe, in that presence, to urge the claims of Louis Philippe. His advocates, as speedily as possible, escaped from the hall.

The Democrats, as this wing of the Republican party may be called, who had

broken from their more moderate brethren, assembled under the presidency of Lafayette, at the Hotel de Ville, thus left to themselves, sent a deputation to the Hotel de Ville with the following well-expressed remonstrance against organizing a government without consulting the voice of the French people :

"The people yesterday reconquered their rights at the expense of their blood. The most precious of their rights is that of choosing their form of government. Till this is done no proclamation should be issued announcing any form of government as adopted. A provisional representation of the nation exists. Let it continue till the wishes of the majority of Frenchmen are known."

The spacious Place de Grève in front of the Hotel de Ville, was crowded with an excited, surging, tumultuous mass, anxiously awaiting the issues of each passing hour. The Democratic delegation elbowed their way through the crowd, and were courteously received by Lafayette in behalf of the Provisional Government. As Lafayette was addressing them a gentleman entered, M. Sussy, a commissioner from the fugitive king, Charles X., with a proclamation which Charles had issued, hoping to conciliate the enraged people, by revoking the ordinances which had roused them to insurrection, dismissing the obnoxious ministers who had recommended those ordinances, and appointing a new cabinet of more popular men.

It was too late for compromise. The same proclamation had been sent to the Deputies, but they refused to receive it. Upon the announcement of the mission of M. Sussy, the indignant cry arose from the Republicans, "No ! no ! away with him. We will have nothing more to do with the Bourbons." So great was the fury excited that it was with difficulty that a brawny republican, M. Bastide, was prevented from throwing M. Sussy out of the window. By the interposition of Lafayette he was withdrawn, in the midst of a frightful tumult, to another room. Under the influence of the hostile feelings thus aroused a series of resolutions were passed, declaring that France would have no more of royalty ; that the representatives of the people alone should make the laws, to be executed only by a temporary president.

It will be seen that these resolutions were in direct opposition to the views of those who wished to re-erect the monarchy and to place Louis Philippe upon the throne. But these resolutions were passionately adopted by the most radical portion of the party, in the midst of a scene of the wildest tumult. They were by no means unanimously accepted. The more moderate of the Republicans, with Lafayette at their head, in view of the agitation hourly augmenting in the streets, in view of the insuperable difficulties obvious to every well-informed man, of establishing a stable republic in a realm where a large majority of the population were opposed to a republic, and trembling in view of the anarchy with which all France was menaced, were already strongly inclined to effect an union with the Orleans party under a constitutional monarchy.

In various parts of the city there were excited gatherings, adopting all sorts of revolutionary resolutions, and sending delegations to the Hotel de Ville, with instructions, petitions, threats. The students of the Polytechnic school, who had distinguished themselves in the bloodiest scenes of the street fight with the troops of Charles X., sent a committee to the Hotel de Ville, with a military order, to which they demanded an official signature. The appropriate officer, M. Lobau, refused to sign it. "You recoil, do you ?" said the determined young man who presented the ordinance. "Nothing is so dangerous in revolutions as to recoil. I will order you to be shot !" "To be shot !" was the indignant reply. "Shoot a member of the Provisional Government ?" The young man

drew him to the window, pointed to a well-armed band of a hundred men, who had fought desperately the day before. "There," said he, "are men who would shoot God Almighty were I to order them to do so." The ordinance was signed in silence.

Such occurrences gave new impulse to the inclinations of Lafayette and the more moderate of the Republican party, toward the Orleanists, who were deliberating in the salons of M. Lafitte. Charles X., who had fled from St. Cloud with his family and the most devoted of his followers, was still in France, at but a few leagues from Paris, at the head of twelve thousand veteran troops. Should the Duke of Orleans escape and join him, and rally the rural population in defence of Legitimacy and in support of the Duke of Bordeaux, results might ensue appalling to the boldest imagination. As hour after hour passed away, and the duke did not appear in Paris, the anxiety in the crowded salons of M. Lafitte was terrible. Orleanists and Republicans were alike in peril. The re-establishment of the old régime would inevitably consign the leaders of both these parties, as traitors, to the scaffold. Democratic cries were resounding more and more loudly through the streets. Power was fast passing into the hands of the mob. Should the Duke of Orleans fail his party, there was no one else around whom they could rally, and their disastrous defeat was inevitable.

The hours were fast darkening into despair. Messengers were anxiously sent to the Palais Royal, the sumptuous city residence of the duke, to ascertain if he had arrived. No tidings could be heard of him. The domestics seemed to be packing up the valuables in preparation for their removal. The utter failure of Béranger and his associates to gain the co-operation of the Democrats was reported. The decisive resolution adopted at the Hotel de Ville was known. All seemed lost. There was nothing before the eye but a frightful vision of anarchy and bloodshed. A general panic seized all those assembled in the apartments of Lafitte, and there was a sudden dispersion. It was near midnight. But three persons were left—Lafitte, Adolphe Thibodeau and Benjamin Constant. A few moments of anxious conversation ensued. "What will become of us to-morrow?" sadly inquired Lafitte. "We shall all be hanged," replied Benjamin Constant, in the calm aspect of despair.

In this crisis of affairs matters threatened to become still more involved by two influential young men, M. Ladvoat and M. Duvenal, proposing to bring forward the claims of the Empire. The name of Napoleon then pronounced in the streets, and the unfurling of the eagle-crowned banners, under any recognized representative of his renown, would perhaps have called a party into being which would instantly have overridden all others. This peril was adroitly averted by the sagacity of M. Thiers and M. Mignet. By their powerful persuasion they induced M. Ladvoat to desist from the attempt. The other young man, who was found inflexible in his resolve, they lured into a room in the Hotel de Ville, where they caused him to be arrested and imprisoned.

In the meantime an agitated crowd poured out through the gates of Paris, and, invading Neuilly, surrounded the chateau, intending to seize the Duke of Orleans and carry him into the city. But he, as we have mentioned, had retired to Rancy. The leaders of this multitude, professing to be a deputation from the Chamber of Deputies, demanded to see the duchess, and informed her that they should take her and her children as hostages to the city, and there keep them until the duke should make his appearance in Paris. The duchess, terrified in view of the peril to which she and her children would be exposed in the hands of an ungovernable mob, wrote to her husband entreating him to return immediately.

Thus influenced, the duke resolved to repair to Paris. The streets were thronged with an excited mob, who would surely assassinate him should he be recognized. The peril of his family overcame his constitutional timidity. In disguise, accompanied by three persons only, who were also in disguise, this reluctant candidate for one of the most brilliant of earthly crowns, a little before midnight set out on foot, and entering Paris traversed the thronged streets, with republican cries resounding everywhere around him. In several instances the mob, little aware of whom they were assailing, compelled him to respond to the cry. Upon reaching his sumptuous palace some time after midnight, he threw himself in utter exhaustion upon a couch, and sent the welcome announcement to his friends of his arrival. M. de Mortmart, one of the most prominent of the Orleans party, immediately called. He found the duke in a state of extreme agitation, bathed in sweat, undressed, and covered only with a bedspread.

The duke gave vehement utterance to his perplexities and alarm. He declared his devotion to the principles of Legitimacy, and his inalienable attachment to his friends and relatives of the elder branch of the Bourbon family. He remonstrated against the cruelty of placing him in the false position of their antagonist, saying, "I would rather die than accept the crown." Seizing a pen he wrote a letter to Charles X., full of protestations of loyalty and homage. M. Mortmart concealed this epistle in the folds of his cravat, and it was conveyed to the fugitive king.

This epistle was probably intended only to be a forcible expression of the extreme reluctance with which Louis Philippe yielded to those influences which seemed morally to compel him to accept the crown. Charles X. was cruelly deceived by the letter. He interpreted it to signify that the Duke of Orleans would remain firm in his allegiance to the dynasty which had been driven by successful insurrection from Paris.

At an early hour the next morning a delegation from the Chamber of Deputies, with General Sebastiani at its head, arrived at the Palais Royal. The agitations of the hour were such that without waiting for an announcement, they broke into the presence of the duke with the prayer that he would accept, from them, the Lieutenant-Generality of the kingdom, which was merely the stepping-stone to the throne. The duke was still very undecided, or to save appearances, feigned to be so. The deputies assured him that the crisis was so imperative that not only the destinies of France, but also his own life, were probably dependent upon his accepting the appointment. The duke implored a few more moments for private reflection, and retired to his cabinet with General Sebastiani, who was then hurriedly dispatched to the hotel of M. Talleyrand in the Rue St. Florentin. Talleyrand had been one of the firmest supporters of Legitimacy. Louis Philippe sought his advice. The wily statesman, who had lived through so many revolutions, had not yet left his bedchamber and was dressing. He, however, promptly returned the sealed answer, "Let him accept."

The duke hesitated no longer. Returning to the Deputies he announced his decision. The most vigorous action was now required. A proclamation to the inhabitants of Paris was immediately drawn up, in the name of Louis Philippe, announcing that, in obedience to the wishes of the Deputies, he had assumed the office of Lieutenant-General of France. At the same time the illustrious writer, M. Guizot, was intrusted with the duty of drawing up a more full exposition of the principles of the Orleanist party, which was to be signed by ninety-one of the Deputies.

The Duke of Orleans became thus virtually dictator. Could his dictatorship

be maintained it was, of course, a death-blow to all other parties. The Republican party, weak as it was, if we consider the whole of France, was strong in the streets of Paris. It was a matter of great moment to try to conciliate the leaders of that party. It was soon evident that this would be no easy matter. The proclamation of the duke was very angrily received in the streets. Loud mutterings were heard. Those who were distributing it were fiercely assailed, and one of the agents narrowly escaped with his life.

The bold resolve was now adopted for the Duke of Orleans to go in person to the Hotel de Ville, accompanied by an escort of the deputies. A throng of Orleanists surrounded the Palace Royal and cheered the duke as he came out. As the procession advanced insulting shouts began to assail their ears. The duke was on horseback. The Place de Grève was thronged with republicans. Angry outcries greeted him. "He is a Bourbon," some shouted, "away with him. We will have nothing to do with him." Benjamin Constant and Béranger mingled with the crowd, doing everything in their power to appease them. It was feared every moment that some pistol-shot would strike the duke from his horse. His countenance was pale and careworn, but there was no visible perturbation. Having, with difficulty, forced his way through the angry crowd, the duke alighted from his horse and ascended the stairs. Lafayette, who was already in heart in sympathy with the Orleanist movement, came forth courteously to meet him and conducted him into the great hall of the palace. There was here a very excited interview, the more passionate of the Orleanists and of the Republicans coming very near to blows. But Lafayette and the most illustrious men of the Liberal party, seeing no other possible way of rescuing France from anarchy, now openly espoused the cause of Louis Philippe.

Lafayette took the Duke of Orleans by the hand, and led him out upon a balcony where they were in view of the vast multitude swarming in the vacant space below. The devotion of the marquis to popular rights was universally known. He could not, in that tumultuous hour, make his voice heard. But, in the use of language more expressive than words, he threw his arms around the neck of the duke in an affectionate embrace. The best part of the multitude accepted this as the indorsement of the duke by one whom they could trust. It was on this occasion that the following incident occurred which has attained such renown :

"You know," said Lafayette to Louis Philippe, "that I am a republican, and that I regard the Constitution of the United States as the most perfect that has ever existed."

"I think as you do," Louis Philippe replied. "It is impossible to have passed two years in the United States, as I have done, and not be of that opinion. But do you think that in the present state of France a republican government can be adopted?"

"No," said Lafayette, "that which is necessary for France now is a throne surrounded by republican institutions. All must be republican."

"That is precisely my opinion," rejoined Louis Philippe.

After this scene, the duke, immensely strengthened in his position, returned to the Palais Royal, accompanied by a decided increase of acclamations. Still, there were many murmurs. The people could not forget that the duke was, by birth, an aristocrat and a Bourbon; that he had taken no part, either by word or deed, in the conflict for the overthrow of the despotic throne; that, concealed in the recesses of his palace, he had not shown his face in Paris until the conflict in which they were shedding their blood was terminated, and that then he had come at length merely to assume a crown.

Immediately after the duke's withdrawal from the Hotel de Ville, Lafayette and his friends drew up a programme, or social contract, in which they endeavored to reconcile republican institutions with the forms of a monarchy. Lafayette himself took this contract to the Palais Royal and submitted it to the duke. He gave it, apparently, his cordial assent. There were, however, Legitimists as well as Republicans who had no faith in this union. The Abbé Grégoire is reported to have exclaimed in disgust, "Good God, are we then to have both a Republic and a King!"

Still there were many dangers to be encountered. The word king had not yet been distinctly spoken. And yet the supreme power was placed in the hands of Louis Philippe. It was necessary in the more full organization of the government that he should be recognized as a sovereign. But it was no easy matter to reconcile the populace of Paris to the idea of placing a Bourbon at the head of the new government.

"To obviate the unfavorable impression thus produced," writes Alison, "the Orleans committee prepared and placarded over all Paris, a proclamation not a little surprising, considering that M. Mignet and M. Thiers were members of it, *The Duke of Orleans is not a Bourbon, he is a Valois*. A memorable assertion to be made by historians of a lineal descendant of Henry IV., and of the brother of Louis XVI."

The leading journalists had all been won over to the side of the Orleans party. We would not intimate that any unworthy means had been employed to secure their support. Such men as Thiers, Guizot, Mignet, are above suspicion. They doubtless felt, as did Lafayette, that the attempt to establish a republic would result only in anarchy—that it would be impossible to maintain a republic in a realm where the large majority of the people were monarchists. Still it is obvious that the wealth of a party composed of nearly all the moneyed men in the kingdom, and whose leader was the richest noble in France, if not in Europe, was amply sufficient to present very persuasive influences to secure the support of any journalist who might be wavering. The result was that nearly all the journals opened their broadsides against a republic. They denounced that form of government as the sure precursor of anarchy, pillage and a reign of terror, and as certain to embroil France in another war with combined Europe.

It was, indeed, greatly to be apprehended that the foreign dynasties, who would not allow France to lay aside the Bourbons and place Napoleon upon the throne, would resist, through the same devotion to the principles of legitimacy, the "usurpation" of Louis Philippe. To conciliate them it was necessary for the Duke of Orleans to represent that he was in sympathy with the hereditary thrones, co-operating with them in their advocacy of exclusive privilege, and that he was, providentially, the barrier to whom they owed a debt of gratitude, arresting France from rushing over to democracy. But the open avowal of these opinions would rouse the Liberal party to desperation against him.

Notwithstanding all the efforts of the journalists to discredit republicanism, in every possible way, there still remained a Democratic party in Paris, among the populace, led by very bold, impetuous and determined men. These leaders had great influence with a portion of the people who could easily be roused to insurrection which, however impotent, might still cause the streets of Paris to run red with blood. It was deemed a matter of much importance to win over these men. A meeting was arranged between them and the Duke of Orleans. A man who understood himself very thoroughly, and who was entirely unawed in the presence of dignitaries, M. Brinvilliers, was the spokesman of the delegation. His scrutinizing interrogatories embarrassed the duke exceedingly.

"To-morrow," said Brinvilliers, "you are to be king. What are your ideas upon the treaties of 1815."

By these treaties, formed at Vienna by the conquerors at Waterloo, Europe had been partitioned among the dynasties so as to bind the people hand and foot and render any future uprising in behalf of liberty almost impossible. Even one of the British quarterlies has said of them, "No compacts so worthless, so wicked, so utterly subversive of the rights of humanity, are to be found in the annals of nations."

The reply of the duke was adroit. "I am no partisan of the treaties of 1815. But we must avoid irritating foreign powers."

The next question was still more embarrassing, for it was to be answered not only in the ears of this democratic delegation, but in the hearing of all aristocratic Europe eagerly listening. "What are your opinions upon the subject of an hereditary peerage?" Still the duke manifested no little skill in meeting it. He replied, "In hereditary aristocracy is the best basis of society. But if the hereditary peerage cannot maintain itself, I certainly shall not endow it. I was once a Republican; but I am convinced that a republic is inapplicable to such a country as France."

The interview was unsatisfactory to the delegation, and the members retired in disgust. Chateaubriand, with all the ardor of his poetic and religious instincts, was a Legitimist. As the representative of the old Bourbon régime, he sought an audience with the duke, hoping to induce him to decline the crown, and to act in the interests of the expelled dynasty. In his "*Mémoires d'Outre Tombe*," this illustrious man has given a minute account of the conversation which took place. Chateaubriand was received by the Duchess of Orleans, who very cordially invited him to a seat near her. Rather abruptly she commenced the conversation by saying,

"Ah, Monsieur de Chateaubriand, we are very unhappy. If all parties could unite we might yet be saved. What do you think about it?"

"Madame," Chateaubriand replied, "nothing is so easy. Charles X. and Monsieur the Dauphin have abdicated. Henry, the Duke of Bordeaux, is now King. The Duke of Orleans is Lieutenant-General of the realm. Let him be regent during the minority of Henry V., and all is right."

"But, Monsieur de Chateaubriand," replied the duchess, "the people are very much agitated. We shall fall into anarchy."

"Madame," rejoined Chateaubriand, "may I venture to inquire of you what is the intention of the Duke of Orleans? Will he accept the crown if it is offered to him?"

The duchess, after a moment's hesitation added, without replying to the question, "Reflect, Monsieur de Chateaubriand, upon the evils to which we are exposed. It is necessary that all good men should unite in the endeavor to save us from a republic. You could render great service as ambassador to Rome, or in the ministry here, should you not wish to leave Paris?"

"Madame is not ignorant," Chateaubriand replied, "of my devotion to the young king and to his mother. Your royal highness could not wish that I should give the lie to my whole life—*que je démentisse toute ma vie*."

"Monsieur de Chateaubriand," rejoined the duchess, "you do not know my niece. She is so frivolous. Poor Caroline! But I will send for the Duke of Orleans. He can persuade you better than I can."

The duke soon entered, in dishevelled dress, and with a countenance expressive of great anxiety and fatigue. After a few words, which Chateaubriand

rather contemptuously records as an "idyl upon the pleasures of country life," Chateaubriand repeated what he had said to the duchess.

The duke exclaimed, "That is just what I should like. Nothing would please me better than to be the tutor and guardian of that child. I think just as you do, M. de Chateaubriand. To take the Duke of Bordeaux would certainly be the best thing that could be done. I fear only that events are stronger than we."

"Stronger than we, my lord!" rejoined M. de Chateaubriand. "Are you not esteemed by all the powers? Let us go and join Henry V. Call around you, outside of the walls of Paris, the Chambers and the army. At the first tidings of your departure all this effervescence will cease, and every one will seek shelter under your protective and enlightened power."

The duke was much embarrassed. He seemed to avoid looking Chateaubriand in the face. With averted eyes, he said, "The thing is more difficult than you imagine. It cannot be accomplished. You do not know what peril we are in. A furious band can launch itself against the Chambers with the most frightful excesses; and we have no means of defence. Be assured that it is I alone who now hold back this menacing crowd. If the Royalist party be not massacred, it will owe its life solely to my efforts."

M. de Chateaubriand responded in brave words, which perhaps the occasion warranted, "My lord, I have seen some massacres. Those who have passed through the Revolution are inured to war. These grey moustaches are not terrified by objects which frighten the conscripts."

These not very courteous words, which implied that, though the duke might be a coward, the viscount was not, terminated the interview.

The Democrats endeavored to get up an agitation in the streets, but failed. They had neither leaders, organization, nor money. Chateaubriand, in the Chamber of Peers, made one of the most eloquent of his speeches, full of manly vigor and poetic beauty, in which he denounced both an elective monarchy and a republic, and advocated the claims of the old régime. But the Peers, trembling lest a republic should come and rob them of their titles and estates, voted, by a majority of eighty-nine to ten, to offer the crown to Louis Philippe. The two Chambers hurriedly prepared a constitution, to which Louis Philippe gave his assent. The ceremony took place with much pomp in the Chamber of Deputies, on the 9th of August, 1830.

"Gentlemen, Peers, and Deputies," said the Duke of Orleans, "I have read with great attention the declaration of the Chamber of Deputies and the adhesion of the Peers, and I have weighed and meditated upon all its expressions. I accept, without restriction or reserve, the clauses and engagements which that declaration contains, and the title of King of the French, which it confers upon me." He then took the following oath: "In the presence of God, I swear to observe faithfully the Constitutional Charter, with the modifications contained in the declaration; to govern only by the laws and according to the laws; to render fair and equal justice to every one, according to his right, and to act in everything in no other view but that of the interest, the happiness, and the glory of the French people." The hall resounded with shouts of "*Vive le Roi*." The new-made sovereign, with a splendid cortege, retired, to take up his residence in the Tuileries, as King of the French. The revolution was consummated. The throne of Louis Philippe was erected.

JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.





Drawn by Winslow Homer.

"HI! H-O-O-O! HE DONE COME. JUMBOLORO TELL YOU FUST."—PAGE 823.

THE DUCHESNE ESTATE.

WE have before us one of the large, smooth, prairie-like landscapes of the Opelousas country in Western Louisiana. As we are in the times before the rebellion, in the times when this prairie had been tamed by the hand of agriculture, and not yet driven wild again by the hand of war, the view is one of canefields and cornfields and fruit orchards, of abundant and monotonous fertility, of verdure beyond verdure.

Miles away from the spires of a considerable village, and yet, so even is that oceanic land, within sight of them, stands a plantation mansion, a building which seems of Europe rather than of America, so plain and large and solid is it, a mass of stone clothed in mortar. Under the heavily-arched piazza which covers the front of this mansion, sits a lady alone, her eyes fixed on another plantation residence similar to this, except that it is larger. The lady is Miss Ninette Rambeau, and she is looking at the Duchesne place.

Of a sudden—"Hullo! Wah, wah, wah! He, Miss Ninette! Jumboloro tell you fust. He come, Miss Ninette; Mas'r Henry Vincent come. Wah, wah, wah!"

Across the yard which separates the house from the road rampaged one of the antiques and curiosities of the African race, a negro who had not yet ceased to be fractionally monkey, a little less than primitive man, a tamed monster. Hat off, tufts of white wool jiggling about his black scalp, legs and arms of different lengths flying in all directions, a huge cane or stick joining erratically in the movement, a whirlwind of tattered clothing circling and shaking around him, his appearance and locomotion were alike amazing. He was lame; one leg was much longer than the other; he used the short leg as a pivot and a means of propulsion; he swung around on it, and tumbled ahead of it. His cane was incessantly busy; he seemed to walk on it and to fly with it; it was a crutch, and it was a wing; moreover it made gestures. As he scratched and tumbled and punched along, his twisted mouth gave forth a congregation of shouts, a clamor as of various voices. He laughed and talked at once; when he laughed he squeaked; when he talked he bellowed. It was squeak and bellow, bellow and squeak, all across the yard.

"Hi! H-o-o-o! He done come. Jumboloro tell you fust. Wah, wah, wah! Mas'r Henry Vincent. He done come, Miss Ninette. He over to Duchesne House. H-o-o-o!"

The young lady had sprung to her feet, her face a rose and her eyes diamonds. "Has he really come?" she asked, leaning over the railing of the piazza and gazing eagerly at the ancient nondescript. "Did you see him?"

"No. Didn' see um. Aunt Chloe say he come. Wah, wah, wah. Tell Jumboloro so. H-o-o-o! Jumboloro hop into wagon; git right along to tell Miss Ninette; wah, wah, wah! Guess you glad. Guess Missus Rambeau glad. Guess everybody on the ole place glad. Wah, wah, wah! H-o-o-o!"

Having squeaked and bellowed himself the merest trifle blacker—no, lighter—in the face than usual, this venerable man-monkey collapsed upon the ground and wrestled for breath, meanwhile grinning with a forty skeleton power.

"Oh, I am so glad!" exclaimed Ninette Rambeau. "Thank you, Jumboloro. Now, here," taking out her portmonnaie, "here is your five dollar piece.

I didn't think it would be you who would get it. Don't spend it all in rum and make a brute of yourself."

"No, no," squeaked the primitive man, rising to his feet with as much labor as if he were climbing a tree, and commencing a dance which seemed like the orgie of a scarecrow. If a loom, a washing machine and a possessed planchette had been working all together inside his raiment, they could not have flung about its tags and bobtails of cotton sacking with greater extravagance. It might have been the pre-adamite dance, the hornpipe of the lake-dwellers of Switzerland, with a reminiscence of gorilla caperings.

"Jus' buy one leetle drop," he bellowed. "One drop to drink your health—drink health of Missus Rambeau—drink health of Mas'r Vincent—drink health of wedding—"

And so he went on, imagining toasts enough to lay forty men-monkeys under their tables, if so be they should possess such furniture.

Ninette rushed into the house, sent one African after her horse, another after her riding-whip, another after her bootees, another to see what had become of the first, until it seemed as if a whole Gold Coast were in commission. "Tell mamma, as soon as she comes in," she said, mounting her saddle, "tell her Mr. Vincent has come, and I will bring him to dinner." She was glowing with excitement and joy; you might easily admit her mother's claim that she was the handsomest girl in the parish; one seldom sees a more dazzling brunette than she was at the moment. In less than ten minutes she had cantered two miles, and was prancing up the great yard of the Duchesne mansion. The house was a huge pile of brick, daubed with coarse, yellowish, weather-stained plaster, which made no pretence of being granite or marble. The façade was a two-storied veranda, the lower story supported by heavy arches, the upper one by pillars of masonry. In the rear was a double row of negro houses facing each other, some thirty in number, solid and comfortable dwellings, also of brick and plaster. The grounds were grassless, of course; nothing deserving the name of turf can be raised in that southern region; but there was a paradise of orange trees, of rare shrubs and of flowers; the senses were mastered by rich tints and strong perfumes. Around, over thousands of acres, stretched the high, grey cypress fences and the well-tilled fields of the Duchesne estate.

Notwithstanding coarse material and a prison-like plainness of architecture, the house showed signs of a barbaric sumptuousness. The door-knob and bell-handle were of solid silver; the name Duchesne was let into the marble doorstep in large silver letters; through the open windows were visible pictures and ponderous mahogany furniture. Clearly enough, this had been the residence of a man who did not quite know what to do with all his money. A woman would have handled treasures to better advantage in the way of decoration.

As Ninette pulled up at the front door, a negro in soiled livery appeared and took her bridle.

"Ah, Tom!" she said, gaily, as she dismounted; "I have come to call on the new master. Do you think he will see me?"

Tom, it appeared, was a stutterer; he evidently had something to say; but he could not begin on it; and before he had cracked the first syllable between his laboring jaws, Ninette was in the house. Gathering her riding dress out of the way of her eager little bootees, she whisked through a broad hall and rustled into a monstrous parlor.

There—*embarras de richesse*—were two men, and neither of them the man she sought! The sparkle of her eye went out like a falling star, and her mouth

made a little pouting, pitiful grimace, such as one might expect from a disappointed rose.

The two men sat at a table, on which were two bottles of the Duchesne madeira, a platter of cold fowl, and a bowl of salad. One of them, the one who had the most confidence and ownership in his port, the one who, at first sight, could be distinguished as the autocrat of the festivity, was a short, paunchy, light-haired, blue-eyed young fellow, well dressed, in regard to material, but with a slatternly, untied, unbuttoned air, as though his clothes were intoxicated. His round and shiny face, quick-glancing eyes, and quirking mouth expressed a combination of smartness, slyness, impudence, and vice, slightly relieved by glimpses of jollity and coarse goodfellowship.

He carried his bullet head over his right shoulder, and his shining beaver on his left temple. One eye was closely shut, and the other ostentatiously wide open. The bridge of his nose was barked or blazed, as though some hewer of human countenances had lately been that way, and had marked out his road for a return. His upper lip, too, was clumsily cut, after the manner of knuckles in cutting; and his whole countenance had a swollen look, which made the humane soul desire to bandage it. In fine, he had the air of a New York rough, or a Baltimore plug lately out of a fight.

His companion was, apparently, a low-bred Southerner, of the cross-roads' grocery type; middle-aged, with long, unkempt, greasy hair, and whitish eyes; a face so cadaverously pale and unwholesomely flabby that it would have deterred a Maori from eating him; the sloppiest and seediest of black clothing, and a meeching, unsteady demeanor. A man who frequently saw his betters; a man much bullied by his own consciousness; a man who "had no use" for a sheriff; a shamefaced, played-out "dead beat."

As Ninette faced them, both rose to their feet, the younger with an expression of impudent courtesy, the elder with sheepish respect. She was so far from being pleased with their appearance that her first impulse was to turn her back on them without a word and go on searching for the one person whom she wanted. Nevertheless, they were white men; and, in those Dixie days, all white people owed civility to all other white people; for were they not all alike members of the great, natural, Caucasian aristocracy? So Ninette made a slight bow, and said, "I expected to see Mr. Henry Vincent."

"Have a seat, ma'am," responded the bullet-headed youth, firing a shot of admiration at her with his open eye. "Very happy to see you here. Let me offer you a glass of madeira—some of the old Duchesne tap—first-rate article, ma'am."

As he turned to fill a glass, he gave his blubbering comrade the wink of a Five Points Lothario.

"Is Mr. Henry Vincent here?" demanded Ninette, without stirring from her position.

"Can't say he is, just at present," admitted the plug, slightly quelled by her dignified tone.

"When is he coming?"

"Don't know nary such person."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Ninette, frankly staring her astonishment. "I heard that the heir of this estate had arrived."

"All right. Here he is—quite at your service," grinned the fellow, tapping his waistcoat respectfully, as though it now belonged to his betters.

"You the heir!"

Ninette flushed with downright anger; what did the impudent creature mean?

"I *am*. So they *say*. That's the *will*." These short sentences were uttered at intervals, with an accent which was meant to be impressive, and which might have been considered impressive at Jones's Wood.

"Who did you say you thought was the heir?" he suddenly added, with an expression of hard-drinking slyness.

"Mr. Henry Vincent, a friend of Mr. Duchesne's. It was so understood here."

The plug turned to his comrade; he opened his right eye and shut the left; then he opened his left eye and shut the right. To this speechless succession of queries the blubber-faced man responded by an imbecile stare, unilluminated by a wink or a grimace.

"This is very singular," stammered Ninette, preparing to go. "I don't comprehend it."

"Can't say but what I'm slightly mixed myself," broke in the youngster, evidently anxious to detain her. "I knew Duchesne; I may say I done lots of business with him at my place in Carrollton; he used to booze there. I kep' a licker store—very best brands and taps, you bet; and Duchesne knew what to call for. But as to making me his heir, that beats me. I own beat on it. However, he done it. I've seen the will, and that's the way it spells. 'All my estate to Edward Roland, of Carrollton,' or words to that effect. Now, I'm Edward Roland, of Carrollton. I'm Edward Roland, and this is my friend and faithful barkeeper, Jake Philpot. Jake, make the lady a bow."

Ninette began to fear lest the man spoke the truth about the will. Her color, which a moment ago had been crimson, now sank to a lily-like pallor. She was tremulous from head to foot, and could scarcely conceal her emotion.

"Good morning, sir," she said. "Excuse my intrusion. I had expected to meet an old friend.

"Young man, this Mr. Vincent?" inquired Edward Roland, with a gleam of fresh interest. With one watery eye settled on her face, and the other quizzically closed, he looked outrageously impudent.

Ninette glanced at him angrily. He seemed to be peering into her feelings toward Henry Vincent; his squint had the insolence of a leer. Suppressing a desire to strike him across the face with her riding whip, she marched superbly out of the room.

"I say, what name?" called Roland, stumbling after her.

His companion caught him by the coat skirt, muttering, "God's sake, let her 'lone. She's one of the high-toned sort. Git yerself into a big fight."

"All right," answered Roland. "Let's have lunch. Here's to her health. Devilish splendid gal. I'll bring her round yet. Women ain't a goin' to sour on a young fellow, peart and healthy, and pooty good lookin', who owns the Duchesne estate."

Having winked at Philpot, right eye and left eye alternately, twelve or fourteen times, he opened his sore mouth with a grimace for a piece of cold fowl.

Meantime, Ninette rode homeward as fast as she came. At the gate, she met Jumboloro, his tufts of white wool jiggling and hornpiping with delight, his "human evasions" of limbs performing unearthly capers, his flags and streamers of raiment waving in a fashion to scare all the crows in North America.

"H-o-o-o!" he bellowed, and then squeaked, "Wah, wah, wah. You see him? Aha! What Jumboloro tell you? Jumboloro tell you fust. Mas'r Henry Vincent. Pretty soon Missus Henry Vincent. Wah, wah, wah."

"Jumboloro, what did you deceive me so for?" answered Ninette, with irritation. "Mr. Vincent is not there."

"Wah, wah, wah," squealed the man-monkey, tears of laughter rolling down his leathery cheeks, folded like the skin of a rhinoceros. "Oh yes, he be. You seen him. Now you want to plague Jumboloro. Aunt Chloe tell me the young man come what own the 'state. Wah, wah." Here he went into a new paroxysm of delighted gambols and squeaks, as if he were a young raccoon who had just pulled some other raccoon's tail.

"You old simpleton!" exclaimed Ninette, as she dashed on toward the house. In the veranda she was met by her mother, a dark, tall, full-formed, dignified and yet politic-looking woman, between the ages of forty and fifty.

"Ah, you bad subject!" said Madame Rambeau, with a smile. "What sort of behavior is this in a young lady! Running off to see young men alone, even if they are betrothed lovers—it won't do, Ninette. Such things make talk. Well," she added with an air of satisfaction, "is Mr. Vincent coming to dinner?"

"I haven't seen him," answered the girl, ready to cry with vexation and disappointment.

"Haven't seen him! Why, Jumboloro told me—"

Then came Ninette's story as to whom she had seen and what she had heard in the Duchesne mansion. Madame Rambeau listened with a flush of astonishment, which at last changed into the paleness of alarm and anger.

"Is it possible that the man deceived us!" she exclaimed. "Is it possible that Duchesne was a liar and scoundrel!"

"Oh, mamma!—I should have taken Henry all the same."

Madame responded by a look which appeared to say, "I might not have let you."

Then ensued a long conversation concerning the deceased planter, from which we will draw such items of information as seem important, adding to them gossip derived from other sources.

Tillet Duchesne had been one of the richest landed proprietors of Louisiana. An only and spoiled child, he had grown up, not only with tastes for coarse revelry, but so ignorant that he could not write the shortest note without faults of spelling. What means were there of driving learning into a youngster whose father was dead, whose mother humored all his whims, who used his tutors as butts for practical jokes, and who had drawn a knife on more than one of them? His whole manhood was spent in hunting, in eating and drinking, in gambling and low frolics. Sometimes he passed weeks in the purlieu of New Orleans, carousing with rowdies and even with criminals. He never went to the North or to Europe; conscious of his educational and moral deficiencies, he did not care to exhibit them to strangers; he was at ease only among the boon companions of his youth or the roughs whom he encountered by hazard; his life was a round of stupid, unvaried, commonplace, provincial debauchery.

At the age of sixty, three years before his death, the physical inability to carouse longer had wrought in him a species of reformation. He was now a gaunt, haggard man; his tall, stooping figure crawling painfully on crutches, his yellow and wrinkled face distorted with pain, his eyes red and watery from sleeplessness, his swollen feet swathed in flannel. His temper, always peevish and often fantastically violent, made him a terror to his dependants. Happily he was a bachelor and without relatives. His cruelties, if he committed any, were borne by the speechless carcass of slavery, and no echo has come down to annoy us.

In these woful latter years, limited by his digestion to one cigar a day, unable to drink three glasses of wine without passing the night in purgatory, debarred from playing the flute (his only accomplishment) by the stiffness of his chalky fingers, he became an object of pity to people from whom his wealth had only been able to extort endurance.

Among those who now treated him with consideration were the Rambeau ladies. Madame Rambeau had once refused Duchesne; perhaps her heart relented toward an ancient lover; so it is often with women. As she was a widow and reputed to be politic, envious people of course charged her with designs upon the old bachelor's estate. When a couple of years had worn this suspicion threadbare, and when Ninette, having grown up to attractive womanhood, had refused two or three eligible offers, the whisper arose that the mother was seeking to catch Duchesne for the daughter.

We cannot say how it was; there is no denying that Madame Rambeau was artful and ambitious, and such a mother is sometimes her child's deadliest enemy. But nothing happened between the old man and the girl beyond an intimacy in which the former was always a patient and the latter a nurse. She found it hard work to amuse him; it was wearisome to be always at cards, chess and backgammon, but at last, as if favored with a new childhood, he took a fancy to books. After she had repeatedly offered to read to him, and after he had as often refused with a grimace, he allowed her to try him with "Ivanhoe." In half an hour he became furiously interested and henceforward he bought and heard fictions by the dozen.

We mention this subject because it leads us to a strange gleam of light upon a darkened nature. As Ninette read to the broken-down and little less than dying old debauchee the plea of Jeanie Deans for her sister, she observed that her listener repeatedly wiped his eyes with his fingers.

"Does the light trouble you, Mr. Duchesne?" she asked.

"No, no, go on," he answered, turning slightly away from her.

The reading proceeded; he took out his handkerchief and covered his face with it; she rose and said, "I will draw the curtain, Mr. Duchesne."

"No, no, my dear," he answered, dropping his handkerchief and exposing his wet face. "The truth is that I am snivelling over a novel."

Ninette's feelings, already much moved by the pathetic narrative, gave way entirely before this confession, and she burst frankly into tears.

"My dear," said the old *roué*, "you are a good girl, and I have been a bad man. I am honored and bettered by sharing your feelings."

Presently followed another romance of more importance to Ninette. Enter a tall and handsome young man, somewhat too much of the Lara type for mature puritan taste, but quite fitted to win the admiration of a young lady. Duchesne introduced him as Mr. Henry Vincent, the son of an old friend in Mobile. The two young people met constantly; the natural result was a love affair; should it be an engagement?

"You need not inquire about the boy," said Duchesne to Madame Rambeau. "I will guarantee him. A little wild, but good stuff, not like me. As to property, I will leave him my whole estate, if you will consent to the match, and he will take my name. I owe him something. His father saved my life in a rencontre. Besides, I like the young fellow. Besides, I like Ninette."

Well, the will had been made; the engagement had taken place; the young man had been sent off on business; during his absence the old man had died. Meanwhile Vincent's letters to Ninette had strangely ceased; and at last instead of him, arrived this other claimant, Edward Roland.

Such are the events which bring us down to the commencement of our narrative.

"It does not seem possible that Duchesne deceived us," murmured Madame Rambeau. "What motive? unless he was insane?"

"He drew, or at least he re-wrote his will," said Ninette. "He spelled so horribly, you know; he may have made some blunder."

"And where is Vincent?" demanded Madame, with irritation. "Why isn't he here to attend to his business?"

Ninette burst into tears. The mother looked at her almost angrily. The child, she knew, was not crying about this lost estate, but about that missing lover. What fools girls were, to be sure! Madame was so furious about the imperilled property that she could not find a gentle word for the bleeding heart. Merely saying, "Ninette, don't be a baby," she fell into a solemn reflection. If Vincent did not come back, or if he came back and did not get the Duchesne estate, it would be her duty, she felt, to make a new arrangement for her daughter. Would this Edward Roland do? It is clear enough that Madame had abundant matter for meditation. At last she decided on a double plan; she would follow out one of her proposed roads for a while; then, if it seemed best, she would shift to the other. Leaving her in this forked bewilderment, we will take a glance at the Messrs. Roland and Philpot, much occupied all this while with the Duchesne pullets and madeira, although the estate is not yet settled.

"Hadn't we best be gittin' back to the shop?" asked Philpot, after two or three days of continuous eating and drinking, which Roland called "looking over the property."

"Can't see it," was the answer. "Let the old rum-hole run itself. I'm not going back there to roost. It's a mighty good market up here, and the bunks just fit my backbone. What's the use of going anywhere? The whole business has got to come where I am. If the lawyers want me, let 'em call. I'm comfortable. Ring for another bottle, won't you?"

They drank as usual; neither more nor less; simply all they could. The result was as usual that the flabby Philpot slept on the first landing of the stairway, while Roland was just able to get to bed in his boots and trowsers. The household servants, aristocratically contemptuous of this plebeian Stefano and Trinculo, had already learned to minister to them very carelessly, especially in their hours of helplessness. During the night Roland awoke. Every man who has continuously abused his nerves with strong drink, knows the mysterious terrors which come upon the inebriate when he struggles out of his nightmares, amid darkness and solitude. It was not by any means the first time that this precocious debauchee had awakened in such a state of fright that he dared not stir or call out. But this time there was really something horrible present; something which made the roots of his hair shudder, and his skin give out a cold sweat; something which for a moment paralyzed his limbs and his tongue. Vaporous moonlight, falling through bluish gauze curtains, cast a sickly gleam upon a tall, lank and upright figure, draped in burial white. Its head alone was uncovered; the graveclothes, drooping upon the narrow shoulders, disclosed a skull; the yellowish cranium, the bleached teeth and cavernous eye-sockets showed with horrible distinctness. It stood by the window, with the stiffness of a sentinel. But at Roland's first start of consciousness, it quitted its position with a slow movement, swept noiselessly to the foot of the bed, and halted there, facing the scared drunkard. Now, for the first time, Roland perceived a phosphorescent glimmer in the hollows of the eyes.

Had the youth been in good health, he would not probably have been shaken overmuch, and he certainly would not have been alarmed superstitiously. But his nerves were disordered by a week's debauch ; he was not far removed from delirium tremens ; he was hardly sane. During one of those minutes which take more life out of a man than an ordinary month, he was speechless, motionless, paralytic with terror. The spectre stirred ; it slid to the corner of the bed ; it turned to approach him.

With an effort which filled his hair and bedewed his skin with a perspiration like that of death, Roland threw up his benumbed hands and cried in a squeaking whisper, "Go away !"

It wouldn't go ; on the contrary it came nearer ; it tried to lie down beside him. In disgust and horror, fearful of being embraced by this mouldering visitant, Roland tumbled to the back side of the bed. Scarcely was he there ere the ghost stood beside him. Back again he bounced, and back glided the spectre. Roland seemed to himself a mass of shuddering gooseflesh, on the point of disintegration and dissolution, ready to drop to pieces. If the shrouded tormenter had dipped skeleton fingers into him and taken out handfuls of loose carcass, he would not have been astonished. Pieces of him might have rubbed off on the bedclothes without exciting his surprise. Escape at last : he leaped from the bed and ran : bang went his head against door-posts and walls ; he never minded it ; he flew. At the prospect of safety his voice came to him in the long, shrill scream of a child, which recovers its breath after a fall. Still yelling, he reached the stairway, and fell head-foremost. It was a lucky circumstance for him that flabby, blubbery Jacob Philpot had gone to sleep on the landing. Philpot awoke with a grunt, rolled somebody or something off his stomach, tumbled down the remaining stairs after it, drew his revolver and commenced firing. What was the matter he did not know, but his Southern instinct led him to have immediate recourse to his shooting-iron, and he blazed away in the darkness like a platoon. It seemed to him that a dozen people got off him and ran away screeching. His last ball brought down a glass chandelier in the parlor, with a crash which nearly bereft him of his lowdown senses. Then there was silence ; next a tumult of negro voices ; servants bearing lights flowed into the hall ; and thus the scene ended.

Roland reappeared next morning, with the stains of earth and herbage on his back, showing how he had passed the close of the night. At the breakfast-table there was a period of sulky silence. Roland kept one eye shut ; sometimes the right, sometimes the left ; the open one always glaring at Philpot. The doughty countenance of the latter had an expression like that of a dog who discovers that he has attempted to bite his master, mistaking him for a stranger.

"I say, old porpus chops, you come mighty near finishin' me last night," began the heir of the Duchesne estate.

"I didn't know it was you," returned the victim of rum dropsy, with a bestial humility. "I'd a shot myself sooner than fired at you."

"Oh, you would, would you ?" said Roland, with a squint of harrowing incredulity. "Let's see you do it next time. I wouldn't mind if you tried it on now. Don't hold in on my account."

"How could I know who was thar ?" pleaded Philpot. "You mounted me in the dark like a bag o' cotton. Got your boot in my mouth the first lick. I thought the niggers was insurrected."

"Somethin' got into my room last night, and wanted to light on me."

"Like enough niggers. Was it black ?"

"No, it was white—whiter than a grave-stone—had a skull and grinned at me. By Jiminy! I sweat all my whiskey out of me in less 'n a minute."

"Look a here, Roland," implored Philpot, "jest keep an eye on yerself. I'm afeard it was the man with the poker."

"I don't go it half so hard as you do. Why, I got to bed last night, and you keeled up on the stairs."

"Yes, I know. But it don't matter about me. Now you, jest come into this property, you'd be a heavy loss to yerself. Let's try, jest for a day or two, to stay sober. Don't let's get outside of more 'n a bottle apiece, and that plain whiskey. These wines and mixed drinks are bad for the health."

"I pint. Let's have a temperance society. Tell old Tom to give us our two bottles, and lock up the rest and hide the key."

It was done. All day these two teetotallers suffered with thirst on their quart apiece. At evening, sober, wretched and desperate, they extorted the key of the wine-vault from Tom, and drank themselves a trifle drunker than usual. It was long past midnight when Philpot went under the table, an indistinct mass of snoring pulp, much in the state of a stranded jelly-fish, and not greatly differing from one in features and expression. With his two hands on the board, as if about to address an audience, Roland struggled to his perpendicular, turned himself as slowly and carefully as if he were a crate of china, and set off lurchingly for his bedroom, one eye sagaciously open. At the stairs he halted, the ascent looked a mile high, and straight up at that, moreover he was vaguely afraid of the ghost. A little before he had not wanted assistance, but now he thought he should like some niggers.

"What those fellahs gone to bed for? Why don't they set up for me? I'll teach 'em their business. I'll light on 'em. D—n 'em!"

Such were his reflections, and such he supposed were his words, as he zig-zagged from wall to wall toward the rear of the house. It was a spacious edifice in reality, and to Roland it now seemed illimitable. Moreover, the footing was unsteady; the floors keeled up before him and behind him, it was like walking a deck in a storm. After a laborious and eventful journey, he found a back door, strove obstinately with it, swore at it and got it open. Stepping into a piazza, faintly illuminated by starlight, he fell over something. A nondescript! wrapped in loose drapery, a pack of unsorted, scrabbling legs and arms, a mysterious monster, soft in some spots and tough as timber in others, a most clamorous monster, too, squealing and bellowing in various voices. Suddenly invigorated by terror, Roland grappled with it, rolled over it, went under it and lost himself in the middle of it. Among the amazing members of the creature there seemed to be one wooden one, which was particularly hard on him, grinding his shins, mashing his nose and pinching his fingers.

"H-o-o!" howled the caitiff, "who dat fightin' me? Hi yah! Jumboloro got you. Now guess you catch it. H-o-o-o!" And then followed a burst of goblin laughter, "Wah, wah, wah."

After a fierce struggle they tumbled apart and rose. There was a brief pause for breath, during which they faced each other in silence, like two gamecocks. Then the monster began to dance; squeaking and bellowing and tossing its drapery, it capered about Roland; legs and arms, or perhaps fins, of various lengths, went out and in marvellously; now and then it stamped with what sounded like a hoof.

Roland had made a tolerable fight thus far, but this demonstration was too much for his whiskey-rotted nerves, and he undertook to retreat. The moment

he faced about, down came the nondescript's head, there was a miscellaneous charge of legs and fins and hoofs, one awful butt, and the drunkard was on his face. He rolled over on his back just in time to witness a new horror. With a rush of drapery a white object passed through the piazza and into the hall, where it turned and revealed a skeleton head, the eye sockets faintly blazing. Uttering a simultaneous shriek, the late combatants skedaddled in any number of different directions. The last sound which Roland heard was that awful hoof going from him through the darkness. For the second time in forty-eight hours he passed the night out of doors. By afternoon of the next day the house servants were full of stories about ghosts, voodooes and obis. There was an influenza of fright on the place, everybody caught it, and had it badly, like a second attack of measles; niggers and white folks, they were all laid up with it.

"I say, I never believed in ghosts before," observed Roland to the chalky-faced Philpot. "But hanged if it don't begin to smell pretty strong of 'em. What's to be done, old porpus chops?"

"Better quit till the 'state is settled. Reckon it ain't quite squar, this livin' on a dead man afore the lawyers is done with him. Told ye, 'n the fust place, didn' feel easy 'bout it."

"What would the boys say to hear we was scared out by ghosts?"

"Boys be cussed! If they say anything, ask 'em to settle thar bills."

"I guess I won't go till I've inquired into the character of this old institution among the neighbors," decided Roland. "Have up some horses, Philpot. We'll ride round."

The Rambeau house being the nearest, they made their first visit there. Philpot, like a meek lowdowner, as he was, wanted to stop in the hall, but Roland nudged him, trod on his toes and winked at him authoritatively, and the two entered the parlor together. With a slight flush in her pale, massive face, Madame Rambeau rose to receive the heir of the Duchesne estate. Her eye was very investigating, she was querying whether the young man would do, she glanced to see how he was received by Ninette. A very politic and a slightly greedy lady was Madame Rambeau. Ninette answered the awkward bow of Roland by a cold inclination of the head, and without rising. Even Madame found the young man "horrid," could hardly conceal her dislike of his gashed lip, sore nose, swelled face and plug-ugly manner, began to feel that he could not by any possibility be made to do. Still, she had told Ninette to treat him decently, in case he should call; she had tried to hint to her that a fortune is to a husband what sugar is to a pill, and she was secretly wrathful at the girl's averted face and chill demeanor. Daughters have so little sympathy with the troubles and anxieties of mothers! Daughters, in short, are so hardhearted! So felt Madame.

"My name is Roland," said the legatee, advancing with one moist eye closed and the other fixed on Ninette. "And this is my friend and bar—my friend, Mr. Philpot."

"Have the goodness to sit down," replied Madame Rambeau. "But why call yourself Roland? The name should now be Duchesne, should it not?"

"You're right, ma'am. Duchesne. That's the will. That's so. But I haven't got used to it yet. New thing."

"Ah! but you are so well paid for it!" smiled the lady. "The Duchesne estate is worth a name, even an aristocratic one, like yours."

"Heavy old estate," admitted Roland. "Big thing."

Madame's eyes flashed—this coarse, stupid boor was intolerable, she wanted to hurt him.

"Are you descended from the great Roland—the Roland of Charlemagne?" she asked. "He was mad, you know. I hope brain affection does not run in the family."

Roland had not a suspicion that he was being satirized; her sneer, smothered in smiles, was to him quite impalpable. Moreover, not being a student of Ariosto, he was puzzled by her allusion to Orlando Furioso. He glanced askant at Philpot for guidance. But that worthy, overwhelmed by the presence of "high-toned" people, sat meek and speechless on the edge of his chair, his napless hat between his greasy knees and his white eyes fixed on the floor.

"You beat *me*, ma'am," confessed Roland. "You do beat me *bad*. I don't know whether I'm descended from the old chap or not. Was he much mad?"

"He entirely lost his wits, and they had to be sought for in the moon," said Madame, gravely.

"The devil!" muttered Roland, turning a glance of bewilderment upon Philpot. The latter slightly elevated his colorless eyes, and whispered out of one corner of his tobacco-stained mouth, "Some voodoo business, I reckon."

"Queer country, anyway, ma'am," continued Roland. "My old house over there is haunted, or somethin' like it."

"Ah! is it?" answered Madame, calmly. "But, of course, it is. I knew it."

"The what's-his-name you did! How long has it been so?"

"About fifty years."

"What? and old Duchesne lived there all the while?"

"But it killed him at last, you know."

"I say, Philpot, that's what made the old boy drink so," whispered Roland, opening both his eyes with a start.

Philpot, wiping the perspiration from his putty-colored face, responded with a groan of assent and dismay. After some further conversation the visitors departed.

When the door had closed behind them, Ninette spoke for the first time since their appearance.

"Mamma, how could you tell them that the Duchesne place has been haunted?"

"I meant," replied the mother, "haunted by vice."

"Ah! but that is too bad on our poor old friend. I am sure he was good when he cried over Jeanie Deans."

"Besides, I want that brute to be driven away," continued the elder lady. "I want time for Vincent to be found, and to arrive. Every day that this creature stays strengthens his claim to the estate. Possession, I have always heard, is nine points of the law."

Thus, in her womanly and dense ignorance of law, talked Madame.

What with the skeleton-headed apparition, and his drunken fight with the equally drunken Jumboloro, and Madame Rambeau's adroit hints of ancient hauntings, our friend Roland went home convinced that the Duchesne place was no fitting residence for human beings.

"Hanged if I don't travel to-morrow!" he said to Philpot, as they ambled along. "And before I come back, I'll have a new house built. I ain't goin' to live in a grave, with ghosts and voodoos, Philpot. It ain't my style. It never was, and I ain't goin' to begin it now, you bet your pile on it."

That evening, Ninette, alone in the Rambeau veranda, was pondering and, perhaps, crying over the question, "Where was Vincent?" The Duchesne es-

tate was now a matter of minor consequence to her, so overwhelming was her anxiety as to the fate of the man she loved. Not a word from him for three weeks; no reply to letters of inquiry sent to Mobile. It was insupportable, it was horrible.

Presently there was an outburst of joyful shrieks and bellows from the greenery, near the gate; and in another moment Jumboloro appeared in the shadowy pathway which led up to the mansion. The bacchanalian old faun was outdoing himself; it seemed as if his sound leg would run clear away from his hobbled one, and dismember him; his raiment waved, his stick slashed the orange branches, and the whites of his eyes illuminated the evening.

Prancing, jerking, snorting, and squeaking up to the veranda, he bellowed, "H-o-o-o! This time he come. Mas'r Henry Vincent! Here he be for sure. Jumboloro tell you both times. Wah, wah, wah."

Strong desire is always ready to take the wings of hope, and carry us aloft. Ninette sprang to her feet, with the cry, "Oh, Jumboloro! is it true?"

Then, seeing another figure coming up the walk, she rushed down the steps, ran through the flower-scented gloom, and threw herself into eager arms.

"My darling! my goddess! my glorious beauty!" whispered the stranger, turning her head back to look into her face.

After a time, no doubt pleasantly filled, there came a moment when she was able to say, "Oh! what has kept you so long?"

"I am ashamed to tell you," he answered. "But I may as well make a clean breast of it. Such a thing shall never have a chance to happen again. I was invited to a bachelor supper in New Orleans. After supper, as I was going home, or going somewhere, I don't know where—pardon me, my dear child; I assure you it is the last folly of the kind. Well, I don't know what happened till next morning. But then I found myself on a vessel dropping down the river. They told me that I had shipped myself for a common sailor. I don't believe it. I believe that I was kidnapped while I was asleep. You will forgive me, won't you?"

"What an outrage!" exclaimed Ninette. "The wretches ought to be punished."

"Well, I made a row, as you may suppose. After a few days I frightened the captain, and he took me into the cabin. Finally, we met a vessel bound for New Orleans; and so, instead of visiting Havre, here I am. You are not angry with me? You don't despise me, Ninette?"

"Oh, Henry!" she sighed, lifting her face to worship him.

"You are sufficiently punished," she said, presently. "You have lost the Duchesne estate. But I ought not to have told you so suddenly," she added, tenderly. "Don't mind it. We shall not need it. We can be very happy without it."

"You dear child," he whispered, caressing her hand. "Tell me the whole story."

"It has gone to a hideous little wretch—a barkeeper, or something of that sort—who calls himself Edward Roland. Oh, there is no doubt about it. The will said Edward Roland. Nobody comprehends; but so it is."

"My name is Edward Roland," he answered, with a smile.

"Henry! what do you mean?" she exclaimed, stepping back from him. "Who are you?"

"Now, I have got to tell you another bad affair, and this time you will be really angry," he stammered. "It was a duel."

"Oh!" answered Ninette, in a tone of relief. Duels were not crimes in the eyes of Southern girls.

"I was a second," he continued. "One of the principals was killed. So the authorities of Mobile got out warrants for all the parties concerned. I was not to blame. I had tried to bring about a peaceable settlement. Still, I didn't want to be arrested. So I ran away. I took the name of Henry Vincent, and lived for a while in Carrollton. Then I came up here to visit my father's old friend, Duchesne. That is the whole mystery, Ninette. Are you angry with me?" If she was angry she did not show it in the usual way, for she let him seize her hands once more.

"I knew about this other Roland," he added. "Duchesne knew him, too—used to drink at his place. But he probably never heard him called anything but Ned. I heard of the fellow's claim in New Orleans, and have seen my lawyer about it. The will is badly worded, of course; but my right can be maintained. Your mother is a witness as to what Roland was meant."

Some weeks after Edward Roland, the barkeeper, had been dispossessed by Edward Roland, the gentleman (now Duchesne), the conversation at the Rambeau dinner-table turned on the ghost of the Duchesne mansion.

"Perhaps I had best explain," said Madame Rambeau. "It was a little trick of my own. Cato here managed it admirably."

Cato grinned from ear to ear, and went on serving the table.

"What was the use of it?" demanded Ninette.

"Well—it was soothing," answered Madame.

J. W. DE FOREST.

TO J. R. L. ON HIS FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY.

[Read at James Russell Lowell's birthday celebration, February 22, 1869, at Elmwood, Cambridge, Mass.]

AT fifty years, how many frosty polls
 We see, whose wintry solitude begins;
 How many faces, hard as Chaldee scrolls—
 Crowfeet on parchment skins.
 At fifty, Time has picked our thickest locks,
 Polished the outer, dulled the inner head;
 Filched golden dreams from many a knowledge box,
 And left dry facts instead.
 Old beaux—not Cupid's—are at fifty bent,
 With stooping shoulders and with shambling gait,
 Their sinew-strings all slack—their arrows spent,
 Their quivers desolate.
 At fifty, scholars cease to dream, whose youth
 Teemed with live thoughts and generous hopes of man;
 All influx fresh of beauty and of truth
 Shut out as by a ban.
 Cramped by a creed that bolts its windows down
 Against the century's light, and vital air;
 Their dogmas shaped by some provincial town;
 Their very gains a snare:
 Life's best aroma gone when years should claim
 The boon of calmest thought and widest scope;
 The ring without the gem—a faded name,
 An epitaph on hope.

Not so the friend whose buoyant step we greet
Rounding his hale half-century to-day,
Fresh as when earlier splendors lured his feet
Along the enchanted way,
When o'er the land, lulled to unhealthy rest,
He blew his trumpet tones or trilled his song,
Or winged his earnest arrow with a jest
Against the shield of Wrong.
The truths we scorned so long and learned so late,
Burnt on the nation's heart by war's hot fire,
Long since he taught. We know now how to rate
His grave prophetic lyre.
Nor less his gayer moods, when wit and joke
Ran flashing down his chords in humor terse
And quaint—the talk of homely Yankee folk
Woven in sparkling verse.
His sweet enveloping fun that wrapped the pill
Of pungent satire, through his wise discourse
Runs fresh as ever. Drugs that heal, not kill,
Are his—we know their source.
He from the first wrought, through his varied rhyme,
For truth, for father-land, for freedom's cause,
As now, through riper learning, in a time
Of better men and laws.
Grander than ever now his lyrics ring,
His humor with a richer flavor fraught ;
Sweeter the willows through his idyls sing—
His best, his latest thought.
Here under his ancestral elms we meet
In fireside talk—and in his social lights,
Unmindful how the poet's winged feet
Have trod the lonely heights,
Forget the midnight lamp, the busy brain,
The converse with the treasures of his shelves,
And how the unconscious echo of the strain
Makes music in ourselves.
We greet him here, still young in wit and song—
His hair unbleached—his eye undimmed—his frame
Robust—a scholar ripe—a teacher strong—
A bard the ages claim !
We pledge the generous heart—the exuberant soul
No grave professor's mask can change or hide ;
One toast—"the friend we love"—shall sum the whole,
Were all that's said denied.
For he needs not our homage or our praise ;
He lives in us, and all who know his worth.
Flatter him not with formal wreath of bays
Grown in your Cambridge earth ;
But crown him with the iris of his soul,
Caught from the sunshine of his life and name.
Our reflex of his light the aureole
That makes our love his fame.

ANIMAL FOOD.

ITS PREPARATION FOR THE TABLE.

THE preparation of animal food for use at the table, and the chemical changes involved in the different processes of cooking, are of the greatest importance from a physiological point of view. When meat is properly prepared it is wholesome and toothsome, but if the process is performed in an improper manner the nutritive power is injured, and it becomes indigestible. It has been well said that

Some man's wit
Found th' art of cookery to delight his sense :
More bodies are consumed and killed with it
Than with the sword, famine or pestilence.

Savarin declares, in one of his aphorisms, that "animals feed ; man eats ; the man of intellect alone knows *how* to eat." To those who belong to the last category the truth of the statement is self-evident ; but when we reflect how few persons in this country pay any attention either to what they eat, or how it is cooked, or how it is served, we may almost despair of the future. If "the fate of nations depends upon how they are fed," the prospect before the American people is by no means encouraging, for the science of cookery is so generally neglected by the mistress of the house, that many of us who possess a moderate income are abject slaves of the presiding genius of the kitchen.

Not only must we "eat to live," but we are allured by appetite, and rewarded by the enjoyment experienced from good food. This pleasure is given as a stimulus to induce us to seek for the best methods of preparing food to render it grateful to the palate. This zest or discrimination of taste would not have been created but for some good and beneficent purpose, and if we do not cultivate it, we are like him who went and hid his talent. It is therefore incumbent on all to give their mite toward the increase and spread of knowledge in this matter, since by so doing we not only perform a duty to ourselves, but also aid in increasing the national prosperity.

Political economists regard agriculture as the most important of all the occupations of the people of a country. Nations acquiesce in their demands, and honor as a public benefactor the man who produces two grains of corn where formerly but one grew. Should we not equally honor him who demonstrates how we may, by improved processes of cooking, make one pound of food do the work of two ? Krunitz says, "A man of much knowledge, especially chemical, physical and dietetical, must condescend to apply himself to making experiments on vulgar and refined cookery, and collect the whole into a system, as has been done long since in regard to the knowledge and preparation of medicines." It would seem that this is a field peculiarly fitted for those energetic sisters who seek medical laurels, and have the requisite scientific knowledge, and the refinement of taste to enable them to produce the most satisfactory results. A Nightingale has taught us how to relieve suffering ; cannot other women prevent it by devoting a little time to the study of cookery, which may be said often to regulate the happiness of man and the destiny of the family ?

It is the fashion to regard the cook as a being devoted to an ignoble occupation, unworthy of the attention of persons of refinement. In this, perhaps, we are too hasty. Hear what a cook has to say on the subject :

The art of cookery drew us gently forth
 From that ferocious life, when void of faith
 The Anthropophaginan ate his brother !
 To cookery we owe well-ordered states,
 Assembling men in dear society.
 Wild was the earth, man feasting upon man,
 When one of nobler sense and milder heart
 First sacrificed an animal ; the flesh
 Was sweet ; and man then ceased to feed on man !

They served a paunch with rich ingredients stored ;
 And tender kid, within two covering plates,
 Warm melted in the mouth. So art improved !
 To enjoy the meal
 Men congregated in the populous towns,
 And cities flourish'd, which we cooks adorned
 With all the pleasures of domestic life.

Though many may be disposed to think that our poetic cook claims too much, we cannot deny that cookery has always exerted a great influence over individuals and communities. The respectability of the occupation dates back to very ancient times, for Homer tells us in the "Iliad" that mighty generals did not hesitate to cook for themselves and their friends, as is shown in the following extract from Pope's translation :

Patroclus o'er the blazing fire,
 Heaps, in a brazen vase, three chins entire ;
 The brazen vase Automedon sustains,
 Which flesh of porket, sheep and goat contains ;
 Achilles at the genial feast presides ;
 The parts transfixes, and with skill divides.
 Meanwhile Patroclus sweats the fire to raise ;

He throws a bed of glowing embers wide,
 Above the coals the smoking fragments turns
 And sprinkles sacred salt from lifted urns.

Before passing to the discussion of the methods of cooking, it is well that we should make a few remarks regarding the appearance of healthy fresh meats of various kinds.

Ox beef should be of fine grain or fibre, the flesh or lean of a bright red color and firm ; the fat white, and distributed throughout the lean ; it should not be yellow or semifluid. If the meat is entirely lean it will be tough and its nutritive power low. Heifer beef is close-grained, but paler than the preceding ; the fat is very white and the bones are small ; its flavor and nutritive power are inferior, and its value therefore less. Bull beef is of a very dark color. It does not contain much fat, is generally tough, and has a strong meat-like odor, and an unpleasant taste. It should never be used.

Veal is dry if fresh. It should be close-grained. If the meat is moist and flabby it is stale.

Mutton should be of a clear deep pink tint ; firm and with a liberal supply of fat. Fine wether mutton may be recognized by the presence of a small mass of fat on the upper part of the leg. It is more nutritious than ordinary mutton, and the darker its tint the finer the flavor.

Pork should be of a pale pink tint, and the fat very firm. If it is soft or if the fat is yellow the meat is bad. If it is semifluid the animal has probably been fed on flesh. It must not be forgotten that pork is apt to contain certain parasites, viz., the cystecercus, which produces tapeworm, and the trichina spiralis, both of which were described in a preceding article.

If the eyes are bright and the feet supple in poultry and birds, they are fresh ; but if these signs are absent they are either diseased or stale.

Fish should always be used as fresh as possible ; when in this state the eyes are bright, the gills of a fine red color, and the body stiff. It would be a great improvement if fish were always kept alive at the stalls. It is by no means an impossibility in the case of fresh-water fish, for in Switzerland and in other European countries, they are preserved in tanks of water at the hotels, and only killed when wanted for a meal.

In order that the chemical changes produced by cooking may be clearly understood, it is necessary first to examine into the composition of meat. All flesh consists of fibrin or fibres, albumen, gelatine, fat, and osmazome or flavoring extract. The fibres and fat are insoluble in water, and in making beef-tea they are the parts that remain undissolved. The albumen of meat is similar to the white of egg before it is cooked. It is soluble in warm or cold water, but is coagulated if the temperature be raised to the boiling point. If meat is properly cooked the albumen prevents the contraction and hardening of the fibre when heat is applied, and aids in making it tender. Since the proportion of albumen is greater in young meats, they are, if properly cooked, more tender than old meats. This advantage is, however, negatived by the coagulation of the albumen of the young meat, and the consequent deficiency in the amount of juice. The old meats, as beef and mutton, since they contain less albumen and a greater proportion of osmazome, are more juicy and flavourous. The osmazome is soluble in water, but when the albumen is coagulated by heat it is entrapped in its meshes and retained. It therefore follows that if it is desired to dissolve out the osmazome, the temperature of the water must be kept considerably below the boiling point.

Having before us this brief outline of the composition of meat, and the action of heat upon its constituents, we are prepared to pass to the consideration of the ordinary methods of cooking, and the chemical actions involved in each.

The object to be attained in the preparation of a soup, or extract of meat, is to dissolve in water as much as possible of the flesh. By proceeding in a rational manner, we may cause the water to take up all the constituents except the fibre and the fat ; but if the proper application of the heat be neglected, the solution will contain only a very small part of the soluble ingredients. Recollecting that the albumen will be coagulated if the temperature approaches the boiling point, and so rendered entirely insoluble, it is evident that the proper procedure is to place the meat in cold water, and keep its temperature at from 100 deg. to 150 deg. for a considerable period of time, depending upon the size of the mass. We thus allow the water to exert its solvent power, and obtain an extract containing nearly all the osmazome, albumen, and gelatine. If the meat has been finely divided, and the action long continued, the result will be a strong beef, chicken, or other tea, according to the flesh employed. If it has remained in mass, and the action of the hot water continued for a short period, the solution formed will be a weak soup.

Under some circumstances, soup is prepared by treating bones and tendons, or the gristly structures, in a Papin's digester. This consists of a strong metallic boiler, in which the steam can be confined, and pressure obtained. Under the increase of pressure, the boiling point of the water rises, its solvent power over gelatine is increased, and we may thus obtain a strong solution of this material, which answers the purpose of giving body to a soup, but does not of itself possess any very great value, as its nutritive power is very low. The solution usually becomes solid when cool, forming a jelly. Such preparations were formerly, and are still used extensively in the sick room, under the impression that

they are very nutritious ; but this is now known to be an error, for gelatine is not incorporated with the tissues of the body, but is passed out of the system very quickly as urea.

The gelatine solution described above may also be obtained by crushing bones to a coarse powder, or cutting tendinous material into very fine pieces, and boiling them for a long time. This method is the best adapted for domestic purposes. Within a few years, the sources of material from which gelatine can be prepared have been greatly increased by the discovery of a process by which the tannin is removed from old leather, leaving the skin in a condition in which the freed gelatine is soluble in water. By this process, gelatine is now obtained from old shoes or dilapidated harness ; and the history of the voyages and experiences of the atoms of gelatine in an elegant mould of jelly, as it is placed by the confectioner on an evening supper-table, would be curious and interesting.

When meat is to be cooked by boiling, it is desirable that as little as possible of the nutriment should be extracted by the water, and, at the same time, the heat should be so applied that the albumen may be coagulated without being hardened, and the meat thus rendered tough. To accomplish this, the water should boil violently over a brisk fire when the mass is introduced. The first effect of the immersion is to stop the boiling ; it should be allowed to recommence and continue for about three minutes, to form a layer of coagulated albumen over the exterior of the mass. This effectually prevents the action of the water on the soluble constituents ; but, since a temperature of 212 deg. would make the albumen too hard, the vessel should be removed to a cooler place, and a little cold water thrown in to reduce the temperature, and the cooking finished at 180 deg. to 200 deg. Treated in this manner, the meat will be tender, palatable, and far more digestible than if the water had been kept boiling all the time.

Roasted meats are rarely met at American tables. It is true that there is a dish called roast beef ; but it is not roasted. On the contrary, the meat is placed in an oven and baked. To those who have tasted beef prepared by both methods, it is not necessary to say anything. To those who have always eaten baked beef, we recommend that they should purchase one of the tin roasters that fit in front of the fire, and they will find that properly-roasted meat is a very different thing from that which is baked, both as regards its flavor and digestibility.

In roasting, the same result is to be attained as in boiling, viz., the formation of an exterior coating which shall prevent the escape of the flavourous portions, and the cooking of the interior without making it tough. Meat should neither be raw nor dried up ; for, in the latter case, it becomes indigestible.

I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away ;
And I expressly am forbid to touch it,
For it engenders choler, planteth anger ;
And better 'twere that both of us did fast,
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.

The proper method of roasting is first to place the meat near the fire, to coagulate the exterior, and form the impermeable crust ; when this is accomplished, it should be removed to a distance, and the cooking finished slowly at a lower temperature.

The effect of roasting thus conducted is to increase the properties of the osmazome, thereby rendering the meat more gratifying to the palate. At the same time, the judicious application of the heat has cooked the mass without making it tough ; and, since the meat is suspended, the fat, as it melts, flows off, and does not soak into it. In baking, the application of the heat is more continuous ;

the juices are in a greater measure extracted; the confined vapors of the oven injure the flavor; the joint rests in a bath of melted grease, the temperature of which is not high enough to prevent its soaking into the meat, and the fat that melts on the top of the mass is absorbed and seriously impairs the digestibility of the lean portions. Roasted meat is juicy, tender, and flavorful. Baked meat is dry, often tough, and deficient in flavor.

The loss in the three methods of cooking we have considered is of some interest from an economic point of view, and may be stated as follows: 4 lbs. of beef lose, in boiling, 1 lb.; in baking, 1 lb. 3 oz.; in roasting, 1 lb. 5 oz.; 4 lbs. of mutton lose, in boiling, 14 oz.; in baking, 1 lb. 4 oz.; in roasting, 1 lb. 6 oz. From this it would appear that roasting is the most expensive method; but when we consider the greater development of flavor, this objection is outweighed, especially when we recollect that the melted fat is not lost, but may be employed for many purposes.

Regarding the other methods of cooking we shall say but little, since the chemical principles involved are similar to those already considered. Boiling requires a brisk fire, if it is too weak the juices will be lost and the nutritive power proportionally diminished. Frying is boiling in melted fat instead of water. The fat should be hot enough to crust the flesh as soon as it is introduced, so that the meat shall not absorb the grease and thereby become indigestible. It is an old saying in armies that the frying pan kills more men than the bullet, and this is unfortunately too true if the frying is not properly conducted. Stewing, sautéing, steaming, and other methods, all have their special uses; but their consideration appertains rather to the amenities of the art than to the chemical and physiological actions with which we are dealing.

It now remains for us to give a brief outline of the digestion of such food, in order that the reader may appreciate the connection existing between the digestibility of food, and the manner of cooking.

Cooked animal food consists of lean and fat. The lean flesh is digested chiefly in the stomach by the juices of that organ. The stomach juice cannot act on fat, it therefore passes through the stomach and is digested in the intestine by its juices. Since fat is not digested in the stomach, it follows that if the lean flesh is soaked in melted fat it will not digest in the stomach easily, but will remain there for a considerable period of time, and cause indigestion or dyspepsia.

Whether the lean is soaked in fat or not depends entirely on the manner of cooking. If it has been baked in an oven, it will nearly always be more or less fat-soaked. If, in frying, the melted fat has not been sufficiently hot, the same result will occur, and the meat will be indigestible. Even in roasting, if the first heat has not been strong enough to form a crust, the flesh will, in this case, become somewhat fat-soaked. Attention having thus been drawn to the chemical principles which lie at the basis of a rational system of cookery, we find that they are very simple and their application by no means difficult. It therefore remains for those who suffer from indigestion produced by the bad cooking of animal food, to take the matter in hand themselves, and see that the principles we have detailed are properly carried out.

It often becomes a question whether diseased meats may not be rendered fit for use by thorough cooking. There is no doubt but that in the majority of instances where sausage and other poisonous meats have caused death, they have been consumed either raw or in an imperfectly cooked state. Dr. Tripe states that in one instance, in which sixty-six persons ate sausages, sixty-four were at-

tacked in from three to thirty-six hours, and all recovered but one, who had eaten one raw and three cooked sausages. Gamgee thinks life is endangered by eating the flesh of animals that have been afflicted with anthrax or carbuncles, no matter how well it may be cooked. In support of this opinion he cites the case of a convict establishment in England, where diseased cattle are eaten in large quantities, and especially cattle afflicted with lung disease. As a consequence, from forty to fifty out of fifteen hundred convicts are afflicted with boils or carbuncles every month. In our own experience cases have occurred in which crops of boils have arisen from this cause.

The effect of thorough cooking on meat affected with *trichina spiralis* is also a matter of doubt. Many think that in the encysted condition these creatures can withstand a higher temperature than that to which meat is usually submitted in roasting. At all events it is evident that only the most thorough cooking, in which the interior parts of the meat have reached a temperature of 212 deg., can destroy these parasites, and even then the heat should be applied for a long time. In view of the danger attending the use of such material, it should never be employed as food; for competent authority states that "No case is known in which trichiasis, after having once declared itself, was arrested by medical treatment." Though many may recover from its attack, it is very fatal; for out of one hundred and three persons in the Hartz Mountains who contracted the disease from eating a trichinous pig, eighty-three died.

The cystercercus, which is present in mealy pork, also resists the temperature ordinarily employed in cooking. Its presence in cooked pork may be suspected when the meat is paler than usual, or when it is dry in patches and the fibres separated. The examination of these places discloses the presence of the parasites having the appearance of white spots of the size of hemp seed and lying in the spaces between the fibres. The *trichina spiralis* is not easily seen in cooked pork, but may be found, on a close examination, scattered regularly throughout the muscular tissue.

Though we may flatter ourselves regarding the improvements in cookery in our time, it is nevertheless evident that among the ancients it reached a high degree of development. We may smile at the description of the doctor's dinner in "Peregrine Pickle," yet the ancient Roman cooks "were so dexterous as to serve up a pig boiled on one side and roasted on the other, and stuffed with thrushes and other birds, slices of the matrices of a sow, the yolks of eggs and minced meats highly spiced, without showing any sign of an incision by which they were introduced." They also converted vegetables into an imitation of meats and fish, and reached a considerable degree of perfection in counterfeiting various flavors.

In the fall of the Roman Empire the art of cookery shared the fate of the fine arts, and was lost in the night of the Dark Ages. From that slough of despond it recovered but slowly, for, in Queen Anne's time an aristocratic dinner consisted of the following dishes, in the order mention: "oysters, a 'Sir Loyn' of beef, a shoulder of veal." Then fish dressed with claret, tongue, pigeons, cucumbers, fritters, almond pudding, and soup; after the soup, venison pastry, black pudding, hare and goose. Here we have soup in the middle of the dinner. Another writer says "The dinner commenced with dessert and ended with soup."

A great dainty of this same period was the bacon tart, which consisted of "melted bacon, fat artichoke bottoms, maccaroons and eggs, seasoned with salt, pepper, cinnamon and sugar." The author naively remarks, "Much of the spleen of the Anglo-Saxon was owing to such diet."

The uses of animal food in the system have, of late been the subject of extended inquiry, and opinions have greatly changed regarding its relations to the production of power. Twenty years ago it was the received doctrine that muscular power was the result of the disintegration of muscle tissue, and that a given amount of work or labor implied the destruction of a given amount of muscle; the disintegrated material being voided from the system in the form of urea. In 1855, I made this question the subject of a long series of experiments, which were published in the "New York Journal of Medicine" for February, 1856. In that paper it was demonstrated that the amount of urea was actually less after and during violent exercise than in a state of complete rest. It was, consequently, evident that the source of muscular power could not be the disintegration of muscle tissue.

About the same time, Edward Smith showed that the carbonic acid exhaled from the lungs was increased in proportion to the amount of muscular exertion. Fick, Wislecenus, Frankland, and others, continued the investigation, and the results may be stated as follows:

There is a small amount of disintegration of muscle tissue going on all the time; but it is not the origin of the force generated. It may rather be compared to the rust and wear of any machine. The true source of the power produced in the human body is the oxidation of fats and similar substances; and the muscle is the machine in which this is done. In an engine, the power is generated by the combustion of coal, and the product of combustion is carbonic acid gas. The fire-box and machinery wear and rust a little; but that has nothing to do with the production of the power. So in the human body the power is generated by the combustion of fat, starch, and similar substances; the product of the combustion is carbonic acid gas, and the quantity exhaled is an index of the force produced. At the same time the machine rusts, as is shown by the formation of urea; but that does not increase the amount of power produced any more than in the case of the engine.

The importance of this question in relation to economy of food is self-evident. The diet scales, under the old hypothesis, required a large proportion of animal food or its equivalent, in order to meet the continuous destruction of tissue. Under the new theory, starch and fat are the chief essentials. They are cheaper than the other class of food, and the production of animal or human power is, therefore, made cheaper, only a small quantity of flesh being required to restore the wear of the muscle tissue.

Much has been said of late regarding the Banting system of depletion, which consists in abstaining from all farinaceous articles, and using lean animal food alone. It is founded on the fact that the carnivora, or flesh-eating animals, as wolves, tigers, etc., are lean, while herbivorous, or vegetable-eating animals, fatten rapidly, if they are fed on such farinaceous articles as potatoes or grain. Though there is a great deal that is attractive in this hypothesis, we must not forget that individual peculiarity also influences the obesity of a person. Those who have round faces, globular eyes, and pug noses being more liable to become corpulent than those who are of a different conformation. In like manner, the use of farinaceous articles is recommended for those who are very thin. Here again we have to contend with individual peculiarities, which render different systems of diet or other treatment necessary in different individuals. The selection of the proper system of diet depends upon the judgment of the person having the patient in charge, and though failures in treatment may occur, there is no reason why we should not fatten or reduce a human being as we would any of the lower animals.

JOHN C. DRAPER, M. D.

SUSAN FIELDING.

BY MRS. EDWARDS,

Author of "Archie Lovell," "Steven Lawrence, Yeoman," etc.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BETIMES next morning Portia was off to London. "Let grandmamma and me play out our match of chess unaided," she said, when Miss *Jemima* would have remonstrated on the indelicacy of thus throwing herself in *Teddy Josselin's* way, the want of proper pride that she evinced in her quick forgiveness of *Lady Erroll*. "Grandmamma has played the great move of her game, and I must put forward my modest little pawn in reply. As to no proper pride, I have none. If grandmamma invites me I will go and stay with her to-morrow. Dear Aunt *Jem*, remember that I am a pauper, a pauper with at least four hundred pounds' worth of silk attire and no possible opportunity of wearing it, unless I make an effort for myself!"

The meeting between her and her grandmother was perfect, in its way. Old *Lady Erroll* extended her little withered hand coldly, *Portia* stooped, much against her taste and habit, and kissed the still more withered cheek.

"I have to thank you, grandmamma. You have taught poor *Ted* and me wisdom. We felt a little sore at first," *Portia's* eyes fell, "then reconciled ourselves to our fate. Everything is for the best."

"And you don't want to lose the world for love, either of you?" said *Lady Erroll*, scrutinizing the girl's face sharply.

"Grandmamma!"

"Oh well, your Aunt *Ffrench* thought that you would—I did not. She is a better woman than you and I, *Portia*, but a simpleton. Pity you were not wise enough to ask my opinion a little sooner. You have bought a great many expensive clothes, *Ted Josselin* tells me. What do you mean to do with your *trousseau* now?"

"Put it carefully away, grandmamma, and send my photograph to Mr. *Macbean*. I think he really did like me, a little bit, and if it hadn't been for *Ted* I might not have disliked him. I don't know that he was worse than other people's husbands—when you didn't look at him!"

So unaffectedly good-humored was *Portia* that *Lady Erroll* could not keep from being propitiated; by-and-by, as *Portia* intended she should do, invited her granddaughter to come up and spend a few days in town.

"Not to assist you in getting over your disappointment—your face tells me how much you have felt that! but, to prevent the world from saying that you are disappointed. I treated the thing as a joke from the first, and now, if you and *Ted* are seen together as usual, it will pass off without scandal. You have had love-affairs enough, *Portia*. In a first or even second season these things don't matter. No girl, with her twenty-second birthday looking her in the face, can afford to entangle herself as you do. The next flirtation you have must end in marriage, do you hear?"

"I hear, and please heaven, mean to profit," said *Portia* meekly. "I am quite as tired, quite as humiliated as you can be, grandmamma, and quite as re-

solved to have done with my present life!" she added, with a sigh brimful of obedience and pious contrition.

They took luncheon together; Portia constraining herself to eat little and drink nothing but water, as she always did when she wanted specially to please her grandmother. Between two and three o'clock Teddy Josselin came in. Old Lady Erroll was dressing at the time, for her afternoon drive, and when Teddy ran up, unannounced, into the drawing-room, he found Portia there alone. She turned her head quickly at the sound of his footstep and put her finger to her lip. Teddy closed the door softly, looked well round both drawing-rooms, then came up to Portia's side.

Their greeting, I am bound to say, was still conducted in the fashion of affianced lovers; but the moment it was over, Portia, with a rapid side-movement, ran across to the window—thus putting half the space of the room between them. "We meet and we are to be seen in public together, Mr. Josselin," her tone was low, but purposely distinct; any chance listener outside the door might have heard every word. "The world shall not have it in its power to make merry over Portia Ffrench's last disappointment! Grandmamma has asked me to stay with her—I am to come to-morrow—and remain a week or ten days, and you will be seen with us just as usual, sir, grandmamma says so."

"A week—and then?" cried Teddy, eagerly.

"Then, if Aunt Jem will give me leave, I shall go down and stay with the Gordons at Worthing," said Portia, "that is, if nothing of importance happens meanwhile. I am thinking of sending my photograph to a Scotch friend of ours, Mr. Josselin, a friend whose regard for me, I believe, was real. Who shall say what the result will be?"

Mr. Josselin replied by crossing the room, taking firm hold of both Portia's hands, and looking steadily in her face. "'Tia," said he, "I forbid you to send Sandy your photograph. You hear me? I forbid it."

"Teddy, for heaven's sake don't be a goose! Grandmamma may come in—Condy may be listening. You are making red marks on my wrists. See!"

"You shall not send Sandy—you shall not send any man your photograph. There's scarcely a fellow in the service but has got it already."

"Mr. Josselin—"

"Ah, but its true. 'Tis sickening, sickening, on my word, to look in all the different fellows' books and forever see Portia Ffrench's figure in this attitude and that, and then listen to their explanation of how they came by it."

"But Mr. Macbean is not in the service. If I have given my photograph to every officer in the British army, it surely can't matter giving one more to a poor Glasgow manufacturer whose heart I have broken?"

Ted's answer was conveyed in a whisper, a whisper that made the color leap into Portia's dark cheek. "You silly little boy," she began; then lifting her black eyes suddenly—"Oh Ted, do you care for me so much," she cried.

Upon this Ted kissed her—the coachman on Lady Erroll's carriage box might have witnessed the kiss if he had chanced to look up just at that moment at one of the drawing-room windows—and then a rustle of silk was to be heard descending the stairs, and Teddy Josselin started guiltily back, five yards at least away, and old Lady Erroll herself came in.

She glanced suspiciously first at one cousin, then the other. Portia was not, as a rule, wanting in self-control, yet was Teddy's, at this moment, by far the most innocent face of the two.

"You here!" said the old woman, looking at him coldly. "It might have been in better taste, perhaps, if you had stayed away till you were sent for. Portia, my dear, are you ready? The carriage is at the door."

"And I am just in time to escort you," cried Teddy Josselyn, with his most ingenuous smile. "I don't see that you need forbid me your house, grandmamma, because you have blighted my hopes of happiness. If Portia and I are to be only cousins, let us be that—at least till Portia is married."

"Which she never will be so long as Teddy Josselin is her shadow," said Lady Erroll, grimly. "Yes, you may come to the house, sir. You may come out shopping with us now. But understand your position thoroughly. If you get Portia into any more mischief, if one other engagement is broken off through you, I never speak to you again."

"Oh, I understand my position accurately," said Teddy, with a certain bitterness, real or mock, in his tone. "A tame cat, to be stroked when no better plaything is at hand, and not turn when it is trodden upon—"

"That's the worm, Ted," cried Portia. "When will you abandon the allegorical style?"

"Then some fine morning find myself standing at St. George's, best man at Portia's wedding, for my reward."

"I trust so, I am sure," said Lady Erroll, cordially, "and the sooner the better. Portia and I have been having a long talk, and we agree—don't we Portia, child?—we quite agree in our opinions. Well for you, Ted Josselin, if you had as much brains in your head as your cousin Portia has."

"Ah, I must look out for a clever wife," cried Teddy; he was handing Lady Erroll down stairs as he said this, and looked back over his shoulder at Portia. "Will you help me in my search, Cousin Portia? I'm not a genius."

"You are not, indeed!"

"But, I'm a good-looking fellow, and easy to live with. A young woman inclined to be vixenish could scarcely meet with a better husband than Ted Josselin."

Portia's reply was conveyed through a cunningly swift pull of one of Master Ted's love locks; for these cousins—lovers—under whatever name you choose to rank them, were still much on the same terms as they had been in the days when Teddy first taught Portia, a school-girl of sixteen, to waltz, in Lady Erroll's back drawing-room.

"You would be a good husband for a woman with five thousand a year, strictly settled on herself," croaked the old countess. "Miss Minters is still disengaged; I know it on the best authority. She is a sensible, well-principled girl—"

"Aged thirty-one, and of West Indian ancestry," finished Teddy. "The ancestral pedigree emblazoned on her face. What a pity we can't make up a double wedding for the same day! 'Tia and Sandy, I and the octoroon. Arrange it for us, grandmamma, if you can, and without courtship. Name the day and amount of settlements, and Portia and I will be there to be legally made over to our purchasers."

They now drove away eastward for shopping, Lady Erroll in so benign a humor that in a certain shop in Oxford street she presented her granddaughter with a five-and-six-penny glove box (Portia shows it still); afterward to the Waterloo station, from whence it was arranged that Portia should start by the five o'clock train. Here, loitering about the platform, a sketch-book and color-box in his hand, they came across George Blake.

"Just the man we want," said Teddy; Lady Erroll was waiting in her carriage outside and Mr. Josselin was commissioned to see Portia into her place, a duty, it would seem, involving long and whispered conversation in its fulfilment. "You are going to Halfont, of course? Then you will escort my cousin home. Nothing could be better."

"Mr. Blake does not seem to see it," remarked Portia, offering him her hand with even more than her accustomed friendship. "Would it really be a very great trouble to you to escort me home, Mr. Blake? There will be no carriage waiting for me at the station, and we shall have very nearly two miles to walk, mind."

Before Blake had time to answer, the bell rang, and they had to hurry into the first carriage they could find. Teddy stood, a picture of dandy laziness, of unruffled composure, among the crowd of porters on the platform, and kissed the tips of his delicately-gloved fingers to his cousin as the train moved away. Portia put her head through the window and gave him one last smile—a smile that made George Blake groan in the spirit.

"Now, are you really going to Halfont, Mr. Blake? What a blessing to have a carriage to ourselves! I am very pleased to have your escort, still I would not be so selfish as to take you out of your way."

"I am really going to Halfont," answered Blake. "Where else could I be going? Not to trouble you, though," he added quickly. "I have my tools with me, as you see. I want to study a sunset effect by the canal, and—"

"And you can give me that long-promised lesson at last, then?" said Portia, as he hesitated. "No dinner is going on at home to-day. Grandpapa is poorly, and he and Aunt Jem were to dine off boiled whiting, at two o'clock, so we shall be independent—able to paint and enjoy ourselves as much as we like. What a lucky chance that we met! I always find it so hard to live through a long evening at home when I have been in town during the day."

"A lucky chance for me!" said Blake. "When I saw you with Josselin I never thought I should be so fortunate as to be your escort, alone."

"Ah," said Portia, "Mr. Josselin does not come to Halfont at present, of course."

She threw down her eyes, and trifled with the string and paper infolding Lady Erroll's glove-box. George Blake evidently knew nothing. She was to have the pleasure, always a keen one to her, of enacting a new little part; of watching, of playing with the poor fellow's first surprise on learning she was free.

"Josselin does not go to Halfont?" exclaimed Blake. "Why, he was there the day before yesterday."

"And yesterday," added Portia, "but for the last time. Mr. Blake, you know us both so well, in talking to you I feel I am talking to that rare thing, a friend; and so I can tell the plain truth. The fact is"—here she blushed, and hung her head, "everything is over. Grandmamma will not hear of it, and Teddy has got back his liberty. It is all for the best, no doubt, only I wish we had been told sooner. It is very well for old people, who have forgotten what feeling means, to be so wise about money; but just the least hard on us who are foolish and who suffer."

The blush, the down-bent face, the faltering voice, set Blake's impulsive heart aflame. It was the first moment since he had known her in which he had seen Portia French thoroughly unbend, thoroughly a woman. "And you have let old heads get the better of young hearts?" he exclaimed. "Josselin has let worldly interest of any kind reconcile him to *such* a loss?"

He stopped; and Portia's eyes sank lower beneath his. "The submission was mine, not Teddy's, Mr. Blake. He would have faced poverty with better courage than I—perhaps could not realize as I could what poverty for people like us would be. I am wiser than my years entitle me to be. I have the bitter experience of my own childhood to show me what men and women come to who cannot work, and do not wish to starve."

"All that may be very admirably reasoned," said Blake, still watching her face; "yet, had I been Josselin, I would rather have listened to worse logic from your lips."

"You would rather have listened to some ethereal 'tall talk' about devotion and unselfishness, and the sweets of a life supported on seven-and-fourpence a day; then have awaked a year later to the solid fact of being in the poorhouse?"

"Do you give me leave to answer that question honestly?"

"Certainly I do."

"I would rather you had held to me, in spite of all the grandmothers in the world, and leave the future in my hands. We should not have been in the poorhouse in a year, Miss Ffrench, depend upon it."

A quickly-repressed smile came round the corners of Portia's lips. "*You* can make money," said she; "*you* can paint pictures and write books. My cousin and I belong to the lumber of the earth. We toil not, neither do we spin. Creatures who take no thought of the morrow, like lilies, as poor Teddy used to say. We have no prospects, no hopes, but in the riches of others; and grand-mamma has cut out our future for us beautifully. Teddy is to marry Miss Minsters—you have heard of the rich Miss Minters?"

"And you?" interrupted George, warmly. "What stall in Vanity Fair is to be tenanted by you?"

"I must wait for the first vacancy," said Portia, with a demure little sigh. "Can girls without money choose? Can a canary tell into which particular cage it will be sold?"

"And you can admit of no other alternative? You cannot even believe in the possibility of a marriage that should not be one of buying and selling?"

"Another day I will answer that question, Mr. Blake. My brain at present is in a whirl of matrimonial arithmetic. I have just spent four hours with grand-mamma, remember. So many thousand pounds well invested yield so much income. A man with a given fortune must make such a settlement. Oh, the meanness, the stupidity of it all! Oh, if human beings could be independent of a London house, a carriage, diamonds, and think only of making the best and highest out of their own lives."

The aspiration was not absolutely novel; but what speech can ever sound commonplace from a beautiful girl who blushes as she speaks, and whose voice softens, and whose whole manner gives the listener to understand that his, and his alone, is the ear into which these nobler longings of the soul are poured forth? In the game of chess which she was playing (and playing to win) a London house, a carriage, diamonds, were the very stakes Portia Ffrench had sworn in her heart to carry away. And George Blake knew pretty well that it was so; knew that *he* had about as much chance of winning her hand as though she had been a royal princess. And still the voice of the charmer charmed him, still vanity, subtly flattered, whispered that Portia's inmost maiden heart was still unmoved. She had liked Josselin as a cousin, a playmate; had encouraged her other suitors up to the point at which love was expected from her, then found that she had no love to give. Had she ever made confession like this to any man

but himself? Had she not said that she looked upon him as that rare thing, a friend? And did not her voice falter, her eyes sink, as she told him the story of her recovered freedom?

"Of all human vanity, commend me to the vanity of a clever man," thought Portia, leaning back in her corner of the carriage, and glancing at Blake from beneath her eyelashes. "I talk a single sentence of nonsense about not wanting to be rich, and his highness thinks it is meant for him—speculates, at this moment, whether he shall give me a chance of working out my theory or not. Oh, you poor, dear, foolish, credulous genius! Teddy, with all his silliness, is wiser in his generation. I should like to see Ted deceived by the prettiest piece of claptrap that could be put together!"

It would be hard to find a pleasanter walk than the mile and a half of winding road that leads from Eltham Station to Halfont. Middlesex has not a romantic sound; neither does an absolutely flat and highly-cultivated country accord with ordinary ideas of the picturesque in scenery. But in travelling over the world I have never found greener lanes, or sweeter pastures, or finer trees, than I can remember within fourteen miles west of Hyde Park Corner. To George Blake, after London and two days' absence from Portia, every sight, and smell, and sound was simply delicious. Summer had come early this year, and trees and hedges were already in fullest leafage. Eglantines, dog-roses, honeysuckles were in great masses of blossom; the lanes were redolent with the smell of new-mown hay. Portia took off her hat and sauntered, bareheaded—meek, for the nonce, as Ruth among the corn—at Blake's side; her dark face now in sunshine, now in shadow; her black hair warmed into richer lustre by the light that fell on it in quivering emerald shafts through the branches overhead. Just so much of art-instinct was in this girl as made her always externally correct in her adaptation of her moods to those of nature. Flitting in her white dress about the twilight lawn at Halfont, walking bareheaded, with rustic gipsy grace, through the lanes, Portia Ffrench seemed still to harmonize as fitly with the surroundings as she harmonized, in silks and jewels, with a London ball-room or opera box. And to a man like Blake, prone, at all times, to be conquered through his senses mainly, this faculty of being picturesque at will is about the most potent charm a woman can possess. In Portia's case it was, one may say, but a higher kind of millinery instinct—the instinct of an actress, at best. With nature, as nature, she never pretended to hold sympathy; could not, by any effort of imagination, have seen a picture without the central figure—Portia Ffrench—in the foreground; the moment she came indoors, forgot all the trees and blossoms in the world, except, perhaps, one trailing branch of roses that might serve as a framework for Portia Ffrench's face in an open window. But Blake was not likely to be sensible of this, or any other hidden want, in an hour like this. In his saner moments—reasoning on marriage for a friend, for instance—he would say that what a working man's life needed was a companion, a heart to feel with him, a mind to understand him, clever hands to cook him a dinner. In Portia's company all he felt was, that he wanted *her*!—beauty, grace, picturesqueness—forever at his right hand. If you look round at the wives of the artists, or men of artistic temperament, whom you know, you will see examples enough of the kind of inspiration that guides such men in their choice of wives. Alas, they find out, most of them, at forty, what they ought to have fallen in love with—but did not—at twenty-five!

Colonel Ffrench was in his own apartments, and Miss Jemima abroad on village errands when they arrived at Halfont; so Portia had to entertain George

Blake alone, and a delightful entertainment he found it. Substantial tea, with the addition of strawberries and cream, brought out under the cedars, and Portia as handmaid; Portia running in herself with the teapot for hot water, laughing, eating bread and butter and strawberries as if she had been a Sunday-school child. Could this be a woman, he asked himself again and again, whose heart regretted the lost lover of yesterday?

Time fled so rosily that the sun was already nearing the horizon before the artist remembered the sunset effect which he had come fourteen miles to study. "It is entirely my fault if you are too late," said Portia, "but never mind. All effects are much the same. Canal scene after sunset—canal scene before sunset—wouldn't one sound just as well as the other in a catalogue?"

And when at last they got to the desired spot, just beyond the disputed willow fence, and close to the garden gate of Addison Lodge; when at last Blake's brushes were in his hand, Portia's influence was on him still, and he could not work. To say that she was frivolous would quite inadequately describe her; indeed, the very grain and texture of Portia's nature were not frivolous, but she was marvellously, absolutely self-engrossed—self-engrossed to an extent that paralyzed every effort you might make to get away from the one charmed circle of her own good looks, her own discontents, her fortunes and misfortunes. Thus when Blake had painted about five minutes. Would he remember, please, that this was to be a lesson to her, not a study for himself? Dabbling in that yellow and red seemed easy enough—let her try it. And she tried it, and immediately spoiled one leaf of his sketching-block—manipulating body color with a heavy hand, just where the shadow in the canal was to have been kept cool and transparent. Spoiled his canvas and argued the point! very charmingly, though the sun would not linger in his course to listen. "Why should shadows be transparent and lights opaque? It was quite different in nature. See, the light was transparent, the shadows black there. Now if any one was drawing *her*, which would be opaque, her complexion, or her eyes? By-the-by, as the sketch was spoiled, would Mr. Blake like to draw her? He had often asked her to sit for him, and this evening she was in the mood—if he liked it!"

And Blake liked it, of course; and turning his eyes from the willows, fixed them on Portia Ffrench; but finding this occupation pleasanter than working (and Portia presently declaring she was in the mood for talking not sitting), the sketching materials were put aside, and at Portia's request the artist took out a cigar, and all further thought of work was over—the precise result which fifty times before, in different ways, Portia's "inspiration" had wrought for him.

They watched the sunset: they watched the midsummer after-glow bathe river and bank and overhanging trees in its soft effulgence; and then Blake's cigar was flung away, unfinished, and his voice began to grow tender, and he managed to lessen by a foot or two the space between himself and Portia. The conversation, wonderful to say, had, by this time turned, not upon her interests but his; upon the hopes, the fears, the hitherto thwarted ambition of his life. At last, abruptly, he told her of the one thing, the one best inspiration, that was wanting to him. "I am mad," he said, "I confess my madness, but I must speak. That which I covet is so far above my reach that it seems idle to speak of hope, yet if I could hear one word from your lips, Miss Ffrench, I should feel that I had something to live, something to strive for."

"And that word?" asked Portia, a little absently; she had been yawning in the spirit ever since George Blake began to talk about himself; "What is this magical word I am to say?"

"Tell me that I need not absolutely despair! I ask no more. I have not the right, perhaps, to ask that. Only let me hear you say those words—'Do not despair,' and I shall try to be content."

"I—I don't see why you need despair," said Portia, examining the cipher on her handkerchief. "You have energy, ambition. You can make of your life what you will."

"I am not speaking of that. I am speaking of something dearer, sweeter than all ambition."

"Nothing should be dearer to a man than ambition."

"Do you tell me to despair? Yes or no?"

"I should be sorry to think of any one despairing, Mr. Blake."

"Miss Ffrench—Portia—"

He came closer, he would have taken her hand—but at that moment the garden gate of Addison Lodge opened close beside them, and a small black-clad figure appeared upon the bank.

"I wish she was at Jericho!" thought Blake, starting back.

"Thank Heaven *that* little difficulty is taken off my hands!" thought Portia Ffrench.

So seldom, even when they are love-making, do two human beings feel precisely the same in any given emergency.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE intruder, meantime, sauntered slowly on, a book in her hand, the dreamy uncscious look of one who knows himself to be alone, on her face. At last, after standing still awhile, intently gazing at the river, she seated herself on the bank, not half a dozen paces from George Blake and Portia, who were watching her in silence.

There was light enough still in heaven to see to read, but Susan's book lay unopened at her side. The book was "Ixion"—a dogs-eared copy that she had procured over-night from the Hounslow library, and the reading of which had proved a terribly hard day's labor to her, in spite of all her predilection for the writer!

Walter Scott, Susan could understand; and Fielding, interpreted by the light of her own innocent heart; and Goldsmith. Mr. George Blake was beyond her. The piled-up word painting, the spasmodic leaps of this clever young writer—too fatally convinced of his own cleverness to trouble himself about his reader's interest—rendered "Ixion" difficult as a lesson-book to a child accustomed to the unvarnished style, the honest, straightforward story-telling of the great masters. Whenever a tolerably intelligent piece of narrative came in, Susan had followed it thankfully; had pursued it with patience (through scenes bearing about the same relation to the plot as do variations to some tortured air set for the flute); when, at length, a proper name she knew reappeared, had snatched at it eagerly, trusting ever and in vain that she had at length got some human form in hand for good; but—she had not been amused. She was now in the middle of the third volume, and she let the daylight go without reading it; did not want to know whether guilt should triumph, in the last chapter, or virtue; did not want to know "what became" of anybody!

The exceeding ability of the author had impressed itself upon her throughout, with force; with greater force, I dare say, than would have been the case had

she understood his book. So many French words, so many passages that sounded to her like nonsense, so much knowledge of high life and the wickedness thereof. What a genius, what a consummate man of the world was this great writer who had condescended to her foolish society during a whole summer's evening! Susan sat thinking of George Blake's powers, in a perfect bewilderment of admiration; although to the fate of his good young gentleman, and his wicked young gentleman, and the various ladies connected with the destiny of each she was so cruelly indifferent. Then, as she watched the dark flow of the canal, and listened to the dull clank of the distant mill, gradually her thoughts wandered away from "Ixion" altogether, and came round to the deeper interests of her own small life-drama; to the chances of George Blake having, by this time, forgotten her; to Portia's superior fortune; to the almost certainty, as things stood now, of Portia one day becoming George Blake's wife.

She gave a long-drawn sigh when she got thus far, gazing with her blind eyes straight in the direction of the two persons who occupied her thoughts; and then Portia whispered to her companion, and under his voice Blake began to sing:

Drink to me only with thine eyes.

Susan gave a cry of surprise; and Portia rose, and moving up the bank, seated herself good humoredly at her side. Portia French was in a mood to feel good-humored with every one in the world to day. Inaction, and the tedium inaction brings with it to a nature at once restless and indolent like hers, was over. She was playing her game, was fighting her battle in earnest, and could afford to be generous to her unconscious fellow actors—or victims, as the sequel might prove.

"We have been watching you for the last half hour, Susan. I hope you know that you have been telling all your thoughts aloud? Oh, I forgot; you won't know whom 'we' means. Take out your spectacles and you will see Mr. Blake down among the bulrushes. We have been sketching."

Susan felt as though in that moment she got older by a dozen years. The light happiness of Portia's tone, the familiar "we," the spot, the hour in which she had come upon them together and alone, all told her the truth—the truth she had known, but never absolutely realized till now. A sensation like that of suddenly plunging into cold water seemed for a movement well-nigh to suffocate her; then it passed, and instinct told her she must control her voice and lips, and be a woman, and let this other woman, who watched her, guess nothing of her suffering or her jealousy.

"If I talked aloud you had to listen chiefly to secrets about packing-cases and portmanteaus," she said. "You know that I'm going to leave home to-morrow for ever? The auctioneer wants to set the house ready for the sale at once, and I am going to stay with Miss Collinson."

Susan's voice trembled; not, it must be conceded, from emotion wholly connected with Addison Lodge, and Blake, forgetting that a minute ago he had wished her at Jericho, felt all his first liking for the little girl return. "You have not been telling us any of your secrets, my dear. Don't let Miss French frighten you. It is we who have been talking instead of working—talking nonsense and losing all the daylight. Now there is just enough left, Susan, for me to sketch you and Por—and Miss French, if you will both remain precisely in your present attitude for ten minutes. I should like to carry away some memento of this evening!" He glanced at Portia as he spoke.

Without seeming to move a muscle, Portia fell, on the instant, into a graceful

position. Sitting for her portrait was a sort of inborn talent with her—an art-instinct of the same purely egotistical and millinery order as that by which she adapted her outward moods to those of nature. The quick blood leaped into Susan Fielding's cheek. She was only to be brought in as a foil, a back-ground to Portia, of course; still George Blake thought her face worth drawing, wanted to possess some remembrance of this evening, and of meeting her. And then, all at once, she remembered the compliment Teddy Josselyn had paid her on Blake's behalf, and the blush deepened, and her great eyes dilated, as grey eyes have a trick of doing when any new feeling stirs their possessor, and Susan looked bewitching!

A dear little unsophisticated child of nature, thought Blake, as he sketched the outline of her soft round face; the face which, despite its present baby "vacancy" never failed to stir your imagination by the possibilities of emotion it contained. Portia French was a woman to possess whom a man would risk life and more than life. This was a child to inspire—never passion, perhaps, but the tender familiar love one has for a sister; a sweet, confiding, clinging little soul whom he would like to have to live in his house, if he were married to Portia; a child to tease and caress alternately, just for the pleasure of watching those flexible lips quiver, those dilating eyes change hue; a dear little thing who would run for his slippers, and light his pipe, and serve as a model for all the Mignons and Clärchens he might want to paint.

If Susan—for the matter of that, if Portia—could have read his thoughts!

"And so you have been reading 'Ixion'?" remarked Portia, taking up the book which lay at Susan's side. "I suppose our lips, at least, may move, Mr. Blake? Well, how do you like it? Mr. Blake has no literary vanity. Criticise freely."

"I like it very well, thank you, Miss Portia," said Susan, with caution.

"Very well! That is what Aunt Jem's school-children all say when I ask them, after one of my annual bun orgies, how they have enjoyed themselves. 'Very well, thank you, Miss Portia.' Have you no special criticism to make? Do you like the humor best, or the sentiment, or the asides of the author?—pretty numerous, these last!"

"I like the beginning of the book best, as far as I've gone," said Susan. "All the part where Eustace is at school, and how he steals the master's custards, and falls in love with old Miss Burchell. You see I understand anything of a story best," she added, apologetically; "whenever it comes to opinions and descriptions, and—and all the really fine parts of a book I get out of my depth."

"And you have not got to the end, then?" said Portia. "You have been able to lay down this enthralling novel unfinished, as favorable critics in the little bits you see quoted in advertisements, always declare they were unable to do!"

"I read to where Eustace goes to dine with the Marquis—I mean the prime minister—I don't remember the grand people's names! And they all talk politics—oh, a great many pages of politics, and just then it got dark, and I shall finish it to-morrow. I'm sure," remembering George Blake's feelings, "'Ixion' is a book very few people indeed could have written."

"And that still fewer people could read," cried out the author, with his hearty laugh. "Susan, you are the acutest critic I have had. The first half of the first volume is not such trash as the rest, simply because I knew, or thought I knew, what I meant when I wrote it. I really was at school once, and I did steal

custards, and I did fall in love with an old Miss Burchell. About all the rest—prime minister, marquises and politics, I know and care as much as you do, Susan !”

“And shall you ever write another novel, sir ?”

“Never,” answered Blake, with emphasis. “All great men mistake their vocation once. I have got over my mistake, and shall be a painter, and a painter only, till my life’s end. Oh, don’t bend down your head, Susan—the eyes higher—no, don’t look at the clouds—look at me. What a pity we haven’t time for color ! How can eyes like Susan’s be given in dull black and white ?”

The sketch in another few minutes was finished and handed up to the two girls for approval. Portia examined it first, a well-contented smile on her face. Blake had drawn her in profile, as he knew she loved to be drawn ; the nose and upper lip and cheek faultlessly statuesque, the head poised like a Greek goddess’s, every line in the drooping, graceful figure, a flattery. An orthodox stereotyped design for a “beauty heroine,” in short ; not very much more characteristic than those Blake used to draw on his copy-book covers as the Maid of Athens, or Haidee, when he was still a schoolboy, and had never seen Portia Ffrench.

Of Susan Fielding he had, not seeking to idealize, made a little sketch full of individuality and life—plainer than the girl was, perhaps, for in determining to get a likeness he had exaggerated the peculiarities of her face ; given to the eyes a more startled look, to the full lips more fulness, to the wildly curling hair more curliness—but a portrait, a human being, not a heroine !

“They are both excellent,” said Portia. “Susan’s the *least* bit of a caricature, perhaps ; but a capital likeness. Who is it so like ? Mr. Blake, who is your sketch of Susan like ? Shelley, I think, as one always sees him in the frontispiece of his poems.”

Susan on hearing herself compared to a poet, put out her hand, shyly, yet hopefully, for the drawing. All the author’s portraits she had seen in her father’s books, were good-looking, oval-faced gentlemen, with pretty mouths, and languishing eyes—and foreheads as smooth and marble-like as fine line engraving could make them.

“It is a caricature, I must allow,” said Portia, considerably, and keeping back the sketch a moment before she gave it into Susan’s hands. “But coloring on the cheeks and hair would make such a difference !”

Poor little Susan held up the sketch within two inches of her nose, and scrutinized it without speaking a word. At last—“And am I like this ?” she exclaimed. “Oh, I never knew before I was so hideous. ’Tis like a witch, a negress—such lips—such eyes ! and being by the side of Portia makes it worse.”

Blake by this time had collected his sketching materials and clambered up the bank. He knelt down at Susan’s side, and put his arm jestingly round her slim child’s waist.

“The vanity of children ! Why, the face is a regular Sir Joshua, Susan. You don’t understand its artistic beauty,” stooping to look over the drawing with her, and so close that her soft short curls touched his cheek. “You will hang on the walls of the R. A. some day, little Susan, in the same picture with Miss Ffrench, unless I am mistaken.”

Susan’s breath came and went tumultuously. She forgot Portia, forgot her own shyness, forgot everything in the universe save the burning, intolerable sense of humiliation that overwhelmed her. “Let me go,” she cried, breaking from him with force. “You are unkind. What right have you to laugh at me ?

I don't know who Sir Joshua is ; I don't know what you mean by 'are, eh !' But I know I'll *never* be painted in any picture as a background for some one else's beauty."

And before George Blake could guess her intention she had torn her sketch into pieces, and flung it in the canal. Then she started up to her feet, trembling with such vehemence of passion as in her whole life she had never felt till this moment.

Portia broke into one of her pleasantest thrilling laughs.

"It really was a caricature, Mr. Blake. If you had drawn such a sketch of me I would have been as cross myself. But you shouldn't have destroyed it, Susan, my dear. By the time it was colored it would have looked very—nice, I dare say. Mr. Blake only wanted the rough idea of your face."

"Mr. Blake can find plenty of ideas elsewhere," said Susan, with quivering indignation. "No need to go far for the model of such a face as that," pointing to the torn fragments of the sketch, as they eddied slowly down the canal.

"If I could command every model in London I should never get one like that again," said Blake. "However, you have done no mischief, Miss Fielding," he added. "The sketch is gone, but the original face is quite safe in my recollection—the face with a new expression on it." And he rose, and fixed his eyes steadily on Susan. "It shall be the principal figure, not the background of the picture, now."

"And I shall have to retire to the background," remarked Portia, quietly.

Blake looked foolish. I will not hazard the opinion that he or any man could be the very least in love with more than one object at a time. But, speaking of him simply as an artist, I assert that he would have found it hard to choose at this moment between the dark, Titian-like beauty of Portia's face, as she looked up at him with half audacious, half-appealing glance, and the delicate Greuze-like charm of Susan's—the cheeks all aflush, the lips parted, the fire of latent passion, almost of latent fierceness, in the great, dove-like eyes.

"Ah, I see that I shall have to take the second place," said Portia, mock-indignant. "Susan is to wear the white satin, and I must content myself in white lawn. All I can do is to abdicate gracefully. I think you might have spared the part of the sketch that held me, Susan. I could have shown it about the world, as the ideal Mr. Blake *once* had of my face."

Without answering a syllable, Susan took up her book from the bank and turned away. The poor child's conscience was in a very tumult of shame and repentance already, and she was silent, not through sullenness, but because, if she had spoken, she must infallibly have burst into tears.

"All little light green-eyed women have that sort of peppery temper," generalized Portia, cheerfully, as the small figure moved away. "A pity, perhaps, that you made the sketch such a terrible caricature?"

"A pity that the child should be really pained by such nonsense," said kind-hearted Blake. "She must never go away without forgiving me. I'll run after her, and make it all up in a minute."

And before Portia could laugh him out of his intention he had carried it into effect.

Susan reached the garden-door, entered ; locked it on the inside.

"Miss Fielding?"

No answer.

"Susan, I have something to say to you."

"I can" (voice thick and indistinct) "hear it from this side, sir."

"But I can't say it from this side. Open the door at once."

"I would rather not, I thank you."

"And I would rather that you did. To please me, open the door, my dear little Susan?"

The key turned in a second; the door stood open.

"I have come to reason seriously with you, Susan. You know nothing about Art. Any painter would have told you that the idea of my sketch was beautiful, much more beautiful," added Blake, with the baseness of his sex, "than any studied, insipid copy of regular features; item, a straight nose; item, a small mouth, et cetera. Your ignorance, not my pencil, was to blame, my dear."

"I'm sorry I tore it, Mr. Blake; I believe I was never in such a rage before. I don't know what possessed me."

"The demon of vanity, child; neither more nor less. I drew you, not with a perfect Grecian profile, but with the dear little imperfect English face that you have, and you detested me."

"Oh, no—not you!"

"Who, then?"

"I—I hope I detest no one." And Susan drooped her face, and played with a tiny leaf which, as they talked, had drifted down upon the volume of 'Ixion' in her hand. Behind her fair head rose a whole background of pleasant dusk-subdued color—the prim beds with their borders of midsummer flowers, the old-fashioned espalier fruit trees, which had been the pride and glory of Fielding's life.

Blake thought of the garden scene in Faust.

"And do you forgive me, my dear—that is what I want to know?" he asked.

In his conversation of an hour ago with Portia his voice had not sunk to half so soft, so pleading a tone as it took now.

"I think it is me to beg pardon, and you to forgive, Mr. Blake.

"For what?"

"Oh, for having destroyed a drawing you valued—a drawing of Portia. It was very wicked of me, but I scarce knew what I did, you had hurt me so."

"Hurt you, again! and yet I have told you that the idea of my sketch was beautiful—a thousand times more beautiful, really, than—Susan, Susan, who would have thought a little village girl's head could be so full of vanity?"

He took both her hands—"Ixion" falling to the ground, and drew her to him close.

"I don't mean to let you go until you have confessed that I am right and you are wrong. Now repeat after me—'It was all my vanity—'"

"I'll never say that, sir. I am not vain. I was angry because—because—"

"Go on, my dear."

"Because of Portia. She has so much, has everything she chooses, and I have nothing. I was a jest for you both. You, who have each other, what should you think of my being pained or not?"

Blake let her hands go in a moment; his face became suddenly grave. He was not a coxcomb—was, at least, no vainer than the majority of men; but he had the insight born of sympathy that belongs to all people of his temperament; and something in the sound of Susan's untutored voice did make him feel that this little scene might as well have been left unacted. Ah, could Portia French's well-controlled voice ever quicken, even vibrate, with a sound like that?

"You were angry, in short, Susan, because you were angry." He tried his best to make his own manner fraternal and unconscious. "The only logical

reason that can ever be given in such matters. Well, I suppose I must be going"—for the girl stood silent and confused, not helping him out by a word—"I have to leave by the half-past nine train. Good night, Susan."

"Good night, sir."

"And we are friends, are we not? That is right. The next time we meet you will sit for me again."

"There'll be no next time," said Susan, turning sorrowfully away. "This is good-by, not good-night."

And so they parted.

Portia was frank and gracious beyond her wont when Blake rejoined her, and yet how was it? All her frankness, all her graciousness, could not cause the thread of their discourse to reunite precisely at the point at which Susan's appearance had broken it off. She never said a word about the torn sketch or the length of time Blake had been absent. All that occupied her mind was plaintive regret that he must leave so soon. Nine o'clock only—was he indeed obliged to go by the next train? How quickly had the evening passed; how kindly, how considerately had Mr. Blake cheered her on this first day of her altered prospects! She would see him in Eaton square to-morrow? unless, indeed, he were busied upon more important matters than paying nonsense visits. If he would come round between four and five o'clock she would contrive to be at home, and they would make out as many pleasant plans as possible for the coming week. Of course, she might get him an invitation for Lady Blank's ball and Mrs. Dash's concert—for everything that should be going on during her own few days in London?

"You know I bade you not despair," she cried, when George Blake had already turned to depart, "and I meant what I said. Now I must do my best, practically, to help you 'drive dull care away.' At the end of this week I hope you will tell me that my prescription is taking effect."

The words, and still more the tone in which they were spoken, admitted of an interpretation dangerously flattering to a man as much in love as Blake; and still, for once, Portia Ffrench had overshot her mark. The ring of a voice with nature, with passion in it, was too fresh on his memory for the very prettiest art to impress him as it might have done an hour and a half ago. "I will go wherever you are good enough to bid me go," was his answer. "But I am afraid, if my cure could be worked by means of balls and concerts, it would be such a cure as I don't wish to think of—a cure worse than the disease."

Over which answer Portia pondered seriously, as she stood and watched the young man's figure disappear in the twilight. She was about to make the grand knight's move—tortuous, but decisive—of her game: not a time, surely, to waste regret over the loss of an inefficient little pawn or two! "Still—still," mused Richard Ffrench's granddaughter, "many a well-fought match has been lost for want of a pawn in the end. In the superior game of chess called life, give up *nothing* until the sacrifice becomes a duty, and even then—pause."

CHAPTER XX.

NEXT day was the one to which Susan had looked forward as the most certainly miserable turning point of her life—the last day she was to spend in the old home. And the dreaded hour of parting came, and she found herself travelling in the hired fly toward Miss Collinson's, without being able to shed a tear

—nay, without being able to realize that Addison Lodge and all the household gods that it contained were, indeed, already things of the past.

"Like her age, Mr. Hackitt," moralized old Nancy Wicks to the auctioneer, as he ticketed the chairs and tables for the sale. "A week ago, little Miss were fretting herself to a skeleton at the thoughts of living among strangers, far away from Halfont churchyard; and off she goes to-day as blithe as a lark, and never so much as shed a tear when Jim Simmons carried out her pa's fiddle-case, nor nothing." (The poor little girl had cried herself, with bitterest tears, to sleep the night before; then dreamed a dream of a certain artist painting her portrait on a golden summer noon, under over-arching trees, while sketches of Portia Ffrench—like, but with wild eyes, with angry lips—were constantly floating by along a dark river at their feet—a perfectly delicious dream, the flavor of which clung too pertinaciously to her lips next morning for any reality to have quite its right taste, even the sorrowful reality of leaving home forever.) "Some young gentleman at the bottom of it all, take my word, Mr. Hackitt. There's young Collinson—and a gay, good-for-nothing fellow, too, they do say—been here every afternoon for the last five days, to my own knowledge."

Tom Collinson was standing on the door steps of his sister's house, ready to receive Susan as she got out of the fly. His short, square figure was decked out in his smartest suit and necktie; his naturally florid face was crimson with excitement; a ridiculous minglement of exultation and sheepishness was in his whole demeanor. He helped the driver to carry Susan's boxes up stairs, then led her into the parlor; made her sit down on the sofa; stared at her; circled round and round her, rubbing his hands, as men do to whom hands are an embarrassment; tried to make a pretty speech about her feeling herself at home under Eliza's roof; failed; and expressed his hopes suddenly that she was fond of calf's head and brains.

"Eliza is a good old soul, and not a bad cook, pastry especially, but no more idea of a change than a cat, she'd give one the same dish for a fortnight and think because you had liked it once you must like it always. So she said to me this morning, 'Tom,' she said, 'what'll be a nice thing for Susan,' she always calls you Susan, 'a nice thing for Susan the first day she dines here? A loin of pork, and a pudding baked under?' Now I like pork, and I like a pudding baked under," said Tom, "but I don't like it every day of my life, and we've had it twice this week already. So I said calf's head. I hope you really do like a calf's head and brains?"

To this lover-like appeal Susan was able to reply satisfactorily. She did like calf's head—well, yes, better perhaps (on being pressed) than pork with pudding under. And then they came to another full stop. Susan was never great at originating conversation; and Mr. Collinson, now that he had absolutely made up his mind to be in love, felt his tongue cleave to the roof of his mouth every time he tried to address her.

"Mourning's very becoming—to some people," he jerked out at last.

"Do you think so?" said Susan.

And then this subject, too, fell to the ground. Collinson tried to pick it up a minute later, having stared harder than ever at Susan meantime, by repeating, "Yes, to some people!" But Susan had forgotten what he was talking of, and made no answer.

"Eliza's out," this after a longer pause than the last. "I thought you might fancy a cucumber"—cucumber, Tom called it—"and Eliza's gone for one."

"Is she?"

"Yes, but I hope—I *hope*—Miss Susan, that you don't mind finding yourself alone with me?"

"Mind! why should I, Mr. Collinson?"

"Oh no, not at all, only I thought perhaps, ah—um—oh, Miss Susan," bringing up his courage with a run, "how long the time has seemed since I saw you last!"

He stopped in his walk, looked at her sentimentally, then sighed. Tom Collinson's was not a face or figure which accorded well with sentiment, and Susan laughed. He felt this was encouraging.

"You know that I called at Addison Lodge yesterday?"

"Yes, I was packing—I mean Nancy was packing and I was looking on, reading."

"And the day before?"

"I was at the Manor. I was there all the afternoon."

"You are always at the Manor, always with Portia Ffrench. I suppose you know this about her cousin Josselin being off with her? He has proved himself not such a fool as he looks, after all."

Susan did not answer.

"And I suppose you know that she is on already with the singing fellow—Blake, don't they call him? They say she was out with him in the lanes at I don't know what o'clock last night."

Susan's face flamed. "A pity 'they' are not better employed than to spy other people's doings and then spread mean stories about them afterward!" she cried, with less accuracy of syntax, than energy of voice and manner.

Collinson watched her jealously. "You are a very warm defender of Portia Ffrench," he remarked, "I wonder whether she'd speak up so hot for you if you got yourself talked about! It isn't my business, I know, to comment on the manners of my betters," went on Tom, "but, to my way of thinking, for a girl to break off with one sweetheart in the morning, and take on another before night is disgusting, neither more nor less. I'm sure you wouldn't act so, Miss Susan?"

He did his utmost to throw tender meaning into this question.

"When the temptation comes, I shall be able to answer," said Susan, in her stiffest little Quakeress tone. "I know nothing about sweethearts, Mr. Collinson, and I wish to know nothing about them."

"You—you can't be so cruel as to mean that?" interrupted Tom, edging himself a little nearer; then just as he felt the ice was beginning to break, Miss Collinson inopportunely ran up the front steps, the cucumber in her hand; and his chance, for this time, was over.

"Still, I have got on a good bit," he soliloquized mentally, glancing at himself in the dingy glass above the mantel-shelf. "'Who talks of love makes it,' I know I've read that somewhere. If I go on gaining ground like this we shall be engaged in no time."

And throughout the remainder of the day he continued to gain ground of the same kind; to hover fatuitously round Susan, to gaze at her askance, to stammer out the beginning of complimentary speeches which he had not courage to finish, to get curt answers which he tried to persuade himself were the flattering result of maiden bashfulness. When night came, and he was at last left alone in the parlor with his sister, he broke out abruptly:

"And pray, what is your opinion of Susan now, Eliza?"

Miss Collinson looked up from the book in which she was going through her

accustomed evening exercises, with thoughts undisturbed by love or lovers. "Susan? well, I really think she's getting hearty. She took two helps at dinner, I remarked, but calf's head is just one of those things a delicate person can always enjoy. Three weeks before his death, I remember poor father said—"

"For the Lord's sake don't tell me!" groaned Tom. "Who's talking of delicacy and calf's-head and what our blessed old father used to say! Do you think that she—do you judge from her manner—dash it all, have you still the same opinion about the girl as you had the other night when we were walking across the heath?"

"I don't remember exactly what my opinion was, my dear."

Collinson strode angrily away from the room and from the house, but returned long before midnight; he had altogether given up bad hours during the last few days; and next morning his courtship, such courtship as it was, went on again. He was a man coarse alike by temperament and the life that he had led, a man self-confident through ignorance, and who had never hitherto experienced difficulty in making known his feelings to any of the women with whom he had been thrown. But now in the presence of Susan Fielding, in the presence of this shrinking little girl of seventeen, his whole loud audacious nature seemed to collapse. The most brilliant men do not invariably shine in the position of lovers; Tom Collinson thus situated became absolutely, idiotically taciturn. Every hour found him deeper in love, every hour found him dumber! If he could only once break the ice, he would think, only get as far as the first word of a declaration, he would back himself to find plenty to say for ever afterward. Meanwhile, little as he guessed it, his silence effected more for him than any speech would have done with Susan; reconciled her unconsciously, day by day, to his presence. She was too short-sighted to be much annoyed by the demonstrativeness of his looks, and as he would sit blankly staring at her for hours together without relieving his feelings by a single sentimental speech, the girl grew gradually to think of him as a harmless kindly creature, toward whom she had once cherished a groundless repugnance, and whose worse fault was stupidity. Of course he was utterly unlike Mr. Blake—alas! was it her lot to be thrown with men like Mr. Blake? But he was kind and open-hearted, in his way, did twenty things a day to give her pleasure; and Susan was grateful. More than that, at the end of a very short time, began to feel that she really liked poor ignorant Tom a great deal better than she liked Elizabeth, with all her superior principles, all her superior culture.

Whatever his graver, more positive faults—and one sums them up easiest by saying that he had not a single positive virtue—Tom possessed the negative merit of a sunshiny temperament. He was too thoroughly fond of his own comfort even to be long sullen, too self-satisfied to know the meaning of moral or mental depression. If the small servant had transgressed, Miss Collinson, worthy woman, would address her meekly, admonishingly, yet with a vein of mild sourness—"nagging," Betsy called it—running through the admonition, that would make the child sob her heart out for the remainder of the day. Tom's vengeance, on the other hand, was swift and sharp—an oath, a box on the ear; then, ten minutes afterward, a joking word, or two-pence (from Eliza's coppers) that at once restored the smile to poor Betsy's face. And this difference between them was an essential one—a difference of race. The first Mrs. Collinson had been a sterling, over-scrupulous, melancholy-minded woman, capable of doing everything for her husband and children save making their lives happy. The second was a lazy, selfish, extravagant drone; always expecting and finding

other people to perform her duties ; thoroughly ungrateful ; thoroughly without principle ; but easy of temper, pleasant to live with. And her son was like her.

Nothing could be heartier, more confidence-inspiring than Tom Collinson's shake of the hand : Eliza, diffident good soul, extended to you a fish-like palm, through which not a throb of human sympathy was discernible—nothing franker than the look with which his well-opened eyes met yours : Eliza's, from purely physical timidity, sank to the ground every time she was spoken to. And Susan Fielding's was just the temperament upon which this gift of heartiness, animal spirits—call it by what name you will—operates like magnetism. Quiet, dreamy, sensitive herself, the subdued melancholy of Eliza Collinson affected her spirits like a day of drizzling rain, of unbroken cloud. What she imperatively needed in a companion was brightness ; and Tom, despite his want of brains, was bright—yes, even in the present taciturnity engendered in him by love.

Miss Collinson had a score of the little ghostly habits unmarried women contract through long years of solitude and economy ; such as when she returned from a walk, taking off her boots in the passage, and creeping up-stairs in her stockings ; wearing list slippers about the house ; sitting without lights in the dark, “ unless any one really wanted to employ their minds.” Tom's thick boots were to be heard everywhere—was life long enough to think about the effect of mud on stair-carpets ? He whistled reprobate airs from morning till night, Sundays included. He taught the pious old cockatoo the forgotten blasphemies of her youth. He skirmished from attic to cellar after Betsy. He woke the two cats, neutral enemies for years, into active combat. He made the house alive, in short ; and Susan, child as she was, grew, after four days, to be a little sorry when he went out, a little glad when he returned.

Proper heroines of romance like one human being, and one only, during the course of their mortal lives. In recording Susan's commonplace story it seems I shall be forced into confessing she liked every good-looking young man she came across. And so, I think, with very different degrees of liking, she did. Teddy Josselin for his grace, and dress, and refinement, and handsome face ; George Blake—ah, George Blake for everything ! and now poor, brainless, vulgar Tom, for his animal school-boy spirits, and good nature to herself. Have not most women—heroines apart—been subject at this chrysalis stage of their existence, to the like chronic but perfectly safe disorder of inconstancy ?

A week passed by, and the Tuesday on which the sale was to take place at Addison Lodge arrived. Tom, ever ready to shirk anything in the shape of disagreeable employment, declared that it was necessary for him to go up to town for the day, “ on the look-out for employment.” He would have attended the sale if his presence there could have profited Susan's interests, but what possible good, said Tom, could be got by bullying a man like Hackitt ? If you didn't let an auctioneer cheat you in one way he would in another, you might be quite sure. And so Miss Collinson, book in hand, had to start alone on her self-imposed duty of “ checking off ” Mr. Hackitt's accounts, and Susan was left at home to get through the day as she could.

It was a terribly heavy day to her ; heavier far than the one on which, upheld in spirit by the remembrance of her dream, she had bidden home good-by. Young people, as a rule, part lightly with external objects. The affection born of habit that clings to an arm-chair, a writing-table, the paper on the wall, is quite an affection of later years. But Susan, not a little from the fact of her short-sightedness, shrank almost as old people do from the unknown ; held with

sorrowful eagerness to the thought of every material link that bound her to the past. When eleven o'clock had struck, the hour at which the sale began, it seemed to her that at every ten minutes a sort of death-knell tolled. Once, long ago, she had been with Miss Collinson to a sale in the village, and she remembered the old auctioneer pompously descanting, with flowers of professional rhetoric, on the merits of every table and chair, then remorselessly knocking it down. "A giving of this valuable article away—a robbing of my employer!" was Mr. Hackitt's formula—"to the highest bidder."

"Going—going—gone!" All through the forenoon she sat, unable to work or read, with that word "gone" ringing in her heart; then, unable to bear the weight of her own thoughts longer, put on her bonnet and started for a lonely walk across the heath. It was a perfect June day, the blue sky lightly flecked with clouds, a strong warm wind blowing from the south-west, and after a quarter of an hour's slow walking Susan turned off from the high road upon one of the few portions of the heath that still remained uninclosed, and where, a dozen yards or so from the path, a group of lichened stones formed a pleasant halting-place for idle or footsore wayfarers. These stones had always been a favorite haunt of Fielding and his little girl; and taking out her glasses, Susan looked long and wistfully around at the familiar landmarks, which till now had bounded the vista of her narrow life. Behind her, Harrow-on-the-Hill; far away, in the opposite direction, a dim blue spot which she knew to be Epsom Grand Stand; the dull grey smoke of London to the left; the heath with its solitary clump of firs, its quick gradations of hue, as the passing clouds threw patch after patch into purple shade or yellow sunlight, filling up all the foreground and middle distance.

Susan had not been here long before she heard a measured, soldier-like step passing in the direction of the village; in another minute, a figure passed between her and the sun, and, looking up, she saw Miss Jemima Ffrench. Miss Jemima, in the accustomed thick shoes and sensible bonnet in which she paid her cottage visits, a well-filled basket on her arm, the smile which in itself seemed to be a sort of June sunshine upon her kind old face.

She shook hands with the little girl, seated herself at her side, and did *not* begin to talk about the sale. Perfect good-heartedness, you will remark, always begets the very finest good-breeding. "You are just the person I wanted to meet, my dear. I have had a letter from Portia, containing all sorts of messages to you. She seems to be enjoying herself more than usual, and is not coming back for the next ten days."

Susan felt acutely, miserably jealous on the instant. What cause but one could account either for Portia's enjoyment or the extension of her stay in town?

"I am terribly stupid at remembering messages," went on Miss Jemima; "but there was something about a sketch, I know. Stay, I believe I have the letter in my pocket—no, yes; then you may read it for yourself. My niece and I have no very important secrets just at present, and I know Portia would like me to tell you all she is doing and seeing." And, saying this, Miss Jemima drew two closely-written sheets of note paper from an envelope, and gave them to Susan.

Portia Ffrench wrote a thoroughly picturesque hand; bold, unfaltering, full of originality, a hand with really only one fault to speak of—it was illegible. Long habit, the patience of great affection, had broken Miss Jemima in to the task of deciphering her letters; to the rest of the world they were a blank. "Lucky I am not the kind of person to write love letters," Portia would say of

herself. "The man does not live who would take the trouble to read them through." Susan looked down one page, then another, then turned back hopelessly to the first.

"I can't make out a single line," said she. "All I see is that Mr. Blake's name comes very often."

"Very often," repeated Miss Jemima, shaking her head with meaning. "The fact is, my dear, I know that you are fond of Portia, and I know that I can trust you with a secret, so I'll make you my confidante—the fact is, a very strong suspicion has come into my mind to-day, Susan."

"Has it, ma'am?"

"A suspicion about Portia and Mr. Blake."

"Ah."

"I may be wrong, as I have been before. If I am, Portia can laugh at me for my last piece of romantic folly, as she will call it; and yet I don't think I am mistaken this time. I will read you the letter first, and you shall see."

And Miss Jemima took out her spectacles and read, Susan resigning herself to hear what she knew beforehand would be the final deathblow to every hope she had cherished, every dream she had dreamed.

"DEAR AUNT JEM: I haven't ten minutes to write, for we are just going off to the Zoo"—on Sunday, I am sorry to say, Susan. "Mr. Blake and I, grandmamma, and poor Teddy. Mr. Blake to walk with me, Teddy to give grandmamma his arm, and listen to unqualified praises of Miss Minters, the heiress, and qualified abuse of Portia Ffrench, the pauper. He has been on this kind of duty the whole past week. Wherever we have been, and we have been everywhere, grandmamma has insisted on Teddy accompanying us. To show the world, she says, that he cares nothing, and that I care nothing about the breaking off of our engagement. It would be very detrimental to me, grandmamma says, if I were suspected of having had a *real* attachment to my cousin (I should have thought it wonderfully to my advantage to suppose that I, Portia Ffrench, could have had a real attachment for anything). Oh, how I have been amusing myself! I don't think I ever"—mark this, Susan—"felt the meaning of really wild spirits till now. When we sit at dinner, or walk about in our party of four—Ted and grandmamma, Mr. Blake and I—'tis as much as I can do to keep from singing aloud. We have had two delightful balls, Lady"—Claptrap, it looks like—"and Mrs."—no, I must leave out the proper names. "I wore my mauve satin at the first, my white silk with black flounces at the last. Both of them, alas! trousseau dresses. Mr. Blake, I need not say, was at these balls. He doesn't dance, you know. I did not dance. I feel my advancing years, and prefer sitting out and talking with a *rational* companion. Grandmamma is wonderfully, impertinently civil to Mr. Blake; tries to do art-talk for his benefit—a condescension resulting in much the kind of tone she would use to one of the young men at Howell & James's, if she were talking about shawls. He doesn't mind. He minds nothing. He, too, I think, seems thoroughly happy. By the way, tell Susan"—ah, to be sure, this is the message—"tell Susan Fielding not to regret having torn the sketch. Mr. Blake has done a much better one—of me, I mean. It is colored and half-length. I will steal it for you, Aunt Jem. So the poor little thing is really staying with the Collinsons! Tell her not to let that terrible young Collinson fall in love with her"—you must not mind, my dear; you know Portia's jesting way—"also, that I shall hope to see her before she leaves for France. The Smiths—charming people, I forget whether you know them—have asked me to run down to Brighton for a day or two when I leave grandmamma; and, as I shall be in the neighborhood, I think I may as well go and see the Gordons at Worthing. You *must* remember all about the Gordons? I shall take the Browns at Guilford as I return. All these moves are so uncertain that I can't tell you where to write; but I shall console myself with your favorite saying of no news being good news. Mr. Blake, who, as usual, is sketching my unhappy profile"—sketching, too, on a Sunday! "desires kindest remembrances, and I am your affectionate.

"PORTIA."

"And now, Susan," Miss Jemima folded the letter, and returned it to her pocket, "what do *you* divine from all this?"

"That Portia has very soon got over her regret about Mr. Josselin," said Susan.

"What next?"

"I really don't know, ma'am, except that she has been enjoying herself a good deal, and has worn a mauve satin dress at one ball and a white silk trimmed with black lace at another."

"And what about this *rational* companion, whose conversation she prefers to dancing?"

"Oh, that is quite an old affair," said Susan, doing her best to look easy and unconcerned. "I should say Mr. Blake and Portia came to an understanding long ago about the charm of each other's conversation—it is no news to me."

"What," exclaimed old Miss Jemima, "has Portia told you?"

"Portia has told me nothing," interrupted Susan, quickly. "But I watched them together—that evening I drank tea with you on my birthday, and another evening a week ago, the day after Portia's engagement was broken off. It was a thing no one could mistake about," said poor little Susan, as decisively as if she had had fifty years' experience in the usages of love and lovers.

Miss Jemima kept silent for a minute; then—"My opinion is confirmed," she said, with a well-pleased face. "Young ladies of your age are wonderfully acute judges, Miss Susan. Yes, yes; the whole thing is pretty plain. And I have accused my dear Portia of being heartless, worldly; never guessing that an honorable attachment to this young man might be at the bottom of all her seeming inconstancy. I see it now; a hundred words of the poor child's come back to me. She was too honorable to break off her engagement to her cousin; but she accepted her release thankfully. Portia's is a fine nature, Susan."

"Yes—I hope so."

"There are faults without number, of which I would wish to see her cured; but they are all faults of her generation rather than of her own. This independence, for instance. Running down to the 'Smiths at Brighton,' the 'Gordons at Worthing'—people her grandfather and myself do not know by name. In olden days, a young woman would have been considered lost who had travelled about the country unescorted. But Portia tells me it is the fashion for girls to be independent—that every one does the same, and so I try to be satisfied."

"And if what you suggest is true, no doubt Mr. Blake will be Portia's escort," remarked Susan.

"H'm! I don't see that that makes it any better, my dear—I mean as regards appearance; for I know Portia too well to suspect her of anything compromising to her personal dignity. However, as matters stand now, all I can do is to keep quiet. Lady Erroll little thinks that, through her instrumentality, my poor Portia may be brought into making a marriage of affection after all." This was more soliloquy than an address to Susan. "She is civil to Blake, because it is convenient for the world to see some man who is not Teddy Josselin at Portia's side, and in the end may find that she has played her adversary's game. You will not speak, Susan—I know you will not speak to any one of what is going on?"

Susan, with a heavy heart, promised secrecy; and Miss Jemima, after a little more talk—all of Portia and Portia's supposed love affairs—went on her way.

"So ends that dream, that exquisite piece of folly," thought Susan, gazing blankly round her at the heath—purple shadow and gleaming sunlight all blurred

and indistinct through fast-rising tears. "Was I mad enough to think, with Portia by, that he would look at *me*, feel anything for me but pity? I've been loved once by papa, as a child is loved. The other love is for girls like Portia—girls with beauty, position, wit; yet my heart is worth more than hers. She may marry Mr. Blake—she will never care for him as I could have done. Oh, I hope they'll never see my face again—never be able to look at me with pity, guessing my secret.

Something in the last thought stirred Susan's pride; as much pride as her very unheroic character could be said to possess; and she rose, and walked back, with a brisker step, to the Collinsons' house. She had still some hours to pass alone, and with no other means of distraction than the contents of Eliza's book-shelves—concordances, treatises on home-brewing, knitting-books, and such like dreary odds and ends of literature. It had been arranged that there should be no regular dinner that day, but a cold six o'clock meal to which Eliza gave the name of a "meat-tea." It was seven o'clock, however, before either of the Collinsons made their appearance; and Susan was just beginning to feel not only very unhappy, but very hungry, when Eliza Collinson, heated, limp, brow-beaten, walked in, closely followed by her brother. Alas! Susan felt she had never been so glad to see him as at this moment!

Mr. Collinson seemed to be in higher spirits than usual and had brought a huge lobster in his hand, as an addition to the tea-table. Tea? not for him. Let Betsy run and fetch a bottle of Bass from the Rose—and stay, it would be just as well to get a pint of sherry, too; Miss Eliza was not looking well. "I've good news to tell you, Eliza," he said, turning to his sister. "What, in the name of fortune, makes you look so lachrymose? wouldn't old Hackitt let you get the blacking-brushes for nothing, or what? I've heard of a situation at last."

"You've heard of a great many," said Miss Collinson, in a flat voice. "Have you got one?"

"You are a hopeful, cheery spirit, Eliza, on my word!" said Tom, looking round with a good-humored smile from the side-table, where he was breaking his lobster limb from limb, preparatory to salad. "If there *is* a pleasant doubt to be thrown on any subject, you know so well where to put it in. No, I've not got a situation, Miss Collinson, but I can have one to-morrow if I choose."

And he drew a morning paper from his pocket, and threw it across into his sister's lap. "You'll see it somewhere in the first column. 'Eligible investment for a gentleman of means and spirit,'"

Miss Collinson held the paper at arm's length, as ladies do who are just too young for glasses, and passed her finger down the columns. "A catch-penny piece of rubbish!" she exclaimed, after a minute. "You may see a score such in any paper you take up. 'A new company requiring a secretary with eight hundred pounds capital.' Eight hundred pounds—for them to put into their pockets! Besides, supposing it all to be *bona fide*,"—Miss Collinson loved to air these marks of superior culture—"supposing it to be *bona fide*, how could it possibly suit you? 'a gentleman of good address'—referring to the paper—'industry, business habits, and a spare capital of eight hundred or a thousand pounds.' You have no capital, you have no business habits—"

"And no good address," interrupted Tom, still with thorough sweet temper. "Very well, my dear. You will keep to your opinion, I to mine, and mine is that I shall have that situation, value three hundred per annum, before another fortnight is over."

The return of Betsy, a bottle, well-frothed, under each arm, put an end to the discussion. Miss Collinson unloosed the strings of her bonnet, tilted it a little back on her head, and so sat down to the tea-table. Whenever she had been unusually disturbed in her mind, Eliza Collinson seemed to derive mysterious consolation in sitting down to some meal in her bonnet. "Thank you, Susan, I think I should be obliged if you would pour out the tea, for once. My hand shakes like an aspen: Never, while I live, will I enter another sale. It was a heart-rending sight, I can tell you, Tom. The stair Kidderminster, as good as new, knocked down for one and four—not the price of the rods."

"The stair-carpet?" said Susan, who knew as much about money as a baby. "What, all the stair-carpet for one and four pence. Well, that was cheap."

"One and four pence a yard, child. What are you talking of? and the parlor window-blinds ten pence each. I could have cried to see it! Still, there were other things that fetched a ridiculous price. Now the scrapers—I remember your dear father paid eight shillings for them new—and old Miss Budd, bidding against Mrs. Bolt, ran them up to nine-and-six. But I have remarked all my life, scrapers do well, somehow!" Miss Collinson looked hard at Tom, then at Susan, as she hazarded this reminiscence with an air of subdued melancholy.

"And was the sale a good or a bad one on the whole?" cried Tom, his mouth full of lobster. "Susan don't want to hear all this bosh about scrapers and window blinds. One thing with another, did the property realize what was expected?"

"The property," said Miss Collinson, drawing forth her note-book and looking up and down its straggling labyrinths of weak pencil figures, "the property realized (ah, no; eight pence must come off the blue and yellow jug, Hackitt did his best, but Miss Budd had two witnesses to swear that 'twas cracked when he put it up) well, in round numbers, one hundred and seventy-four pounds. From this deduct Hackitt's commission, catalogues, et cetera, and you will bring it down eighteen pounds, good. As near as I can say, one hundred and fifty-six pounds will be paid to your account, Susan."

"It won't do me any particular good," said Susan.

"It would go a long way toward furnishing another house," said Tom.

Miss Collinson coughed, and drank her tea.

"I'm afraid you must have found the day long, all by yourself, my dear Susan. Just when we were in the middle of the sale I remembered I had locked up the pickles, and there was nothing but the end of cold beef for your lunch."

"Oh, I did not want the pickles," said Susan, with a faint attempt at a smile. "I wasn't hungry. It made me sick to think of all our things being handled by strangers. I don't think I ever spent such a miserable day in my life."

Tom gave her a tender glance. "Do take some lobster," he pleaded, drawing his chair a little nearer hers. "Oh, I know you have had veal pie, but you haven't eat half enough. Now do finish with lobster. I bought it on purpose for you, and its as fresh as fresh!"

The kindness of his voice, the boyish eagerness with which he jumped up for a clean plate, then piled it to overflowing with lobster salad, made Susan feel as if she must cry. Never was a heart more in the state of rebound in which the old adage says so many hearts are caught, than Susan's to-night. Tom watched her face, and drew his own conclusions from what he read there. He had made

up his mind, come what might, to speak definitely to Susan this evening; and a wiser man than Tom might have drawn flattering augury from the expression with which the poor little thing's sad eyes sank down beneath his.

"Arn't you ever going to take off your bonnet, Eliza?" he asked, when the tea things had been cleared away, and Miss Collinson still held her place at the table, going, half aloud, over item after item in her account-book. "Nothing gives me the fidgets like seeing you with your bonnet perched up on your head, as if you had put it there for a cock-shy. Put it on properly or take it off. I should say, myself, take it off."

After tendering which advice, Tom came behind his sister's chair, raised her by the elbows, and holding her firmly in a like manner, propelled her across the small parlor to the door. He put her in the passage, counselling her, kindly, to go to her own room and lie down for an hour, then returned to Susan.

"Eliza's a good, well-meaning soul, but tiring," he remarked, stopping about two yards distant from her and putting his hands behind him. "I saw you were tired to death with all that stupid talk about the sale, and so I sent her away. Oh, Miss Fielding"—the pint of sherry Tom had taken was beginning to inspire him with eloquence—"I can't think what it is that makes you look so pale and cast-down—upon my word I can't! If I could be of any use to you, if you would only look upon me as—as—"

His face got scarlet. But Susan, happily, was looking away through the window by which she sat, not at him.

"There's nothing more than usual to cast me down, Mr. Collinson." She was thinking at that instant of Blake and Portia, so made the assertion with spirit. "I can't help being upset a little about the sale. I shall be all right to-morrow."

"But you are never all right," persisted Tom. "You are never in really good spirits. Don't you think I watch you, sitting by the window here, as if you expected to see some one pass, from morning till night, and never a smile on your face? There's something on your mind, Miss Susan; I know that very well."

"Indeed, there is not," cried Susan, all in a flutter of indignant denial. "You never made a greater mistake. I'm sorry to leave the old home, and to have to live so far away among strangers; but that's all. Pray, what other trouble do you suppose I could have on my mind? It's very unfeeling of you to say so."

"Unfeeling!" an opening had come for him in that word; and Tom made the best of it, manfully. "You think I could be unfeeling, you think I could say a word to offend you"—here he managed to edge a step nearer—"when I think of you the first moment my eyes are open—all the night before last I lay awake as miserable—Oh, Susan"—he fell down on his knees—"I know I haven't much in the way of prospects to offer; but I'd work my life out for you, if you'd have me!" And he put up his arm round her waist.

As far as coherence goes, the proposal was, perhaps, not quite up to the average mark of proposals. Still, Tom was so thoroughly in earnest, so brimming over with emotion—such emotion as it was—that his deficiencies of language did not make themselves as obvious to Susan's perceptions as they do to yours and mine.

"Don't be silly," she cried, but not very forcibly. "I—I'll tell your sister of you, sir. Oh, dear, suppose Betsy was to come in!"

"Suppose she was—suppose every Betsy in the world was to come in!" said

Tom, carried altogether away; "what should I care? Do you think I'd be ashamed to be found on my knees before you?"

"I know that I should be ashamed for you," said Susan, beginning to laugh. "Do remember the windows are open. People will think we are acting a charade."

Something in her tone made Tom start up to his feet. "You treat me like a boy!" he exclaimed. "You pretend to think it a joke. Acting a charade, indeed! And I tell you that I'm miserable about you, that all my happiness depends on what you say to me!"

The muscles round his mouth twitched; his voice got husky. Susan felt terribly sorry for him.

"Do come here, out of sight of the road, and—and tell me the worst," went on Tom. "I'll try to bear it, if you'll only say you don't care for any other fellow, and if you *won't* laugh at me."

He stood behind the window curtain, extending his arms to her. Susan jumped up, not knowing whether to laugh or cry. She half moved to him; then stopped.

"This is all nonsense, you know, Mr. Collinson."

"It's life or death to me," said Tom. "But, of course, if you hate me—"

"Hate you? I think I should be very wicked if I did!"

"And I have no fine house to offer you. I'll try to get this situation, and work my best; but I couldn't give you a fine house and servants, like the Frenches."

"What should I want with a fine house and servants?"

"Susan, do you like me—don't answer! for God's sake, don't answer so quick—do you like me just a little?"

"You know I do; but—"

"Yes, yes. The rest would come in time. I should be content to wait. Now, only one more word. Say you don't refuse me?"

Susan stood irresolute. She had really grown to like—well, to tolerate—this poor Tom Collinson; and it went against her very nature to pain him or anybody; and five minutes ago she had felt so desolate; and she did so shudder at the prospect of that far-off home in France; and George Blake had forgotten her—and other friends than the Collinsons she had none. "I wish you hadn't taken me by surprise so," she said, at last.

Tom got hold of her hand and kissed it. Her heart gave one passionate throb as she thought of George Blake, of the night when he left her at the door of Addison Lodge. And then she remembered that George Blake had only trifled with her, only looked upon her as Portia's friend, and that Tom Collinson was in earnest.

"I'm the happiest fellow on earth," he whispered, with lover-like ardor, and again stealing an arm round her waist.

"Oh, please—oh, do let me go!" cried Susan, breaking from him, and returning to the protection of the window. "Here comes Eliza; I know Eliza will treat it all as a joke."

NEW YORK JOURNALISTS.

E. L. GODKIN OF THE "NATION."

AMONG the leading journalists of New York City, the purest and most exclusive type, the latest to make his place, the most dispassionate, the gravest, driest, literalist, is Mr. E. L. Godkin of the "Nation." He is at all times positive, and matter-of-fact, and sensible, and free from what commonly characterizes the American mind, and especially the American journalist's mind—I mean haste and temper. He illustrates the mental habit and equipment of the contemporary man outside of, and untouched by, primordial elements, from which we are so far. He is a decided representative of the man of facts and of the man of reflection; bare, like business, of all that stimulates and gratifies the æsthetic sense, yet withal cultivated and intelligent and sufficiently well-bred to bestow upon art and literature the attention becoming a gentleman; but he seems insular and uncomplaisant, and too easily disturbed by the utterance of an enthusiast—a type that provokes his decently expressed but scornful surprise. Although he habitually exhibits no more than the special and dry characteristics of a cold-blooded journalist, his work invites attention and commands respect as a well-timed reaction against the insanities of partisan papers and fanatical editors.

Mr. Godkin's *weight* as a writer is due to his character. It is not cleverness but integrity that makes his work effective. Guarded and testing, yet without hesitation, without timidity, he makes his reader feel that he is honest in his statement, that his expression is not accidental, that his mind is based on the positive and teachable, that it is fixed and made up—neither floating nor free—and incapable of juggling with words, but somewhat overcharged with a sense of responsibility. A journalist with an available set of principles, a lover of order, having a high respect for the cardinal virtues, his leading articles are dispassionate examinations of the questions of the day, and occasionally express personal disgust. He has the distinction of being an untrammelled journalist. No political associations control his opinion, no extravagant expectations of political or social reform mislead his judgment. He represents the independent journalist. With him journalism is not a party means, but a separate profession, a practical censorship, legitimately constituted, and exacting character rather than talent. He is a purist in morals and in politics; he is a purist on the press, of unimpeachable veracity, and well endowed with a sense of personal dignity. But he resembles the English rather than the American type. In truth he is wholly English, unmitigated in, and adequate to, the treatment of every question from the matter-of-fact point of view and with all the verbal forms of fairness and conscientiousness, which impose only on what one may call the English mind, which is fatally limited, and, in spite of itself, unjust and arrogant. Deep in its prejudices and deliberate in its brutality, by quietness, and hardness, and coldness, it flatters itself with the pretension of being unswayed by emotions, when only a generous emotion could lift it over its inveterate aversions. But this journalist mind, this English type, has one supreme merit, it is never vulgar. Yet it is not less fatal than American vulgarity to sensitive, and restless, and undisciplined minds. It sooner or later drives out every feminine and *frondeur* intellect, and makes the misery of every fine and uncalculating and

impressionable nature. Incessant in its work, it repeats and sharpens the conclusions of the English middle class and its rulers—and *they* made England intolerable to Shelley, Landor and Browning; *they* elicited the expressed dissatisfaction of the Gallicized Arnold, and intensified the feminine frenzy of Swinburne; *they* provoked the scorn of Carlyle, and made Ruskin despair.

The discontent of women is the reproach of a society; and the wretchedness of all but business men, preachers and politicians, is the accusation of the organization of society in England and in the United States. It is only on the Continent that poets, artists and students are perfectly happy as such. But the pleasure of poets, artists and students is inconsistent with the dignity and gravity of life as understood by English journalists, and by Mr. Godkin of the "Nation." He is a social pillar—a Doric column—but he supports a social fabric that has no mysteries. Fixed and bare, and noble, if you think so, he fills his place and does not let you dream of the original shape, the unhewn mass, which, in nature at least, did not resist the winning graces of a vagabond vegetation. A pillar of journalism, nothing has power to rob him of gravity and dignity. Odious and dreadful as is the tireless and revolutionary Butler to Mr. Godkin, even *he* does not provoke him into expressions which enliven the "World," and which would stimulate the readers of the "Nation." While other journalists are habitually partisan and exaggerated in expression, Mr. Godkin remains sedate, ready to take additional evidence and temperately pronounce judgment. And yet Mr. Godkin has not what one would call an open mind. He has what one would call a made-up mind on all the fundamental questions of life and government. It is for this reason that he is so irritating to people in transition from old beliefs to a new life. He has no "moods;" he does not pass into "states" and "stages," or come from "new experiences" to illuminate a thousand readers, satisfied if they get through life in a "groove," or contented in a "rut," and only to be helped out of it by a new impulse. Mr. Godkin appears to have settled convictions and a consistent mind. His self-restraint and temperateness and coldness must not be supposed to indicate a want of vigor in expression. Mr. Godkin is vigorous without effort. His expression is naturally weighty. But he never appeals to "sentiment," or enlists the "feelings," or stimulates the "passions." Passions are dangerous, feelings are troublesome, and sentiment is foolish in the Godkin glossary. When Mr. Godkin, from premeditation and reflection, discusses what he cannot approve of, he is studied and searching in his phrase. Fanaticism in politics, and emotion in literature commonly evoke his most unsympathetic and irritating expression—irritating because limitation and obdurateness are always irritating to the fine and rapid intellect of women—and "fanaticism" in politics, and "emotion" in literature, represent the play of the feminine mind.

In all questions of fact, of the business of government, of plans, and pleas, and statements, Mr. Godkin is just, deliberate, guarded, and commands the highest respect. But he has the modern Englishman's scorn of everything not restrained, and patient, and organizable. Carelessness and violence are inexcusable to him. He wonders at Greeley and is amazed at Tilton. The training of both, and the haste and exaggeration of the latter, annoy and even irritate his mind. An invidious critic would affirm that Mr. Godkin has too much faith in social and literary starch, which he would take as an admission that he has not the common taste and shiftless habit of the ordinary American journalist. I should say that Mr. Godkin had never shown any consciousness of what a Frenchman calls the brutality of fact; that he is as far from art and poetry, from

all loosening and liberating influences of life, as an average journalist is far from comprehending and appreciating Shelley, who is the type of all that journals, as exponents of an actual and disciplined society, denounce. Mr. Godkin is as far from Shelley, in his intellectual habit and natural aptitude, as is John Stuart Mill; but, unlike that illustrious Englishman, fails to exhibit or suggest that exquisite perception, that rare intellectual hospitality, that fine moral sense, which made him discuss Shelley, as a poet, with so much discrimination and admiration. Mill left his reader with the impression that the most deliberate and unimpassioned living Englishman is capable of enthusiasm, and the best lover of the most feminine, the most vague, the most ideal, the most exalted of all English poets. But, if Mr. Godkin falls below his illustrious model in a certain hospitality of mind and comprehensiveness of sympathy, he is not less sane, not less judicious, and like him, aims to be impartial and instructive. After ten years of the "Tribune," and of the "Independent," the "Nation" is a rest; it means temperate discussion and self-restraint. It invites us to a disinterested examination of men and things. Mr. Godkin is really a help against the tyranny of party journalists. All that the ordinary American journalist *is*, Mr. Godkin is not. American journalists stimulate and intensify; Mr. Godkin examines and questions. Greeley, Phillips and Tilton are violent, indignant, and hold everything less than their "cause." Mr. Godkin has no exclusive "cause," he writes as the advocate of public order, of political and social morality, of individual self-restraint. He approves or he contemns. He classifies everything under the positive but unheated words, "foolish" and "wicked," "just" and "sensible." His moral and literary gamut does not extend beyond these fatal and adequate words of a well-bred Englishman, deliberate, unelastic, defined; whose animosity is restrained but indefatigable; who is self-protected by a bivalvular mind which shelters his intelligence from foreign bodies. Like a lithodome that lodges itself in the hardest rocks, so he bores his place in the hardest heads.

Mr. Godkin is such an excellent type of the modern man, unmellowed by intercourse with the past, yet enlightened by abstractions, so adequate an "editorial type," that none of his contemporaries provoke a more lively discussion. Although other journalists are literal and grave and exclusively expressive of their time, none seem more bare of classic and romantic gifts. His high merit is his effort to purify and elevate a profession which really gains much by his dignity and intelligence. Men honestly intent upon serving the public by legitimate and practical methods do not fail of the support of the "Nation." Mr. Godkin arrays the "Nation" only against what he considers incompetency, fanaticism, and sentimentality. But deficient in imagination, he is necessarily limited in his sympathies; and the exclusive supremacy of his judgment is the cause of the voicelessness of his feelings; for although silent, I must suppose feelings and sentiments have a place in his being, that even he has his moment of folly and relaxation. But as a journalist he is without any let-go of nature. He is always in harness, always on the high road, and never makes an expression that betrays a love of the pasture lands of life, or shows a zest in struggle. It is difficult to think of him in any other mood than that of a man taking evidence or giving judgment—the mood of a listener and of a judge. But Mr. Godkin is never more than a judge, and he is a listener without sympathies; yet he is patient to get the "truth." But "truth" with Mr. Godkin is not the sly-boots that plays hide and seek in life, and is the Proteus of philosophy; it is something subject to logic, discoverable by the positive method, and to be secured like property. His temper, his habit, make him what he would call a suitable sort

of person for the discussion of facts, but insensible and even obdurate to art and literature as understood by light and free minds ; and he hardly recognizes the transcendental side of morals or anything for which men have invented vague phrases and a sliding scale. Breaches of law, offences against taste, want of consideration for the actual conditions of society and indifference to the "sensible," that is to say the obvious, he is quick to stigmatize ; and he stigmatizes a great many powerful, and beneficent, and beautiful things not in consonance with political sagacity and social wisdom, as he understands them. He has the modern Englishman's dread of what he calls "mental inflammation," which is so common with moral and political agitators and their followers ; he has the modern Englishman's disgust of any man or matter that induces the feverish or fervid state, and makes men talk about a "cause," and accept *any* material that increases party capital.

As a journalist, Mr. Godkin is in striking contrast with his contemporaries in New York. He seems at once simpler and more independent ; and he has the advantage of being without a past. Mr. Godkin just begins his work. Greeley, and Godwin, and Bryant, and Curtis have done their work ; and so far as they continue their work they are under the influence of their past associations ; but Mr. Godkin began but yesterday, and promises to be equal to the new epoch of our civil administration. He is a pure example of the "editorial type." So strictly is he a journalist, so confirmed is his journalist-habit of mind that he never writes but at the dictates of its essential and fundamental spirit—which is good sense. Thinking and writing with Mr. Godkin are the practice of a sensible mind. It is not the exercise of imagination, for he has but little ; it is not the play of wit, for he is not gifted with it ; it is not the manifestation of personal sympathies, for his policy is to drive personal sympathies out of politics and journalism. Mr. Godkin thinks and writes as a journalist who has been formed by the example and style of John Stuart Mill. He is a journalist that never babbles, that never plays, that is so much engaged with thinking of the aspects of parties and the actual conditions of society, that he forgets nature and art, and strives to make society practise politics like business, independent of emotions, and in which human passions have a regulated action ; in which no one is allowed to act from sentimental considerations ; a society in which "ridiculous," and foolish," and "sentimental," and "inflammatory" are the ostracizing and fatal words.

It is worth some trouble to appraise this type ; it is worth some care to understand so representative an outcome of politics, business, modern society, and education. Its *rapprochement* with the commercial, the legislating and scientific classes is quite perfect ; its tendency is not to resist them, not to react against them, not even to supplement them ; but to elevate them, to aggrandize them, to increase their self-consciousness. Its merit is, that it purifies by criticism ; its failure is, its hardness, its insensibility, its impregnability to everything not contained in the theory and practice of society since the eighteenth century. It relies upon newspapers and professors ; it makes everything a question of knowledge and honesty. It is Mill and Buckle applied to current questions. It is without the dramatic sense and expression ; it never seeks for grace of utterance ; it has no conception of "beauty" as a controlling object in life ; it never forgets itself, its day, and generation ; and it depends wholly on the interest of the question ; for it never creates that interest. It encourages only what it calls the "sensible," and "thoughtful," and "judicious ;" what is not so is "ridiculous," "foolish." It, however, sincerely works for the dignity and well being of men ; it does not believe in their exaltation. It is, briefly, a type not only without the

feminine element, but the dictator and oftenest the suppressor of everything feminine in the sphere of politics and business. It does not nourish, it directs; it comes into action after political storms; it is pre-eminently a reviewing and critical, although not a subtleizing spirit. It has no point of contact with the masses, and its tendency is to impose the checker-board system of society, and to classify everything as a play between good heads and bad heads.

I cannot represent Mr. Godkin with too much decision of form and too little color. Other journalists may be confounded with orators, and poets, and fictionists, and flatterers—but not Mr. Godkin. He never writes in any other mood than that of a journalist, with an adequate sense of the dignity of his profession. But zeal never changes the movement of his phrase. Compared with French journalists, he seems heavy; compared with New York journalists, he seems less local, less hasty, and less complaisant; none give more substantial matter than he does, and none inspire more respect. But he has not a rich, or a suggestive mind; yet it is genuine; it is sincere in its utterance; it is serviceable, like a suit of black, and expressly made for modern use. If it were less contemporary, and more under the influence of the past, it would probably be more picturesque and interesting in its manifestation. If it fails to appreciate a great many things that we cherish, it is not vulgar, and it is well bred.

I cannot too often insist upon the truth that Mr. Godkin is exclusively a type of the journalist—a type that, in proportion to its correspondence with our modern life, and, in proportion to its exclusiveness, is unattractive and *désillusionné*. As most people live by their illusions, the journalist most fatal to them is the most forbidding. The independent journalist, without sympathies, without emotions, without sentiment, and without passion, but self-sufficient as a modern Englishman, makes sad work with political, literary, artistic, and moral illusions. He tears away the decent drapery of our self-righteous politicians; he punctures social inflations which have sustained us; he unmasks intriguers and withers charlatans. A journalist pure and exclusive, I repeat, who does not share the follies, much less the crimes of men; and who has no fellow-feeling with human infirmities, is hardly a winning type. He shocks us into virtue, and freezes us to deliver us from our fevers; and Mr. Godkin has done this so often that his faithfulness to the journalist-ideal cannot be impeached. He is caustic, dry, grave, sensible, impregnable. Such a journalist can only be reached by a man of wit. He is too cautious and mature a thinker to expose himself to formal argument; only a swift mind, unexpected, light of wing, could disturb him. Happily, he is on the side of progress and order. He is unsatisfactory and irritating only when he discusses an intensely sympathetic, and personal, and original man, like Victor Hugo, for example.

The journalist has so much influence upon his contemporaries that we cannot be indifferent to his personality and ignore his limitations. It makes a vast difference in the temper of his readers whether he be organizing and restrictive, or liberating and indulgent; whether he be caustic and arrogant, like a Saturday Reviewer, or supple in his mind and easily moved, like a Diderot. And Mr. Godkin, while he commands high respect by his intellectual integrity, and even admiration for his fine sense of personal dignity, seems too far from the Greek type, too far from the French type, which is so beautiful and liberating to us. He has not the complaisance of a comprehensive man, or the play of mind of a mobile man. But he is a mature, a deliberate talker, and his work, carefully considered, is a protest against the insanities, and fevers, and flatteries, and exaggerations of the contemporary press of New York.

EUGENE BENSON.

GENERAL JOMINI.

IN that charming suburb of Paris so well known by the name of Passy, there resided a year ago a man oppressed by the weight of ninety years, and by infirmities contracted in many a hard campaign. He participated in the great events of Ulm, Jena, and Eylau; made more than one campaign in Spain; shattered his health in the dreadful passage of the Beresina; witnessed the campaigns of 1813 and 1814; took part in the Russo-Turkish campaigns of 1828 and 1829; and, at least by his advice, aided the Russians during the war of 1855 and 1856.

That man was perhaps the most remarkable and the most distinguished of the few surviving relics of the great soldiers known to fame during the wars of the first Napoleon. He was the General Baron Jomini, long chief of the staff of Marshal Ney; afterward general and aide-de-camp in the service of the Emperor of Russia, a position which he held at the time of his recent demise. His claims to celebrity are based less upon the eminent services he rendered in the field, than upon the fact that he was the ablest of military writers, and the first author in any age who gathered from the campaigns of the greatest generals the true principles of war, and expressed them in clear and intelligible language.

I will here premise that for much of the contents of this article I am indebted to the admirable sketch of the life and works of Jomini, by his friend Colonel Ferdinand Lecomte, an eminent officer of the Swiss Federal service.

Antoine Henri Jomini was born of very respectable parents of Italian origin, on the 6th March, 1779, in the little town of Payerne, in the Canton Vaud, not far from Lake Neuchâtel. He enjoyed the advantages of a good early school education—nothing more. His boyish inclinations were decidedly military, but circumstances thwarted his efforts to obtain admission into the military school of Montbelliard, as well as to procure a commission in the Swiss regiment "Watteville," in the French service; he, consequently, devoted himself to the mercantile career. He first attended a commercial school at Aarau, and at the age of sixteen entered the banking-house of Mons. Preiswerk, at Bâle, as a clerk. The year 1796 found him in Paris, a clerk in the banking establishment of Mons. Mosselmann, with a salary of 3,000 francs; that he was faithful and skilful is indicated by the fact that his salary was doubled at the close of the year. He, however, soon went into business as a broker on his own account, forming a partnership with a fellow-countryman by the name of Rochat. In the words of Colonel Lecomte—"This was the period of the great successes of the Republic in Italy. Everyone followed with enthusiasm the first essays of the great Captain, and read the accounts of the astonishing victories of Montenotte, Lodi, Castiglione, Lonato, etc. Less than this was required to bring back our young merchant to his original tastes, and to cause him to participate more seriously than many others in the intoxication of the time. He followed attentively the war bulletins; kept a journal of the military operations, and soon felt the imperious necessity of penetrating all the secrets of the triumphs which filled the world. Excited also by reading the posthumous works of Frederick the Great, he analyzed, studied, compared, and at length reached a satisfactory result; that is to say, he convinced himself that there were in the art of war real principles, more or less easy to reduce to formula."

In 1798 he returned to Switzerland as aide-de-camp of the Swiss Minister of War, and in 1799, was in charge of a bureau in the war office, with the rank of major. While in this position he accomplished a great deal of useful work in re-organizing the Swiss troops, and on more than one occasion displayed that unerring appreciation of the principles of war that has since rendered him so famous. The experience he acquired here in matters of detail was subsequently of infinite service to him. In 1799, still retaining his commission as a major in the Swiss army, he returned to Paris, where he again embarked in those commercial pursuits which he finally abandoned, in 1803, for the military profession.

Early in life, when only twenty years of age, he had mastered the principles of the art of war, and commenced the first of his works—a treatise on “Grand Tactics”—a work, however, which he did not publish in its original form. Jomini stated to the writer of this article that it was during his first residence in Paris, from 1796 to 1798, that his attention was successfully drawn to the search for the true principles of strategy and tactics, by the gross and continual blunders of the early campaigns of the French Revolution; campaigns in which the successes achieved by the French were—until Moreau and Napoleon came upon the stage—generally due to the fact that their antagonists were guilty of still more glaring blunders. He said that it was while studying the accounts of the battle of Leuthen that the great principle which is the foundation of the art of war flashed upon him; and a careful study of Napoleon’s early Italian campaigns proved to him that he had at last mastered the secret. That principle, which now seems so clear and simple, had never been enunciated as a formula, although it had often been carried into practice by the great captains of the world; it was simply this—to bring the greatest mass of troops to bear upon the decisive point of a field of battle or theatre of operations, at the opportune moment. He also said that in his earliest works he did not venture to illustrate his subject by the wars of the French Revolution, so fertile in errors in the beginning—he would have wounded the self-love and interests of too many living men. He therefore took the campaigns of Frederic the Great as his text.

Upon abandoning commercial life Jomini attempted to enter the French service under Murat, and soon after as aide-de-camp of General Von der Weidt, a Swiss officer in the French army; but failed in both cases. A subsequent effort to enter the Russian service met with no better success; in fact the Russian chargé d’affaires, to whom he presented himself with the first volume of his “Treatise on Great Operations,” not only declined to forward his application for admission into the Russian service, but lectured him very severely for his assurance in supposing that so young a man could teach the old Russian generals anything about strategy. At length, however, his most sanguine hopes were gratified, for, in 1805, he met Ney, who read his manuscript with the greatest interest, advanced him the funds necessary for its publication, and proposed that Jomini should accompany him to the Camp of Boulogne as a volunteer aide, promising to procure a regular commission for him later. Jomini very gladly accepted the offer, and joined the Marshal at the camp. While there their relations became confidential, and Jomini so won the Marshal’s esteem that when the Sixth Corps crossed the Rhine, on the march toward Ulm, he was placed in charge of the Marshal’s private office and intrusted with issuing the special daily orders of march, etc. It would be vain to attempt, in such an article as this, even an outline of the campaigns in which the subject of this memoir participated. I shall merely sketch his career in brief, adverting somewhat more in detail to a few well-authenticated facts which will suffice to prove

that his powers of criticism in the field, and during the actual progress of events, were quite equal to the remarkable faculty he so unquestionably possessed, of coolly judging past events in his study.

During all the operations of the Ulm campaign he remained with the Sixth Corps. It is hardly necessary to remind my readers that at the outset of this campaign, an Austrian army, under Mack, was in position at Ulm, awaiting the support of a Russian army under Kutusoff, then some one hundred leagues distant. Napoleon suddenly broke up his encampments on the shores of the English Channel, and, by rapid and well-concealed marches, interposed between Mack and his expected re-enforcements. The mass of the French army was concentrated on the right bank of the Danube, holding the main roads to Vienna and the Tyrol; while to the Sixth Corps, temporarily increased to 30,000 men by the addition of the Divisions Gazan and Baraguay d'Hilliers, was confided the care of the road on the left bank of the Danube, leading from Ulm by Dillingen to Ratisbon; thus completing the isolation of Mack, and rendering his escape impossible.

Murat was placed in command of the right wing of the French army, and very nearly ruined the combinations of the Emperor. Entirely misunderstanding the orders and intentions of Napoleon, Murat ordered Ney to abandon the left bank of the Danube, and to move with his whole force upon the line of the Iller, thus leaving the Dillingen road completely open for Mack's escape. Ney strenuously opposed the determination of Murat, but being obliged to yield to his superior authority, called upon Jomini to draw up the orders for the movement.

Jomini remarked that this movement was in contradiction to the order of the Emperor to watch the left bank.

"All that belongs to ancient history," said Murat. "Write."

"Your highness will pardon me if I do not write," replied Jomini; "there are so many secretaries on the staff of Marshal Ney that there is no necessity for my taking part in a manœuvre which I believe to be in direct opposition to the intentions of the Emperor."

"Ah! Marshal Ney," said Murat, "do you permit your officers to argue in that manner?"

"Pardon me, your highness," replied Jomini, "I am a Swiss officer, serving here as a volunteer. Marshal Ney has been good enough to accept me as a volunteer aide, and sometimes permits me to discuss operations with him under a military point of view. That is what I have just taken the liberty of doing."

Murat persisted in his purpose; Ney called for his secretary, and the orders were issued to march upon the Iller. Ney, highly displeased with the orders and manner of Murat, desired to complain to the Emperor. Jomini induced him first to address to Murat a letter capable of convincing any one endowed with an appreciation of strategy. This letter was written by Jomini, signed by Ney, and forwarded to Murat; by whom it was rudely returned.

Fortunately, so much time had been consumed in these discussions that the movement ordered by Murat was not completely executed. Soon after Ney commenced his march toward the Iller, the sound of artillery was heard in his rear. It was the Division Dupont, which had not yet quitted the left bank, contending alone against the efforts of 30,000 Austrians to open a passage to Ratisbon. Dupont and his troops performed prodigies of valor, and succeeded in arresting their progress until the arrival of re-enforcements from Ney. By the urgent advice of Jomini, Ney promptly abandoned the march upon the Iller, and

at once marched toward the sound of the cannon. He moved immediately, with all the troops he had in hand, toward Elchingen ; leaving Jomini at the village of Kissendorf, to forward the counter orders to the troops still in march for the Iller, and to direct them toward the Danube. Among others he was to conduct to Ney the Division Gazan.

Having dispatched the necessary orders, Jomini lay down to rest in a stable loft, while awaiting the arrival of the troops, when he heard the voice of the Emperor at the bottom of the stairs. Jomini hastened down, half dressed as he was. Napoleon asked where were the Marshal's troops.

"In one or two hours they will be concentrated at the bridges of Elchingen and Leipheim," replied Jomini.

The Emperor then asked where the Marshal was, and was informed that he must then be at the bridge of Leipheim, where there had been fighting for some hours.

"Then what was all that that Murat wrote to me concerning your movement on the Iller?" said Napoleon.

"In truth, Sire," replied Jomini, "Marshal Ney was in movement on the Iller, in obedience to the reiterated orders of Prince Murat, when, upon hearing the sound of cannon in his rear, he thought it his duty to abandon the movement, and to collect all his troops to retake Elchingen at daybreak."

"Are you quite sure of that?"

"So sure, Sire, that I myself wrote the orders, and am now awaiting here the Division Gazan, to conduct it to the Marshal."

Napoleon at once departed, quite satisfied. Having learned the movements ordered by Murat, he had ridden several leagues on horseback, in terrible weather, to satisfy himself of the facts ; and to rectify, if not too late, the errors fortunately already repaired.

It is well known that Ney's glorious combats at Elchingen and in its vicinity won for him the title of Duke of Elchingen, and that their consequence was the surrender of Mack. Had he not turned back toward the sound of the cannon, in direct violation of the orders of Murat, Mack would certainly have escaped. In addition to the proofs given above of Jomini's power of appreciating movements on the ground, and when in course of execution, it need only be added that, in these affairs, he gave the clearest evidences of high personal courage.

Upon the surrender of Mack, the Sixth Corps moved into the Tyrol, and remained there during the Austerlitz campaign, in which, of course, the subject of this memoir did not participate. Sent with dispatches from Ney, Jomini reached the Emperor's headquarters the day after the battle of Austerlitz. He took the liberty of adding to the package of dispatches a copy of his recently-published "Treatise on Great Operations," with a letter calling attention to certain chapters. Not long after, the Emperor, when at Schönbrunn, with more leisure than usual, directed Maret to read to him the portions of the work indicated in Jomini's letter. After listening to a few pages, he exclaimed :

"They say the age does not advance ! Why, here is a young major, a Swiss at that, who teaches us what my professors never taught me, and what very few generals understand !"

After hearing a little more, he said, much excited,

"Why did Fouché allow such a work to be published ? It teaches my whole system of war to my enemies. The book must be seized, and its circulation prevented."

After a few moments' reflection, he again said :

"But I attach too much importance to this publication. The old generals who command against me will never read it, and the young men who will read it do not command; nevertheless, such works must not be published hereafter without permission."

He then ordered Jomini's name to be placed on the list of promotions for the campaign, as colonel on the general staff; and he was immediately assigned as senior aide-de-camp to Marshal Ney.

The unfriendly and bitter feeling of Berthier toward Jomini, afterward productive of such serious consequences to the latter, arose at this period, and was induced by the jealousy of the regular members of Ney's staff toward the volunteer aide, whose relations were so confidential with their common chief. It is probable that Jomini's natural independence of character tended to widen the breach.

During the period of repose between the campaign of Austerlitz and the commencement of that of Jena, the general condition of European affairs was often a subject of discussion between Ney and his senior aide—the former believing that war with Prussia was improbable, the latter that it was certain. In order to convince the Marshal, Jomini prepared a memoir "on the probabilities of a war with Prussia, and the operations which will probably occur." In this extraordinary paper he first discussed the political conditions which, in his opinion, rendered war inevitable; and then considered the general question of the positions which might be occupied by the Prussians, and the probable movements of the Emperor.

At the time in question—September, 1806—the masses of the Grand Army were cantoned in Southern Germany, well in advance of the Rhine, the passages of which river were in possession of the French. The Prussians were east of the Ems, and relied upon the assistance of their allies, the Russians, none of whose troops were then west of Poland. The main object of the Prussians, therefore, should evidently have been to occupy such a position as would cover the advance of the Russians by Breslau and Dresden—their most direct line of approach. This position should have been such that it would afford the Prussians some hope of checking the French advance until the Russians arrived; or, failing in that, such that they could fall back by the line of the Russian advance, without danger of the French interposing between them and the Russians. The object of Napoleon would evidently be to attack and destroy the Prussian army, by turning and crushing their left, before the arrival of the Russians. Such were the views expressed by Jomini in the memoir, in which he predicted the movement on Gera and Hof, so soon afterward made by Napoleon with such decisive effect in the brilliant campaign of Jena.

A fortnight after the completion of this memoir, Ney's corps received the order to move toward Nuremberg, and Jomini was instructed to travel post to Mayence, and there await the orders of the Emperor, then in Paris. His arrival in Mayence was simultaneous with that of the Emperor, upon whom he immediately waited. When all had left the audience-chamber except Jomini, the Emperor turned toward him and said:

"Who are you?"

"Sire, I am Colonel Jomini."

"Yes, I remember. You sent me a very important work. I am delighted that the first work which demonstrates the true principles of war belongs to my reign. We were taught nothing like this in our military schools. We are about to fight the Prussians. I have sent for you because you have written the cam-

paings of Frederick the Great, know his army, and have thoroughly studied the theatre of war. You can aid me with valuable information. I think we shall have a harder task than with the Austrians."

"Sire, I do not think so; since the war of 1763, the Prussians have made only the wretched campaigns of 1792-1794; they are not inured to war."

"Yes; but they have the recollections and experienced generals of the times of the great king. However, we shall see."

Jomini then informed the Emperor that he was the senior aide of Ney, and that, before leaving the Marshal, he would be glad to have some one put in his place. The Emperor replied that he would arrange all that at the close of the campaign, and that, in the meantime, he would be attached to his military family.

"In that event, Sire, it is absolutely necessary for me to return to the Sixth Corps for my horses, etc.; for I am alone here, without even a servant. If your Majesty will grant me four days I can rejoin at Bamberg."

At the word Bamberg the Emperor turned pale; and, half astonished, half irritated, cried:

"And who told you that I was going to Bamberg?"

"The map of Germany, Sire."

"How the map? There are a hundred roads on the map besides that by Bamberg."

"Yes, Sire; but it is probable that your Majesty will perform the same manœuvre against the left of the Prussians that you did by Donauwerth against Mack's right, and by the St. Bernard against Melas's right; and that can only be done by Bamberg on Gera."

"Very well," replied the Emperor, "be at Bamberg in four days; but do not say a word about it—not even to Berthier; no one must know that I go to Bamberg."

This scene made such an impression on the Emperor that he related it to Montholon at St. Helena.

Jomini rejoined the Emperor's headquarters, and remained on his staff during the Jena campaign, where he rendered important services, and again gave proof of his coolness and courage in the midst of great dangers.

At the present period when the impression so generally prevails that another war between France and Prussia cannot be very long deferred, it may be interesting to contrast the relative situations of the two powers in 1806 and 1869. The brief allusions just made to the campaign of Jena, with the additional facts that the Grand Army was then in all respects far superior to that of the Prussians, and that the Prussian territory had no real frontiers and was destitute of continuity, sufficiently explain the state of affairs in 1806. In 1869, the population of Prussia and its close allies is but 7,500,000 less than that of France, while, if Bavaria, Würtemberg and Hesse Darmstadt be counted, it is only about 500,000 less. The army under the control of Prussia is perhaps quite as strong in point of numbers as that of France, and is organized under a system which has produced admirable results in a recent campaign. Both armies count in their ranks officers and men who have recently served in actual war. The territory of Prussia is now compact, and she possesses, in most directions, well-defined and defensible frontiers. The fortresses of Rastadt, Mayence, Coblenz, and Cologne, to a great extent control the valley of the Rhine, and enable her to operate at will on either bank; while, in addition, the Rhine Provinces afford the immense advantage of a firm position on the west bank, where, under cover of the Fortress of Treves she can safely concentrate a large army in the valley

of the Moselle, or under cover of Mayence, in Rhenish Hesse, for the invasion of France by Lorraine and Champagne. On the other hand France owns not a foot of ground on the east bank of the Rhine; and only from Bâle to Lauterbourg has she the Rhine for a frontier. So long as the neutrality of Switzerland and Belgium is respected, it would seem clear that Prussia has the advantage of position.

But to return to our subject. During the sojourn of Napoleon in Berlin, immediately after the battles of Jena and Auerstadt, while his corps were pursuing the scattered remains of the Prussian army in all directions, the question arose as to the future relations between the two nations. One party urged the course of pursuing their successes against the Prussians, of annihilating the power of that kingdom, of continuing the war against Russia, and of establishing an independent kingdom of Poland. Another party favored a more generous course toward Prussia, and of making such terms with her as would secure her sincere friendship; of annexing a considerable additional part of Poland to Prussia, and thus establishing a powerful barrier against the encroachments of Russia. Jomini, encouraged by the success of his previous writings, conceived the idea of addressing to the Emperor a memoir on the subject—applying to it the principles and mode of reasoning that had hitherto guided Napoleon's course—hoping thus to convince him more readily than in any other manner. He composed the memoir, but before presenting it, consulted General Bertrand, among others, who fully approved of his views, and urged him to lay them before the Emperor without delay. This he did immediately. Jomini's own account of the matter is substantially as follows: "In the beginning of November, 1806, everything indicated at Berlin that the Emperor intended to enter Poland. Some sentences that he addressed to me about Silesia, where he intended to leave Vandamme to conduct some sieges; the order for the army to cross the Wartha; the arrival of Poles in their national costume; everything announced that we were about to seek a new Poltava. Convinced by close study of the Emperor's system of war, and of his character, that success sometimes caused him to overstep the bounds of prudence, I determined to prepare a memoir to demonstrate to him that the re-establishment of Poland, without the concurrence of one of the three powers that had dismembered it, was a dream. I predicted to him that this dream might easily cost him his army, and that in case of unlooked-for success it would oblige France to wage continual wars in order to sustain this edifice destitute of foundations. I represented to him that the mere announcement of this design would unite Russia, Austria and Prussia by indissoluble ties, and that in any other case their rivalries would divide them. While regretting that the weakness of Louis XV. had permitted the first partition, and that the Revolution had rendered it impossible to prevent the second, I observed that this people, destitute of finances, arsenals, and material of war, was, notwithstanding the zeal of some patriots, a body politically dead—as was proved by what had passed under Kosciusko, who could never raise more than 40,000 men, half of whom were armed with pikes. Finally, I maintained that to resuscitate Poland it was necessary to amalgamate her with a more vigorous State. It seemed to me noble and sublime to pardon the nephew of Frederick the Great in his capital, and to punish him for an inconsiderate appeal to arms, by granting him the title of King of Poland, if he were willing to ally himself with us in conquering a portion of that country. Strengthened by the military power of Prussia, its arsenals and fortresses, this power would prove a valuable barrier. I contrasted with the prospective advantages of this union the terrible chances of a winter

campaign in the marshes, without supplies, hospitals, ammunition, or points of support. I represented to his Majesty, Austria watching the opportunity to debouche from Bohemia upon our rear ; and recovering at one blow all that she had lost during fifteen years of reverses."

Napoleon did not like his officers to proffer advice ; he desired brave and intelligent instruments, not counsellors ; so it is easy to understand the reception his aide encountered. When, soon after, Ney's corps entered Berlin, Jomini accompanied the Marshal and his staff to the Palace. The Emperor perceiving him in the group, approached and said—"Ah, you are here, Mr. Diplomatist ! I knew you well for a good soldier, but I did not know that you were a bad diplomatist." This destroyed all Jomini's future prospects.

Subsequent events proved but too well the correctness of his views ; and in fact only a few days afterward the Emperor directed Talleyrand to open negotiations on a basis similar to that suggested by Jomini ; but it was then too late, for the Russians had already entered Prussia. It is not my purpose to follow the movements which preceded the terrible battle of Eylau, or to describe the battle itself, but merely to refer to a certain phase of it in which Jomini appears upon the scene. Toward the close of the day, when the battle was somewhat at a stand-still, the Emperor retired from the cemetery—where he had been posted during the day, and where Jomini had also been as a member of his staff—to the village of Eylau for refreshment, and to arrange affairs for the morrow. The corps of Augereau had been destroyed, and though the French still held their general positions, they had suffered so severely that, unless Ney arrived in season, it would be difficult to withstand new attacks by the Russians.

The Emperor, who had no reserves at hand, learned just then that the Russian left, already joined by the Prussians, was driving back Davoust, and he determined to hold his position as long as possible ; but, if the necessity arose, to fall back toward Oudinot, Lannes and Bernadotte, who were still in rear. He called for Jomini, told him that Austria had already spoken of mediation, that a retreat would almost certainly be followed by her taking part actively against France, and explained his purposes to him ; that is, to hold the ground if possible, but, if necessary, to fall back slowly toward the corps still in rear. Having satisfied himself that Jomini understood him, he directed him to remain with Grouchy, who was to command the rear-guard, and give the necessary orders for carrying out these views should the emergency arise ; he was, however, not to breathe a word of the Emperor's intentions, either to Grouchy or Berthier, unless the necessity for a retreat occurred. The timely arrival of Ney decided, however, the retreat of the Russians, and thus rendered unnecessary the execution of the eventual orders given to Jomini ; but the circumstances prove the confidence with which he was regarded by Napoleon, notwithstanding the unfortunate affair of the Berlin memoir. It may be mentioned that on this occasion the Emperor said to Jomini that, after all, he was not entirely wrong in his memoir. He remained on the Emperor's staff during the campaign of Heilsberg and Friedland, and accompanied him on his return to Paris. While there, Ney, whose chief of staff had lost an arm during the last campaign, applied for Jomini in that position. To his surprise and chagrin the latter received the appointment of assistant chief of staff only, which, under all the circumstances, was a decided slight. He immediately wrote to the Emperor stating that he had entered upon the profession of arms with the hope that he might one day merit the kindness of the great Captain of the age, and that after all that had passed he could not accept the position assigned him, and requested permission to leave the service. The

Emperor informed him that it was an error of Berthier's, whom he had directed to make out Jomini's appointment as chief of the staff of the Sixth Corps. The mistake was rectified the same day, and Jomini immediately departed to join the headquarters of the corps at Glogau. There can be no doubt that the mistake was intentional on the part of Berthier, whose unfriendly feeling toward Jomini was increased by the fact that the Emperor took him to task on this occasion in the presence of several witnesses. In 1808 Napoleon determined to proceed to Spain in person, and, among other troops, ordered the Sixth Corps to accompany him. When *en route* Jomini met Ney at Vittoria, for the first time since he assumed the duties of chief of staff, and was much surprised to meet with a very cool and unfriendly reception. It would appear that his rising reputation had caused great jealousy on the part of those surrounding the Marshal, who had been persuaded that the world at large regarded Jomini as his Mentor. Jomini continued to serve with him in Spain, until sent to the Emperor with dispatches explanatory of Ney's conduct in refusing to obey the orders of Soult. His services in Spain were very important, and on several occasions he proved very clearly how much better he understood the art of war than those around him. Shortly after he was, at Ney's request, relieved from duty as chief of staff of the Sixth Corps, and left without any definite duty. He complained of this to Berthier, who rudely told him that if he were discontented he might resign. Having gone to Switzerland on leave, he sent in his resignation and accepted an offer to enter the Russian service; Russia and France being at that time not only at peace, but close allies. While awaiting the necessary passports, etc., to enable him to depart for Russia, he received a peremptory order to leave for Paris within twenty-four hours. Upon arriving, the Minister of War informed him that he had the alternative of withdrawing his resignation, or being confined in the Castle of Vincennes, stating that if he accepted the former alternative the affair would be arranged to his satisfaction, as the Emperor was fully informed of all that had occurred. Being powerless, he naturally preferred avoiding imprisonment, withdrew his resignation, and two days after was made a general of brigade. During the early part of the Russian campaign of 1812 he was employed as Governor of the Province of Wilna, and afterward of Smolensk; with his usual energy and foresight he collected information in regard to the roads and country which afterward proved of vital importance.

When the Emperor reached Smolensk on the retreat, Jomini communicated to him information which enabled him to reach the Beresina with comparative safety; and was charged with the selection of the points of passage over that river, in connection with Oudinot and General Eblé. His exertions and exposure during this terrible scene brought on an attack of fever which well-nigh proved fatal; but, thanks to the aid of friends, and his own energy and good fortune, he at length reached Stettin, after many narrow escapes from disease, the cold, famine, and the Cossacks. Here he received an order to repair to Paris—an order given to only one other general officer—all others being prohibited from crossing the Rhine. His illness assumed so violent a form that he was confined to his bed for three months, and was unable to profit by the honor thus conferred on him by the Emperor. Napoleon subsequently said that if Jomini had not been ill then he would have made him a Marshal of France.

It is thus clear that Jomini's merits and services had, at length, fully obliterated from the Emperor's mind the ill effects of the unlucky Berlin memoir. When he left his bed it was to rejoin the army in Germany, on the field of Lutzen. He met the Emperor on that field, who called him to him and said: "Jomi-

ni, I send you to Ney's corps, as chief of the staff; he commands three army corps—80,000 men. Go and do good work for me!" He rejoined Ney at Leipsic, and at once entered upon his duties.

We now come to the battle of Bautzen, the last field on which Jomini served under the colors of France, and a fitting termination of his career under the orders of the greatest soldier of the world. Full of interest as this memorable battle is, we must content ourselves with the most condensed outline that will serve to show the part played in it by the subject of this article. Lutzen was a victory for Napoleon; but not a decisive one. The great superiority of the Allies in cavalry, and the rawness of most of the Emperor's troops, rendered it impossible for him to pursue with his usual vigor. The reader will perhaps pardon me if I mention a circumstance in reference to Lutzen, related to me not long ago by a gallant old Westphalian baron, a veteran of the wars of the Empire. My friend was sent from the rear with important dispatches to the Emperor, and arrived while the battle of Lutzen was at its height. He told me that for miles before reaching the actual field of battle he passed through crowds of fugitives from the French army—young conscripts, who cried that all was lost; he said that he had no doubt whatever of the complete defeat of the French, until he reached the Imperial headquarters in the front, when, to his intense surprise, he found that the battle was won! This incident, which may be relied upon as strictly accurate, may aid in explaining why Lutzen was not decisive. But, be that as it may, the result was that the Allies abandoned Dresden and the line of the Elbe, and occupied the formidable position of Bautzen, where they intrenched themselves. Bulow covered Berlin with a small force. Napoleon promptly occupied Dresden, repaired the bridge over the Elbe, and moved in pursuit with about 110,000 men. He directed Ney, with some 90,000 additional troops, to the left; either to move on Berlin or to turn the right of the Allies, as events might render advisable. The position of Bautzen is very formidable against a front attack; the left (facing toward Dresden) rests upon the difficult spurs of the mountains which form Saxon Switzerland, and cannot readily be turned by masses of troops; the right rests upon the ponds of Malchwitz; the front offers strong positions for infantry and artillery on the hills of Little Bautzen and Krehwitz. On the other hand it presented several inconveniences to the Allies; although the immediate right of the position was difficult of access, it could easily be turned, a little further to the rear, in the direction of Belgern; and, in that event, it offered but one line of retreat—that by Hochkirch and Reichenbach; because the neutral territory of Bohemia was close to the left flank, and prevented escape in that direction. Ney moved from Leipsic, by Torgau, on Luckau, with orders to make a demonstration on Berlin, and to detach Lauriston's corps to his right toward Bautzen. Arrived at Luckau, Ney determined to direct two corps toward Berlin, and instructed Jomini to issue the necessary orders to that effect. The chief of staff urged that the movement ought to be to the right, toward Belgern, and not to the left toward Berlin.

Ney persisted, basing his action on the Emperor's orders; Jomini replied that orders might safely and successfully be disobeyed, provided one remained faithful to the principles of war; that in this case the eccentric movement on Berlin was opposed to the Emperor's usual system of war; that Bautzen was the decisive point, which would necessarily carry with it the fall of Berlin. All his arguments proving fruitless, Jomini at length drew up the orders in such a form as to require the Marshal's own signature. Ney asked the reason for this unusual form, upon which Jomini said that the movement upon Berlin was in

direct opposition to the principles developed in his works on strategy ; that he could not compromise the safety of the army, and his own reputation ; that he would prefer resigning his position as chief of staff, and go with a single brigade to Berlin ; but, as to signing the order for all the troops of the Marshal to go there—that he could not in conscience do. Ney, appreciating his firmness, also refused to sign the orders ; on which Jomini said : “ Then we will remain where we are, which is always better than to move to the left, when all the rules of war and the safety of the army demand that we should move to the right.” A few hours after this, news received from the advanced guard determined Ney to follow the advice of Jomini, and move to the right in support of Lauriston. Jomini further urged that Belluno's corps and Sebastiani's cavalry should move by Spremberg, and seize the Allies' only line of retreat ; this was not done. After the lapse of two days, orders were at last received from the Emperor directing the march already in course of execution ; it is more than probable that earlier instructions to the same effect had been intercepted by the enemies' light troops. As Ney approached the field of battle, the Emperor—in order to divert the attention of the Allies from him—attacked the position directly in their front on the 20th of May, and gained possession of the town of Bautzen, and of the heights which covered the front of the intrenched camp. The effect of this was to cause the Allies to neglect their right, and re-enforce the left.

On the morning of the 21st, Ney was, with the mass of his troops, within easy reach of the field of battle ; but having sent, the night before, to the Emperor for orders, he waited in vain until seven o'clock for a reply, and then decided to advance. Jomini knew the ground thoroughly, from the study he had bestowed upon Frederick the Great's battle of Hochkirch, fought on the same field ; he, therefore, prepared the orders of march for the six divisions present to move upon the steeple of Hochkirch, the highest point of the field ; and at eight o'clock the troops moved in accordance with these orders. Had this manœuvre been fully carried out it would have brought the whole of Ney's command (six divisions with four more in support) directly in rear of the Allies, and upon their only possible line of retreat, while the Emperor was attacking in front. The result must necessarily have been the capture of all their guns and trains, and of the mass of their army ; in all human probability only a few stragglers could have escaped to tell the tale of the disaster. Unhappily for Napoleon, his instructions to Ney were wanting in precision, and the latter followed too closely his favorite maxim of “ marching toward the sound of the artillery,” and in spite of the urgent and repeated remonstrances of Jomini, after gaining a position fairly in rear of the whole allied army, paused, and then diverged from the direction upon Hochkirch, and moved square to his right—parallel with the Allies' line of retreat, which he thus left open for their escape. In addition, he made the mistake of undertaking a partial attack, instead of advancing with his whole force, and thus gave the Allies time to check the head of his column, while they completed their arrangements for the retreat. This battle was a turning point in the career of Napoleon. It resulted in a victory for him, but left the allied army intact, with the exception of their heavy losses in killed and wounded, and some prisoners. The mass of their army escaped, with their guns and trains. Had Ney accepted the advice of Jomini, Napoleon's star would have regained its ascendant ; the allied army would have been destroyed ; Austria would have joined the stronger party ; and in all human probability Napoleon would have died on the throne of France, instead of dragging out a weary existence as an exile at Longwood. Never did a soldier display on the

field of battle more thorough knowledge of the art of war than did Jomini at Bautzen ; and never were the results of a departure from those principles more momentous and more terrible than on that day. Were all the rest of his long career obliterated, his action then and there was enough to stamp him as a great soldier, and suffices to give him a lofty niche in the temple of fame. Ney was loud and earnest in his praise, and with his own hand placed his name at the head of the list for promotion to the rank of General of Division, and wrote directly to the Emperor, expressing his sense of the great services he had rendered. This was the brightest, most glorious and proudest moment of his life ; he felt the value of the services he had performed, was thoroughly grateful for the Marshal's appreciation, and naturally believed that he had at last overcome all the obstacles in his path to fame and fortune. But, alas, there was never a more striking instance of the vanity of human expectations. He was on the eve of the saddest and most unfortunate period of his life. He was about to experience the severest blow that a proud spirit can receive from a mean and malignant enemy ; and was on the point of committing a hasty action which exposed him to much obloquy, and did much to embitter the remainder of his life. Immediately after Bautzen, he, with Ney's approval, sent back to Dresden an incapable staff officer, who had been assigned to duty with him ; there was also some delay in forwarding the fortnightly return of the strength of the command, caused by the absence of necessary returns from Sonham's division of provisional regiments. Berthier eagerly availed himself of these two petty circumstances ; he placed Jomini in arrest, and published him in General Orders as incapable of performing the duties of his position. This unmerited disgrace drove the sensitive Jomini to the verge of madness. He awaited, however, the arrival of the order giving the promotions for the campaign, hoping that this would repair the wrong done him. When it at length arrived, the names of Jomini and his aide-de-camp were the only ones erased—and that by the hand of Berthier. The "return" which served as a pretext for his disgrace reached Berthier the very day of the departure of the courier bearing the order of censure to Jomini ! All this was more than Jomini could endure. He was not a Frenchman, but a foreigner ; he had served France and the Emperor faithfully and zealously for thirteen years, and received only disgrace instead of reward. An armistice then existed between France and the Allies, and Jomini availed himself of it to communicate with Alexander of Russia, to inquire whether he was still disposed to accept his services, as he had been three years earlier. The reply was prompt, kind and affirmative.

Jomini left the French army and repaired to the headquarters of the Emperor of Russia. Whatever of wrong there was in this action received its own punishment ; for he found that the race of Berthiers was not confined to France, and there is but little doubt that his subsequent happiness would have been more effectually secured had he submitted to the glaring injustice done him, and trusted to time and Napoleon for reparation. One thing must be most positively and distinctly stated in his defence, and that is, that he never, in any manner, communicated to the Allies any information in his possession in regard to the French armies, and that his last act before leaving Ney's headquarters was to issue, on his own authority and against the wishes of Ney, an order changing the position of the cavalry, and which secured Ney's command against a somewhat treacherous surprise meditated by Blücher. There was no taint of treachery or meanness in his conduct. It was, in all respects, loyal to his former master.

At the battle of Dresden, and during the operations which culminated in the

decisive battle of Leipsic, Jomini rendered very important services to the Allies, although he was never able to overcome entirely the jealousy and stupidity which prevailed at Schwartzenberg's headquarters.

He saved the Allies from many disasters; but was by no means always able to induce them to adopt the most judicious course. He always evinced, however, the same unerring appreciation of the application of the principles of war that he did in his previous campaigns. We will not enter upon any detailed account of this portion of his career; but it is believed that enough has been stated to establish the fact that he was a great soldier in the field, as well as in the closet. He took no part in the campaigns conducted on the soil of France; for the magnanimous Alexander fully appreciated his reluctance to serve against the Emperor in France, and readily granted his request to be permitted to retire to Switzerland when the Allies crossed the Rhine. He was, however, in Paris, in 1814 and 1815, with Alexander; and, on the latter occasion, nearly lost his commission in the Russian service in consequence of the earnestness with which he interceded for the life of his old commander, Ney, so cruelly and unjustly murdered by the sovereign of the nation whose glory he had raised so high.

Although Jomini remained in the Russian service from 1813 until his recent death, he rarely resided in Russia, but spent most of his time in France, with an occasional sojourn in Brussels. He was present at the Congress of Vienna, and bore an active part in the campaigns of 1828 and 1829; but never afterward, we believe, took the field in person. The remainder of his life was devoted to the labors of the pen.

His writings were voluminous, and, as a general rule, of the highest importance; no one familiar with them will deny that they evince wonderful political acumen, as well as military ability. His "Political and Military Life of Napoleon" is, perhaps, the most interesting of his works to the general reader; while the "Abstract of the Art of War," and the "Treatise upon Great Military Operations" are the most instructive and satisfactory to the purely military student. The earliest published work of Jomini was the "Treatise upon Great Military Operations." It consists of a relation of all the campaigns of Frederick the Great, in sufficient detail to bring clearly to the light the faults committed and the skilful movements executed; all related so naturally and so clearly that the deductions of the author seem to spring from the mind of the reader, who is fully prepared to acquiesce in the correctness of the maxims enunciated, sometimes in the current of the narrative, sometimes at the close of a chapter, again in separate chapters. The final chapter is devoted to a *resumé* of the general principles of the art of war. Nothing can be more clear, satisfactory, and instructive than this admirable work, and it cannot be too strongly recommended to those desirous of acquainting themselves with the principles of the art of war. His next important work was the "History of the Wars of the French Revolution," on a very similar plan to that of his first work. Next, and last of his great historical works, was the "Political and Military Life of Napoleon." This was published anonymously, and purported to be related by Napoleon himself, in the Elysian Fields, before a tribunal composed of Cæsar, Frederick, etc. No abler or better account of the achievements of this wonderful man has ever been written; nor has any writer more nobly and fairly defended his reputation and career. In fact, Jomini was, so to speak, the complement of Napoleon; he was, as a military writer, what Napoleon was as a leader of men. The last of his important works was of a more didactic character; it was the "Abstract of the Art of War." In this, Jomini collects and arranges the maxims of

war and politics scattered through his other works, and has formed a lasting book of reference and study for the statesman and the general; it is a noble monument to the genius of the author. No allusion has been made to his numerous minor works, because those already so briefly described will sufficiently explain the general nature of his writings. It is understood that he has left voluminous memoirs, which cannot fail to be among the most interesting works given to the world in this century.

We cannot better sum up the nature of Jomini's literary efforts than by repeating that he was the first who deduced from history the principles of war, before his time concealed in the brains of the few great generals who have appeared from time to time. He enunciated them in distinct formula, and thus formed a code of maxims for the guidance of generals and the instruction of students. He has indicated the path, but the "royal road" remains yet unopened; for the difficulty of the application of these principles still remains. Were his works universally studied by military men, one of their legitimate results would doubtless be to decrease the number of very bad generals, and to increase the number of moderately good ones; but the great captains must ever be, in the future as in the past, very rare. Mortals endowed with the peculiar combination of intellectual and moral gifts found in such characters as Napoleon, Frederick, Cæsar, and Hannibal, will appear only at long intervals in the history of the world. Such works as Jomini's will greatly facilitate the labors of such men, but cannot create them.

General Jomini, as the writer saw him about a year ago, was somewhat below the middle height, a little bent, his hair white, his eyes bright and piercing under shaggy eyebrows, his voice clear, his face much like that of an old worn-out eagle. He had, for a long time, been confined to his room, and suffered much pain; he spoke, without dread or affectation, of his approaching end, and manifested the greatest interest in the present, while his memory was perfectly distinct as to the past. His conversation as to the men and events of the era of the great Napoleon was replete with interest; two anecdotes which he related were new to me, and perhaps worthy of record here. He said that upon a certain occasion, while conversing with the Emperor, the latter asked, "What do you think of Massena?" "Sire," replied Jomini, "I can best express my opinion by relating under what circumstances I first saw him. In 1799, when a Major in the Swiss service, I was sent to consult with Massena (then in command in Switzerland) in regard to some military affairs. I was told that he was on the front line, but as that extended from Bâle, through Zurich, the Grisons and the Valais, to Geneva, it was difficult to find him; at last I met with him on the Limmat in front of Zurich, where he had Molitor's division of four regiments watching the Archduke Charles, who was with some 40,000 men in Zurich. I then paused," said Jomini to me, "when the Emperor at once slapped me on the shoulder, as was his frequent habit when conversing with officers, and exclaimed, 'That is Massena exactly! When other men lose their senses he begins to gain his!'" To understand the point of this it must be remembered that very shortly after Jomini's interview with Massena, the latter, after having long remained inactive in his very exposed position in front of the vastly superior forces of the Archduke, becoming aware of the danger to which Suwarrow's movement over the St. Gothard exposed him, took advantage of the Archduke's departure with a portion of his troops toward the lower Rhine; suddenly gathered his troops; forced the passage of the Limmat; won the battle of Zurich, and entered upon those brilliant manœuvres which rendered abortive Suwar-

row's painful and dangerous march. Jomini said that Massena was a man who required great dangers and emergencies to arouse him to the full extent of his powers; that under ordinary circumstances he was by no means a brilliant character. The defences of Genoa and Essling show what endurance and heroism were in the man; his passage of the Limmat, the campaign against Suwarow, and his superb flank march across the field of Wagram, attest the brilliancy of his powers when occasion called them forth. The other anecdote which I shall attempt to relate, referred more particularly to the Emperor himself, and illustrates some of the peculiar qualities of his great mind more fully than any circumstance I remember. During the battle of Essling the victorious progress of the French was arrested by the destruction of the bridge over the main Danube, while a large portion of their army still remained on the Vienna bank. It was clear that nothing could be done but to hold the positions of Essling, Aspern, etc., until nightfall, in order to secure a retreat into the island of Lobau. While the Archduke Charles was making his most desperate attacks upon Massena in Essling, Napoleon was sitting on the ground dictating orders to several aides-de-camp, when Massena's senior aide approached, and reported that the Marshal had directed him to say that if he was expected to hold Essling he must have re-enforcements, otherwise it would be impossible. The Emperor quietly looked up at the aide, and pointing to the ground immediately in front, where Lannes lost his life, and where the enemy was at the moment attacking in great force, and with much vigor, said, "I should be very glad to have Massena's troops there. Tell him that I have no re-enforcements to give him; he must hold the village at any cost, with what means he has; he must do the best he can in his own way; and tell him that it is *his* business and not mine. Say to him not to trouble me again about it." He then quietly resumed his dictation.

These orders were the detailed orders of march for that wonderful concentration of troops from Illyria, Dalmatia, Northern Italy, Naples, Spain, France, the Tyrol, Belgium, etc., etc., which was carried into effect the day before the battle of Wagram. Jomini mentioned this as a most striking instance of Napoleon's marvellous control over his mind; the moment he saw that the day was lost he sat down where he happened to be—under fire—and at once began the arrangement of the combinations that led to Wagram. The Emperor was indeed fortunate in possessing such lieutenants as Massena, to whom he could confidently intrust the defence of a vital point with insufficient means, telling him that it was not *his* business to attend to it.

Jomini conversed frankly about the modern changes and improvements in fire-arms, railways, telegraphs, etc. He freely acknowledged their advantages, and the changes they would bring about in war, but insisted that they could not modify its principles. "Woe to the general," said he, "who trusts in the modern inventions, and neglects the principles of strategy; those principles will remain unchanged through all the improvements of the future, and can never be inconsistent with them; future history will show that under no circumstances can those principles be violated with impunity."

G. B. M.

TO BE BEING, OR NOT TO BE BEING: *THAT* IS THE QUESTION.

WHEN Benedick said that he would die a bachelor, he did not think that he would live to be married. So when I wrote that the article in *THE GALAXY* for May would be the last of the series on "Words and their Uses" I did not know that there would be such good reasons for writing another. During the publication of these articles not a few provocations have been given to controversy in defence of some one or other of the opinions advanced in them; which I have generally eschewed, as both uninteresting to my readers and distasteful to myself. But two of the series have been distinguished by particular attention in so many and such respectable quarters that to allow the remarks of my critics to remain unnoticed would be carrying a seeming indifference that I do not feel to the verge of a real discourtesy that I do not intend.

The writers of some of the articles to which I refer have supported me in the positions which by the greater number were attacked. This, however, I regard as no criterion of the general opinion. Assent is silent or taciturn; dissent protests and claims a hearing. There is not a committee-meeting at which it is not difficult for the chairman to catch more than one or two murmured *ayes* to a question as to which there is general assent; but if the dissenters number more than two or three, their vote goes off at the touch of "the contrary" like a volley of musketry. The question must needs be put again, and then the *ayes*, provoked to utter *their* dissent from the *noes*, respond every man of them with hearty self-utterance. For dissent gratifies egoism by the assertion of the individuality of the dissenter, who, by his protest, is set off from the mass of his fellows; whereas assent merely absorbs *I* in *you*.

Of the dissent from the article entitled "Is Being Done," and on that form of speech, I willingly believe that most, if not all, was in honest, single-minded desire for the improvement of language; and that it has been made the subject of so much criticism, I am glad, both in regard to the phrase itself, because of a faint hope that the ugly thing cannot live in the light, and on my own account, because I shall not fail, I am sure, to learn something from the counsels and the strictures of so many intelligent fellow-laborers. Some of these are probably much better read in grammar and in rhetoric than I am, and have given much more attention than I have been able to give to the niceties of language, whether in theory or in practice. One of my critics speaks of the article in question as a digest of several pages upon its subject in Gould Brown's "Grammar of English Grammars." If there is any seeming ground for this imputation, it furnishes a new example of coincidence of independent thought by two writers on the same subject; for I have not read a page, or to my knowledge, seen even the outside of the "Grammar of English Grammars." The only discussion earlier than my own of the form of speech represented by *is being done* with which I am at all acquainted is Mr. Marsh's. And while I have the good fortune of agreeing with that eminent writer in the main upon this subject as upon most others, I have ventured to express views of it which differ from his as to some points which are not unimportant.

Among the criticisms of my analysis of *Is being done*, four merit particular attention. One, a special article in the "Methodist Quarterly Review," which

took the title of my article for its rubric ; the second, a leading article in a morning newspaper ; the third, an article upon the literary page of the "Evening Post ;" the fourth, a communication to "The Nation," under the signature "C.," of the most accomplished English scholar in the country. The first and second of these approved the structure of the phrase *is being done*, and advocated its use. The "Evening Post" concurred in my condemnation of it, and sustained my views upon it, with one exception. By C., the phrase is condemned as "an awkward novelty of which we have no need ;" but those who use it are recommended to mercy, somewhat inconsistently it seems, on the ground of its necessity.

There are several considerations upon which I would recommend those who say *is being built* to mercy, though not to approbation or imitation. Our English passive is a very imperfect affair. We are not as well off as the Germans with their *werden* or the French with their *on*. To be sure, *is building* or *is a-building*, is as good as *wird gebaut* or *on bâtit*. But perspicuity is the first object in language, and there are many cases in which we cannot without ambiguity use the participle in -ing or the noun with a-. Would Mr. White, coming back from a walk in an Indian country, say, "I found an emigrant cooking (a-cooking) at a slow fire?" He would not say *being cooked*, at any rate ; neither would I. I like a short cut, but I had rather go a little about than bemire myself.

The two unhesitating advocates of the phrase take a common position, which may be fairly cited in the words of one of them, who says that it matters very little whether we say The house is building, or The house is being built, because in either case "there can be no mistake as to what we mean." The point of their agreement is not that it matters little which phrase we use, for on this they differ : but that it matters little *if* there can be no mistake as to what we mean. This they and others regard as the all-important and the only important end to be sought in words and their uses—a view which, at the first blush, seems to be that of simple common-sense. But those who adopt it can hardly have reflected upon the consequences of accepting such a criterion of the right use of language. A gentleman walking through a village in a remote county of England, directed the attention of two urchins to a woman who seemed to be screaming after them, when one of them replied, "Her beant a callin' o' we. Us doant belong to she." What this meant was unmistakable, I venture to say, to him and to every other English-speaking person ; but does it matter very little whether that form of speech is used, or another, in favor of which there has long been a prejudice among the great mass of English-speaking people ? It is true that by a general agreement among those to whom our language is their mother tongue, "We am was there to-morrow" might have the same meaning that is now conveyed by We shall be there to-morrow ; and if the former were used by a German, we should understand him, as we do the two Frenchmen, who showing off their English to each other said, "Did it rain to-morrow ?" "I think it was." But until such a general agreement is made to change the meaning and the relations of words, is it of little consequence which of those forms of expression are used ? I take it that neither of my critics will say yes. And as to an agreement upon the meaning of words and phrases by those who use them, language is not formed by deliberate agreement ; it is a growth ; and as the case is with everything that grows, its growth may be healthy and produce that which is fair and sound and wholesome, a normal development of its type, or it may be unhealthy, a growth into deformity, rottenness, and monstrosity. Some folk seem to think that all movement is progress [toward the good] ; but that it is not, most even of such people learn ; and it is not more so in language than in any other matter. Latham has taken the philological position that "Whatever is is right," and is inclined to follow it to its converse "Whatever was was wrong." But the latter is clearly destructive of

the former, because that which is must soon become that which was. It may be admitted that, practically, there is, in language, no appeal from that which is. But as to the coming into existence of that which is to be, we have each one of us something to say; and in the words of C., "nothing that is unhandy and displaces something better should be admitted if we can prevent it." The writer in the "Methodist Quarterly" takes much the same ground in his declaration that a philologist "may perform a valuable office" by interposing a check upon "the incorporation of anomalous, ambiguous, inadequate or degrading linguistic forms into a living language." Now the form of speech typified by the phrase *is being done* could not be better fitted with epithets than it is in this description of that which it is lawful to exclude from a living language. The objection to this form of speech is that it *is* anomalous, ambiguous, inadequate, and degrading.

I do not purpose answering my critics by way of controversy, other than to make their remarks the occasion of examining what can be said in favor of *is being done*—an examination which may not be without intrinsic interest to my readers, on whichever side they may cast their votes, although at a time when so much is written and so much is read upon language, I can hardly expect to give much of the charm of novelty to such a theme.

All these writers—the four whom I have mentioned—agree upon one point, much as they differ upon others. The fatal logical objection to the phraseology *is being done*, seems to me to lie in the use of the verb *to be*, as an "auxiliary" to itself in the combination *is being*; and this on the ground which seems to me impregnable, that the verb *to be* must always predicate existence of its subject—at least that, although it may be instrumental in predicating something more. But my critics, these four of them, agree that *to be* and *to exist* are not synonymes when the former is used as a so-called auxiliary verb. Yet C. says that as an auxiliary in the sentence, "my article is printed in 'The Nation,'" *is* "means exists," but that as an auxiliary in the sentence, "my article is published on Thursday," *is* "means becomes." After thinking over the subject, I admit that I am quite unable to apprehend any distinction between the *is* in "it is printed," and that in "it is published." That there is a difference between the signification of a verb used independently, and that which it has as a so-called auxiliary, seems to me, with my present light, a mere fiction of the grammarians, whose rules are, in my judgment, valuable only in those rare instances in which they conform to reason and common-sense, in behalf of which I have dared to do battle.

One of those instances is not the assertion as a law of construction, of a distinction which is thus set forth by one of my critics in the "Methodist Quarterly:" "The verb *is*, as a *copula* between a subject and a predicate, is no synonyme with the verb *exist*. It does not affirm the existence of either subject or predicate. It is *simply* the sign of connection, the coupler; directing the reader to think subject and predicate in unity."

This notion that the verb is a copula, fulfilling the functions of a coupler in a sentence, is one of those against which I beat my inapprehensive youthful head in vain. Now, apprehending it, I believe it to be the merest linguistic fiction with which man ever was deluded. The verb is always the life of the sentence. A sentence is an assertion; and it is the verb and the verb only which asserts. Assertion is its peculiar and exclusive characteristic. True, in asserting it does often connect subject and predicate; but this is an incidental, and we might almost say, an unessential function of the verb, whose office it is to move the sentence, to be the engine that propels the train of thought, and not the coupling that keeps it together.

The substantive verb *to be* predicates existence, and whether used by itself or in connection with a participle or an adjective, it does nothing more. But existence may be simple and absolute, or it may be modified by the relations of its subject to some condition or quality. In the sentence "Socrates is," simple existence is predicated of Socrates; but in that, "Socrates speaks," a certain act, that is, existence together with a certain condition of existence, is predicated of him. It is as true now as it was when Aristotle said it, as true of English as of Greek, that the assertion "Socrates speaks," is equivalent to the assertion "Socrates is speaking." Now, it seems to me clear that the difference between "Socrates is" and "Socrates is speaking" is merely that the former predicates simple existence of Socrates, and the latter existence and something more. The participle *speaking* modifies, both by limitation and expansion, the assertion of the verb *is*. "Socrates is speaking" is equivalent to "Socrates exists speaking." So when we say that a man is loved, is hated, is condemned, we merely say that the loved, hated, or condemned condition is that in which he exists. And even the sentence "the man is dead," is equivalent, neither more nor less, to the other, "the man exists dead." If the last example should provoke, even in those who accept its predecessors, a smiling doubt, and a suspicion that this example is fatal to my view of the meaning of *to be*, it must be by reason of a misapprehension of the meaning of the verb *exist* as it is used in this construction. If *exist* must mean literally is alive, and nothing else, we cannot accept the sentence "the man exists [is alive] dead," as the equivalent of "the man is dead." But an objection resting upon this assumed ambiguity can be quickly set aside. The existence predicated by the substantive verb *to be* is not necessarily one of life, but one that is predicable alike of things animate and inanimate. We say that a planet, a country, a town exists, or that it does not exist, *i. e.*, that it is, or is not; as Virgil made Æneas say *fuit Ilium*, or as we might say, using the verb *to be* in two tenses to express the same fact, The man was, and is not, in which sentence *was* predicates an existence past, and *is not*, a negative existence present, a negative existence being no more a contradiction in terms than a negative affirmation. So when we say, The man is dead, we merely predicate of him a dead existence, which so far as he is concerned is no existence at all in this world, as far as we know; but so far as we are concerned with him as the subject of speech, is a mere change in the condition of his existence. With a ruined city or a dead man before us, the existence of either palpable, though changed in its condition, we say The city exists no more, or The city is [exists] ruined, The man is no more, or The man is [exists] dead. To this sense of the word *exist*, life is not more essential in the one case than in the other. This construing may easily be ridiculed, but I am quite sure that it will outlive any laughter that it may provoke, and that it affords the only reasonable explanation of the intimate signification of such phrases as those which have just been given in illustration.

The Latin present participle seems to confirm this view of the functions of the verb *to be*. That participle was formed by the addition of *ens*, itself the unused present participle of *sum*, to the root of the verb: *am-ens* (for euphony *amans*), *doc-ens*, *scrib-ens*, *audi-ens*, which formation expresses present action simply by the union of the substantive thought of the verb with the thought of present existence. By this instinctive combination the stark ideas, love, teach, write, hear, were given life and made to move. Hence it was that *ens* fell out of use except in the substantive sense, a being, because in its verbal sense it was combined (*i. e.*, it existed combined, or existed in combination) with the roots of all other verbs; and hence, too, the present participles of some verbs

came to have a concrete substantive signification; for instance, *amans*, a lover, a conception formed by the union of the ideas of love and being or existence, *audiens*, a hearer, formed by the union of the ideas of hearing and existence. And Horne Tooke, as if to leave an example not to be set aside of the identity of *is* and *exist*, wrote the following remarkable sentence in his dialogue "Of Prepositions." B. asks whether good-breeding or policy dictated a certain sharp criticism upon Dr. Johnson and Bishop Lowth. H. replies :

Neither. But a quality which passes for brutality and ill nature; and which, in spite of hard blows and heavy burdens, would make me rather chuse in the scale of beings to exist a mastiff or a mule than a monkey or a lap-dog. DIV. OF PUR., I., 379, Ed. 1798.

Now, no man who has preserved all his senses will doubt for a moment that "to exist a mastiff or a mule" is absolutely the same as "to be a mastiff or a mule." And can such a person believe that in the phrases, *to be a mule*, *to be stubborn*, and *to be beaten*, there is the least shade of difference in the meaning of the verb *to be*? that it has one meaning when it is followed by the noun, *mule*, and the same when it is followed by the adjective, *stubborn*, but another when it is followed by the participle, *beaten*? If there is such a difference, then the verb must have the former meaning before the adjective *afraid* in the sentence, He is afraid. But *afraid* is merely the perfect participle of the verb *affray*—affrayed, affrayed, the same as the old participle *afscared*, from the Anglo-Saxon *afaeran*; and how and when did the verb *to be* change its meaning by the mere contraction of *affrayed* into *afraid*?

The plea set up in extenuation of the use of *is being done*, by C. and "The Nation" itself, and in justification of it by another critic—that it is necessary, and that in most cases in which it is used men must use it "or be mute"—would conclude the question, if it were supported by fact. It is, however—I will venture to say without qualification—not so supported. The argument presented in the following paragraph from the "Methodist Quarterly Review" is of a like character:

The old forms *a-building*, *a-going*, and the like, like thousands of other forms, became obsolete, and were sloughed off because they were ambiguous, and inadequately expressed the intended idea. They could be active or passive; could mean that the builder was building a house or that the house was being built; and, by natural instinct, impatient of a form which had lost the power of making clear the thought, the remnant of the old formula was rejected, and sunk into vulgarism. When the prefix *a* was lost, the popular intention gave to the form in *ing* the meaning of an active participle, and that *meaning* made it an active participle.

To this, if it is true, there is no reply. A word is but a sign, and language but an assemblage of symbols. If a number of people agree that to them a certain sound shall mean a certain thought or a certain thing, to them it shall have that meaning. The point does not admit of argument; it is one of fact. So, for instance, if a number of people should agree among themselves that *transpire*, which means to breathe through, and hence to become known, just as *inspire* means to breathe in and so to enliven, and *expire* to breathe out, and so to die, should mean take place, happen, befall, or become, for them it would have that meaning; although according to the natural growth of language there is no connection whatever between the word *transpire* and those thoughts. *Inspire* might as well be taken to mean to praise, or to huzza, and *expire*, to hang or to shoot. We have now, however, not to deal with such very rare occurrences as a deliberate agreement upon the meaning of words, or with the blunders of overweening ignorance, but with the results of the natural, spontaneous growth of language. According to this, "the form in *ing*" is not an active participle, either logically or according to the usage of the best writers on the one hand, and on the other, of simple uninstructed folk who are not troubled with doubts whether they "speak good grammar," and are content with their

mother tongue as they learned it from their mothers. Ignorance has its pedantry as well as knowledge ; and of all pedantry the most pedantic is that of half-knowledge. It was not in the instinct of the unlettered English-speaking people that the phrase *is being done* had an unconscious rise ; it is the monstrous product of the pedantry of half-knowledge ; although now some well-instructed men, as we have seen, are betrayed into giving it their support. The assumption in its defence, that the participle or verbal noun always means action, is a begging of the very question at issue, and that, too, when the authority, both of the best writers and of colloquial usage from a time whereof the memory of man runneth not the contrary to the present day, is all on the other side.

As to active and passive, those who undertake to settle the relations of English verbs and participles by that rule will soon find themselves in the Spaniard's shirt of eleven yards. There is no passive voice in the English language, no semblance of one, and no passive participle. And we can hardly say that we have an active participle. The participle in *ing* spoken of by the writer just quoted may perhaps be called a present participle, but better, as it is called in Anglo-Saxon, the indefinite participle. Of themselves the participles in *ing* and *ed* express neither tense nor voice, neither time present, past or future, nor action or the reception of action. This is known to all, although it seems to be thought of by few. For example : active, I loved ; passive, I was loved ; present, I am writing ; past, I was writing ; active present, he is playing the music ; passive present, the music is playing. The forms in *ing* and in *ed* serve alike to express the present and the past, action and the reception of action.

The value of the last example is the same, whether the form in *ing* (*playing*) is regarded as a present participle or as a verbal noun. And now, when was it that this form "became obsolete," and was "sloughed off?" a form found in the English Bible, in Shakespeare, in Goldsmith, in Macaulay, in Irving, in Hawthorne, in Lowell ; which Whitney thus uses in his recently-published work on "Language, and the Study of Language" (N. Y., 1867) : "The low-toned party newspaper is too much the type of the prevailing literary influence by which the style of speech of our rising generation is moulding ;" which appears in a political circular issued by leading members of the Democratic party in March of the present year : "Your immediate co-operation is desired in a movement now making in every State, county, and town in the Union, to increase the circulation of Democratic newspapers ;" which is used and understood now every day as it has been for centuries by the cultivated and the ignorant among English-speaking folk the world over, and which people are shy of only as they lack the healthy instinct which forms wholesome idioms, or the cultivated taste which shuns such monstrosity as *is being done*. And yet we are told that the former is obsolete, and has been sloughed off ; and that the latter is used by "all who prefer that the form of expression should accurately represent the form of the thought." I do find it used thus in the current number of an illustrated weekly paper. "Now, as the family habitually residing in the house have been obliged to sustain these impertinences while the house has been being built," etc. Has—been—being—built ! Could there be a phrase more unlovely, more confusing, more absurd ? It is somewhat of a piece with the rest of the sentence, or, at least, fits well into its setting. A person content with the simple English which suits homely and cultivated people alike, would have written : Now, as the family living in the house have been obliged to bear this impertinence while the house has been building. And so if, as C. supposes, in an Indian country I should find one of the aborigines preparing a pioneer for dinner, and I wished to speak of the incident chiefly in regard to the actor, I should say, The Indian was cooking the din-

ner or the pioneer; but if I concerned myself chiefly with the passive participator in the affair, I should say, The pioneer was cooking for dinner. And if nine hundred and ninety-nine in a thousand of the sensible housewives, educated and uneducated, in the Old England and the New, do not say, The dinner is cooking, and not The dinner is being cooked, although *cook* is an "active transitive" verb, and the dinner cooks nothing, not even itself, I will agree to take the emigrant's place, and C. may roast me to his heart's content, while the editor of the "Methodist Quarterly Review," with a mind conscious of rectitude, assists in the basting.

The answer to this argument of the obsolescence of *is doing* and the present use of *is being done* is simply the plump denial which is supported by the facts. It sounds very fine to stigmatize an idiom of immemorial use as an "uncouth form, long since rejected by the public instinct;" but examination proves that this public does not include either the best writers, the cultivated people who do not write, or the uneducated masses who think only of what they say and not how they say it; and that, with some exceptions, it does include only those whose education and temperament lead them to be anxious about their "grammar."

"A good new word, like any other good thing, is worthy of instantaneous adoption, if we need or desire to adopt it; a bad new word, or a bad word twenty centuries old, should be as promptly rejected. The question of the age of the word is very unimportant. The main query is as to its adequacy to fill a blank spot, or its life and power in expressing a new shade of thought, or a new-born idea." To this opinion of my "Quarterly" critic, with the slight and unessential modification that need is the only justification of desire, and that a word twenty centuries old is not likely to be either bad or obsolete, I give a hearty assent. But the condition sought to be expressed by *is being done* is not new in any sense. It is neither a new shade of thought nor a new-born idea. On the contrary, it is one of the first conditions that need expression. It has been expressed in many languages from remote ages, and very completely in English for centuries. The phrase is at best merely a new name for an old thing already well named. Those who use it seem to me to disregard the fitness of the forms of speech by which the thought which they would present has been uttered by our best writers and speakers. For example, Hamlet says to the King, of the slain Polonius, that the latter is at supper, "not where he eats, but where he *is eaten*;" and the words fully express—there has never been a doubt expressed by a microscopic commentator that they express just what Hamlet meant, that the eating of Polonius was going on at the time then present. "Is eaten" does not mean *has been eaten up*. It is in the present tense, and expresses "the continuous recipience of action" as much as *I eat* expresses continuous action. Hamlet goes on to say, "a certain convocation of politic rats *are* e'en at him." So Hotspur says,

Why, look you, I *am* whipp'd and scourg'd with rods,
Nettled and stung with pismires when I hear
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.

So, in this exclamation of a wife (in I forget what novel), who has deceived and stung her husband into anger, having its spring in a love that she had doubted: "You cannot overrate my hidden joy *during* the time when I *was scolded* by my hoaxed and mistaken husband." It was not necessary for her to say, "when I was being scolded," or for Hotspur, although he spoke of time present, to say, "I am being whipped, being scourged, being nettled, being stung, when I hear," or for Hamlet to say that Polonius was being eaten, although the rats were at him while the prince was speaking. And so, to return to our muttons, if my

bond above given should be forfeit, and C. should roast me, assisted by my Methodist censor, any witness of my well-deserved fate who was not fussy about his English would probably say that he saw one critic cooked by two others at a slow fire ; but that whether they ate him rare or well done, served whole, or, like Herr Schnitzerl, "quartered into two," he could not tell, because he did not wait until the cooking was over. And in regard to the eating of roast pig, as to which my "Quarterly" critic makes himself and some young ladies merry at my expense, by supposing that I should say at dinner, "'While the roast pig is eating' (as if the roast pig were one of the guests)." At this the damsels would indulge, we are told, "in a reasonable titter;" whereas, if I said, "While the roast pig is being eaten," they might think me "a little bookish;" but not, "as in the other case, a fool." A little more than bookish, and less than fool. I should be sorry to deprive young ladies of a titter, or even a Methodist Quarterly critic of the opportunity of calling me a fool ; but I should probably do so by being content with Shakespeare's English, and saying, While the roast pig is eaten.

In the first part of this article there is a passage which is directly in point as an illustration of our subject—that in which the present time is referred to as one "when so much is written and so much is read upon language." I am sure that not one of my readers failed to apprehend my meaning precisely, and that hardly one, if one, noticed that I did not say, "when so much is being written and so much is being read." Yet, in a communication printed in the "Pall Mall Gazette," I find the writer saying, as many other people say, with superfluous awkwardness, "At a time when so much is being written and said about the increase of pauperism." And I heard the other day in the cars a very fine female indeed say of a "lady friend" that "she was being paid attention to by Mr. A." It was quite in keeping that a female should say it of a lady friend ; but I could not but think how much more agreeable it would have been to hear her say that So-and-so—a charming woman—is made love to, or is courted by Mr. W."

That there is no new thought, or even new shade of thought expressed in *is being done* needs no showing, not even that which it has had in the foregoing pages. It will be of some interest, however, to observe how this idea has been expressed in various languages, including English. It may be, and has been expressed, both participially and verbally. In the New Testament, I. Peter, iii., 20, there is the following passage in the original: ἐν ἡμέραις Νώε, κατασκευαζομένης κιβωτοῦ, which, in our English version, is translated thus: "In the days of Noah, while the ark was *a-preparing*." Here the last clause represents the Greek passive participle present used absolutely with the substantive, according to the Greek idiom. In the translation of 1582 we find, "when the ark was *a-building*;" in that of 1557, "while the ark *was preparing*;" but in Wyckliffe's translation, made about A. D. 1380, "In the days of Noe, when the ship *was made*." The last form, which corresponds to Hamlet's "not where he eats, but where he *is eaten*," represents the imperfect subjunctive passive, "*cum fabricaretur arca*" of the Vulgate, from which Wyckliffe made his translation. In the account of the building of Solomon's temple is another passage (I. Kings. vi., 7), which serves in illustration: "And the house, when it was *in building*, was built of stone made ready before it was brought thither; so that there was neither hammer, nor ax, nor any tool of iron heard in the house while it was *in building*." Here "when it was in building" is represented in the Septuagint version by ἐν τῷ οἰκοδομεῖσθαι αὐτὸν, (the infinitive passive), and in the Vulgate by "*cum ædificaretur*"—again the imperfect subjunctive passive. The German translation gives in the first instance "*da man die archa zuriüstete*," when they prepared

or fitted out the ark ; in the second "*und da das haus gesetzt ward,*" and when the house was founded ; at the end of the verse, "in building" of the English version has its exact counterpart in "*im bauen.*" The French version gives, in the first instance, "*pendant qu' l'arche se bâtissoit,*" which, according to the French idiom is, while the ark was built ; and in the second instance, both at the beginning and the end of the verse, "*en bâtissant la maison,*" that is, in building the house. In the Italian version we find, in one passage, "*quando la casa fù edificata,*" which is, literally, when the house was built ; and "*mentre s'edificava,*" while it built itself, an idiomatic form for, while it was built ; and in the other, according to the same idiom, "*mentre s'apparecchiava l'archa,*" while the ark was prepared. Now, all these versions express the same facts completely, not only each one of them to those to whom the respective languages are vernacular, but completely to every man who has acquired a knowledge of all these tongues ; and in all of them we find either the verbal substantive form, *was in building, was a preparing, was preparing,* or the imperfect verbal form, *was built, was prepared.* In no one of them, not even in the Greek with its present passive participle, is there an approach to such a phraseology as *is being done, is being built,* which in Latin, for instance, could be represented only by the monstrous construction *ens factus est, ens ædificatus est.* And in this (the obsolescence of *ens* as a participle being granted) the monstrosity is not in the use of *ens* with *factus*, but in that of *ens* with *est.* The absurdity is in Latin just what it is in English, the use of *is* with *being*, the making of the verb to be a complement to itself.

But it is said that the use of *is* with *being* involves no absurdity, because here *being* does not mean existing but continuing. In-illustration of which the phrase *The anvil is being struck* is given. This we are told is equivalent to *The anvil is continuing struck.* "*Being struck* implies a process, a continuity of some sort beyond a simple instant. *Is* affirms the *being struck* of the anvil." Let us examine this position and see if it relieves us of confusion and ambiguity. Keeping to Noah's ark, let us say, The ark being prepared, the hippopotamus declined entering it. Does that mean, the ark continuing finished, etc. ? The bond being given, Shylock lent the money. Does that mean the bond continuing given, etc. ? Plainly it does not, cannot mean that or anything like that. And even if it could, we should be landed in the confusion and the ambiguity of assuming that in *The ark being prepared, being* has one meaning, and in *The ark is being prepared,* another. But if we hold to reason, and regard *being* as always meaning existing, and *preparing, building,* as verbal substantives that mean a process, we have no confusion, neither ambiguity nor absurdity. The ark being prepared, means the ark existing prepared ; and While the ark was in preparing or was preparing, means while the ark was in process of preparation. Is there a man of sense who can speak English, who does not understand *In the building of the house* to mean in the process of the erection of the house ? It is safe to say, not one. The verbal substantive in *ing,* or if you please, the present participle used substantively, expresses to the apprehension of all men, a process. And such phrases as *being built, being done,* must be used absolutely, in a participial sense, as, *The house being built, he went into it ; The thing being done, it could not be helped, or they must be used substantively.* For example, the following passage from the first book of Young's "Night Thoughts :"

Of man's miraculous mistakes this bears /
The palm. That all men are about to live
Forever on the brink of being born.

Here *being born* is a substantive equivalent to *birth*, as much a substantive as any single word in any language. Which may be shown thus—

Forever on the brink of	{	an abyss.
		ruin.
		being born.
		birth.

We can as well say His being born at that time was fortunate, as His birth at that time was fortunate. But—to meet the last and most specious suggestion which has been made in favor of the *is being* or *to be being* phraseology, that *is* merely predicates of its subject, the *being* and the following participle—we cannot say He was birth; and no more can we correctly say He was being born. And so we may say, The anvil's being struck was evident, in which *being struck* means the blow which the anvil received, and which thus is the anvil's blow; but we may no more correctly (*i. e.*, logically, in accordance with reason and common-sense) say The anvil was being struck than The anvil was blow. If we wish to say That the anvil is in the continued recipience of blows, and do not wish to say substantively, The anvil is in striking, or a striking, or striking, we may with perfect propriety and clearness of expression say The anvil is struck; as Hamlet said Polonius "is eaten." *Is struck* does not mean has been struck; it expresses present continuous recipience of action.

These comparisons and this reasoning are pertinent to the consideration of what has been said in defence of the phrase *is being done*, because that phrase is not an idiom which came into the language in its unconscious formative stages, but the deliberate production of some pedantic writer of the last generation, who sought to make "a form of expression which should accurately represent the form of thought;" that thought being one which has been fully expressed among all civilized peoples for thousands of years, and the result of whose labors is, as might have been expected, a monstrosity, the illogical, confusing, inaccurate, unidiomatic character of which I have at some length but yet imperfectly set forth. The suggestion that *is* means becomes, and that *the house is being built* means the house is becoming built, although specious, is hardly worthy of the distinguished quarter "C," whence it comes. If any man chooses to say, The house is becoming built, I for one shall make no objection other than that he is setting aside a healthy and sufficient idiom, which has grown up naturally with the language, and is in fact coeval with its birth, for a new phase which has nothing of force or of accuracy in its favor. But that *is* does, or by any possibility can, *mean* becomes, that the verb of existence, the substantive verb, can in any way represent or be represented by a verb the radical thought in which is motion toward, entrance into, is, I confess, beyond my comprehension.

The question is thus narrowed simply to this: Does *to be being* (*esse ens*) mean anything more or other than *to be*? Does it so mean logically, according to the common-sense of men, and the spirit and analogies of the language? For as to what it may be made to mean, what men may agree to accept it as meaning, there is nothing to be said. *Beef*, for a good reason, means the flesh of the ox, and *steak*, for a like reason, flesh in large slices; and therefore *beefsteak* means the flesh of the ox in large slices. But there is no telling whether by the labors of those who wish to "slough off" old uncouth forms, and to make "the form of expression accurately represent the form of thought," people may not be led to agree that it shall mean plum pudding.*

RICHARD GRANT WHITE.

* An examination of some of the questions raised by the article "The Grammarless Tongue," must be postponed until the appearance of the next number of THE GALAXY.

THE GALAXY MISCELLANY

THE GASTRONOMICAL ALMANAC.

JUNE.

THE month of June, together with very warm weather, brings us a new supply of food, especially in the vegetable line. With favorable weather we shall be able to enjoy such excellent and tender vegetables as young carrots, Lima beans, peas, etc.

If our supply of vegetables is increased, it is just the contrary with meat. Though we find beef and mutton all the year round in the markets, still it is inferior during the summer months. Let me, therefore, recommend my readers to be very careful in selecting either of these two kinds of meat.

It is true that we do not need to partake of as much animal food in summer as in winter, still we cannot live and keep healthy on a vegetable and fruit diet only; some animal food should be partaken of every day (the quantity to be according to constitution and occupation) in order to supply the waste of the system. Perspiration, which is greater in summer than in winter, weakens the whole system more or less; we must, therefore, partake of animal food, in order to strengthen our muscles.

Though persons working mentally need less animal food than those working manually, still they need some as well. Both will find it most beneficial to partake of fish often and freely, though judiciously. Fish contains, more than any other article of food, the phosphorus necessary to supply the waste of the human brain.

Dyspepsia is brought on (with a few exceptions resulting from structural disease) by want of proper food taken at the right time; or by too much food; or by a lack of quantity or of variety.

Costiveness is brought on generally, with persons of sedentary or mental occupations, by indulging in too rich or too warm food. Let the dyspeptic bear in mind that, no matter how good an article of food is, or no matter how good it tastes, it will nearly invariably bring dyspepsia, if indulged in too freely or exclusively. The costive must partake of meat and of esculent grains very sparingly; and freely, though judiciously, of vegetables (especially greens) and fish.

Bills of fare for this month can easily be made out of the following articles of food, together with those that are good during the whole year:

POTAGES.—With Asparagus, Carrots, Cauliflower, Lettuce, Peas, Sorrel, Green Turtle, Bisques of Lobsters and Crabs.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.—Same as last month.

RELEVÉS.—Sea Bass, Blackfish, Bluefish, Haddock, Lamprey, Mackerel, Spanish Mackerel, Blue Perch, Ray, Salmon, Scup, Sheepshead, Sturgeon, Speckled Trout, Spotted Turbot, Weakfish, Lobster.

ENTREES.—Beef, Mutton, Veal, Lobster, Blackfish, Bluefish, Salmon, Turbot, Green Turtle, Spring Chickens.

ROTIS.—Veal, Lapwing, Plover, Duck.

SALADS.—Lettuce, Beets.

ENTREMETS.—Asparagus, Carrots, Cauliflower, Corn, Egg-plant, Lima Beans, Peas, Southern Potatoes, Rhubarb, Sorrel.

DESSERT.—Bananas, Cherries, Currants, Gooseberries, Pineapples, Raspberries, Strawberries.

WINES.—Angelica, Muscatel.

A potage with young carrots is excellent, and is called *potage à la Crêcy*, or *potage purée Crêcy*. It is as easily made as it is good.

A bisque of lobster is one of the most delicious soups that can be made, and should be partaken of at least once a week during the whole lobster season; so is a bisque of crabs.

Radishes and good fresh butter are certainly one of the best *hors d'œuvres* that can be served in the spring and beginning of summer. There are two kinds of red radish—the round, turnip-rooted radish, and the long one. The round, turnip-rooted one is so superior, in flavor and taste, that no comparison can be made between the two. Let those of my readers, who do not know the difference, give both a fair trial.

If we are not favored with a variety of meat this month, we cannot say the same fish. Among others, we have the blue perch, the blackfish, the bluefish, the haddock, and the Spanish mackerel. The amateurs and connoisseurs of that healthful article of diet, can easily gratify their piscivorous disposition during the month of June.

We have, during the summer months, only a few kinds of animal food to supply our table, but if we have not the quantity, we have at least the quality. It is difficult, if not impossible, to serve a better dish of

meat than a properly broiled spring chicken, or a roasted plover.

Besides a salad of tender lettuce, which tastes so good after a roasted piece of meat, a salad of young beets can be made. If properly boiled, they make an excellent salad.

We need not speak of Lima beans and Southern potatoes; they are welcomed by everybody as soon as they make their appearance in the markets. We may also expect to see, during the month, some currants, raspberries and strawberries.

Let me remind mothers that they cannot watch their children too closely during the whole summer, to prevent them from eating unripe fruit. The stomachs of children digesting very fast, they almost incessantly crave for food, especially for fruit (green or ripe) and sweets. Even ripe fruit (such as currants and tomatoes) must not be indulged in too freely, no matter how good and inoffensive it may be. Some people are of opinion that, if children like one thing, it must be good for them! We say no! emphatically, no! Give poison to children and they will just as well eat or drink it as if it were a good article of food. Animals are guided by their instinct and their wonderfully developed organ of smelling, in the selection of their food. Man does not possess either such an instinct or powerful organ of smelling.

The mother, we mean the one that deserves that sublime appellation, should teach her child how and what to eat, as well as how and what to read, etc. Eating bad food or reading bad books has the same effect on the physique and morale. "Tell me what you eat and I will tell you what you are."

The California angelica is a sweet, rich wine, and has a very fine aroma. It is made with what is called the "Mission grape." Like the muscatel and champagne, it is a favorite wine with the ladies; it will eventually become, at evening parties or *soirées*, as popular among them as sherry is among the gentlemen. It is a gentle tonic, with a most inviting bouquet.

The muscatel, like the angelica, is a sweet, rich wine, having also a fine aroma. It is made with the muscat grape, imported from Spain. Some prefer the muscatel to the angelica, and *vice versa*. If we were obliged to say which is the better, my answer would be that of the bright juvenile, "I prefer both."

PIERRE BLOT.

WOMEN'S CLUBS AND THEIR USES.

A WOMAN'S Club is not entirely a novel idea, though it is new to this generation and to the class of women among whom the New York Woman's Club originated. The London Almack's of the last century was nothing more or less than a club composed of women of high rank, who laid down the laws of fashion and society.

There is also a record of another institution, organized as a ladies' club, from which gentlemen were strictly excluded; but this latter regulation proved a rock upon which the frail bark split. Gentlemen clamored for admittance; some of the members took sides for, some against; and the contest ended in the breaking up of the first club ever initiated by women.

To this generation, however, and to the people of this country, the idea was not only new, but startling. It was opposed to the national instincts and prejudices, to all the traditions of the past, as well as the habits of the present; and the kindness and candor, therefore, with which it has generally been received, are all the more unexpected and praiseworthy.

American men are proverbially kind to women; but it is kindness which is almost as hurtful as cruelty; it is the indulgent and protecting kindness which genuine manhood feels for something weaker and inferior to itself, rather than the esteem and respect which is felt for a faithful friend and equal. Men like to please women; but they will do it only in their own way; they like to see them happy; but they prefer that their happiness should spring from, and be dependent upon themselves.

Moreover, the popular idea of men's clubs is of indulgence allied to dissipation, and all that women could be supposed to want a club for would be the gratification of social tastes similar to those of men. This shocks a mind that has associated woman with its highest ideal of purity and refinement; and I am proud that it is so. If women's clubs are to detract one iota from the best conception that has ever been formed of the sex, or of woman as an individual, then I sincerely hope that not one will ever live or flourish.

But such a motive as the one just indicated is not a true or sufficient one. Women of thought and culture will not band themselves together merely for recreation, simply to eat and drink and chat, and unless they had found a higher use, the Woman's Club of New York would never have been

started, or, if started, would have been quickly abandoned.

The truth is, that the time has come when more is expected of women than heretofore, and they begin to feel strongly the necessity of fitting themselves for their new duties. The traditional home life is becoming insufficient for their needs, mental and physical; they begin to realize an external function, which, trained and developed, might be put to use.

Men have their training in the town meeting, in lyceums and debating societies, in the church gathering, the school trusteeship, the Odd Fellows' and Free Masons' societies, and various other associations for business or pleasure; but women have no such opportunities; they have no business training of any kind; their habits are generally desultory; their occupations of a multifarious kind that unfit them for close attention to, or the steady development of any single idea; and their lives are so isolated that small cares and petty duties assume the importance, in their imaginations, due to larger interests and more vital subjects.

There is a great educational influence in all societies, which is too often overlooked. In them men find their level; they learn to obey authority, to yield to the powerful popular will, to contest against equal chances, to execute with precision and dispatch.

Women have had societies, have held religious and sanitary fairs, and been at the head of charitable institutions; but they have always allowed men to transact the principal part of the business for them. It has been the custom of society to do so, and men have accepted the responsibility with alacrity.

A scheme recently proposed in a series of elaborate articles on co-operative households developed many admirable ideas and features; but the writer entirely ignored or overlooked this fact, that women are incapable at present of conducting housekeeping on such a plan. Many of them can hardly make the purchases necessary for their own households, and would be afraid to undertake anything in the shape of business on their own responsibility.

The Woman's Club, in a pleasant and unexceptionable way, furnishes this sort of training. It enlarges ideas, teaches system and order in the transaction of business, and submission to the will of the majority. So much is necessary for the ordinary affairs of life; but there is a still higher use, and that is the preparation for the exercise of a pub-

lic function. Heretofore, nearly all effort in this direction has been religious, or based upon the disputed right to vote.

The right of suffrage is undoubtedly a great one; but it is more valuable for its educational influence upon individuals than for its effect in forming and securing good governments. Laws made by Sixth Ward politicians are not likely to be as enlightened as those framed by the English statesman of high culture and attainments; but the influence upon these men, and upon their constituency, of knowing that they have a direct voice in public affairs, and can mould them for good or evil, is largely educational; and this great use is almost wholly forgotten in estimating the value of the popular right to vote. The right of suffrage, however, is not essential to the exercise of a powerful moral influence upon public affairs; and while men are discussing the question of granting them the privilege, women may show them that they can not only educate themselves to the intelligent exercise of the rights of citizenship, but to the higher functions of administration and statesmanship. Men are generally reached by motives addressed to their personal interests and ambitions; let women show themselves superior to personal motives, and give themselves to the work of public reform as they give themselves to their homes, their husbands, and their children, without thought of compensation, without the expectation of reward.

The time has arrived when, by the assembling of a Woman's Parliament, by the united voice of the intelligent, thoughtful women of the country, great good can be affected, great wrongs redressed. Women are going to work to construct such a Parliament, and without asking any sanction but that of their own consciences, their own sense of right and duty, will elect their own representatives, and have those questions at least brought before the public in which the interests and welfare of their own sex are specially involved.

In the heat of personal conflict, in the fever of personal ambition, men lose sight of great needs, and wilfully shut their eyes to popular oppression, corruption, and vice; it is the part of mothers who fear for their sons, of wives who love their husbands, to rouse them to a sense of their short-comings, to demand from them the wise judgment, the equal performance of duty, the sacrifice of individual interests and personal inclination to the public welfare.

There are great subjects waiting for im-

partial deliberation and discussion; crying evils to be remedied that women only can fully realize, that the voice of women alone can reach. Among these are the right of every child born to life; the right of every child, boy or girl, to the best education the country can afford; the right to reward as the result of honest, persevering labor—of devotion to any useful pursuit, and to punishment that will amend and reform, instead of harden and destroy.

We want legislation that will provide foundling hospitals for the waifs of society, asylums for the wretched mothers, and inculcate, by example, the value that should be placed upon human life.

We want legislation that will open all the colleges of the land to every boy and girl in the land, and give them an equal right and an equal chance in their benefits and advantages.

We want legislation that will obliterate the infamies of the prisons and the hospitals, where many of the horrors of the past century are still permitted—where women are exposed to such treatment and ordeals as make the flesh creep and the blood grow cold—which extinguish in them the last spark of womanly instinct and sensibility.

We want a legislation that will at least modify the present barbarous and inhuman jail system, which makes the good bad, and the bad worse.

We want a legislation that will institute hygienic and sanitary reforms, that will popularize art and music, and make them part of our public school system. We have a public that is very generous; it lavishes money freely, but it gets in return only disorder, and an example of corruption that infects the community from its highest to its lowest strata.

Education in this country is a public glory and a public disgrace. The money spent upon it should provide every child with an education that would fit him for any profession he might choose to adopt; that would be to him an inheritance bestowed upon him by the land which gave him birth. It should be not wholly subjective—not the mere learning of words—but integral; a cultivation of the heart, of the emotions, of the higher faculties, of those qualities which make the good man and citizen, as well as the scholar. The sexes, also, should be educated together, sharing equally in the labor and in the rewards, assisting and developing each the other.

The first meeting of a Woman's Parliament must necessarily be informal and preliminary, but its members should be composed, not of agitators or persons astride of a particular hobby, but large-hearted, noble-minded women, with comprehensive intellects, capable of grasping great questions, and dealing with them so as to insure the practical fulfilment of one of our fundamental principles of government, the greatest good to the greatest number.

The second assembling, however, should be representative, in the broadest sense; and its members elected under a true and just system of representation, which does not now obtain in any country, or any section of any country. Even in America, the minority in every Congressional district has been unrepresented, practically disfranchised; and women, having been in the minority so long, ought to be able to sympathize with this class, and not assist to perpetuate the injustice. Under a correct system the minority as well as the majority would be represented, and afford the complete realization of the popular form of government. How this can be done is readily explained. We have only to adopt the plan of the "Personal Representation Society of New York," which is, that every representative shall cast votes, according to the number she receives. For example, if Mrs. Smith receives six hundred votes, and Mrs. Brown three hundred, let each poll the vote of their constituency in all the questions that come before the Parliament. There might be a maximum and a minimum of votes, no one to poll over a thousand, and no one to be represented without a constituency of at least one hundred, but this is a question for the first Executive Committee to settle.

There should, however, be absolute liberty of choice; every woman must be free to vote for any woman she chooses, no matter in what part of the country she resides, and should send her vote to the recording committee, which should be organized in every section of the country. Of course, women would exercise influence upon other women in getting them to vote for their candidates, but legal age and intelligent qualifications would be required, and a poll-tax, as an evidence of the good faith and good-will of the voters, and to defray the expenses of the Parliament. In this way all women can exercise the right of suffrage, elect their own candidates, and enjoy a degree of personal

representation never yet possessed by men. If women had no other motive for adopting the suggestions thrown out in this article, gratitude to their ablest champion, John Stuart Mill, should be sufficient. He has set his heart on two favorite objects, one personal representation, the other suffrage for women. By adopting both his ideas, and acting upon them, women will show at once their gratitude, and the excellence of their judgment.

If this thought finds a response, women's clubs will have a mission, and should be instituted and organized all over the land, each one forming a centre, from which ideas and suggestions would be received, indispensable to the proper realization of a universal system. Here is work for heart and brain—have we not women who will perform it?

One word now as to the objects, present conditions, and prospects of the women's clubs of New York and Boston. "Sorosis" was started something more than one year ago and, according to the annual report recently published, numbers now eighty-three members. Among these are six artists or workers in art, twenty-two authors, six editors, one historian, eleven poets, nine teachers and lecturers, eight well-known philanthropists, two physicians, four writers on science, besides others who are contributors to periodicals. Applications for the establishment of branches in other cities have been received, and permission has been granted the women of Chicago to organize under the name of "Sorosis;" and, although the movement there has not been prosecuted in the same spirit of harmony which characterizes the parent association, it is no doubt accomplishing good results.

The New England Woman's Club, though organized on a somewhat different principle, and admitting men to its councils, has met with success, and is doing great good in its own way.

I am not prepared to say, but that in the abstract, the united men and women's club is the true idea, but women generally are not prepared for that yet, nor are men. When they come together in clubs, they must come together on an equality—at present men would naturally assume the office of teacher, director, and lawgiver, which they have so long held. "Sorosis" has not accomplished any great public work, but it has not been idle. It has

listened to admirable essays upon literary and scientific subjects prepared by its own members, which I hope will sometime be given to the world. It has discussed the subject of dress for women, and adopted the principle of freedom, which neither ignores nor blindly follows fashion, but uses it when its suggestions are sanctioned by judgment and taste. It has now before it the important subjects of founding hospitals and lying-in asylums for helpless women and children, and plans for the improvement of household service, which has become an evil of such magnitude, that no single scheme, excepting that of turning every home into a training-school, can meet it. But, setting aside these, and other questions which are of public interest, a greater good has been accomplished by the lessons we have individually received, the nearer and truer acquaintance we have formed with each other, and the ground-plan which this knowledge furnishes for future achievements. Moreover, a great stimulus has been given to the thought of women all over the country. From Maine to California, and even Oregon, letters come to "Sorosis," bidding it God-speed, as a work which, whatever its specific object, must accomplish something for women.

And here, at the close, let me say that while there is no necessity for being bound down to one idea—in fact, that would necessarily be detrimental, and reduce it at once to a mere hobby—there is a great use in having definite aims. A club formed anywhere, simply for the purposes of recreation and pleasure, excites no interest, beyond its novelty, and commands no respect—it must appeal to some motive stronger than that of mere passing enjoyment, to win a permanent place even in the minds and hearts of those connected with it.

The largest and most successful clubs among men have been political, or reformatory, and clubs for women must also have an object, or they will soon die of inanition. The forming a constituency for the coming Woman's Parliament is one object, and there are many others, local and benevolent, which might be associated with it. In the meantime the work of organization, of systematization, of acquiring freedom of expression, will occupy all the mental energy that most women can bring to bear upon them, and teach by their results the first good that is to be obtained by the formation of Women's Clubs. JEANNIE JUNE.

DRIFT - WOOD.

PUBLIC PRAYERS.

THOSE must have been palmy days of clerical privilege, when, as a black-letter law records, "the kyng grantyd to all bysshoppys that twyse in a yere they may curse all men doying against these artycles." Twice in a year was scarce a mouthful for this luxury—doubtless well improved, however, when the appointed times came around. The clergy, as a class, have always enjoyed delivering *ex parte* diatribes on secular legislation from the sacred desk; and that Church and State are not more closely knit together is rarely their fault.

But, look you, what envious times we are fallen upon! The journalists, your chronic grumblers and shameless iconoclasts, with whom the sacredest customs are not safe, now find fault with political prayers! The same pestilent fellows who abused Chaplain Boynton whenever he petitioned Heaven for a two-thirds majority on impeachment, now, forsooth, must snarl at Chaplain Newman because he takes ground for Cuban recognition in prayers before the Senate. Verily, these are evil days, when every scurvy Thersites of the press may accuse the priesthood of indecency and ill-manners. Not long ago, the monopoly hitherto enjoyed by chaplains, of publicly thanking God for party triumphs, was well nigh grossly infringed by the Louisiana Constitutional Convention, where "a resolution of thanks to God for the success of the . . . ticket in that State" was offered, and "laid over under the rules." But now a total overthrow of a time-honored privilege of clergy is menaced, and a cherished prerogative and perquisite is to be wrested away. Next, these audacious reformers will demand even that the privileged communications of the Congressional chaplain with the court of Heaven, shall be non-partisan, and that the blessings of Providence shall be invoked for *whatever* legislation may be accomplished, in place of pointing out, as now, to the Omniscient, the special projects it is deemed desirable to push through.

Seriously, if our chaplains continue to wrestle with Heaven, now for or against the impeachment of Johnson, and anon for or against the downfall of Dulce, or Banks's

West India jobs, we shall suspect them of being in the private pay of speculators, or, at best, of praying to Congress instead of to God. It is curious, that, though a chaplain's prayer often swings around the political circle, it always strikes the largest numerical sentiment, on any disputed party point, and follows Mr. Pickwick's rule to "shout with the majority." This is what we call, in secular matters, the "bread-and-butter" policy; and a great satirist has embalmed it in this *credo*:

I du believe that I should give
Wut's his'n unto Cæsar.
For it's by him I move and live,
From him my bread an' cheese air;
I du believe in prayer and praise
To him that hez the grantin'
O' jobs—in everything that pays,
But most of all in cantin'.

Bourdaloue, who finding trouble in memorizing his new sermons was sometimes tempted to repeat an old one, always took precaution, in such cases, to choose one of the most deliciously and unctuously flattering of his repertoire—rightly counting that his royal hearer, *Le Grand Monarque*, would be too well pleased with his magnificent compliments to complain of the repetition. And, whenever in Congress so-called "supplications to the throne of grace" are turned to political harangues, they usually lean to the more popular side of the disputed question. No more dexterous review of American political issues was easily possible than was achieved in one of Chaplain Boynton's inaugural prayers, wherein "he blessed God," as the report said, "that when any sudden danger threatens the land, just as suddenly *the great constitutional shield* could be interposed." This was in reconstruction days; the "sudden danger" meant sundry directions just sent by Mr. Johnson to his tools in the South, while "the great constitutional shield," was, of course, Congress—"from whom my bread and cheese air." The "prayer" continued thus: "he prayed God to *induce the President* so to use his great power that the peace of the country might be promoted thereby;" but, O fortunate country, Congress, it seems, needed no such Divine help, no "inducement" for it being implored. In fine, as Mr. Stanbery was

at that time giving legal opinions to Mr. Johnson, the worthy chaplain besought that "all who advise the President may help to influence him to co-operate with the Legislative branch of the Government" which prayer, apparently, was never answered. A stronger odor of bread and cheese hangs around the chaplain in a Southern convention who, foreseeing the near end of the assembly, secured and drew his warrant for his full wages, \$200, and departed, leaving the body, in its last days, prayerless.

Were the antique idea that the Supreme Being has a keen sense of the satirical, correct, how must the spectacle seem of a convention of mortals nominally "led in prayer" by a spokesman, all joining in thanks for the weather, the crops, and so on, and then a part stopping on Cuba, another on finance, a third on free trade, while haply the first returns on the Mexican question, the second on the Indian ring, and the third joins heartily in on Fisk, Jr. It is hardly exaggeration to say that some public prayers contain, by well-understood suggestions, partisan references to these or similar topics. What an indecency to religion and an insult to Heaven, as well as an affront to good manners, to conduct public worship in this fashion!

Political praying is unfair, because it gives no chance to cross-question, or to offer a prayer or sermon in reply; and custom or a sense of decorum may compel persons to hear, without dissent, distasteful political opinions presented under the mask of prayer. For the question is not, as is often put, one of extempore *vs.* written prayers, but one of individual against what is sometimes expressively called "common prayer;" and "public prayer" should exclude whatever the whole public cannot pray for.

To relieve staleness and insipidity with something spicy and sensational, is probably a stronger incentive than "bread-and-butter," for discussing legislative measures in Congressional prayers. Such ceremonies are often dull and dreary to the last degree—indeed, daily public prayers in *all* institutions, religious, educational and social, are apt to be vapid and demoralizing stuff; and it is not trivial or irreverent to say so. A chaplain has moods, and when his prayer depends on his own freshness, even an ache or languor may affect its quality. In the "Life of Amos Lawrence," there is a letter of Mr. Lawrence's, showing some ignorance of the character of institu-

tional prayers: "R. had passed the dangerous period of his college life without blemish, and was only absent from prayers *three times* (which were for good cause)," etc. Whereas, at this epoch, the morning prayers were executed before half-dressed, half-wakened students, by candlelight, so that one might conceive of a sleepy lad in the fourth story of Allworthy Hall, muttering without moral turpitude, "*non est mihi decurrere ad miseram preces,*" as he turns in his bed, and leaves the bell to run down, and Nisus to shut to the chapel door.

But, though a passing reference to timely topics, exciting events, or the business on the Speaker's table does relieve a chaplain's prayer from flatness, the remedy is worse than the complaint. There is no shocking indecency in dull commonplace, while there certainly *is* in the Washington story that on the morning of Mr. Chandler's philippic on the Alabama claims, the "chaplain of the Senate, as if with knowledge of what was coming, prayed once more on our foreign relations, this time aiming his words at England." One correspondent declared that, the same morning, "Mr. Pile had requested the chaplain to pray for his confirmation to the office to which he is nominated, but as Mr. Chandler had engaged his services for that day he was obliged to decline. Every day an accurate estimate of coming events can be drawn from these prayers of the chaplain." Of course this is joking or satire; but it is shameful to give such cause for scandal.

But so it is, the desire to make pat and telling allusions to passing events, fresh in the minds of auditors, is the curse of public prayers the world over. A sensational hit of this sort *may* be followed by good results, but it is *sure* that even a slip of the tongue will be disastrous. An English Suffolk County paper maintains that, during the late elections when party spirit ran high, at one rural prayer-meeting the following petition to Heaven was actually offered:

"We thank Thee, O Lord, for the excellent harvest this year! We thank Thee for the seasonable weather by which our cattle have had food this autumn! We thank Thee for all Thy mercies both temporal and spiritual; but, above all, we thank Thee, O Lord; for having sent unto us a stranger to defend our rights, and to relieve us from the unjust tyranny under which we suffer! Bless him, O Lord! Bless Mr. —, Mr. Sur—" (Aside to a neighbor—"Davy, do you (remember his name?)" "Mr. Sur—" but failing to recollect, or obtain the name of Sartoris, he proceeds). "O Lord, Thou knowest His name better than I do, therefore do Thou give him success-at

the election, that we may trample upon the enemies of liberty, both civil and religious."

I remember hearing a chaplain, in a not very successful effort at specific appropriateness, opening a University Exhibition with the prayer that "everything might be done decently and in order." The "parts" *were* done pretty decently; but an unavoidable derangement in the printed programme prevented their being delivered "in order." Once, at an ordination, or some other religious gathering, I heard a prayer offered by a very respectable person that "the man of God might come before this people clothed and in his right mind," whereas the bare suggestion of a contrary possibility is appalling. I knew of another very good man, who once dropped on his knees in public, and, with much anguish, ejaculated, "O, Lord, you don't know how these Unitarians are troubling us!"

These, however, are only harmlessly amusing incidents, common enough in daily experience, and never causing scandal. It is a graver matter for public men to profanely represent the Almighty as the ally of one or other of political parties. While one Congressman announces that "God cannot afford" to let certain measures prove unsuccessful, another, of the *opposite* party, declares the latter to be "the only one which has in it the principle of Jesus Christ. There is but one Christian sentiment in the country to-day, and that is to be found incarnate in the Democratic Party." We find a Louisiana Legislative resolution thanking God for party triumphs, and a Pennsylvania politician writing to a New Jersey politician that he has "great fears for the future, because his party will not take a position which *God clearly intends* they shall occupy." The preachers set a bad example, and the politicians follow it. I do not decry, of course, public prayers for a great and common national cause. No spectacle is more sublime than that of Joan of Arc leading the Dauphin's soldiers; of Roundhead, Huguenot, or Covenanter praying for the cause they fight for. There is something impressive in the thought of Northern and Southern chaplains offering simultaneously sincere prayers—these for the South against the Union, those for the Union against the South—even though it be clear that Heaven could range itself on but one side, which proved to be that of the Union battalions. But this is quite different from claiming that Heaven supports certain *specific* partisan

projects because *we* support them; that it demands a military advance to Bull Run because *we* demand it; that it decrees the immediate exchange of a republic for a monarchy, or of a monarchy for a republic, of war for peace or peace for war, because *we* decree it. It is bold business for a politician to announce that "God intends" any proposed measure to be adopted, or any job to be lobbied to success.

Such presumption public chaplains may fall into, from a human weakness for attracting to themselves a share of the importance and attention which those around them have in legislative councils; but we find it, also, in learned, able, and pious men, who have no such influence to mislead them, and even in great assemblies of such men. Thus, that estimable body, the Conference of the New England Methodist Episcopal Church, by an "unanimous rising vote" once adopted resolutions "approving the impeachment of the President, commending the course of Secretary Stanton, and hoping all Christians would continue to pray for the success of the right." Congressional chaplains continue to make political prayers, because such Conferences, grave and respected, support them in doing so. Upon the whole, was it the "intention of Heaven" to convict Andrew Johnson? Are we so sure that all has gone worse for the country since his acquittal, that we may admit only those people who prayed for conviction to be Christians? After repeated defeats of this sort—with "the right" triumphing after all—does not some suspicion creep over political prayer-makers that *their* special methods are not necessarily "God's methods," and that it is impiety as well as ill-manners, in a political assemblage, where there are two or more parties and two or more opinions, to address Heaven in behalf of one, and against the others? It shows to what we have come when, of Newman Hall's prayer in the Senate Chamber, it was noted by the press reporter that "it avoided all mention of American politics."

Such partisanship degrades the whole office of public prayer. Congress is probably the real object of its chaplain's adoration; but, for all that, the latter should not speak to the question of the day until the presiding officer has announced it. This irregular and partisan warfare is no better than an attempt to log-roll and lobby in the corridors of Heaven. If a "sensational" im-

precation be needed, let chaplains cease to inveigh against the sins of other nations and consider those of our own; let them invoke divine vengeance against all legislative corruption, nor longer harangue high Heaven on partisan politics, under what should be the awful solemnities of prayer.

TRADE.

THE renting season has gone, leaving unoccupied, in city and suburb, dwellings and stores enough to make comfortable the people now packed like herrings. Landlords in general covet, not a fair rent and constant letting, but high rents, even with some of their dwellings vacant. In trade, few men are content to grow rich steadily and slowly, making many sales, with smaller profits, but aim at fewer sales and larger individual profits. Hence only a small part of the good business is done that might be done, few of the good bargains are made that might be made, and a small part of the capital, the time, and the labor-power of any American community is constantly put to use.

The great fear of laborers and mechanics is that they may "work too cheap," and that of traders that they may "sell too cheap;" to avoid that horrible result, the former would rather "strike" through two-thirds of the year, working the other third, and the latter trust to bleeding a few rich, careless, or ignorant customers, rather than to supplying the whole community, including the thrifty and economical, with their wares. If the reader happens to know of Popp and Plaisted, he knows them to be very skillful, energetic, industrious, promising young men of the plumbing persuasion—rather, *to have been* such, since *now*, success has turned them to idle ornaments of office-stools. Instead of their former cheap and sufficient cellar, they hire a large and expensive first floor, with nothing to drape its vacuity but a few basins and rolls of lead pipe leaning against the walls, while their windows are placarded with dreary bills of "houses for sale"—every bred plumber dreaming of working one day into the "real estate business." In place of a modest account for any little job done by Popp's own hand, I now get a monstrous charge under the gorgeous bill-head of "Popp and Plaisted, Practical Plumbers—Polydorus Popp, manager." The "managing" consists in setting three good-for-nothing apprentices to botch the jobs the partners used to do so swiftly and merrily, while they

pick their teeth in the great "office," and charge you and me for the new rent and the responsibilities of management.

Half the world rides through life on the shoulders of the other half—a commercial as well as political truism. Probable losses in business from "bad debts," are, as we all know, averaged, and put upon the prices; that is to say, the responsible and honest part of the community not only pay their own expenses, but those of the irresponsible and dishonest. Of course, credit is necessary to commerce; and the resulting evil of high prices cannot be laid to the charge of the credit system *per se*, but to the reckless abuse of it. Most petty tradesmen would rather risk a running account with some bullying, pretentious fellow, of whose responsibility they know nothing, but who never questions their exorbitant prices, than have the steady patronage of a "closer" man. There is nothing your tradesman despises like "niggardliness" in his customers; and, so long as he can charge them all a double profit, he can afford to lose by the lordly few who are not "mean," but don't pay. Or, take this current topic of rents: to judge from appearances, most landlords would rather squeeze out \$2,000 a year for a house which would pay well at \$1,500, and never collect the fourth quarter's rent, than to let it for \$1,500 to a trustworthy tenant. A large proportion of the dwellings leased in and around New York last year, were not paid for according to the written agreement—a quarter's rent was lost, or there was much cost of time, trouble, and legal or agents' expenses in running for the due. But what remedy suggests itself to most landlords? To gather a good and permanent tenantry at fair return for capital? No, but to take the men who offer most, if that "most" be enough to cover a possible loss of a month or a quarter's rent. In this way, prices range high, the good tenants have no advantage over the irresponsible, and the latter ride on the former's shoulders. A man who does not intend to pay any more of his rent than he can help, cares little how high this rent is—he will delight the landlord's heart by the profuse liberality of his proposals; but some tenant who *pays* can thereafter get a similar house only at a similar rate. Oh, wise American landlord-and-tenant system, wise customs of trade, never looking to the past and the future, but only to to-day!

PHILIP QUILLIET.

LITERATURE AND ART.

SOME NEW BOOKS.

THE students of science and philosophy will be glad to learn that Mr. Herbert Spencer has reached the third fundamental division of his new philosophical system. This great work is now so far advanced that there is strong probability of its final completion. It was a bold undertaking for any single mind to work out the highest elucidations of science in their systematic bearing upon the subjects of Life, Mind, Society, and Morality; and that the proposal to achieve it looked like arrant presumption is sufficiently shown in the scanty encouragement which the project at first received. Even from Mr. Spencer's point of view the venture seemed little short of madness. With feeble health and a nervous system so deeply disturbed as to give rise to a morbid and dangerous sleeplessness; with slender pecuniary resources; without a publisher to relieve him of business responsibility; with but little public sympathy in his noble aim, and annoyed at first by a flippant scepticism which soon developed into inveterate hostility and unscrupulous misrepresentation, the outlook was anything but encouraging. These considerations, however, weighed little against the conviction that the time had come to perform this great work, and the steadfast faith in his own power of accomplishing it.

Although possessing a more vivid perception of their magnitude than others could have done, Mr. Spencer deliberately took issue with the difficulties of the case, and his success thus far has extorted the concession from the foremost minds of the age that he did not miscalculate his own powers in entering upon the work. Mr. John Stuart Mill pronounces Mr. Spencer to be "one of the most vigorous as well as boldest thinkers that English speculation has yet produced," and "one of the acutest metaphysicians of modern times." Professor Masson, of the University of Edinburgh, says: "Already, in consequence both of the decisiveness of his views and the variety of interesting subjects over which they extend, Mr. Spencer, more than any other systematic thinker save Mill, has an avowed following, both here and in America; and if any individual influence is visibly encroaching on Mill's in this coun-

try, it is his." The "Saturday Review," which is cautious enough in its commendation, has lately said: "If we were to give our judgment, we should say that, since Newton, there has not in England been a philosopher of more remarkable speculation and systematizing talent than (in spite of some errors and some narrowness) Mr. Herbert Spencer."

Mr. Spencer's system, as thus far developed, consists of a foundation volume devoted to the consideration of "First Principles," in which his view of philosophy is unfolded. He holds it to be a system of truths, the outcome of modern science, and therefore possessing the full validity of science. The great principle which binds all the sciences together he assumes to be the *Law of Evolution*. Astronomy affirms it; it is disclosed in the geological history of the earth, and in vegetable and animal growth; and it is equally seen in the sphere of unfolding mind, in the development of society, and in the progress of the arts of civilization. In short, it seems to be coextensive with nature, and is, therefore, a fit objective basis of a philosophy of the truths of nature.

The second part of the system is the "Principles of Biology," in two volumes, which is devoted to the science of the Laws of Life. The third part is the "Principles of Psychology," which is based upon the "Biology," and grows out of it. Of this work, the first portion, on the "Data of Psychology," is just published (by D. Appleton & Co.), and consists of a succinct and admirable statement of so much of nervous physiology as is indispensable to the intelligent scientific study of mind. The last two chapters of this work have especial interest, as sharply defining the fundamental difference between the author and Comte. Spencer has been charged with being a "Positivist" and a follower of Comte. From his "Hierarchy of the Sciences," the latter banishes psychology, denying that it is a science at all. He sinks mind in mere brain physiology, and has thus incurred the charge of materialism. Mr. Spencer, on the contrary, holds not only that psychology is a true science, but that it is the most independent and fundamental of all the sciences. He has explicitly and re-

peatedly repudiated the distinctive doctrines of Comte, and the reader will find here a masterly and conclusive refutation of that portion of his system which has done more, perhaps, than any other influence, to spread the notion that modern science merges mind in physics, and is, therefore, materialistic in its tendencies.

THE "Evening by Evening" of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon (Sheldon & Co.), is a companion volume to the "Morning by Morning"—a series of brief religious readings or meditations, received with great favor by the English and American religious world. Each reading consists of a brief comment or homily, one page long, upon some Scriptural text. For each day in the year one of these condensed, meditative sermons is provided—365 in all; and the author claims, "We have striven to keep out of the common track, and hence we have used unusual texts, and have brought forward neglected subjects. The vice of many religious works is their dullness—from this we have striven to be free: our friends must judge how far successfully." For the rest, the admirers of Spurgeon will find this volume to be in his familiar and characteristic vein, a style eloquent, ejaculatory, and fervent, rather than argumentative or profound, and founded upon enthusiastic study of the English divines of an elder day, upon whose now quaint, but sound, expressive and picturesque phraseology, Spurgeon has modelled his method of sermonizing and exhortation.

THE "Tribune Essays," by Charles T. Congdon (J. S. Redfield) consist of selections from Mr. Congdon's leading articles in the "New York Tribune," from 1857 to 1863. While, however, they present afresh the vivid wit and keen satire which made the "Tribune" so effective a combatant in the anti-slavery cause, they lose by being collected into a volume. It was partly because so much vigor and sarcasm were freely poured out, unsigned and anonymous, in the ephemeral columns of a newspaper, instead of being hoarded up for literary fame in book form, that they attracted so much attention and praise. Conscious that they now lose something by being put in a more pretentious shape, while almost precisely the same in substance, the author asks "a lenient and charitable judgment" on the ground that they were, "from day to day, hastily written to

serve an immediate purpose." To such a judgment he is entitled, and on just such ground. And, though probably few of us will assent to the opinion in Mr. Greeley's introduction that Mr. Congdon was the *most* skilful "wielder of the trenchant blade of satire" in the anti-slavery cause, yet his stinging power is exceedingly manifest. The best evidence of the ability of these editorial articles is that they have an intrinsic interest to the reader even now, though the scenes they discuss seem already to be ages distant.

THE "American Newspaper Directory" (New York, Geo. P. Rowell & Co.) is a collection of tolerably complete and useful classified lists of the newspapers published in the United States and in Canada. To advertisers it will be a serviceable manual, particularly as it saves time and labor by repeated classifications according to different methods—first, according to locality, the names of towns being arranged alphabetically; next according to the circulation claimed; next according to subject matter—religion, agriculture, medicine, education, amusement, free-masonry, commerce, law, music, or woman's rights; next, according to the language in which the papers are printed, and so on. The publishers would hardly be expert advertising agents if they had under-estimated this publication in their preface, and they are obnoxious to no such charge. However, it seems to be really a useful business book, and the prefatory acknowledgment that "we are free to admit we consider the commission usually allowed to agents too great, and recommend its reduction" certainly has the merit of frankness.

THE "Adventures in the Wilderness," by W. H. H. Murray (Fields, Osgood & Co.), is a hearty, healthful, inspiring, and fascinating description, by a "muscular Christian" (in fact, a Boston clergyman of the Congregational persuasion) of camp-life in the Adirondacks. It is a good mixture of the tourist's book and the sportsman's, with hardly a flavor—just a flavor—of the clergyman's, thrown in. It is bright, cheery, confident, instructive, amusing all the way through, and such chapters on trout-fishing as "The Nameless Creek," and of adventure as "Running the Rapids," make the blood of the lover of open-air sports tingle with delight and envy. The Adirondacks

guides and hotel-keepers ought to feel such gratitude to Mr. Murray as some of the "White Hills" people did to his brother Boston clergyman, Rev. J. Starr King.

A MORE elaborate and valuable book of angler's recreations is the "Fishing in American Waters," of Genio C. Scott, (Harper & Brothers). This handsome and entertaining book of one of the most accomplished and enthusiastic of American anglers will, unquestionably, be one of the few standard authorities in the art piscatorial, particularly as practised on our American coast and in its estuaries. It is constructed in the good old rambling, easy style of sporting books, with free and abundant intermixture of information and comment, fun and philology, dialogue, discussion and description. Now, we have *doctor* and *student* talking as of yore, now some condensed instruction or speculation regarding the natural history of fishes, now a story, now a bit of poetry, with stories, statistics, recipes for chowder and rules regarding tackle, all mixed up in agreeable proportions. One hundred and seventy good illustrations add value to a book which will be prized by all anglers.

THE "Notes, Critical, Explanatory, and Practical, on the Book of Psalms," of Professor Albert Barnes (Harper & Brothers), is in substantially the style of the well-known author's previous biblical commentaries, and like them it happily suits the popular taste, striking the golden mean between critical exegesis and running moralizing. While not claiming great distinction on the ground of original investigation or profound scholarship, these three volumes are, so far as we know, for popular instruction and suggestiveness, superior to anything else on the subject yet published. Illustrations and careful mechanical attention to the proper length and variety of notes, and so forth, increase their general attractiveness and usefulness.

FINE ARTS.

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

Is mediocrity to be forever the rule in every department of American art? No one can help asking himself this question, as he walks through the galleries of the National Academy this year, and finds, among the four hundred pictures on the walls, not more than a dozen that claim the compli-

ment of a second glance. The prospect is certainly the reverse of encouraging, and leads one almost to despair of the future. There is no disguising the unpleasant fact that for the last ten years art in America has been nearly at a stand-still; almost the only exception being the water-color episode, that really seemed to give some of our artists a new start, and afforded hopeful promise of better things.

But take any of the departments in the present exhibition, and compare the work in it with that of a European exhibition, and how do we come off in the comparison? Rather poorly, it must be confessed. With the exception of one or two portraits by Oliver Stone, Page, Fagnani, and Eastman Johnson (who certainly has not done his best in that family group in the East Room), what have our artists done in portraiture to compare with average European work in this department of art? With the exception of half a dozen landscapes by Colman, William Hart, William T. Richards, Homer Martin, and one or two others, the department of landscape art, in which our artists have achieved their highest reputation, is singularly barren in the present exhibition. Colman's picture of "Fort Lafayette," it is true, makes up for the general deficiency. It is a very strong, picturesque work, and the asmospheric effect of a hazy afternoon is rendered with great skill, as is also the sparkling effect of the sunlight on rippled water, mingled with the reflections of clouds and sails. Boats and shipping give life and action to the scene, contrasting finely with the repose of the old fort and the distant hills. There is also a very pleasant feeling in H. D. Martin's "Morning on the Lake"—a lonely forest scene, with lake and mountains, on which the morning light is just breaking; nor can we fail to admire the wonderful skill of handling, the exquisite minuteness of detail combined with force and breadth of effect and beauty of color, displayed in the landscapes of William T. Richards; nor the power of Brown's stormy "Coast of Maine," in which a splendid sea is dashing against a bulwark of rock; nor the fine atmospheric perspective of Brevoort's "November Comes with Wind and Rain;" nor the delightful calm of Hennessey's "Summer Sea." But what a disagreeable start it gives one to come upon a boarding-school composition like "Beulah;" such a dreadful thing as the "Death of Lincoln," painted without a particle of feeling;

such an absurdity as "Raining Cats and Dogs"—too bad that an artist of Beard's great talents and culture should waste them on such trivial subjects as this and the "Old Woman who Lived in a Shoe;" and such a lamentable failure as "Virgil and Dante Crossing the Styx."

There are two pictures by Huntington in the South Room, very pretentious in character; but very great failures in everything except mere manipulation and color. The first, "Science and Christian Art," conveys no meaning whatever. It represents an elderly gentleman, with a benevolent cast of countenance, standing beside a handsome young woman, who holds a tablet on which is painted a "Holy Family." She points to the tablet, and is apparently seeking to divert his attention from a book on which his hand rests, containing geometrical figures. The second is entitled "Sowing the Word," and represents an elderly gentleman reading the Bible to two young ladies, one of whom is evidently annoyed and listless, while the other listens with fixed attention. A deal of very good work is thrown away in these two pictures.

Of Lambdin's contributions we have already spoken with commendation. He has improved very rapidly within the past two years, and need only to strike out into fresher paths to win a high position among American artists.

C. C. Griswold is represented by one picture only; but this a very agreeable one in color and composition.

There are two works in the exhibition by an artist who, of late years, has fallen out of sight, but whose works used to be considered the main-stay of all exhibitions—A. B. Durand. There is a sense of repose, an academic correctness, in all that he does that please many people even now, though the new schools of landscape art have nearly superseded the old in public favor.

It is hardly worth while to go through the catalogue, name by name, so little variety is found in the pictures, so little that calls for special comment of any kind. As before remarked, the exhibition is chiefly noticeable for the mediocre character of the pictures; and the attempt to say *anything* about them very discouraging. There is no pleasure in continual fault-finding. It would be a great deal more satisfactory to the critic were he able to praise every work, or a large proportion of the works exhibited. But, after a diligent study of the Academy, prolonged

through many days, the conclusion of one critic is, that the less said about it the better.

LITERARY AND ART NOTES.

AMONG the new American works expected during the coming year none will be looked for with more interest by the better class of readers than Mr. Parke Godwin's "History of France," the second and third volumes of which are almost ready for the press. Mr. Godwin has been engaged assiduously on this work for the past year, in Paris, and it has employed his time, more or less, for several years. It will be the first history of France written from a philosophically democratic stand-point. We are also informed by a correspondent that Mr. Godwin intends to put into systematic shape his views on "Political Science," and intends that this shall be the crowning work of his life. His idea is to put the principles of democracy on a thoroughly scientific basis. It is a work much needed in these days when the fundamental principles of our government seem to be so slightly understood, even by those who assume to be leaders of public opinion. "The Mirabeau of our journalists," Mr. Godwin possesses some qualities which the great and rugged Frenchman did not have, among which we may name precision, accuracy in detail, a strength always under control, and hospitality toward opposing views. But the common trait of both is, and was, that rarest quality—"the courage of his opinions."

Now and then pictures by the great masters come to light in unexpected ways and places. An English gentleman recently purchased, for a small sum, an old painting from a furniture dealer. Upon cleaning the work it was discovered to be a genuine Ruysdael, and is valued at several hundred guineas. The subject is a woodland scene, with a cottage, brook, and several figures. It is said to be a gem of art, and its genuineness seems to be unquestioned.

It is mentioned in the Paris journals, as a curious coincidence, that Dénèche's portrait of André Chénier, the young poet guillotined during the Reign of Terror, was upset on its way to the exhibition on the very spot where he was beheaded.

AN exquisite statue of Venus, in almost perfect preservation, has been discovered in the excavations at Ostia. It is of bronze, is about two and a half feet high, and represents the goddess entirely undraped, standing principally on the right leg, with the left crossed in front and resting on the elevated foot. The right arm crosses the body, holding what appears to have been the handle of a mirror, while the left arm and hand are extended, as if in admiration.

MR. RICHARD GRANT WHITE's articles on "Words and their Uses," the readers of THE GALAXY will be glad to learn, are now undergoing revision by their author preparatory to their publication in a volume, by the Messrs. Sheldon & Co. The wide interest and various discussion these articles excited during their serial publication in THE GALAXY are very sure to be renewed when the book makes its appearance.

THE accounts of Miss Braddon's insanity, circulated by the English papers, had no other foundation than a severe nervous shock, occasioned by the death of her mother.

ONE of the most singular literary blunders that has ever occurred, appears in William Howitt's "Northern Heights of London." In speaking of Mrs. Bar-

bauld's poetical works, he says: "Lord Byron manages to borrow an idea from her, namely—

"The earth hath bubbles, as the water hath;
And this is of them."

THE first performance of Wagner's "Rheingold" is to take place in Munich on the 20th of August, the birthday of the King of Bavaria.

PRINCE NAPOLEON has recently finished a work upon the part filled by the Bonaparte family in contemporary history. It is entitled "Monarchical Democracy."

THE Emperor Napoleon is said to be engaged upon a small volume, entitled "Etude sur la Situation Politique et Sociale de la France."

BERRYER's very valuable library, sold recently in Paris, brought only 30,000 francs. The book which produced the greatest competition—a famous copy of Bossuet's funeral oration—was knocked down at 5,195 francs.

NEITHER Napoleon III. nor the grim Marshal Pélissier was ever suspected of having much poetry in his composition; yet both, according to an English paper, were once guilty of making verse. The Marshal, while ambassador at London, had an immense Cheshire cheese given him, which he forwarded to Napoleon, accompanied by the following distich:

"On m'offre ce Chester pour vous être rendu;
J'expédie à Saint-Cloud le fromage attendu."

To which his august master replied by telegraph:

"Vous êtes maréchal, mon très cher Pélissier;
Pourquoi vous illustrer par des vers d'épicer?"

MR. FRITH, R. A., has been elected an honorary member of the Royal Academy of Vienna.

A MANUSCRIPT of Tyndale's translation of the "Euchiridion Militis Christiani" of Erasmus has lately been discovered in England.

THE key to the mysterious Sinai Rock inscriptions is thought to have been discovered by Mr. E. H. Palmer. His first discovery was that many of them are written in Greek, as well as in the Semitic alphabet, and this enabled him to decipher the unknown by the known. His conclusion is that the inscriptions are the work of an Aramaic commercial community, partly pagan and partly Christian, who inhabited the peninsula during the first centuries of the Christian era.

MRS. JANE G. AUSTIN's novel, "Cipher," will soon be published by the Messrs. Sheldon & Co. In spite of some faults of construction, "Cipher" is much superior to most American novels, and gives Mrs. Austin a good place as story-writer.

M. LAFON, a French historical painter of some distinction, and the author of several remarkable works exhibited at the Luxembourg, has painted a representation of the battle of Magenta, to be offered to the Pope by the Ultramontanes of Paris.

AN excellent plan has been adopted this year at the French Academy—each exhibitor affixing the price of his picture to the frame, on a bit of card. Our Academy ought to do this. It might be well to put the price in the catalogue.

MANY of the ancient monuments in England are disappearing before the mis-called "march of improvement," and a motion has been made in Parliament to place them under the protection of some authority which may prevent their destruction.

AN English Astronomer, Mr. Huggins, has invented an apparatus, with the aid of which he can detect the amount of heat derived from the stars. Heat acts

upon it through the agency of the electric pile, so that when the rays of a star are thrown upon it, by means of a telescope, a needle is made to move. Many of the stars showed perceptible traces of heat, while the moon gave scarcely any.

A CURIOUS fact has recently transpired in London in regard to book reviewing for the newspapers. Complaint having been made of new books being exposed for sale, *uncut*, at about half price, it was discovered, on inquiry, that these had been in most cases sent to the newspapers for review; and that the trade in such books was very large. Books sent to the London "Times" are sold every year for six or seven thousand dollars, scarcely one in a thousand being honored with a notice in that journal. But as a notice in the "Times" is sure to sell a book, publishers are willing to take their chances. As an instance of the value of a review in the "Times," an English paper says that an authoress lately agreed to receive so much for the copyright of her last novel, and £100 more if it was reviewed in the "Times." It was reviewed in that journal, and the extra £100 was cheerfully paid.

THE number of pictures sent in this year for the French annual exhibition of living painters was over 5,500—an increase of 500 over last year. The number of pictures sent to our "National Academy of Design" this year is 415.

AN English publishing firm announces a series of photographs, colored from life, illustrating the various diseases of the human hair. The work will be edited by an eminent surgeon, Mr. Balmanno Squire.

OWING to the recent severe illness of Mr. Millais, from which he has fully recovered, that gentleman is unrepresented in the present exhibition of the Royal Academy.

GUSTAVE DORE has painted a picture of Titania, over which the French and English critics are in ecstasies. The whole picture is said to be moving with fairies and fairy-like life. The very leaves of the trees are peopled with imps and goblins.

A MASS of interesting Greek and Latin documents has been discovered in the library of St. Mark at Venice. Among them, it is said, are "many new works by Archimedes," a poem by Hesiod, an epic by Josephus on Jesus Christ, a Hebrew translation of Hesiod by Moses (!) and a complete collection of the laws of Solon. We are not surprised to learn that the discovery has created a sensation among Continental *savants*.

MR. RUSKIN will pass the summer at Verona, for the purpose of copying some important frescoes for the Arundel Society.

THE "largest Bible in the world" was made by the late Mr. John Gray Bell, of Manchester, England, who devoted many years and a large amount of money to the illustration of the sacred Book, by inserting in a folio edition above a thousand original drawings and photographs, and nearly ten thousand engravings from designs by the great masters, with nearly four hundred specimen leaves of old and rare editions of the Bible. The result was sixty-three handsomely bound folio volumes—a work no less valuable than curious.

THE "London Athenæum" says that Mr. Hazlitt has in press a volume of curious tracts on the "Stage and Players of the Elizabethan and Jacobite times."

AN interesting correspondence recently appeared in

the London "Times," on the origin of the word "rodomontade." It is commonly derived from "Rodomonte," but this was objected to on the ground that the knight in question, though brave is no braggart. The Marquis of Lothian, however, points out that in Boiardo's poem, the "Orlando Innamorato," of which the "Orlando Furioso" is a continuation, Rodomonte is both a braggart and a brave man.

A POLITICAL pamphlet was recently published in Paris, entitled "Influence of the Velocipede on the elections of 1869."

VICTOR HUGO receives 200,000 francs for his novel "L'Homme qui Rit."

SEVERAL English gentlemen have fitted out a steamer of two hundred and fifty tons for a new Polar expedition. They mean to reach the North Pole or never return.

BISHOP COLENSO has concluded a new volume in continuation of his previous work on the Pentateuch.

M. SARDOU, author of the successful play of "Patrie," has been elevated to the rank of Officer of the Legion of Honor.

MR. JOHN STUART MILL has written a treatise on "The Subjection of Woman."

A TRANSLATION of the "Odes and Epodes" of Horace, by Lord Lytton, is about to be published.

DR. TISCHITZ, a German author of some distinction, has published a work entitled "Shakespeare Investigations," of which the second part is devoted to proving the inspiration of Shakespeare to have been German!

DR. FAIRCHILD, the President of Oberlin College, has in the press of the Messrs. Sheldon & Co., a work on "Moral Philosophy." It is the result of years of labor, and long practical experience in one of our most important colleges.

A LITERAL rendering of the German legend of Dr. Faust has been published at Zerbst (Saxony) under the title of "The Eldest Book of Faust. The original, which alone gives the old and genuine text of the 'Faust' legend, is that now in the Imperial library at Vienna.

ONE of the scenes in Wagner's new opera, "Rheingold," to be performed at Munich, represents the Rhine (real water) flowing through a luxurious country; and the peculiar sensation is to be the appearance of a water nymph who will plunge into the river and swim to a rock on the opposite side. The lady who is to perform this feat is taking lessons in swimming, as Wagner stipulates for a real river on the stage.

As the 27th of August, 1870, will be the centenary birthday of the great German philosopher Hegel, the Philosophical Society of Berlin have issued an appeal for subscriptions for a monument to the distinguished thinker.

THE Emperor of France is said to have decided that a colossal bronze group shall be placed on the summit of the triumphal arch at the top of the Champs Elysées, as intended by Napoleon I.

THE town of Leyden invites the sculptors of all countries to send in, by the first of September of this year, models for a statue of Boerhaave, in the costume of a professor of Leyden University. The models are to be three feet three inches in height, including the statue and the pedestal. The author of

the selected model will have to execute a plaster copy of his design, from three to four metres in height without the pedestal. The statue will be bronze.

COLONEL WALMESLEY writes to the London "Athenæum" calling for scientific explorers to investigate the gigantic ruins lately discovered in Zululand, and believed to belong to the empire of Saba or Sheba.

AN immense mass of documents was recently discovered at the East Indian Office, which were at first supposed to be of great historical and literary value; but of this there is some uncertainty. It is reported that some of the MSS. bear Timour's seal, and that the Pacha of Egypt has bid £12,000 for a portion of them.

THE London "Athenæum" says that the archives of the Holy Synod, St. Petersburg, which contain materials of the highest value for the history of the Russian Church and religious legislation, have remained hitherto but little known and almost inaccessible to the studies of the learned. The Emperor Alexander has recently authorized the appointment of a special commission, charged to place these documents in order, and to publish a certain number of them.

FAGNANI'S "Nine Muses," which is sent to Boston for exhibition, is a graceful tribute to the beauty of American ladies. It consists of veritable portraits of young ladies, well-known in fashionable society, the only idealization permitted being in the drapery. The artist should complete his work and give us the Graces, for whom he would have no difficulty in finding models without going beyond the limits of New York.

THE Rev. C. H. Spurgeon has written a little volume entitled "John Ploughman's Talk," or "Plain Advice to Plain People," which the Messrs. Sheldon & Co. have in press. It is characteristic of the author—homely, simple and vigorous.

PROFESSOR J. PHILLIPS, of Oxford, England, in a recent book on Vesuvius, says that the "whole Vesuvian tract is now in a condition of greater frequency of eruption than in any previous period," and he concludes that "we are now in the midst of a period of more than average struggle with the imprisoned energy of fire."

A PARIS bookseller, who publishes a series of works called "The Liberal Library," has bought up the whole of the first edition of Victor Hugo's "L'Homme qui Rit," and will give the work gratis to every subscriber for twenty dollars' worth of his books. In consequence of this remarkable speculation, it is almost impossible to get a copy of the novel without taking with it a series of the works of Michelet, Renan, Louis Blanc, etc.

IN "Phineas Finn" Mr. Anthony Trollope drew the portrait of an arrogant demagogue under the name of Turnbull. The "Saturday Review" assumes that it was meant for John Bright, and lectures the author severely for having represented that eminent statesman as "arrogant and offensive in private life, incapable of comprehending a joke, and even probably harsh and overbearing in his own home." It will be remembered that when "Nicholas Nickleby" was first published, Mr. Dickens was menaced with action for libel, and even with personal chastisement, for having caricatured Yorkshire schools and schoolmasters under the name of Dotheboys Hall and Mr Squeers.

NEBULÆ.

— ONE of the comic papers of London has recently done a thing which is considered very laughable. It has published a page entitled "Both Sides;"—the page is divided into parallel columns, and in these opposing columns are given the reasons and arguments of the opposing parties, for the grounds they assume in reference to the public questions of the day. Both sides are given with perfect fairness; there is no leaning in either direction. For example, on the great question of the abolition of the Irish Church Establishment, the position of Disraeli and the Tory party is set forth in three clear and concise propositions of an argumentative kind, while in the opposite column the position of Gladstone and the Liberal party is stated in three propositions of a similar nature. Thus, the "intelligent reader"—as the newspapers are fond of styling their patrons—is enabled to judge fairly for himself of the merits of each measure as it is held by the respective parties; and he can select his own ground after obtaining an unbiassed statement of the position of both sides. Now, we do not see why this sort of thing should be confined to a comic journal, or why it should be considered laughable, except for its exceeding oddity. As it is, you can rarely find in a newspaper of either party a fair statement of the principles and policy of the other party. How rare it is to find an opponent of any scientific theory set forth that theory as it is held by its believers! How rare it is to find a Republican who can set forth the principles of Democracy as the Democrats hold them! How rare it is to find a Roman Catholic who can set forth the creed of Luther as he held it! How rare it is to find anybody of any school of ideas, who can state with perfect fairness the ideas of the opposing school! In the newspapers, such a thing as absolute justice in this respect is hardly ever attempted. Each school misrepresents the other, though, we believe, not always intentionally or maliciously. As a consequence, few people have ever the opportunity of studying both sides of any question from an impartial statement of the principles and grounds of each side; and hence a just and reasonable

mind is apt to be exceedingly confused when, after hearing A lay down the opinions *he* holds, and B those *he* holds, he listens to A's statement of B's opinions, or B's statement of A's opinions. Why would it not be a good thing, then, to have a newspaper established that should fairly state *both sides*, with the reasons in favor of each, and then leave the "intelligent reader" to judge between them, according to his conscience and reason. We have no intention of starting such a journal ourselves, but we will subscribe for it as soon as it makes its appearance.

— WE wish the more voluminous authors of the day would take the time and the trouble to condense their wisdom and learning as much as possible. For, really, it is beyond the power of even the most persistent reader to master even the really valuable works of the really great writers of the present time. For example, the works of Thomas Carlyle are now being published in thirty octavo volumes, and we have before us the works of John Ruskin in twenty new volumes. Now, we regard Mr. Carlyle as one of the greatest authors, reformers and philosophers that ever wrote the English language, and we consider Mr. Ruskin's works on art as beyond valuation. But it is the labor of years to read these thirty volumes, and there are very few, even of the literary class, who can give the years necessary for their perusal, comprehension and study. There is not one of them—not even the "Lives" of Cromwell and Frederick, or the "History of the French Revolution"—but might be cut down by one half, while the philosophical and speculative works might profitably be reduced to a volume or two of reasonable dimensions. Miss Harriett Martineau performed a most excellent service when she brought all that was valuable in the "Positive Philosophy" of Auguste Comte within the limits of a single volume; and if some one would perform the same service for the Carlylean philosophy, it would be worthy of the literary gratitude of all readers. We appreciate perfectly the novelty and forcibleness of Carlyle's style, and we do not desire its destruc-

tion; but *that* also could be retained, while the wasteful and wearisome material was cut out. The best way would be for Carlyle himself to gather two or three volumes from the library of books he has written. We might make a similar remark about John Ruskin. Were he to set forth and illustrate, in a single volume, the philosophy of art which he has spread over a score of volumes, there would be some possibility of a busy world acquainting itself with his principles and his spirit. But really, when we find that, besides the two eminent names just mentioned, there are a hundred other eminent cotemporary names (to say nothing of pre-existent literature)—each with twenty, thirty, fifty, or a hundred volumes, all worthy of reading and study, we are overwhelmed with literary despair, and are compelled to implore future writers at least, to sift and re-sift their ideas and words, so that they may be brought in as small compass as possible.

— IN the days before the war we once heard an honest-hearted South Carolinian say that there had “been three great men in the world—Shakespeare, Napoleon *and* John C. Calhoun.” We noticed recently, displayed and for sale, in a part of the city much frequented by the Hibernian element, three highly-colored prints representing the “Three Great Generals of the War—General Lee, General Grant *and* General Corcoran.” If anybody is pleased to differ from either of these historical and personal estimates, he may do so at his leisure.

— ANY one who has not lately seen “Hamlet” performed, and happens not for some time to have read the masterpiece of literature, will, on hearing it from the stage or on re-opening it, be struck with the multiplied appropriation of so many of its lines and sentences by tongue and pen. Of this general familiarity with the wisdom and beauties of Shakespeare, through daily quotation in speech and page, an illustration, as sprightly as original, was given not many months since at the performance of “Hamlet” by Booth in a town of western New York. Amid the comments and exclamations of admiration that followed the fall of the curtain on the first act, a ripe, round, reputable citizen, one of the fathers of the town, a safe, solid, well-to-do, worthy burgher, who drew none of his worth from literature, for he had never read Shakespeare, leaned for-

ward, and, with unwonted animation and physiognomical illumination, exclaimed, “*How happy he is in his quotations!*”

— THE following words of Coleridge, spoken without the slightest reference to us, are a full justification of our diplomatic practice: “The sure way to make a foolish ambassador is to bring him up to it. What can an English minister abroad really want but an honest and bold heart, a love for his country and the ten commandments?” Washington Irving, who was at one time Secretary of Legation at London, and afterward Minister to Spain, expressed very much the same opinion. For their diplomatic efficiency as well as for their own personal comfort, it were desirable that, in addition to Coleridge’s requirements, our envoys to Europe carried over with them an acquaintance with the French language and with modern history.

— ALL public lecturers, who are, have been, or shall be, vexed while speaking, by the uncivil act of certain restless, incompetent listeners, who get up (not always silently) and go out before the lecture is ended, all such—and their number must be very nearly equal to that of the whole valuable corps of lecturers—are completely, once and forever, revenged by a sarcasm of Dr. Holmes, which, if it happens to have been already printed, will bear repetition, and if it has not, should no longer be withheld from the lovers of wit. In a lecture which the Doctor used to give “On Audiences,” he thus described these outgoers: “There is a class of people who will come to lectures, notwithstanding that they are intellectually so constituted that when the lecture is half over they go out full.”

— SUPPOSE we were to annex Mexico, and Lower California and the Isthmus of Panama. Suppose we were to annex Hayti, and Cuba, and St. Thomas and St. John. Suppose we were to annex Canada, and Nova Scotia, and Newfoundland, and New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island. Suppose we were to annex Vancouver’s Island and all of British Columbia. Suppose we were to annex the Sandwich Islands and also the Feejee Islands.

Does anybody suppose the annexationists would be satisfied? Does any one suppose the American Eagle would cease to scream as it spread its wings for further flights?

We don't.

To the northward we should still look with eager eyes upon Greenland, which would then be shown to be an island ever verdant and attractive. Near our eastern coast we should still see Jamaica and the Bahamas, and the other British possessions; we should still see Martinique and the other French possessions; we should still see Santa Cruz and the other Dutch possessions. Stretching off southward we should behold the vast Continent of South America, rich in resources and splendid in all its attractions. In Oceania we should find other islands, and from the Arctic to the Antarctic, from the North Atlantic to the South Pacific, we should descry inviting territories, which it were our imperative duty to annex, and the population of which was restive with anxiety to enjoy the blessings of liberty under the Star-spangled banner.

There is not the slightest doubt of it.

So it has been from the beginning, and so it will be to the end—if there should ever be an end to what we fondly hope is without limit or termination.

Washington left us but a small Republic compared with that which is now ruled from the city called by his name. His successor Jefferson began the policy of annexation, and gave us the largest territorial addition we have ever had since his time—an addition which more than doubled the original size of the Republic. In Monroe's administration we had another addition. Under Polk we extended our lines to the Pacific. Under Johnson we completed our Russian purchase, and prosecuted negotiations with Denmark. President Grant began his administration with half a dozen schemes of annexation before him, and it is almost certain that some of the projects will be consummated before the close of his term. No one can tell whether he will extend our flag over Cuba or Mexico, Canada or British Columbia; but each and all of these countries might as well prepare themselves for what they cannot possibly avoid forever.

It is manifest destiny.

—MR. FROUDE lately reminded us that the great Spinoza compressed into three volumes the whole of his system of speculative philosophy, which was the work of a lifetime, and which revolutionized philosophy. Had he written as diffusely as the speculative and other authors of these days,

he would have left at least a hundred volumes for posterity to read—or rather to neglect and ignore.

—THE so-called "Prophecies of Talleyrand," in regard to Prussia and America, which have lately gone the rounds of the press, should be taken for what they are worth. As extracts from his unpublished memoirs they look as much like verisimilitudes as veritable transcriptions. To write such paragraphs, after the fact, is easy, and nothing is simpler than the device to give them notoriety and effect by hitching Talleyrand's name to them. If they are taken from his memoirs, as they profess to be, do they evince a greater sagacity than might be ascribed to any clear-headed European statesman of thirty or forty years ago? The ambition of Prussia to be the leader of Germany was patent long before Talleyrand's death; and hardly less patent was her fitness for such leadership, through her military *prestige*, her Protestantism in the midst of the minor German Protestant States, and especially through her geographical position, bordering as she does on France, Belgium and Holland. As for ourselves, Talleyrand had been among us, an exile, at the beginning of his career, and that made him watch our growth with more shrewdness. He foresaw, as many did, the weight we were soon to have among the nations of Christendom. That he dreaded our influence so much as is averred in the paragraph, may be doubted. The last sentences, about "not giving us a pretext for intervention—America planting her foot in Europe," sound commonplace and unlike Talleyrand.

—IN 1863 died in Paris, at an advanced age, Horace Vernet, a painter who had achieved all the honors of his vocation—renown, popularity, court favor, and whose death was announced as that of one of the great painters of France. Whether the work of Vernet belong to the higher kind of artistic work, the creative, or whether it be the product of mere talent and imitative faculty, whereby, through skilful grouping, liveliness of expression, the crowding of canvasses, appeals to popular feeling, and prosaic fidelity of details, are produced pictures captivating at once to the general eye, and solidly effective even from some sterling qualities—this, time, the assayer, must determine. We will, however, venture to doubt whether one intrusted to make

a choice collection of pictures—pictures with genial meanings, appealing to the deeper sense of the beautiful, pictures with calm resources that draw you back to them—would do wisely to lay out much upon a Vernet. But this we will say, that not for much would we have missed possessing an offspring of his tongue—a sample of that subtle wit for which the French have a merited name. A young painter, whom Vernet suspected of belonging to a clique of his detractors, brought him two drawings, begging him, with many compliments, to give a candid opinion of them. Vernet took one of the drawings, looked at it a moment, and then, without having seen the companion drawing, gave it back to the young painter, saying, “*I prefer the other.*”

— SOME years ago there was a caricature representing a number of men with raised sticks, watching for its opening, at the door of a President-nominating Convention. No matter who the nominee should be, a cudgelling awaited him. It is the same with candidates for literary honors. The *odium theologicum* used to be called the most virulent; but since literature has taken the lead of theology, the hate-literary is more mordacious than the theological. Sainte-Beuve thus characterizes an envious criticism: “Vanity of glory and of reputation, and not only vanity, but acridity and bitterness! Whoever you may be, great genius, distinguished talent, artist honorable or amiable, the qualities for which you deserve to be praised will all be turned against you. Were you a Virgil, the pious and sensible singer *par excellence*, there are people who will call you an effeminate poet. Were you a Horace, there are people who will reproach you with the very purity and delicacy of your taste. If you were a Shakespeare, some one will call you a drunken savage. If you were Goethe, more than one Pharisee will proclaim you the most selfish of egotists. The lover reverses all the defects of his mistress and translates them into virtues: the criticism of envy does just the reverse with talents. All the good qualities, all the gifts which you exhibit, will one day be thrown up to you, and will be turned into faults and nicknames to depreciate you.”

— A DISTINGUISHED literary man of Boston is said to have declared that the unusual amount of insanity in that city was to

him no subject of lamentation, for it denoted superior amount of brains. But is a tendency to disease an indication of superiority in the brain or in any other organ? Does not insanity spring from unnatural, unhinged conditions, either organic, through inheritance, or superinduced by unhealthy habits of body and mind, or by one-sided overstraining of the mind? Men of large well-conditioned brains are the least liable to lunacy. Thirty-five years ago an English Tory, with that willing ear for American weaknesses which is one of the characteristics of his party, concluded a letter to a friend with the following passage: “A New Englander tells me that madness is more common in that country than in this, and that the chief cause is political excitement, occasioned by the boundless ambition which their Democracy encourages, and the perpetual round of elections of some kind or other in which the people are engaged.” Is the judgment of this “New Englander” entitled to much confidence, except from Tories, jealous of Democratic prosperity? His opinion is, however, probably not further from the truth than that of his more modern countryman, who looks upon that as a sign of intellectual competency, which is most assuredly a sign of intellectual incompleteness. Of the same color was the opinion of the gentleman who, having been comforting a friend in great affliction from a heavy unexpected blow, in describing the condition of the sufferer, exclaimed: “By George, I do believe he would have gone crazy if he had a little more brains.”

— There can be no lasting literary influence without the union of two things—a sound reason and a sound heart. Cleverness, quickness, knowledge, dexterity, aptness, fancy, passion, brilliancy, all these are the secondary qualities and qualifications that may give a present acceptability; but without the masterly intellectual power, which combines broadly and penetrates surely and generalizes safely, and with it a clear true sensibility that alone can give the insight to see human relations as they are—without this alliance, a literary product will not hold its own; it will not merely wane in popularity—for that the best may do—but it will permanently lose its attractiveness, it will fade, it will cease to be fresh. Of this Lord Macaulay is a striking exemplification. Thirty years ago his name was in the mouths of more people than tha’

of any other author. Ever since his death he has been sinking. It is a bad sign when a man's bodily life is necessary to keep alive the fruit of his mental life. Long before his death his shallowness was perceived by the clear-sighted. At the height of Macaulay's reputation, Carlyle uttered the memorable judgment on him; "Brilliant commonplace: flow on, thou shining river." Walter Bagehot, a shrewd critic, said of him that his was an "inexperiencing nature—he is still the man of '32—the events of twenty years have been full of rich instruction on the events of twenty years ago; but they have not instructed him." He did not grow. He learned nothing in India. Before he went to India he made a better speech on Indian affairs than after he came home. Nevertheless, in whatever he undertook he succeeded. His "Lays of Rome" was a great success, it made the crowd think that he was a poet as well as orator and essayist. But Matthew Arnold, another very shrewd critic, says of Maginn's Homeric Ballads: "They are not one continued falsetto, like the pinchbeck 'Roman Ballads' of Lord Macaulay." The name of Macaulay and his claims have been brought freshly before the public by Miss Martineau's clear, succinct, judicious summary of his qualities in her crowded and interesting collection of "Biographical Sketches," lately published.

—CONTRARY to what is asserted by those who are desirous that the Constitution of the United States should contain some recognition of Christianity, it is a fact that the Constitution does contain proof that this is a Christian country. The evidence is not in the body of the instrument, but in the place of date, at its close, where we read that it was "done in convention by the unanimous consent of the States present, *in the year of our Lord*, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-seven." One of the speakers at a meeting recently held in favor of a "religious constitutional amendment," said that no one could learn by the Constitution whether the people of this country were infidels, or heathen, or believers in Mahomet, Brahma, or Jupiter. But had we been infidels we should probably have dated the Constitution from the year 1, after the fashion of the French Voltaireans; had we been Mahometans, we would have dated it from the Hegira; had we been Romans, we should have dated it A. U. C.; had we been Hebrews, we should have dated it from the year of the

Mosaic creation; had we been Greeks we should have dated according to the Olympiads; had we been worshippers of Brahma, we should have dated from the Kaliyuc or the Vicramaditya. But, being Christians, we dated from the "*year of our Lord*."

—How far back in one's life the memory may extend, has been a question ever since the days of Plato, who held that reminiscence might go back to a state of being prior to that of existence in this world. But we know at least one individual who claims that his memory goes back to the hour and the event of his birth; and, dumbfounding as the narrative may seem, he is actually able to recall some such circumstances and incidents of the occasion as have at least made his *mother* a believer in the reality of his memory or reminiscence.

—THE historical monsters of the human race serve a very good purpose in acting as scarecrows. We suppose a good many judges have been reduced to decency and moderation through fear of being styled the Scroggs or Jeffries of the bench. The infamy of Alva, or Claverhouse, or Suwarrow, has made soldiers dread such a reputation. To speak of a man as a Domitian or a Nero of cruelty is to compass a world of horrors in a word. The spectre of Judas or Arnold terrifies the would-be betrayer. And so we might go on, illustrating by numerous examples how the names of bad men have become words of horror and warning, and have acted as restraining forces to prevent their example from being followed. It is the best use which can be made of the memory of a monster.

—ROUSSEAU'S return to savage life as a cure for the ills of civilization was like relieving a man of the pain of cruel sights by taking out his eyes. Since Rousseau's day Commerce and Enterprise, taking fuller possession of the globe, have laid so thoroughly bare what savagery is, in all its intellectual childishness, and animal rawness, and brutal coarseness, that there is no excuse for the sickliest dreamer any longer entertaining the absurd ideal of the "self-torturing" Genevan sentimentalist. But there is a tendency, and that, too, among the higher types of men, to relapse toward the savage state, to swing back from the tension of complicated artificiality to aboriginal simplicities and the

naked freedom of nature. The consciousness or reminiscence of some of our readers may afford them evidence of this tendency, which may be regarded as a protest against the corruptions, and frivolities, and unnaturalnesses that mark the present phase of our civilization—an inward cry of the human heart against the slaveries that sadden it. Of this we know of a remarkable illustration. About thirty-five years ago there came to this country an eminent French *savant* and astronomer, M. Nicollet, who explored what were then our untrodden Western wilds, learned the dialects of the native Indians, and, after his first expedition, was employed by our government, and sent out with an escort of dragoons to make surveys, etc.; and who discovered the sources of the Missouri. Nicollet was a man of the highest culture and of refined tastes, was so thorough a musician that we have seen him seated at the piano to delight an evening company with a love song, the notes of which he had taken down in a far wigwam as the song was sung by an Indian girl. With him went as volunteers, Colonel Chouteau, of St. Louis, and another gentleman, whose name we have forgotten, both well-educated men, accustomed to the conveniences, elegancies, and luxuries of large capitals in Europe and America, with means, mental and pecuniary, to enjoy them. And yet, all three, when together in Washington, pined for the wild life among the buffaloes, longed to be again far away from the haunts of men, where they could have a boundless, silent horizon all around them, with their tents and their horses, and the untilled earth and the canopy of heaven for their home. In streets and crowds they were uncomfortable, *ennuyé*, low-spirited, restless. They had had a taste for the free life of the unpeopled prairies, and were spoiled for the enjoyments of cities.

— A MAN of letters or of science who, in these latter progressive days, lives through nearly a century, becomes, on that very account, a distinguished figure. Not only has he seen twice as much of life as his early contemporaries, and, through his endowments, enjoyed a richer life; but, from the elevated position given him by his literary or scientific attainments, he has been witness of, and possibly agent in, mental revolutions. While the ferment of a new era was surging around him, he stood steady, enjoying afterward, through his constitutional stamina, the privilege of sailing in a fresh channel, which thought has made for itself under his own

eyes. From this cause one of the most attractive figures in Miss Martineau's delightful "Gallery of Biographical Sketches" is Samuel Rogers, the banker-poet, whose banking capital (which he always strove to keep in the background) was much more prolific than his poetical; for it was his wealth that enabled him to indulge his taste for art, and to make his house a social centre where, for half a century, met much of the *élite* of London society; and, better than this, enabled him to be the generous assistant of all kinds of talent in distress, and to be munificent in his deeds toward men of genius:

"His aids to Moors," says Miss Martineau, "have been recently made known by the publication of Moore's diary. It was Rogers who secured to Crabbe the £3,000, from Murray, which were in jeopardy before. He advanced £500 to Campbell, to purchase a share of the "Metropolitan Magazine," and refused security. And he gave thought, took trouble, used influence, and adventured advice."

And yet, withal, he was a cynic, who habitually said sharp things of people, whether friends or not; and his social position being so high and secure, for this defect he was feared and courted. His friend, Lord Dudley (the same who, on being asked if he had read a book lately published, answered, "No; it will probably blow over"), and Rogers used to exchange shots. Some one saying that Rogers had set up a carriage, "A carriage!" exclaimed Dudley, "you mean a hearse." Rogers, notwithstanding he lived to be ninety-six, was always of a cadaverous complexion. Rogers, after a short date, paid him with interest; for there being a discussion about Lord Dudley, and one of the company saying that he was not a man of heart, Rogers—who, being by no means an *improvisatore*, had no doubt prepared the distich, to be discharged at the first opportunity—let off the following:

Some say that Dudley has no heart: I deny it.

He has a heart, and gets his speeches by it.

Dudley had lately drawn ridicule on himself by delivering in Parliament a speech which he had committed to memory. A practice not so tolerated in England as it is with us. Washington Irving, who knew Rogers well, used to describe, with his humorous twinkle, the quiet dropping of the cynicism and sarcasms out of the mouth of Rogers, over his projecting under lip.

— AGAINST books, many people, and worthy people, have a latent prejudice, because, their paths not having lain through the fields of literature, they have not out-

grown the distaste of childhood, when books were the tyrants that kept them from the outdoor air and from play. To them a library is but a multiplication of primers and algebras and detestable grammars. How many read newspapers who never open a book; and some would think less of their newspaper were they to be told that it is but a book in sheets. You, indulgent reader, have now a book in your hand, and, we trust, not one of the worst. Think what goes to the making of this monthly book, *THE GALAXY*. How many minds have put of their best in it! How much each one of these many has seen, and read, and observed, and studied, and thought, and stored away, in order to have something to put into it. Every one of them is a man or a woman of culture; that is, one whose faculties have been wrought to their finest temper by supervision, by reading, by meditation, by aspiration, by converse with the capable, the educated, the refined. How many broad foregone conclusions does not a single number of *THE GALAXY* denote! High schools, colleges, universities, ample libraries, the invention of printing, collections of art, accumulation of capital, travel! One of the variegated flowers it is of the complex civilization which has been unfolding for centuries. Most noteworthy of all, this little book would not, could not have been written had there not been already written during the past three thousand years, and brought to us by the deft, quick-handed press, hundreds of great books, the juicy fruit of the richest minds humanity has been blessed with; the spontaneous product of the foremost thinkers, and discoverers, and poets. The great books, the Hebrew, the Greek, the Roman, and the many-tongued Christian, are the permanent illuminators of the world—the sacred lamps, the allowing any one of which to go out were an ill omen to mankind. True books, great books contain nay, are the souls of the men who wrote them. True and great they are, because the writers of them had great souls to put into them. A good, select, solid, various library is a high, lively company of choice spirits, the master spirits of all ages. They are always ready to talk to you, to teach you, to encourage you, to cheer you, to comfort you, to better you.

— OUR late war illustrated on several occasions the military virtue of celerity of movement; but we believe there was no in-

stance of a campaign being decided by the forced march of an entire army and consequent surprise of the enemy. For this rapidity Napoleon was noted, and in 1805 he swept suddenly, with a large corps, across France, from Boulogne to the Rhine, and took the Austrians so by surprise at Ulm that he almost finished the campaign by a single blow. But, considering the climate, one of the most extraordinary marches, as well for the immediate and remote effects of its rapidity as for the rapidity itself, was that of Wellington, in India, when by going seventy-two miles with only one interval of rest and sleep, he was enabled to gain the victory of Assaye. He thus describes it: "Starting at three in the morning, the troops went twenty-five miles, and halted at noon. Then I made them lie down to sleep, setting sentinels over them; and at eight they started again, marching till one at noon the next day, when we were in the enemy's camp."

— IN a critique on the famous French novelist of the last generation, Balzac, Sainte-Beuve quotes the saying of La Bruyère, that "for every thought there is but one expression, and that one must be found." Such a maxim, hung above the desk of literary workers, would help to spur even the most conscientious of them up to the mark. Following this are others, which the critic thinks Balzac would have profited by keeping in view. Vauvenargues says "perspicuity is the varnish of masters." Bettine writes to Goethe's mother: "A work of art should express only what elevates the soul, what gives it a noble joy." Writers always gain by keeping a high standard ever before their eyes; and their having a high standard is presumption that they can reach it, or approach it.

— AS to the comparative value of military and other glory, especially literary glory, a testimony, as strong as it is unexpected, is given by Frederick the Great. At the end of the Seven Years' War, D'Alembert went to visit Frederick at Potsdam, and spoke of the glory he had acquired in the war. The King, writes D'Alembert, answered with the greatest simplicity, that "A large deduction should be made from the glory due him, and that chance had much to do with it. I would," said Frederick, "much rather have written 'Athalie' than be the hero of the Seven Years' War."



